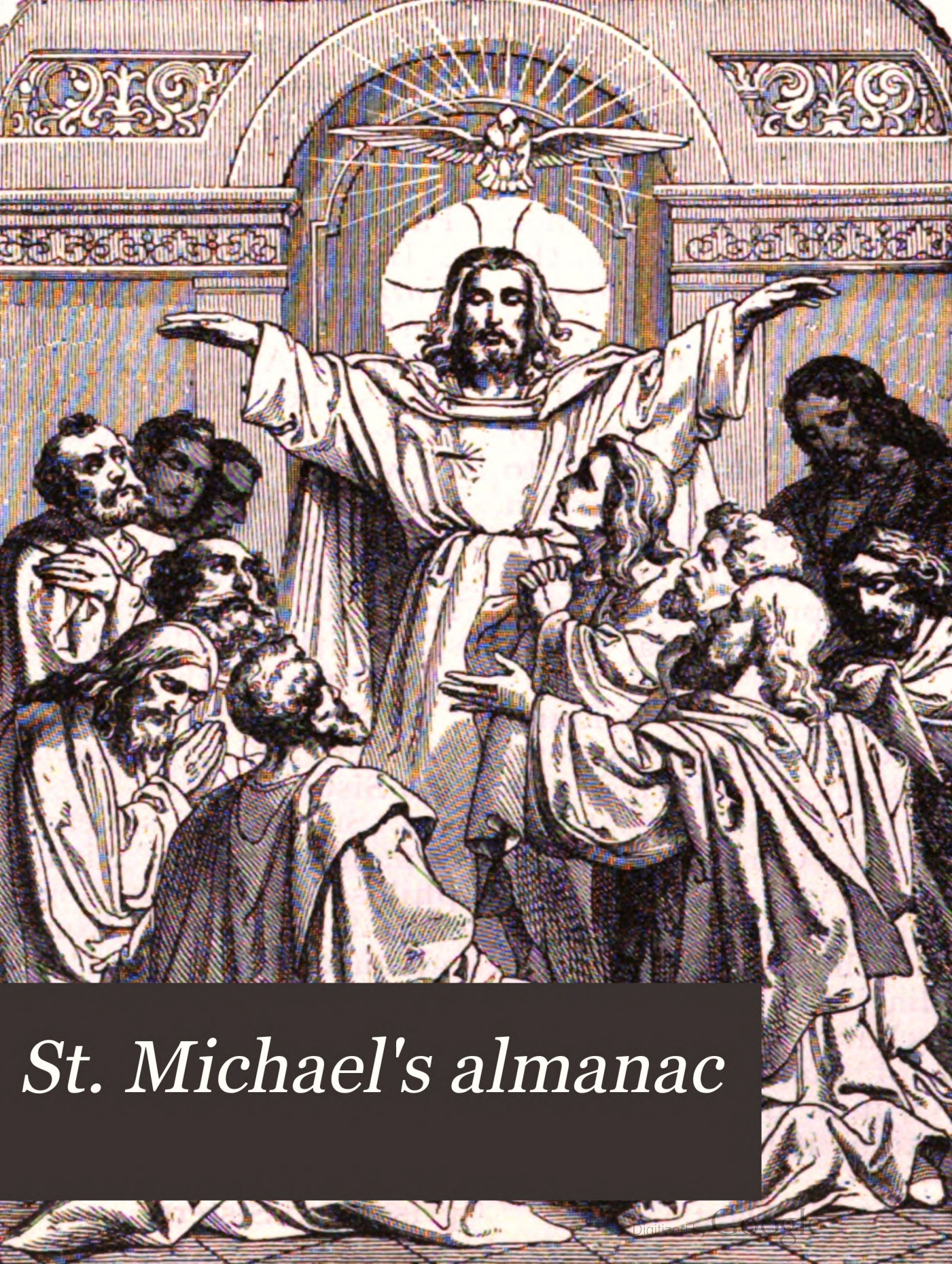

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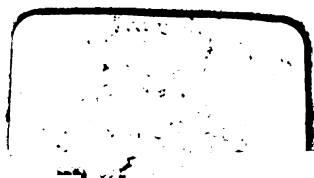
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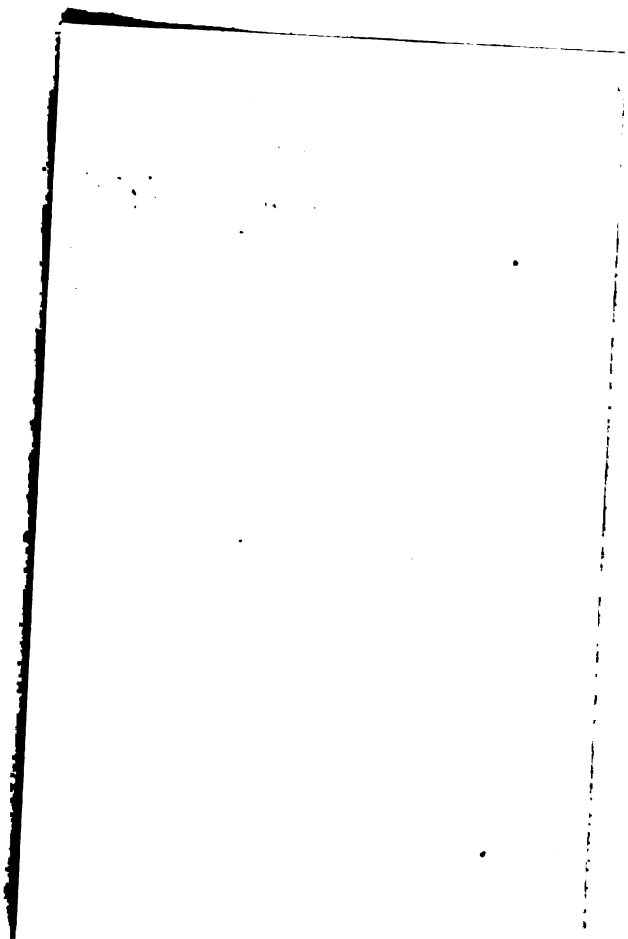
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St. Michael's almanac







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MAY 18 1908

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St. Michael's Almanac



St. Michael,
ora pro nobis!

FIRST YEAR.

For the Year of our Lord

1899.

Gratefully Dedicated to God
the Holy Ghost.

PUBLISHED FOR THE BENEFIT
OF

Catholic Missions

BY THE

Society of the Divine Word.

MILTON, PA.



PRICE 25 CENTS.

Go ye and teach all nations. Matthew xxviii. 19.

CHRONOLOGICAL CYCLES.

Epact 18, Golden Number 19, Solar Cycle 4, Roman Indiction 12, Dominical Letter A.

ECLIPSES.

There will be five eclipses this year, three of the sun and two of the moon: of these only the last, a lunar eclipse, will be visible in the U. S.

1. A partial eclipse of the sun will occur on January 11. It will be visible only in the North Pacific Ocean. Less than three-fourths (0.71) of the sun's diameter will be obscured.

2. A second partial eclipse of the sun will occur on June 7. It will be visible in the entire Arctic Zone, and also in Greenland, Alaska, the northeastern end of Asia and the north-western end of Europe. The magnitude will be 0.61.

3. A total eclipse of the moon will occur on June 23. It will be visible in the Pacific Ocean and in Asia and Australia. For the Pacific coast line of the U. S. the moon will enter the earth's shadow at 4:33 A. M., Pacific time, about 6 minutes after the time of the moon's setting, and about 5 minutes before that of the sun's rising.

4. An annular (that is, ring) eclipse of the sun will occur on December 2. As an annular eclipse it will be seen only near the South Pole, but as a partial eclipse it will be visible in the entire Antarctic Ocean from Australia to South America.

5. A partial eclipse of the moon will occur on December 16, and will be completely visible in the U. S. At the middle of the eclipse only 0.004 of the moon's diameter will remain un eclipsed. The Central times are as follows:

Moon enters shadow at 5:45 P. M.

Middle of the eclipse at 7:26 P. M.

Moon leaves shadow at 9:07 P. M.

The moon rises that day at 4:29 P. M., and the sun sets at 4:38 P. M., local time.

SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC.

Aries ♈	Cancer ♋	Libra ♎	Capricorn ♐
Taurus ♉	Leo ♌	Scorpio ♏	Aquarius ♒
Gemini ♊	Virgo ♍	Sagittarius ♐	Pisces ♓

PLANETS.

Mercury ☿	Venus ♀	Earth ☾	Mars ♂
Jupiter ♃	Saturn ♄	Uranus ♅	Neptune ♆
Sun ☉	Moon ☾		

OTHER SYMBOLS.

♌ Conjunction, or nearest approach of the planets to one another.

☾ Quadrature, or at right angles.

♌ Opposition, or 180° or 12 hours apart.

Morning and Evening Stars. A planet is morning star when it is above the horizon at the time of sunrise: it is evening star when above the horizon at sunset.

MOVABLE FEASTS.

Septuagesima, . . . Jan. 29	Pentecost, . . . May 21
Shrove Tuesday, . . . Feb. 14	Holy Trinity, . . . May 28
Ash Wednesday, . . . Feb. 15	Corpus Christi, . . . Jun. 1
Palm Sunday, . . . Mar. 26	Sacred Heart, . . . Jun. 9
Good Friday, . . . Mar. 31	1st Sun. of Advent, Dec. 3
Easter Sunday, . . . Apr. 2	
Low Sunday, . . . Apr. 9	3 Sundays after Epiphany.
Ascension Day, . . . May 11	27 Sundays after Pentecost.

HOLY DAYS OF OBLIGATION

on which Mass is of precept.

Every Sunday throughout the year.

1. New Year's Day, Sunday, January 1.
2. Ascension Day, Thursday, May 11.
3. Assumption B. V., Tuesday, August 15.
4. All Saints, Wednesday, November 1.
5. Immac. Conception B. V., Friday December, 8.
6. Christmas, Monday, December 25.

DAYS OF FAST

upon which only one full meal is allowed.

1. The 40 days of Lent.
2. Wednesday, Friday and Saturday in the four Ember weeks.
3. The vigils of Christmas, Easter, Pentecost, Assumption B. V. M., and All Saints.
4. In some dioceses the Fridays of Advent.

EMBER DAYS.

First Week of Lent, February 22, 24, 25.

Pentecost Week, May 24, 26, 27.

Third Week in Sept., September 20, 22, 23.

Third Week in Dec., December 20, 22, 23.

DAYS OF ABSTINENCE

upon which flesh-meat is not allowed.

1. Every Friday in the year.
2. Every fast day in the year, except Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday (except the second and last Saturday) in Lent, upon which flesh-meat may be eaten once.

EXCEPTIONS.

1. Sunday is never a day of fast or abstinence.
2. All persons that are not obliged to fast may eat meat as often as they like on those days on which meat is allowed.
3. Working people are allowed to eat meat on all days of the year except all Fridays, Ash Wednesday, Wednesday and Saturday of Holy Week, and the vigil of Christmas. When any member of such a family lawfully uses this privilege, all the other members may avail themselves of the same privilege; but those who are bound to fast cannot eat meat more than once a day.
4. United States soldiers in field or in garrison may eat meat every

day of the year, except Ash Wednesday, Good Friday, Holy Saturday, and the vigils of Assumption B. V. and Christmas.

5. Persons under 21 or over 60 years of age are not obliged to fast. All those that perform severe and exhausting labor, the sick, nursing women, and all those whose health would be injured thereby, are exempt from fasting.

6. Fish and flesh are never allowed at the same meal on days of fast throughout the year, nor on Sundays in Lent. They are allowed on days of abstinence, such as Fridays, to those that are not bound to abstain. This rule does not apply to the sick.

NOTE.

As the United States are very extensive, embracing, as they do, about 20° of latitude and 60° of longitude, with a difference of local times between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts of nearly four hours, it is impossible to edit only one calendar whose times will be correct in all the States. In order to reduce these differences to a minimum, we have computed this calendar for a point which, we judged, was nearest to the geographical centre of the country, as well as to its centre of population, and as such we have adopted the city of St. Louis. Accordingly, 10th meridian, or Central times, have been given in the times of the eclipses and of the moon's phases. Should the reader be using Eastern time, he will add exactly one hour to these times, but subtract respectively one and two hours for Mountain and Pacific times. But the times of the rising and setting of the sun and moon, the transits of the planets, and the like, had to be expressed in local times. In order to use these, the reader must know how much the railroad or standard time he is using is fast or slow of the true time of his locality. This difference may amount to as much as 50 minutes in some places. Again, when the sun and moon run high, difference of latitude may ac-

celerate the time of sunrise 40 minutes and of moonrise 50 minutes, and retard the time of their setting by an equal amount for places along the northern border. The reverse is the case for the southern border, although there the difference is somewhat less. And, *vice versa*, when the sun and moon run low. The farther, therefore, the reader is from St. Louis, the more considerably should he deal with the figures in this calendar.

Long-range weather predictions, as generally given in calendars, are impositions upon the credulity of the reader, and we have therefore omitted them. If the U. S. Signal Service, which twice a day receives telegraphic statements of the weather from all over the country, ventures to forecast the weather only one, two or at most three days in advance, and that with a probability of about 87 per cent.; how then can a private individual forecast the weather a whole year in advance? If one were honestly day by day to write down the predictions of these prophets together with the actual weather, he would soon see what little reliance is to be placed upon them.

January, 1899.

Days.	SAINTS AND FESTIVALS.	Moon's		Sun		Moon	
		Aga.	Course.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.

1 Week. New Year's Day. Gospel: The Circumcision of our Lord. Luke ii. 21.

1	S Circumcision of our Lord.	21	☾	7 20	4 47	9 32	A. M.
2	M Macarius, Ab.	22	☾	7 20	4 48	10 11	10 8
3	T Genevieve, V. M.	23	☾	7 21	4 49	11 19	10 35
4	W Rigobertus, Bp.	24	☾	7 21	4 50	Mdn.	10 59
5	T Telesphorus, P.	25	☾	7 21	4 51	12 31	11 27
6	F Epiphany of our Lord.	26	☾	7 21	4 52	1 37	Noon.
7	S Lucian, M.	27	☾	7 21	4 53	2 45	12 42

2 Week. 1 Sunday after Epiphany. Gospel: The Child Jesus in the Temple. Luke ii. 42-52.

8	S Severin, Ab.	28	☾	7 21	4 54	3 55	1 30
9	M Julian and Basilissa, M.	29	☾	7 20	4 55	5 4	2 30
10	T Agatho, P.	30	☾	7 20	4 56	6 5	3 39
11	W Hyginus, P., M.	1	☾	7 20	4 57	7 0	4 56
12	T Tatiana, M.	2	☾	7 20	4 58	7 43	6 14
13	F Potitus, M.	3	☾	7 19	4 59	8 27	7 31
14	S Hilary, Bp. and D.	4	☾	7 19	5 0	8 58	8 43

3 Week. 2 Sunday after Epiphany. Gospel: The Wedding Feast at Cana. John ii. 1-11.

15	S Holy Name of Jesus. Paul.	5	☾	7 19	5 1	9 29	9 54
16	M Marcellus, P.	6	☾	7 18	5 2	9 57	11 3
17	T Antony, Ab.	7	☾	7 18	5 3	10 27	Mdn.
18	W Peter's Chair at Rome.	8	☾	7 17	5 4	10 58	12 8
19	T Canute, Kg., M.	9	☾	7 17	5 5	11 42	1 13
20	F Fabian and Sebastian.	10	☾	7 16	5 6	Noon.	2 15
21	S Agnes, V. M.	11	☾	7 16	5 8	12 54	3 15

4 Week. 3 Sunday after Epiphany. Gospel: Jesus Heals a Leper. Matthew viii. 1-13.

22	S Holy Family.	12	☾	7 15	5 9	1 42	4 10
23	M Espousals B. V. M.	13	☾	7 14	5 10	2 39	5 0
24	T Timothy, Bp. M.	14	☾	7 13	5 11	3 31	5 39
25	W Conversion of S. Paul.	15	☾	7 13	5 12	4 30	6 21
26	T Polycarp, Bp. M.	16	☾	7 12	5 13	5 29	6 53
27	F John Chrysostom, Bp. D.	17	☾	7 12	5 14	6 27	7 23
28	S Cyril of Alexandria.	18	☾	7 11	5 15	7 15	7 49

5 Week. Septuagesima Sunday. Gospel: The Laborers in the Vineyard. Matthew xx. 1-16.

29	S Francis de Sales.	19	☾	7 10	5 16	8 24	8 14
30	M Martina, V. M.	20	☾	7 10	5 18	9 23	8 37
31	T The Prayer of Christ. Peter Nolasco.	21	☾	7 9	5 19	10 25	9 3

MOON'S PHASES.

☾	Last Quarter, 4, 9:21 P. M.
●	New Moon, 11, 4:49 P. M.
☾	First Quarter, 18, 10:34 A. M.
☾	Full Moon, 26, 1:34 P. M.
	Perigee, 11.
	Apogee, 25.

PLANETS.

Mercury, morning star, best seen on the 11.
Venus, morning star, greatest brilliancy on the 5.
Mars, ☿ on 18.
Jupiter, morning star, ♃ on 29.
Saturn, morning star, ♄ on 25.
Uranus in Scorpio.
Neptune in Taurus.

The exact length of each day may be found by adding 12 hours to the time of sunset, and then subtracting the time of sunrise.

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February, 1899.

Days.	SAINTS AND FESTIVALS.	Moon's		Sun		Moon	
		Age.	Course.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.
1 W	Ignatius, Bp. M.	22	♄	7 8	5 20	11 26	9 1
2 T	Candlemas.	23	♍	7 7	5 21	Mdn.	10 1
3 F	Blase, Bp. M.	24	♎	7 6	5 22	12 32	10 37
4 S	Andrew Corsini, Bp.	25	♏	7 5	5 23	1 38	11 21
6 Week. Sexagesima Sunday. Gospel: The Sower. Luke viii. 4-15.							
5 S	Agatha, V. M.	26	♐	7 4	5 24	2 43	Noon.
6 M	Titus, Bp. Dorothy, V.	27	♑	7 2	5 26	3 45	1 16
7 T	The Passion of Christ.	28	♒	7 1	5 27	4 43	2 27
8 W	John of Matha.	29	♓	7 0	5 28	5 34	3 44
9 T	Apollonia, V. M.	30	♐	6 59	5 29	6 16	4 58
10 F	Scholastica, V.	1	♑	6 58	5 30	6 52	6 16
11 S	Seven Founders of Serv. B. V.	2	♒	6 57	5 31	7 24	7 30
7 Week. Quinquagesima Sunday. Gospel: Jesus Cures a Blind Man. Luke xviii. 31-43.							
12 S	Eulalia, V. M.	3	♓	6 56	5 32	7 55	8 41
13 M	Catharine of Ricci, V.	4	♑	6 55	5 33	8 26	9 51
14 T	Valentine, Bp. M.	5	♒	6 54	5 34	8 58	10 59
15 W	† Ash Wednesday.	6	♓	6 52	5 36	9 31	Mdn.
16 T	Juliana, V. M.	7	♑	6 51	5 37	10 12	12 5
17 F	† The Crown of Thorns.	8	♒	6 50	5 38	10 51	1 9
18 S	Simeon, Bp. M.	9	♓	6 49	5 39	Noon	2 2
8 Week. 1 Sunday in Lent. Gospel: Jesus is Tempted in the Desert. Matthew iv. 1-11.							
19 S	Conrad of Placentia.	10	♑	6 48	5 40	12 30	2 55
20 M	Eleutherius, Bp. M.	11	♒	6 47	5 41	1 25	3 45
21 T	Severianus, Bp. M.	12	♓	6 45	5 43	2 23	4 28
22 W	† Ember day. Peter's Ch. at Antioch.	13	♑	6 44	5 44	3 20	4 57
23 T	Peter Damian, Bp. D.	14	♒	6 42	5 45	4 21	5 26
24 F	† Lance and Nails. Mathias, Ap.	15	♓	6 40	5 46	5 17	5 55
25 S	† Felix, P.	16	♑	6 39	5 47	6 17	6 18
9 Week. 2 Sunday in Lent. Gospel: The Transfiguration. Matthew xvii. 1-9.							
26 S	Margaret of Cortona.	17	♒	6 38	5 48	7 16	6 43
27 M	Leander, Bp.	18	♓	6 37	5 49	8 18	7 8
28 T	Romanus, Ab.	19	♑	6 36	5 50	9 19	7 36
MOON'S PHASES.		PLANETS.					
☾	Last Quarter, 3, 11:24 A. M.	Mercury, ☿ ☿ ☉ on 27.					
●	New Moon, 10, 3:34 A. M.	Venus, morning star, greatest elongation on 10.					
☾	First Quarter, 17, 8:52 A. M.	Mars, evening star, ☿ ☿ ☉ on 21.					
☾	Full Moon, 25, 8:16 A. M.	Jupiter, morning star, ☿ ♃ ☉ on 3.					
☾	Perigee, 9	Saturn, morning star, ☿ ♄ ☉ on 6.					
☾	Apogee, 21.						
The length of the forenoon is found by subtracting the time of sunrise from 12 hours: the length of the afternoon is given directly by the time of sunset.							

LET the prayer Fiat voluntas tua—"Thy will be done"—become familiar to you. In dejection of spirit, in sorrow of heart, and in all sufferings, remember the internal anguish and affliction endured by Jesus in His prayer, in the Garden and they will be rendered sweet to you.

A SAGACIOUS BLACKSMITH.—A blacksmith having been slandered, was advised to apply to the courts for redress. He replied, with true wisdom: "I shall never sue anybody for slander; I can go into my shop and work out a better character in six months than I could get in a court house in a year."

March, 1899.

Days.	SAINTS AND FESTIVALS.	Moon's		Sun		Moon	
		Aga.	Course.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.
1 W	† Albinus, Bp.	20	☾	6 34	5 51	10 23	8 6
2 T	Simplicius, P.	21	☾	6 32	5 52	11 29	8 39
3 F	† Holy Shroud. Cunigund.	22	☾	6 31	5 53	Mdn.	9 19
4 S	Casimir, Kg.	23	☾	6 30	5 54	12 32	10 7
10 Week. 3 Sunday in Lent. Gospel: Jesus Expels a Devil. Luke xi. 14-28.							
5 S	Hadrian, Frederic.	24	☾	6 28	5 55	1 36	11 4
6 M	Colette, V.	25	☾	6 26	5 56	2 34	Noon.
7 T	Thomas of Aquin, D.	26	☾	6 25	5 57	3 24	1 21
8 W	† John of God.	27	☾	6 24	5 58	4 8	2 35
9 T	Frances of Rome.	28	☾	6 22	5 59	4 46	3 50
10 F	† Five Wounds. 40 Mrt.	29	☾	6 20	6 0	5 19	5 4
11 S	Heraclius, Bp.	1	☾	6 19	6 1	5 52	6 16
11 Week. 4 Sunday in Lent. Gospel: The Multiplication of Loaves. John vi. 1-15.							
12 S	Gregory the Great, P.	2	☾	6 18	6 2	6 22	7 26
13 M	Nicephorus, Bp.	3	☾	6 16	6 3	6 53	8 36
14 T	Mathilda, Empr.	4	☾	6 14	6 4	7 27	9 45
15 W	† Longinus, Sold.	5	☾	6 13	6 5	8 3	10 51
16 T	Heribert, Bp.	6	☾	6 12	6 6	8 45	11 51
17 F	† Most Precious Blood. Patrick.	7	☾	6 10	6 7	9 32	Mdn.
18 S	Gabriel, Archangel.	8	☾	6 8	6 8	10 23	12 47
12 Week. 5 Sunday in Lent. Gospel: The Testimony of Christ. John viii. 46-59.							
19 S	Passion Sunday. St. Joseph.	9	☾	6 7	6 9	11 17	1 36
20 M	Cuthbert, Bp.	10	☾	6 6	6 10	Noon.	2 19
21 T	Benedict.	11	☾	6 4	6 11	1 6	2 54
22 W	† Catharine of Sweden.	12	☾	6 2	6 12	2 11	3 27
23 T	Victorian, M.	13	☾	6 0	6 13	3 9	3 55
24 F	† Seven Dolors, B. V. M.	14	☾	5 58	6 14	4 7	4 21
25 S	Annunciation, B. V. M.	15	☾	5 57	6 15	5 5	4 47
13 Week. Palm Sunday. Gospel: Entry of Jesus into Jerusalem. Matthew xxi. 1-9.							
26 S	Palm Sunday. Ludger, Bp.	16	☾	5 56	6 16	6 8	5 12
27 M	John Damascene, D.	17	☾	5 54	6 17	7 9	5 38
28 T	John of Capistran.	18	☾	5 52	6 18	8 14	6 7
29 W	† Armogastes, M.	19	☾	5 51	6 19	9 19	6 41
30 T	Holy Thursday.	20	☾	5 50	6 20	10 25	7 20
31 F	† Good Friday.	21	☾	5 48	6 20	11 29	8 6

MOON'S PHASES.

	Last Quarter, 4, 10: 6 P. M.
	New Moon, 11, 1:52 P. M.
	First Quarter, 18, 9:23 P. M.
	Full Moon, 27, 12:18 A. M.
	Perigee, 9.
	Apogee, 21.

PLANETS.

Mercury, evening star, gr. elong. on 24.
Venus, morning star, close ☿ ♀ ☾ on 8.
Mars, evening star, south at 8 P. M. on 15.
Jupiter, morning star, south at 3 A. M. on 14.
Saturn, morning star, ☿ ♀ ☾ on 13.
 Spring begins on 20, at 2 P. M.

If the forenoon is longer than the afternoon, the sun is fast. This is the case between April 15 and June 14, and between September 1 and December 24. At other times the sun is slow.

TELL not all you know, do not all you can, believe not all you hear, and spend not all you have.

CLIMB not too high, lest you fall, nor lie on the ground, lest you be trampled on.

April, 1899.

Days.	SAINTS AND FESTIVALS.	Moon's		Sun		Moon	
		Age.	Course.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.

1 S † Holy Saturday. 22 f 5 47 6 21 Mdn. 9 1

14 Week. Easter Sunday. Gospel: Resurrection of our Lord. Mark xvi. 1-7.

2 S Easter Sunday.	23	☾	5 45	6 22	12 28	10 2
3 M Easter Monday.	24	☾	5 43	6 23	1 20	11 10
4 T Easter Tuesday. Isidore.	25	☾	5 42	6 24	2 4	Noon.
5 W Vincent Ferrer.	26	☾	5 40	6 25	2 42	1 32
6 T Sixtus, Celestin, P.	27	☾	5 38	6 26	3 18	2 44
7 F Calliopius, M.	28	☾	5 37	6 27	3 49	3 54
8 S Perpetuus, Bp.	29	☾	5 36	6 28	4 17	5 3

15 Week. 1 Sunday after Easter. Gospel: Jesus Appears to His Apostles. John xx. 19-31.

9 S Low Sunday. Mary Cleophe.	30	☾	5 35	6 29	4 50	6 14
10 M Ezechiel Proph.	1	☾	5 33	6 30	5 24	7 24
11 T Leo the Great Pp. D.	2	☾	5 31	6 31	5 59	8 32
12 W Julius, P.	3	☾	5 30	6 32	6 38	9 36
13 T Hermenegild. Kg. M.	4	☾	5 29	6 33	7 22	10 34
14 F Justinus, M.	5	☾	5 27	6 34	8 13	11 27
15 S Crescens, M.	6	☾	5 25	6 35	9 10	Mdn.

16 Week. 2 Sunday after Easter. Gospel: The Good Shepherd. John x. 11-16.

16 S Bened. Jos. Labre.	7	☾	5 24	6 36	10 3	12 14
17 M Anicetus, P.	8	☾	5 23	6 37	11 2	12 51
18 T Amadeus, M.	9	☾	5 21	6 38	Noon.	1 31
19 W Leo IX, P.	10	☾	5 20	6 39	12 58	1 56
20 T Sulpicius, and Servilian.	11	☾	5 19	6 39	1 56	2 23
21 F Anselm, B. D.	12	☾	5 17	6 40	2 53	2 48
22 S Soter and Caius, P.	13	☾	5 15	6 41	3 55	3 13

17 Week. 3 Sunday after Easter. Gospel: In a Little While. John xvi. 16-22.

23 S Patronage of St. Joseph.	14	☾	5 14	6 42	4 57	3 39
24 M Fidelis of Sigmaringa.	15	☾	5 13	6 43	6 1	4 8
25 T Mark, Evangelist.	16	☾	5 12	6 44	7 6	4 39
26 W Mary of Good Counsel.	17	☾	5 11	6 45	8 14	5 18
27 T Zita, V. Turibius, Bp.	18	☾	5 10	6 46	9 20	6 2
28 F Paul of the Cross.	19	☾	5 8	6 47	10 22	6 54
29 S Peter of Verona, M.	20	☾	5 6	6 48	11 16	7 54

18 Week. 4 Sunday after Easter. Gospel: Christ goeth to the Father. John xvi. 5-15.

30 S Catharine of Sienna. 21 ☾ 5 5 6 49 11 58 9 3

MOON'S PHASES.

	Last Quarter, 8, 5:55 A. M.
	New Moon, 10, 12:18 A. M.
	First Quarter, 17, 4:43 P. M.
	Full Moon, 25, 1:22 P. M.
	Perigee, 6.
	Apogee, 18.

PLANETS.

Mercury, ☿ ☿ ☉ on 12.
 Venus, morning star, ♀ ♀ ☉ on 7.
 Mars, evening star, ☿ ☿ ☉ on 23.
 Jupiter, ♃ ♃ ☉ on 25.
 Saturn, morning star, south at 4 A. M. on 13.

Half of the difference between the lengths of the forenoon and the afternoon is the amount by which the sun is fast or slow.

No man is so foolish, but he may give good counsel at times; no man so wise, but he may err, if he take no counsel.

THE vine brings forth three grapes: the first, of pleasure, the second, of drunkenness, the third, of sorrow.

May, 1899.

Days.	SAINTS AND FESTIVALS.	Moon's		Sun		Moon	
		Age.	Course.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.
1 M	Philip and James, Ap.	22	☾	5 4	6 50	Mdn.	10 12
2 T	Athanasius, Bp. D.	23	☾	5 3	6 51	12 44	Noon.
3 W	Finding of the Holy Cross.	24	☾	5 2	6 52	1 19	12 39
4 T	Monica, W.	25	☾	5 1	6 53	1 51	1 44
5 F	Pius V. P.	26	☾	5 0	6 54	2 20	2 50
6 S	John before the Latin Gate.	27	☾	4 58	6 54	2 50	3 59

19 Week. 5 Sunday after Easter. Gospel: Ask in My Name. John xvi. 23-30.

7 S	Stanislaus, Bp. M.	28	☾	4 57	6 55	3 22	5 7
8 M	Appar. of Michael, Arch.	29	☾	4 56	6 56	3 54	6 14
9 T	Gregory of Nazianzen.	1	☾	4 55	6 57	4 32	7 20
10 W	Antoninus, Bp.	2	☾	4 54	6 58	5 15	8 21
11 T	Ascension of our Lord.	3	☾	4 53	6 59	6 3	9 16
12 F	Nereus and Achilleus, M.	4	☾	4 52	7 0	6 59	10 6
13 S	Peter Regalatus.	5	☾	4 51	7 1	7 52	10 47

20 Week. 6 Sunday after Easter. Gospel: When the Paraclete shall come. John xv. 26.

14 S	Boniface, M.	6	☾	4 50	7 2	8 49	11 24
15 M	Isidore, Husbdm.	7	☾	4 49	7 3	9 48	11 55
16 T	John Nepomocene.	8	☾	4 48	7 4	10 47	Mdn.
17 W	Paschal Baylon.	9	☾	4 48	7 4	Noon.	12 23
18 T	Venantius, M.	10	☾	4 47	7 5	12 43	12 51
19 F	Celestin V. Pp.	11	☾	4 46	7 6	1 41	1 14
20 S	† Bernardine of Sienna.	12	☾	4 45	7 7	2 41	1 38

21 Week. Pentecost Sunday. Gospel: The Paraclete will Teach you all things. John xiv. 23-31.

21 S	Pentecost Sunday.	13	☾	4 45	7 7	3 43	2 6
22 M	Pentecost Monday.	14	☾	4 44	7 8	4 50	2 36
23 T	Pentecost Tuesday.	15	☾	4 44	7 9	5 56	3 11
24 W	† Ember day. Mary Help Chr.	16	☾	4 43	7 10	7 5	3 54
25 T	Gregory VII. Pp.	17	☾	4 43	7 11	8 9	4 43
26 F	† Philip Neri.	18	☾	4 42	7 12	9 8	5 43
27 S	† Mary Magd. de Pazzi.	19	☾	4 41	7 13	10 0	6 50

22 Week. 1 Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel: Go, Teach all Nations. Matthew xxviii. 18-20.

28 S	Trinity Sunday. Augustin.	20	☾	4 41	7 13	10 42	8 1
29 M	Maximin, Bp.	21	☾	4 40	7 14	11 20	9 14
30 T	Ferdinand, Kg.	22	☾	4 40	7 15	11 50	10 26
31 W	Angela Merici.	23	☾	4 39	7 16	Mdn.	Noon.

MOON'S PHASES.

☾	Last Quarter, 2, 11:46 A. M.
☾	New Moon, 9, 11:38 A. M.
☾	First Quarter, 17, 11:12 A. M.
☾	Full Moon, 24, 11:49 P. M.
☾	Last Quarter, 31, 4:54 P. M.
	Perigee, 1 & 28.
	Apogee, 16.

PLANETS.

Mercury, morning star, gr. elong. on 9.
Venus, morning star, ♂ ♀ ☾ on 6.
Mars, evening star, transits at 5:30 P. M. on 16.
Jupiter, evening star, south at 10 P. M. on 22.
Saturn, morning star, ♂ ♀ ☾ on 26.
Uranus, ♂ ♀ ☾ on 27.

The sun and clock agree on April 15, June 14, September 1, and December 24. The sun is slowest, 14 m. 27 s., on February 11, and 6 m. 17 s., on July 26; and fastest, 3 m. 49 s., on May 14, and 16 m. 20 s., on November 3.

RICHES will decay, prosperity may change, but goodness is unfading.

TRUTH often suffers more from the heat of its defenders, than from the arguments of its opposers.

June, 1899.

Days.	SAINTS AND FESTIVALS.	Moon's		Sun		Moon	
		Age.	Course.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.
1	T Corpus Christi.	24	☾	4 39	7 17	Mdn.	Noon.
2	F Marcellinus, M.	25	☾	4 39	7 17	12 54	1 51
3	S Clothilda, Q.	26	☾	4 38	7 18	1 23	2 57

23 Week. 2 Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel: The Great Supper. Luke xiv. 16-24.

4	S Francis Caracciolo.	27	☾	4 38	7 18	1 55	4 3
5	M Boniface, Ap. of Germany.	28	☾	4 38	7 19	2 30	5 9
6	T Norbert, Bp.	29	☾	4 37	7 19	3 10	6 11
7	W Robert, Ab.	30	☾	4 37	7 20	3 56	7 9
8	T Medard and Gildard.	1	☾	4 37	7 21	4 47	8 1
9	F Sacred Heart of Jesus.	2	☾	4 37	7 21	5 42	8 44
10	S Margaret, Q.	3	☾	4 36	7 22	6 40	9 21

24 Week. 3 Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel: The Lost Sheep. Luke xv. 1-10.

11	S Barnabas, Ap.	4	☾	4 36	7 22	7 38	10 1
12	M John of S. Facundus.	5	☾	4 36	7 23	8 37	10 24
13	T Antony of Padua.	6	☾	4 36	7 23	9 34	10 50
14	W Basil, B. D.	7	☾	4 36	7 23	10 32	11 17
15	T Vitus and Modestus, M.	8	☾	4 36	7 24	11 29	11 43
16	F John Francis Regis.	9	☾	4 36	7 24	Noon.	Mdn.
17	S Gundulph, B.	10	☾	4 37	7 24	1 27	12 6

25 Week. 4 Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel: The Miraculous Draught of Fishes. Luke v. 1-11.

18	S Mark and Marcellian, M.	11	☾	4 37	7 25	2 30	12 34
19	M Juliana Falconieri.	12	☾	4 37	7 25	3 36	1 5
20	T Silverius, P. M.	13	☾	4 37	7 25	4 43	1 43
21	W Aloysius Gonzaga.	14	☾	4 37	7 25	5 51	2 30
22	T Paulinus, Bp.	15	☾	4 38	7 26	6 54	3 25
23	F Etheldreda, Q. •	16	☾	4 38	7 26	7 49	4 27
24	S John the Baptist.	17	☾	4 38	7 26	8 37	5 41

26 Week. 5 Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel: True Justice. Matthew v. 20-24.

25	S William, Ab.	18	☾	4 38	7 26	9 29	6 55
26	M John and Paul, M.	19	☾	4 39	7 27	9 54	8 21
27	T Ladislaus, Kg.	20	☾	4 39	7 27	10 26	9 24
28	W Leo II, P. D.	21	☾	4 39	7 27	10 57	10 35
29	T Peter and Paul.	22	☾	4 40	7 27	11 26	Noon.
30	F Comm. of St. Paul.	23	☾	4 40	7 27	11 57	12 50

MOON'S PHASES.

	New Moon,	8,	12:20 A. M.
	First Quarter,	16,	3:46 A. M.
	Full Moon,	23,	8:20 A. M.
	Last Quarter,	29,	10:45 P. M.
	Apogee,	12.	
	Perigee,	24.	

PLANETS.

Mercury, ☿ ☿ ☉ on 14.
 Venus, morning star, ♀ ♀ ☉ on 5.
 Mars, evening star, ♂ ♂ ☉ on 14.
 Jupiter, evening star, transits at 8 P. M. on 19.
 Saturn, ♄ ♄ ☉ on 11.
 Neptune, ♆ ♆ ☉ on 15.
 Summer begins on 21, at 10 A. M.

The exact amount by which the sun is fast or slow is now-a-days only calendar wisdom, because sun-dials rank no higher with us than garden ornaments, and there is no town in this country that takes its time from a sun-dial.

A FALSE friend is like the shadow on a sun-dial, which appears in fine weather, but vanishes at the approach of a cloud.

INDUSTRY is an excellent guard to virtue; the more active your life, the less opportunity have the passions to corrupt you.

July, 1899.

Days.	SAINTS AND FESTIVALS.	Moon's		Sun		Moon	
		Age.	Course.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.
1	S Aaron, Theobald.	24	8	4 41	7 27	Mdn.	P. M.
27 Week. 6 Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel: The Multiplication of Loaves. Mark viii. 1-9.							
2	S Most Precious Blood. Visit. B. V.	25	8	4 41	7 27	12 32	3 2
3	M Leo II, P.	26	□	4 42	7 26	1 10	4 3
4	T Bertha, W. Independence Day.	27	□	4 42	7 26	1 53	5 2
5	W Cyril and Methodius, B.	28	☾	4 43	7 26	2 41	5 55
6	T Isaias, Pr.	29	☾	4 43	7 26	3 35	6 41
7	F Pulcheria, Emp.	1	☾	4 44	7 26	4 31	7 22
8	S Elisabeth of Portugal.	2	☾	4 44	7 25	5 29	7 57
28 Week. 7 Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel: False Prophets. Matthew vii. 15-21.							
9	S Martyrs of Gorcom.	3	☾	4 45	7 25	6 27	8 27
10	M Seven Brothers, Martyrs.	4	☾	4 45	7 25	7 27	8 55
11	T Pius I, P. M.	5	☾	4 46	7 24	8 23	9 19
12	W John Gualbert.	6	☾	4 47	7 24	9 20	9 44
13	T Anacletus, P. M.	7	☾	4 47	7 23	10 18	10 9
14	F Bonaventura, B. D.	8	☾	4 48	7 23	11 16	10 36
15	S Henry II, Emp.	9	☾	4 49	7 23	Noon.	11 4
29 Week. 8 Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel: The Unjust Steward. Luke xvi. 1-9.							
16	S Our Lady of Mt. Carmel.	10	☾	4 50	7 22	1 19	11 38
17	M Alexius, Recl.	11	☾	4 50	7 22	2 24	Mdn.
18	T Camillus of Lellis.	12	☾	4 51	7 21	3 29	12 18
19	W Vincent de Paul.	13	☾	4 52	7 20	4 33	1 8
20	T Jerome Aemiliani.	14	☾	4 52	7 19	5 32	2 7
21	F Praxedes, V.	15	☾	4 53	7 18	6 26	3 15
22	S Mary Magdalen.	16	☾	4 53	7 17	7 11	4 29
30 Week. 9 Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel: The Destruction of Jerusalem. Luke xix. 41-47.							
23	S Apollinaris, Bp. M.	17	☾	4 54	7 17	7 49	5 46
24	M Christina, V. M.	18	☾	4 55	7 16	8 24	7 1
25	T James the Greater, Ap.	19	☾	4 56	7 16	8 57	8 17
26	W Ann, Mother B. V. M.	20	☾	4 57	7 15	9 28	9 29
27	T Pantaleon, M.	21	☾	4 58	7 14	10 0	10 38
28	F Nazarius and Celsus, M.	22	☾	4 59	7 13	10 32	Noon.
29	S Martha, V.	23	☾	5 0	7 12	11 13	12 53
31 Week. 10 Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel: The Pharisee and the Publican. Luke xviii. 9-14.							
30	S Abdon and Sennen, M.	24	8	5 1	7 11	11 47	1 57
31	M Ignatius of Loyola.	25	□	5 2	7 10	Mdn.	2 59

MOON'S PHASES.

	New Moon, 7, 2:31 P. M.
	First Quarter, 15, 5:59 P. M.
	Full Moon, 22, 3:41 P. M.
	Last Quarter, 29, 6:42 A. M.
	Apogee, 10.
	Perigee, 28.

PLANETS.

Mercury, evening star, gr. elong. on 22.
Venus, morning star, near ☿ ♀ ☾ on 5.
Mars, evening star, near the sun.
Jupiter, evening star, ☐ ♃ ☾ on 24.
Saturn, evening star, south at 9 P. M. on 28.

OUR children will hardly know the difference between local and standard or railroad time, and why there should be a difference at all. Business men will certainly take little interest in the matter.

PRECIPITATION is the ruin of the young, delay the ruin of the old.

WE lose as many friends by our requests as by our refusals.

August, 1899.

Days.	SAINTS AND FESTIVALS.	Moon's		Sun		Moon	
		Age.	Course.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.
1 T	St. Peter's Chains.	26	Π	5 3	7 9	A. M.	P. M.
2 W	Alphonsus Liguori, B. D.	27	☾	5 4	7 8	1 32	4 40
3 T	Find. Relics of St. Stephen.	28	☾	5 5	7 7	2 26	5 21
4 F	Dominic.	29	☾	5 6	7 6	3 23	5 58
5 S	Our Lady of the Snow.	30	☾	5 7	7 5	4 21	6 30

32 Week. 11 Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel : Jesus Cures a Deaf and Dumb Man. Mark vii. 31-37.

6 S	Transfiguration.	1	☾	5 8	7 4	5 20	6 58
7 M	Cajetan.	2	☾	5 9	7 3	6 18	7 25
8 T	Cyriacus and Comp., M.	3	☾	5 9	7 1	7 14	7 48
9 W	Romanus, Sold., M.	4	☾	5 10	7 0	8 11	8 14
10 T	Lawrence, Archdeacon.	5	☾	5 11	6 59	9 9	8 39
11 F	Philomena, V. M.	6	☾	5 12	6 58	10 10	9 10
12 S	Clare, V.	7	☾	5 13	6 57	11 8	9 38

33 Week. 12 Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel : The Good Samaritan. Luke x. 23-37.

13 S	John Berchmans.	8	☾	5 14	6 56	Noon.	10 15
14 M	† Eusebius,	9	☾	5 15	6 55	1 14	10 58
15 T	Assumption, B. V. M.	10	☾	5 15	6 53	2 17	11 52
16 W	Hyacinth. Roch.	11	☾	5 16	6 52	3 17	Mdn.
17 T	Liberatus, Ab. M.	12	☾	5 17	6 51	4 11	12 52
18 F	Helena, Emp.	13	☾	5 18	6 50	4 59	2 3
19 S	Louis of Toulouse, B.	14	☾	5 19	6 49	5 41	3 17

34 Week. 13 Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel : The Ten Lepers. Luke xvii. 11-19.

20 S	Joachim, father of B. V. Bernard.	15	☾	5 19	6 47	6 18	4 34
21 M	Jane Frances de Chantal.	16	☾	5 20	6 46	6 53	5 51
22 T	Symphorian, M.	17	☾	5 21	6 45	7 26	7 5
23 W	Philip Benitius.	18	☾	5 22	6 43	7 57	8 15
24 T	Bartholomew, Ap.	19	☾	5 23	6 41	8 30	9 28
25 F	Louis, King of France.	20	☾	5 24	6 40	9 10	10 38
26 S	Zephyrinus, P. M.	21	☾	5 25	6 39	9 50	Noon.

35 Week. 14 Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel : No One can Serve Two Masters. Matt. vi. 24-33.

27 S	Most Pure Heart of Mary.	22	☾	5 26	6 37	10 36	12 48
28 M	Augustine, B. D.	23	☾	5 27	6 36	11 28	1 45
29 T	Beheading of St. John Bapt.	24	☾	5 28	6 34	Mdn.	2 37
30 W	Rose of Lima.	25	☾	5 29	6 33	12 20	3 22
31 T	Raymond Nonnatus.	26	☾	5 29	6 31	1 18	4 5

MOON'S PHASES.

	New Moon,	6,	5:48 A. M.
	First Quarter,	14,	5:54 A. M.
	Full Moon,	20,	10:45 P. M.
	Last Quarter,	27,	5:57 P. M.
	Apogee,	6.	
	Perigee,	20.	

PLANETS.

Mercury, ☿ ☾ on 19.
Venus, morning star, ♀ ☾ on 5.
Mars, evening star, ♂ ☾ on 10
Jupiter, evening star, ♂ ♀ on 12.
Saturn, evening star, ♂ ♀ on 16.
Uranus, evening star, □ ☾ on 27.

The sun's path among the stars is divided into 12 equal parts, which are called the signs of the zodiac and are always run in the same order, three in a season.

THE place and position we occupy is consecrated by the service and sacrifice of those who have gone before.

OUR good or bad fortune depends greatly on the choice we make of our friends.

THINK before you speak, think before whom you speak ; think why you speak, think what you speak.

September, 1899.

Days.	SAINTS AND FESTIVALS.	Moon's		Sun		Moon	
		Age.	Course.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.
1	F Giles, Ab.	27	☾	5 30	6 30	2 15	4 32
2	S Stephen, King of Hungary.	28	☾	5 31	6 28	3 13	5 1
36 Week. 15 Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel: The Young Man at Nain. Luke vii. 11-17.							
3	S Serapia, Mansuetus.	29	☾	5 32	6 27	4 11	5 28
4	M Rose of Viterbo.	1	☾	5 33	6 25	5 9	5 53
5	T Lawrence Justinian.	2	☾	5 34	6 24	6 6	6 20
6	W Zachary, Proph.	3	☾	5 34	6 22	7 3	6 44
7	T Regina, V. M.	4	☾	5 35	6 21	8 1	7 12
8	F Nativity, B. V. M.	5	☾	5 36	6 19	9 2	7 42
9	S Peter Claver.	6	☾	5 37	6 17	10 3	8 16
37 Week. 16 Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel: The Man with the Dropsy. Luke xiv. 1-11.							
10	S Holy Name of Mary.	7	☾	5 38	6 16	11 5	8 57
11	M Protus and Hyacinth.	8	☾	5 39	6 14	Noon.	9 46
12	T Guy of Anderlecht.	9	☾	5 40	6 12	1 6	10 42
13	W Eulogius, B.	10	☾	5 41	6 11	2 2	11 46
14	T Exaltation of the Holy Cross.	11	☾	5 42	6 10	2 49	Mdn.
15	F Nicomedes, M.	12	☾	5 43	6 8	3 33	12 55
16	S Cornelius and Cyprian, M.	13	☾	5 44	6 6	4 12	2 8
38 Week. 17 Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel: The Greatest Commandment. Matt. xxii. 34-46.							
17	S Seven Dolors, B. V. M. Francis Wds.	14	☾	5 44	6 4	4 47	3 22
18	M Joseph of Cupertino.	15	☾	5 45	6 3	5 20	4 38
19	T Januarius, M.	16	☾	5 46	6 2	5 53	5 51
20	W † Ember day. Eustace.	17	☾	5 47	6 0	6 27	7 5
21	T Matthew, Ap. Ev.	18	☾	5 48	5 58	7 3	8 17
22	F † Thomas of Villanova.	19	☾	5 49	5 57	7 44	9 27
23	S † Linus, P. Thecla, V.	20	☾	5 49	5 55	8 30	10 33
39 Week. 18 Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel: The Man Sick of the Palsy. Matthew ix. 1-8.							
24	S Our Lady of Mercy.	21	☾	5 50	5 54	9 20	Noon.
25	M Cleophas, M.	22	☾	5 51	5 52	10 13	12 30
26	T Cyprian and Justina, M.	23	☾	5 52	5 50	11 10	1 18
27	W Cosmas and Damian.	24	☾	5 53	5 49	Mdn.	1 59
28	T Wenceslaus, Kg. M.	25	☾	5 54	5 47	12 8	2 40
29	F Michael, Archangel.	26	☾	5 55	5 45	1 5	3 3
30	S Jerome, D.	27	☾	5 56	5 44	2 6	3 31

MOON'S PHASES.

	New Moon, 4, 9:33 P. M.
	First Quarter, 12, 3:49 P. M.
	Full Moon, 19, 6:31 A. M.
	Last Quarter, 26, 9:02 A. M.
	Apogee, 2 & 30.
	Perigee, 18.

PLANETS.

Mercury, morning star, gr. elong. on 5, ☿ ☉ on 30.
Venus, ☿ ☿ on 16.
Mars, evening star, transits at 2 P. M. on 15.
Jupiter, evening star, transits at 3 P. M. on 11.
Saturn, evening star, ♄ ♄ on 10.
Neptune, morning star, ♆ ♄ on 19.
 Autumn begins on 23, at 10 A. M.

The sun enters into another sign of the zodiac about the 20th of the month, or within a couple of days of that date, the reason of this irregularity being that the months are not equal in length and the sun also does not run with uniform speed.

If you would not have affliction visit you twice,
 listen at once to what it teaches.
 He generally talks most who has least to say.

If our acts condemn us, our words will not avail us.
 He who is found less guilty than expected, is generally considered more innocent than he is.

October, 1899.

Days.	SAINTS AND FESTIVALS.	Moon's		Sun		Moon	
		Age.	Course.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.
40 Week. 19 Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel: The Wedding Garment. Matthew xxii. 1-14.							
1	S Holy Rosary, B. V. M.	28	☾	5 57	5 43	2 0	3 57
2	M Holy Angel Guardians.	29	☾	5 58	5 41	3 58	4 22
3	T Candidus, M.	30	☾	5 59	5 39	4 56	4 48
4	W Francis of Assisi.	1	☾	6 0	5 38	5 54	5 15
5	T Placidus, M.	2	☾	6 0	5 36	6 54	5 45
6	F Bruno.	3	☾	6 1	5 35	7 56	6 18
7	S Mark, Sergius, M.	4	☾	6 2	5 34	8 59	6 57

41 Week. 20 Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel: The Ruler's Son. John iv. 46-53.							
8	S Maternity B. V. M. Bridget.	5	☾	6 3	5 32	10 0	7 43
9	M Denis and comp., M.	6	☾	6 4	5 30	11 0	8 38
10	T Francis Borgia	7	☾	6 5	5 29	Noon.	9 34
11	W Canice, Ab. Gummar.	8	☾	6 6	5 27	12 47	10 44
12	T Maximilian Bp.	9	☾	6 7	5 26	1 30	11 53
13	F Edward, Kg.	10	☾	6 8	5 24	2 8	Mdn.
14	S Callistus, P. M.	11	☾	6 9	5 23	2 43	1 5

42 Week. 21 Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel: The Unforgiving Servant. Matt. xviii. 23-35.							
15	S Purity, B. V. M. Theresa.	12	☾	6 10	5 22	3 16	2 16
16	M Gall, Ab.	13	☾	6 11	5 20	3 49	3 29
17	T Hedwigis, W.	14	☾	6 12	5 18	4 22	4 40
18	W Luke, Evang.	15	☾	6 13	5 17	4 57	5 51
19	T Peter of Alcantara.	16	☾	6 14	5 16	5 36	7 3
20	F John Cantius.	17	☾	6 16	5 14	6 20	8 13
21	S Ursula and comp., M.	18	☾	6 17	5 13	7 8	9 19

43 Week. 22 Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel: The Tribute to Caesar. Matt. xxii. 15-21.							
22	S Mary Salome.	19	☾	6 18	5 12	8 2	10 18
23	M The Most Holy Redeemer.	20	☾	6 19	5 10	8 59	11 8
24	T Raphael, Archangel	21	☾	6 20	5 8	9 58	Noon.
25	W Chrysanthius and Daria.	22	☾	6 21	5 7	10 56	12 30
26	T Evaristus, P. M.	23	☾	6 22	5 6	11 54	1 3
27	F Florentius. Sabina.	24	☾	6 23	5 5	Mdn.	1 32
28	S Simon Jude, Ap.	25	☾	6 24	5 4	12 52	1 59

31 Week. 23 Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel: The Daughter of Jairus. Matthew ix. 18-26.							
29	S Narcissus, B.	26	☾	6 25	5 3	1 50	2 23
30	M Alphonsus Rodriguez.	27	☾	6 26	5 2	2 46	2 49
31	T † Wolfgang, Bp.	28	☾	6 28	5 0	3 45	3 17

MOON'S PHASES.

	New Moon,	4,	1:14 P. M.
	First Quarter,	12,	12:09 A. M.
	Full Moon,	18,	4:04 P. M.
	Last Quarter,	26,	3:40 A. M.
	Perigee,	16.	
	Apogee,	27.	

PLANETS.

Mercury, evening star, δ 8 ϕ on 10.
Venus, evening star, near δ ϕ α and
 Librac on 26, near δ ϕ γ on 29.
Mars, evening star, transits at 1:30
 on 7.
Jupiter, evening star, δ γ α on 7.
Saturn, evening star, δ η α on 9.

Two thousand years ago there was no difference between the signs and the constellations of the zodiac. Now they are 32 degrees apart, and much confusion is the result.

WISDOM is the blessed mediator between man and adversity.

THE moments of mirth become hours of folly, unless they be regulated by the dial of reason.

November, 1899.

Days.	SAINTS AND FESTIVALS.	Moon's		Sun		Moon		
		Age.	Course.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	
1 W	All Saints.	29	♈	6 29	4 59	4 44	3 46	1
2 T	All Souls.	30	♏	6 30	4 58	5 46	4 19	
3 F	Hubert. Winifred.	1	♏	6 31	4 57	6 49	4 56	2
4 S	Charles Borromeo. B.	2	♏	6 32	4 56	7 52	5 40	
45 Week. 24 Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel: Storm at Sea. Matthew viii. 23-27.								
5 S	Zachary and Elisabeth.	3	♏	6 33	4 55	8 54	6 34	4
6 M	Leonard.	4	♏	6 34	4 54	9 52	7 33	
7 T	Engelbert, B. M.	5	♏	6 35	4 53	10 44	8 38	5
8 W	Four Saints Crowned.	6	♏	6 36	4 52	11 29	9 46	
9 T	Theodore. Orestes.	7	♏	6 37	4 51	Noon.	10 56	6
10 F	Andrew Avellini.	8	♏	6 38	4 50	12 44	Mdn.	
11 S	Martin of Tours. Bp.	9	♏	6 39	4 49	1 16	12 6	7
46 Week. 25 Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel: The Wheat and the Cockle. Matt. xiii. 24-30.								
12 S	Martin, P.	10	♏	6 40	4 48	1 47	1 14	8
13 M	Stanislaus Kostka.	11	♏	6 41	4 47	2 19	2 24	9
14 T	Josaphat, B. M.	12	♏	6 43	4 47	2 52	3 32	
15 W	Gertrude, V.	13	♏	6 44	4 46	3 29	4 43	10
16 T	Edmund, Bp.	14	♏	6 45	4 45	4 10	5 53	
17 F	Gregory the Wonderworker.	15	♏	6 46	4 44	4 57	7 0	11
18 S	Maximus, B. Odo. Ab.	16	♏	6 47	4 43	5 49	8 2	
47 Week. 26 Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel: The Grain of Mustard Seed. Matt. xiii. 31-53.								
19 S	Patronage B. V. M. Elisabeth.	17	♏	6 48	4 43	6 45	8 57	13
20 M	Felix of Valois.	18	♏	6 49	4 42	7 44	9 49	
21 T	Presentation, B. V. M.	19	♏	6 50	4 42	8 44	10 26	14
22 W	Cecilia, V. M.	20	♏	6 51	4 41	9 43	11 2	
23 T	Clement, P. M.	21	♏	6 52	4 41	10 41	11 32	15
24 F	John of the Cross.	22	♏	6 53	4 40	11 37	Noon.	
25 S	Catharine, V. M.	23	♏	6 54	4 40	Mdn.	12 25	16
48 Week. 27 and last Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel: The End of the World. Matt. xxiv. 15-35.								
26 S	Sylvester, Ab.	24	♏	6 55	4 39	12 34	12 51	17
27 M	Barlaam and Josaphat.	25	♏	6 56	4 39	1 31	1 16	18
28 T	Sosthenes.	26	♏	6 57	4 39	2 29	1 44	19
29 W	Saturninus, B. M.	27	♏	6 58	4 38	3 29	2 14	
30 T	Andrew Ap.	28	♏	6 59	4 38	4 36	2 50	20
MOON'S PHASES.  New Moon, 3 4:26 A. M.  First Quarter, 10, 7:35 A. M.  Full Moon, 17, 4:18 A. M.  Last Quarter, 25, 12:34 A. M. Perigee, 12. Apogee, 24. PLANETS. <i>Mercury</i>, evening star, greatest elongation, on 16. <i>Venus</i>, evening star, ♀ ☾ on 4. <i>Mars</i>, evening star, invisible. <i>Jupiter</i>, ♀ ♃ on 13. <i>Saturn</i>, evening star, ♄ ♀ on 27. <i>Uranus</i>, ♄ ♃ on 30.								
The moon's course is given according to the signs of the zodiac, not the constellations. The moon always runs high when entering Cancer, and low when entering Capricorn.								
"If thou desirest to have a share in the triumphs of thy Redeemer, imitate His death, by dying to thy sins; that so thou mayest also imitate His resurrection, and walk, henceforward, in the newness of life, after the great model given to thee by Jesus Christ."								

December, 1899.

Days.	SAINTS AND FESTIVALS.	Moon's		Sun		Moon	
		Age.	Course.	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.
1	F Eligius, Bp.	29		7 0	4 38	5 36	3 33
2	S Bibiana, V. M.	1		7 1	4 38	6 40	4 22
49 Week. 1 Sunday of Advent. Gospel: There shall be Signs. Luke xxi. 25-36.							
3	S Francis Xavier.	2		7 2	4 37	7 45	5 17
4	M Peter Chrysologus. Barbara.	3		7 3	4 37	8 36	6 27
5	T Sabbas, Ab.	4		7 4	4 37	9 25	7 35
6	W Nicholas, Bp.	5		7 5	4 37	10 8	8 46
7	T Ambrose, B. D.	6		7 6	4 37	10 46	9 58
8	F Immaculate Conception, B. V.	7		7 7	4 37	11 20	11 7
9	S Leocadia, V. M.	8		7 8	4 37	Noon.	Mdn.
50 Week. 2 Sunday of Advent. Gospel: John in Prison. Matt. xi. 2-10.							
10	S Transl. H. House of Loretto.	9		7 9	4 37	12 22	12 14
11	M Damasus, P.	10		7 10	4 37	12 53	1 23
12	T Synesius, M.	11		7 11	4 37	1 27	2 32
13	W Lucy, V. M. Ottilia.	12		7 11	4 37	2 5	3 35
14	T Nicasius, Bp.	13		7 12	4 38	2 50	4 45
15	F Christina, V.	14		7 13	4 38	3 34	5 48
16	S Eusebius, Bp. M.	15		7 14	4 38	4 29	6 50
51 Week. 3 Sunday of Advent. Gospel: John's Testimony. John i. 19-28.							
17	S Lazarus of Bethany.	16		7 14	4 38	5 31	7 41
18	M Expectation, B. V. M.	17		7 15	4 39	6 30	8 21
19	T Nemesis,	18		7 15	4 39	7 29	8 59
20	W † Ember Day. Liberatus, M.	19		7 16	4 40	8 28	9 32
21	T Thomas Ap.	20		7 16	4 40	9 26	10 0
22	F † Zeno, Sold.	21		7 17	4 41	10 23	10 27
23	S † Victoria, V. M.	22		7 17	4 41	11 20	10 52
52 Week. 4 Sunday of Advent. Gospel: The Mission of John. Luke iii. 1-6.							
24	S Adam and Eve.	23		7 18	4 42	Mdn.	11 17
25	M Christmas.	24		7 18	4 42	12 16	11 44
26	T Stephen, Protom.	25		7 19	4 43	1 15	Noon.
27	W John, Ap. Evang.	26		7 19	4 43	2 15	12 45
28	T Holy Innocents.	27		7 19	4 44	3 18	1 23
29	F Thomas of Canterbury.	28		7 20	4 44	4 20	2 9
30	S David, Kg. Pr.	29		7 20	4 45	5 24	3 4
53 Sunday. Sunday after Christmas. Gospel: Jesus in the Temple. Luke ii 33-40.							
31	S Sylvester, P.	30		7 20	4 46	6 22	4 6

MOON'S PHASES.

	New Moon,	2,	6:47 P. M.
	First Quarter,	9,	3:02 P. M.
	Full Moon,	16,	7:31 P. M.
	Last Quarter,	24,	9:57 P. M.
	Perigee,	7.	
	Apogee,	22.	

PLANETS.

Mercury, δ ☿ on 5, gr. elong. on 25.
Venus, evening star, δ ♀ on 4.
Mars, invisible.
Jupiter, morning star, δ ♀ on 1, and 29.
Saturn, δ ♄ on 17.
Neptune, evening star, δ ♆ on 17.
 Winter begins on 21, at 7 P. M.
 Lunar Eclipse on 16.

The only known influence the moon exerts upon the earth is to raise the tides. Its influence upon the weather and vegetation is devoid of all certainty.

MEN, like diamonds, are to be polished by one another.

THE most necessary of all sciences is how to protect one's self from the contagion of bad example.



HAPPY NEW YEAR.



WHEN I was a little fellow it was my custom to congratulate my parents, brothers, and sisters on New Year's day before daybreak. I sneaked on tiptoes to their bed room, opened the door enough to be able to push my head in, shouted merrily "Happy New Year" and ran away.

Many years have since elapsed, and I have been led from my home by the hand of our heavenly Father, in order that I might work for the one great family, the Holy Catholic Church and for all mankind. Since you have become one of my friends, I think it right to congratulate you at the beginning of the new year. But do not fear that I will come early in the morning and disturb you in your sleep. I do not wish to annoy you. No, I come to you in bright daylight, knock modestly at your door and beg for entrance. Of course, I cannot come to all my friends personally, and it may be, that you live just too far off or never have heard of me; therefore it seems advisable to me to send my intimate friend as messenger to you. I know, he is also a stranger to you, for he makes his appearance for the first time; but I hope you will soon be acquainted with him. His name is St. Michael's Calendar and you can easily recognize him by his red garment. Please let him enter your dwelling; his intentions are very good, for he wants to bring every one blessing and happiness.

A number of good people are so kind to take care of the novice and are willing to introduce him to their friends. If such a good soul should come to you, be kind to her and buy a calendar. The St. Michael's calendar is published by the Catholic missionaries of the Divine Word for the propagation of our holy religion and the education of poor orphans. Perhaps you have but little money to spend for needy brethren, and it may be, when you hear now and then how a rich man has spent a large amount for a charitable work, you feel sorry for not being able to do the same. But you need not be sorry, for if you, from your small means, will give twenty-five cents for a St. Michael's calendar, you will, like the widow in the gospel, have contributed your mite. But should you be able to become a solicitor for the St. Michael's calendar, you would not only perform one good work, but several; for you would through your endeavors support the missionary fathers in their work and help to provide

poor and destitute children with a home, and you will take part in the apostolate of the Christian Press which is so highly recommended by our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., whose aim is to keep bad publications from the homes of our Christian families, and to furnish good books which not only instruct, but also induce us to practice Christian virtues. Experience also teaches, that many people of great means, by reading the reports of the poor missionaries are moved to give donations for their support, while other good Christians become inspired to join the ranks of the missionaries and devote their entire life to the service of God. So, you see, by distributing a number of St. Michael's calendars you will participate in the work of the missionaries and become a missionary yourself.

Should it be that the St. Michael's calendar be inferior to other publications in its outward appearance, you must not put it aside, but examine its interior. Or have you only interest for dime-novels or yellow newspapers and such frivolous publications as nowadays are for sale at the waiting-rooms of the railroad stations and offered in every train? If this should be the case, I am really sorry for you, and I beg you, heartily, do not throw away your good money for bad writings. The result would be the ruin of your immortal soul.

A calendar, generally speaking, is the most pleasant of all reading matter, fit for all classes and for all ages; it is a very good companion for every body.

Many a good working man on Sundays, after having attended church services, prefers staying in his peaceable home to frequenting saloons or going abroad. A little rest is welcome indeed, after the hard work during the week. Nevertheless the spirit wants some employment, and there the calendar furnishes the best entertainment. Or on the evenings of the week, after supper, the calendar is a very welcome guest for young and old. As soon as the father takes the calendar, the little boys and girls group around him, everyone desires to see the nice pictures and to hear the interesting stories. Perhaps you have no employment for some time, then the day moves on very slowly and you will get tired chatting; the calendar is a good companion again. Or if it occurs that you will be confined to your room on account of sickness, you will not like to speak much, and you can hardly bear the talk of your friends, but such a silent companion as the

St. Michael's calendar, renders again an agreeable entertainment. Besides entertaining stories the St. Michael's calendar also brings a great deal of instructive and useful information. The compiler of the calendar is in the habit of travelling a great deal around our planet and what he saw and heard, or was told by his friends, he likes to report to the kind readers for their benefit.

The St. Michael's calendar will be also a messenger for the missions, and therefore he relates tidings from those foreign countries where the missionaries of the Society of the Divine Word preach the word

of God to the heathens. It informs you how the missionaries labor and suffer amidst the cruel and barbarous nations. Please read the reports attentively, you will learn a great deal in them, for the life of those people is drawn in bright colors.

If it should be that you will miss something in the St. Michael's calendar, be so kind as to communicate it to me, I shall make use of it for the calendar in the next year. Once more a Happy New Year, and good-bye until the next year.

Very sincerely yours,

ANGELUS.

THE MISSIONS OF THE SOCIETY OF THE DIVINE WORD.

I. THE INSTITUTE.

THE Missionary Society of the Divine Word was founded by the Rev. Arnold Jansen, a priest of the diocese of Münster, Westphalia, Germany. For years a professor in the high school at Bocholt, he was a zealous promoter of devotion to the Sacred Heart and of the Apostleship of Prayer. To propagate both, he published in German a "Little Messenger of the Sacred Heart," which is still issued by the missionaries every month. After successfully establishing this periodical, he resigned his professorship and retired to a convent in Kempen. The propagation of the faith seemed to him one of the foremost interests of the Sacred Heart, and he devoted considerable space in his periodical to the promotion of the foreign missions. The foundation of a missionary house, however, had as yet not occupied his mind.

About this time it happened that the late Bishop Raymond, of Hong Kong, China, visited a priest in the neighborhood of Kempen. Father Jansen called on him to hear about the missions in that far-off country. In the course of the conversation the Bishop remarked: "It is a pity that there exists no German mission house for the education of youths for the foreign mission, for I know by experience that the Germans are excellent missionaries." (The Bishop was an Italian.) Father Jansen replied: "I, too, greatly deplore this want, and I have often mentioned it in my 'Little Messenger.'" "Why, then, not found one?" asked the Bishop. "I am

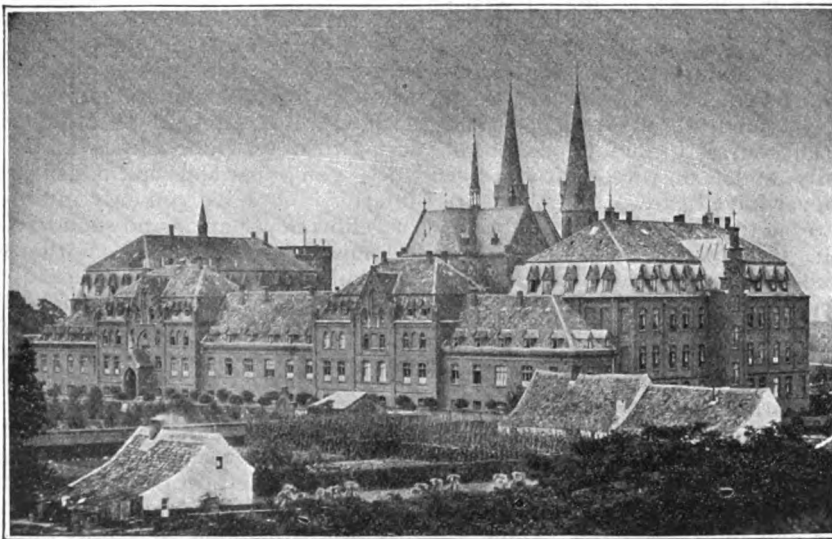
not the right man to undertake such a work," was the reply. But the Bishop insisted that Father Jansen should devote himself to the work; and finally, after two subsequent visits, in which the plan was discussed, he succeeded in gaining his consent to undertake the establishment of a missionary institute.

The obstacles that had to be overcome were many and great indeed. The persecution of the Church

in the German empire, known as the *Kulturkampf*, was then (1874) at its height. The plan was regarded impracticable by many, and but few assisted or encouraged Father Jansen in his work.

The "Little Messenger of the Sacred Heart," though only a small publication, now became an important factor in the undertaking, for

by it the founder was enabled to explain his project to a large number of readers. Slowly small contributions began to arrive, and God's blessing was visible with the little gifts, because they were prompted by faithful and devout hearts. In the course of time the new institute awakened also the interest of persons of means, who gave from their abundance. True, the zealous founder was still very often doubtful whence to take the cash necessary for the completion of the building and for the maintenance of those who gathered about him to join in his work. But his confidence in God was firm, and he learned by experience that divine assistance comes to those who trust in the Lord.



MISSION HOUSE, STEYL.

Father Jansen was convinced from the start that his missionary institute must be established beyond the confines of the German empire, though very near to it; the latter because he had to rely mainly on Germany for members. Hence, he selected the town of Steyl, in Holland, three miles from the Prussian boundary, and the same distance from the Dutch town of Venlo. There, in an old tavern building, he opened his institute on the 8th of September, 1875, with two pupils. During the following year several candidates, amongst them the present Bishop Anzer, Vicar Apostolic of Southern Changtong in China, joined him, and henceforth the number of students increased from year to year. This made the erection of new buildings absolutely necessary, for besides the want of room the old building was little less than a ruin. With God's blessing a suitable edifice was erected, and soon zealous candidates for the missions flocked to it. During the Kulturkampf in Germany a number of priests banished from Germany in consequence of the "May Laws," directed the studies, and, when they were permitted to return to their country, the institute was in a condition to furnish professors from among the priests educated there.

Towards the close of the seventies a number of young artisans also joined the Society and served as lay brothers. Some years later an institute for Sisters* was opened, who devote themselves to manual labor, household duties and, to a certain extent, to study, thus preparing themselves to become valuable assistants in the work of the missions. Soon four Sisters were prepared to take charge of the mission schools in Argentina, South America.

Meanwhile the Society had been enabled to found establishments in other parts of Europe, and to send a number of missionaries to heathen countries. Its interior organization was also perfected, so that it is now a recognized ecclesiastical Congregation of Regulars with the three religious vows. At present its members, outside of Europe, are engaged in missionary work in China, South and North America, West Africa and Australia.

In CHINA the Society has charge of the missions in the Vicariate Apostolic of South Changtong. Founded January 18th, 1882, in a district entirely heathen, with only 158 Christians it now comprises:

* Called Servants of the Holy Ghost.

1 Bishop (the Rt. Rev. J. B. Anzer); 31 priests from Steyl and 5 native priests; 9 lay brothers; 9,800 baptized Christians and 16,531 catechumens, amongst a heathen population of over 12 millions. Children in danger of death were baptized to the number of 96,000. The principal place of the mission is Ziningsho, on the imperial canal.

In SOUTH AMERICA the Society had, in 1897, 7 priests in *Brazil*, one of whom died in February of 1896. His place was filled by one sent from Steyl in June. In *Argentina* there are 15 priests and 17 lay brothers in the dioceses of Buenos Ayres, Santa Fe and Parana. In *Ecuador* 2 priests were engaged in the diocese of Portoviejo, one of whom died in June 1896 and could not be replaced, because the last revolution did not allow priests to be admitted.

In NORTH AMERICA the Society began its Apostolic work last year. 2 priests and 1 brother arrived Sept. 27, in West Hoboken preceded by two other brothers. Last November, 1897, the little congregation was established in the diocese of Harrisburg, Pa., and located at Milton, Pa.

In WEST AFRICA has charge of *German New Guinea*, where 2 priests are engaged, and of the Prefecture Apostolic of *Togo*. This mission was founded August 28th, 1892. At present it comprises, besides Togo, the stations Adjido, Little Pope, and Porto Seguro. The number of schools is 14, with 484 pupils. The mission numbers 9 priests and 9 lay brothers.

In AUSTRALIA, Emperor William's Land, the Society received a new place of missionary work. In September 1896, 3 priests and 3 brothers were sent thither, followed soon after by another priest.

In EUROPE the Society comprises four institutions:

1. St. Michael's, in Steyl, with 31 priests, 280 brothers and 332 students. In the Sisters' institute, 130 Sisters.

2. St. Gabriel's, near Vienna, Austria, founded in September, 1889, with 30 priests, 180 students of philosophy and theology and 75 brothers.

3. *St. Raphael's*, Rome, Italy, 5 priests engaged in advanced courses of study. Since the opening of this house 14 priests graduated in theology, 10 in philosophy, and one in civil and canon law.

4. Holy Cross, near Neisse, in Silesia, with 16 priests, 215 students and 55 lay brothers. This house was founded in 1893.

The Sisters' missionary institute in Steyl comprises 130 Sisters.

OUR MISSIONS IN SOUTH CHANG-TONG, CHINA.

N the autumn of 1878, three years after the foundation of the Missionary Society of the Divine Word, the two first young missionaries of the young community were sent to distant China.

The Rev. Fathers John Baptist Anzer, now Vicar Apostolic, and Joseph Freinademetz, the former a native of Bavaria, the latter of Tyrol, were selected for the difficult undertaking. Both had but recently been ordained priests. After a voyage of six weeks they landed at Hong Kong, in the port of the British

island of Victoria, in the south-eastern part of China, where they were graciously welcomed by Bishop Raymundo, and set themselves to the task of learning the Chinese language. Meanwhile negotiations for establishing missions in the extensive Chinese empire progressed, and the Italian Franciscans in charge of the province of Changtong in the north declared themselves willing to assign a large part of their extensive missionary field to them.

After confirmation of the arrangement by the

Propaganda, the above-mentioned missionaries entered upon their labors on the 18th of January, 1882. They fixed their abode in the western part of the mission, in the village of Puoli, which numbered 158 Christian inhabitants, and was the only place in the district where the cross had triumphed. The immense rest of the natives of South Chang-tong, about ten millions, were heathens. Father Anzer was appointed by Rome Pro-Vicar of the new mission, subject to the Vicar Apostolic of North Chang-tong, Mgr. Così. About this time two additional missionaries arrived from Steyl, Fathers Wevel and Riem. The latter fell a victim to his zeal and labors about six years ago.

The beginning of the missions in a country almost entirely pagan was a difficult undertaking. The evil spirit was unwilling to surrender easily. South Chang-tong, moreover, is the home of the so-called "holy man," the successor of Confucius, whom the Chinese revere as a demi-god. It seemed impossible that Christ should reign where hell had its stronghold, but the Almighty triumphed over the powerful enemy.

The undaunted missionaries had to suffer many persecutions, now from ill-disposed individuals, then again from the up-rising of entire districts against them. But their confidence in the power of God was invincible. The difficulties consequent upon an unwonted mode of life, on hunger and cold, on want and exposure of all kinds, were unable to discourage them. In the course of time Christian communities were formed, new missionaries arrived, and our holy faith was propagated far and wide. The mustard seed grew into an immense tree. The Pro-Vicar was the leading spirit. He shirked no work, he shunned no danger when the salvation of souls was at stake.

On the 11th of May, 1883, Father Anzer resolved to penetrate into a new district, the dwelling place of a very obstinate people, who had hitherto proved refractory to all attempts at conversion. In its capital, the city of Zautshofu, devil's worship was rampant. The Pro-Vicar courageously entered the city, his sole companion a servant. He succeeded in gaining admission to the mandarinat, and seemed

to have conciliated that chief functionary, but soon found that he had to deal with a crafty and wily opponent. Soon a storm was aroused, and the pagan populace fell with fury upon the Christian priest. His servant fled. The Pro-Vicar was dragged through the city and hanged to a tree on the outskirts. After the mob thought him dead, they cut him down, robbed him of everything and left him. He was still alive. A well-disposed heathen, in company with a neophyte, carried him to the house of a Christian, where he regained consciousness and was soon restored by the assiduous attentions bestowed on him. The confessor of the faith was not yet to enter the realms of glory; he was

first to convert all South Chang-tong to Christ.

The author of the persecution in the district of Zautshofu was a certain Jochungli, a man of wealth and influence, the chief of twenty villages. But soon the hand of God came upon him. According to Father Freinademetz he had made the boastful remark: "If there is to be a Christian church in Zautshofu, there will no longer be a Jochungli in Zautshofu." And behold, the Christian chapel was raised and still stands near his home, whilst he has lost all former authority. His wife drowned herself in a well; his son also tried to commit suicide; his brother, the mandarin, was deposed from office, etc.

In December, 1885, South Chang-tong was made a separate Vicariate, and Father Anzer was appointed its Vicar Apostolic. At the same time a neighboring district, which hitherto belonged to North Chang-tong, was annexed to it, so that the Vicariate Apostolic of South Chang-tong numbers twelve million inhabitants. On the 24th of January, 1886, Mgr. Anzer received episcopal consecration in the mother-house at Steyl in the hands of Archbishop Kremenitz of Cologne. Bishop Korum of Treves and Boermans of Roermond assisted. It was a beautiful feast, an auspicious event for the community, scarcely ten years old, to behold one of their number raised to the episcopal dignity.

The newly consecrated prelate soon returned to his post of duty, remarking that he felt nowhere so well at home as in China. On the 31st of July he



was solemnly installed in Puoli. New conquests, new joys, but also new cares and persecutions were in store for him. Meanwhile, his brethren of the Society of the Divine Word sent out to China from Europe had reached the number of twenty, and about this time, 1886, over one hundred missionary stations were established throughout the thickly populated country. One priest, for instance, remarked that looking from a hill in the middle of his district, he could see sixty villages belonging to his mission.

The history of the mission of South Chang-tong is a record of persecutions of all kinds, notable amongst which is the one in 1887. A general revolt against the so-called "European devils" was planned, and November 15th was named as the day on which the massacre was to take place. All were to be slaughtered, and a price was set on the Bishop's head. Mgr. Anzer took precautions to spare himself for his brethren and the missions. For some cause or other the plan miscarried. God punished the two ringleaders with sudden death; the people suffered from various visitations: in the spring of 1888 a disease spread among the cattle, war, drouth, floods and famine followed, and, when finally a pestilence ravaged the country even the heathens recognized God's avenging hand.

Meanwhile the Christians suffered various trials and persecutions. Many were imprisoned, tortured, robbed of their property, or, at least, heavily fined, all solely because of their religion, because they were adherents of the "European devils." Indeed, there was for them abundant occasion for the practice of every virtue, and it was improved in a

manner that filled even the heathens with amazement and admiration. As a consequence, whole villages were converted.

In the following years famine, drouth and pestilence continued to claim numerous victims. In 1894, another great persecution broke out in the under-prefecture of Doho-hein. This district is the native place of the renowned philosopher Mencius, for which reason it is held sacred. The mandarin

in Burling, Mung-zungo, resolved to annihilate the Catholic Church. A time of severe trial and great suffering began for the neophytes. True, the mandarin was punished by the viceroy in Zinanfu for his cruelties, but this served only to aggravate his revengeful disposition. On the 9th of February, 1894, a revolt broke out against the Christians. Twenty-nine of their number were severely wounded, and some died of their injuries. In three villages the Christians were robbed of all their possessions, being driven forth into various directions. The revolt was suppressed, it is true, by General Tien of Jentshofu, but the hatred and ill-feeling continued to be nourished in secret.

Lz-king-tsheng, the new viceroy in Jentshofu, was an enemy of the Christians. On the 24th of June, 1894, when the Pro-Vicar paid

him a visit, he subjected him to the most cruel treatment, and only to the interference of the German ambassador, Baron Von Sternberg, was it due that things turned out no worse. In 1896, another revolt broke out, and made that year conspicuous for trials and suffering in South Chang-tong. A great number of Christians were robbed and maltreated, houses and churches were destroyed, and Christianity was



BISHOP JOHN B. v. ANZER.

extirpated in 25 villages. The material loss was immense, but new crowns were won for heaven. In 1897, during a pastoral visitation before Easter, the Bishop administered more baptisms than ever before.

One of the most consoling incidents in South Chang-tong, as everywhere in China, is the baptism of so many children, who are rescued from abandonment. The most of them die soon after baptism, and are thus saved for heaven. Our small mission numbers about one hundred thousand of them, truly a result that recompenses all our labor and sacrifices, and fills the friends and benefactors of the Society of the Divine Word with courage and joy at the thought that so many thousands of little Chinese offer up their innocent pleading before the throne of God for their welfare.

Besides devoting himself to the spiritual interests of the mission, Mgr. Anzer succeeded also in conciliating the good will of the governments. On account of services in effecting a treaty, the Chinese emperor appointed him to the high dignity of a mandarin of the second class; the German emperor repeatedly conferred on him marks of his highest esteem, and last year the Prince Regent of Bavaria designated him a nobleman of the realm. Let us hope that these marks of esteem will be of advantage not only to the mission of South Chang-tong, but to all China.

The blessing of God was visibly with the labors of his servants, as appears from the following statistics of the mission of last year:

1. Baptized Christians still living 9,027
- (From January 18th, 1882, to Easter, 1897, the number of

adult Christians who died was 2,752; hence the total number of baptisms administered during the whole period was 11,779.)

2. Catechumens preparing zealously for baptism . . .	16,531
3. During the year just closed baptisms were administered as follows:	
(a) To converted heathens	2,089
(b) To children of Christian parents	117
(c) To heathen children exposed to death	7,236
(From the beginning of the mission to Easter, 1897, the total number of heathen children exposed to death and baptized by our missionaries was 95,589.)	
4. Confirmations	1,279
5. Confessions	16,649
6. Communion	14,509
7. Extreme Unctions	130
8. Deaths	464
9. Marriages	81
10. Churches built in European style	3
Chapels	58
Prayer halls	214
11. Chinese high schools	6
Number of pupils	82
12. Christian primary schools	121
Number of pupils: Boys	1,256
Girls	345
Total number of school children	1,601
13. Orphan asylums	4
Orphans	340
14. Seminaries	2
(a) Seminary in Zining; Acolytes	7
(b) Preparatory Seminary in Puoli; Students	20
15. Homes for the Aged	3
Inmates	80
16. European missionaries	31
Chinese priests	5
European lay brothers	9
17. Chinese physicians and dispensaries	59
18. Catechists and teachers, male and female	260

FAITHFUL TO DEATH.

FROM THE MEMOIRS OF A SISTER OF CHARITY. TRANSLATED BY REV. L. AUG. REUDTER.

CHAPTER I.



It was a dark, frosty winter evening. Sister Rose and I hurried, in order to reach our convent before the ringing of the vesper bells. Our way lay through the extreme workmen's quarter of London.

We were visiting a patient, who for months had been slowly sinking, but had had a sudden attack, which caused us to remain at the sick bed beyond our usual hour. This loss of time we were trying to make good by hastening home. The darkness however prevented us from making much headway, moreover we did not know our way well. At last we reached a long street. The houses were high, but narrow, and had that rickety appearance which only too often depicts so truthfully the misery and want within its walls. No cheerful light was visible from the windows, no gas lights illuminated the two shabby stores, the only stores in the street. Two lanterns, one at each end of the street, accentuated the intervening stretch of darkness. Sister Rose, the young novice who had accompanied me, began to show fear. She had left home, parents, friends, all comforts and pleasures which wealth can offer, to follow in the footsteps of Him who had

left heaven in order to die for us. I was almost sorry that I had taken her with me, for the poor young girl trembled and shivered in the cutting wind and cold rain.

"Courage, dear sister, we shall soon be at home!"

"O sister Magdalene, I am so afraid; will it take long yet?"

"About half an hour, no longer; a little courage, sister. I shall tell you what thought always gives me consolation on these long walks. It is a very simple one, but it always has the power to revive my courage. Do you yet remember the beautiful sermon of Father Francis, about our vocation, where he showed us how we should in all our actions follow in the footsteps of our divine Saviour and how we can find everywhere the traces of His holy feet?"

"O! yes, I remember well! And how?" inquired the good sister, who was now forgetting cold and darkness in her pious desire.

"Well, when I am out of an evening like this one, then I try to present to my mind how our dear Saviour went the same way before me, and how I am now walking into His footsteps. Then I forget the cold and think only of Him."

As I was saying this, a man and woman passed us, who were so absorbed in conversation that they

barely noticed us. The woman spoke in a soft tone of voice, and in passing her I saw how she laid her hand on his arm, as though she wished to hold him back, and I heard the entreating words: "O! for the love of God!" We had hardly passed them, when a pitiful cry penetrated the air, followed by a hard fall, as though somebody had been thrown to the ground. Right after it a man ran past us, the same whom we had just seen with the woman. We stood as if fixed to the ground. Sister Rose clung to me from fright. "What shall we do, Sister?" she said.

"We must turn back to see what has happened, and, if necessary, offer our help," replied I, taking heart.

We turned quickly. On the very spot where we passed the couple a few moments ago lay the woman's lifeless form. A cry of terror or of pain was an occurrence too common in this neighborhood to create more than a momentary excitement. No one came from any of the wretched houses to see what had happened, and thus the poor creature lay unconscious on the ground; while the rain poured down in streams. I hastened to raise her head somewhat, while Sister Rose ran to one of the houses to ask for help. My heart bled when I noticed the gaping wound on the woman's forehead, and saw the blood run down her pale face. She had in her fall struck her head against a stone, and the sharp end of it had wounded her severely. I could not raise her from the ground, but placed her head on my knees and tried to bandage the wound with my handkerchief. I have in the hospital experienced many a moment of danger and anxiety, but none has made such a deep impression on my memory as when I knelt in the street in all the rain and held the poor woman in my arms. Every minute seemed an hour to me. Help came at last. Sister Rose returned with two neighbors. One of them recognized her. "Oh!" he said, "it is she. Poor woman! She lives yonder, just around the corner. I shall carry her home for you."

He was an Irishman and a Catholic, Casey by name, and knew us, as his children went to our school. Casey carried the woman to her home. We followed with a neighboring woman who had come to give what little help she could. It was

only a short distance, yet Mrs. Weston found time to give us some information about the patient.

"No one knows much about her. She is as poor as Job, but from her general actions we are able to surmise that she has seen good days."

"Is she married?" I asked.

"O, yes! God help her, she has a bad husband. Not that she has ever complained of him; no. But we are all aware of the fact that he comes home only to take the few pennies from her that she earns with the needle. Here we are, sister. It is a poor enough house."

Peter Casey entered first, we followed with a light. In a corner was a miserable straw-tick serving as a bed, on which Casey laid his burden.

Mrs. Weston was right. I have never seen a worse looking room than that one was. The windows, where glass was missing, were stuffed with rags, in vain efforts to keep out wind and rain. In the old stove were the remnants of a fire. The room had no other furniture but the poor bed, a table and two chairs.

Who would have thought, on beholding such a sight as this one, that the poor woman on the straw-tick, with a serious wound in her head, had grown up amid plenty, an only child of loving parents?

We sent Peter for the doctor and asked him to go to the convent, tell Mother Superior the reason of our long stay and to bring a basket with some wine and food for the poor woman. Then we took water and washed the wound to find out the extent of it. The poor sufferer did not move, but

the beating of her heart and the feeble breath told us that she was still living. We ransacked the room for some linen, but could not find even a rag.

"I have very little myself," said Mrs. Weston, "but I shall fetch it."

In her absence, Sister Rose and I knelt at the woman's bedside and said a prayer. We had hardly finished when Mrs. Weston returned. We undressed the poor woman. The dark blue spots on her tender arms told a sad story of suffering and abuse borne with the greatest resignation. Overwork and want had left their marks on the emaciated and dying woman.

My tears wet her pale face, while I was trying to bring the thick tresses of hair in order. No woman



could have beheld this sight without intense sympathy for the poor sufferer. From her neck hung suspended, on a plain cord, a medal of the Immaculate Conception, a little cross and a locket with a ringlet of child's hair in it.

At length the doctor came. He examined the patient, whose name, as we found out, was Mrs. Leyton. We read the result of the examination on the doctor's face.

"She is not dangerously wounded," he said, "but she must have been very weak long before the accident. I may say, she will never regain her strength. Her pulse is very feeble; there is but little life in her."

"Do you know her, Doctor?"

"No! I have never seen her before. It is a bad case. I cannot do much for her, but must leave her to your care, sister."

The doctor left, but not without having handed me some money to buy wine and coal with. When he was gone Peter Casey returned with a large basket that had been packed by Mother Superior. I looked for the wine, and poured a spoonful into the mouth of the sick woman. She seemed to revive a little and attempted to speak, but I could not understand her words.

Mrs. Weston, who had looked on, suddenly turned to Sister Rose: "Sister, I am wondering how it happened? Did she fall? or was she thrown to the ground?"

Sister Rose was about to tell her what we had seen, when I imposed silence on her by a sign.

"I would not be surprised," Mrs. Weston continued, "if her husband had done it. If he has done it, he must be brought to justice. Prison would be too good for him; he would have to be treated like a murderer."

Then the sick woman opened her lips, and her anxious look directed itself to me. She drew me tenderly to her and whispered: "Tell her she should not speak thus. Nothing must happen to my husband."

Weak and exhausted she fell back, and I feared for a moment her death might be hastened by the incautious words of her neighbor. We sent Mrs. Weston home and passed the night with the sick woman in her lonely room. Often we thought she had died.

I noticed that every time when her sufferings seemed to be more acute, she took the small medal and pressed it to her lips. . . . Poor Sister Rose laid her head on the chair and fell asleep, exhausted as she was from the day's exertions. I sat there listening to the falling rain and to the moanings of the poor sufferer. Although she lived in the greatest poverty, yet it was beyond doubt true that she had been a lady of social standing. Her lean hands, which she now and then folded spasmodically, were small and almost transparent. The long raven black hair was soft and glossy and betrayed the careful attention it had formerly received. There was something unusually attractive in her speech and countenance. Moreover she had won my heart by the noble zeal with which she tried to hide the cause of her fall, and the way she endeavored to

shield her husband, whom I was obliged to accuse as the perpetrator of the dastardly act. This did not only bespeak a true love for her depraved husband, but was also proof that true Christian meekness was deeply rooted in her heart. And the lock of blond hair which she carried on her bosom—whose it was and why she carried it I did not then know, but it told a tale of love and sorrow.

The rain ceased at last and a dense fog enveloped the city. Sister Rose awoke and the sufferer fell into a deep sleep. An hour later two of our sisters came to relieve us, and we returned to our convent. . . . I always liked to pray in our little chapel, but it seemed to have been never as pretty as it was during the short visit which I made before retiring that morning. The sun lit up the altar, the sanctuary was aglow with golden rays of light. O! how quiet, how peaceful it was! No trace of sin or scandal. There was no human passion, no human misery. Everything was light, warmth and peace. The surroundings touched my heart and relieved the depression caused by the terrible sight of wrong and suffering. But in the short sleep that followed, I was haunted by the sweet face which I had just left, and now and then I heard that terrible cry of anguish.

CHAPTER II.

After a few hours of rest I returned to the sick woman. The Mother having heard my report of the case, left her in my care. I found her somewhat better and able to talk. She took hold of my hands and said in a weak voice:

"Sister, were you so kind to me last night?"

"Yes, dearest, and I am pleased to find you now somewhat better."

"Thank you, very much; I feel that I am very sick, that I must soon die. Will you please call the priest?"

"Yes, at once; but you must not talk any more, or else you will be too tired when the priest comes."

"I want to ask another question, Sister, only one," she replied, taking hold of my dress. "Are we alone?"

"Yes, dear, all alone."

"I know you will never betray me. Tell me, sister, did you not pass through this street last night? It seemed to me two sisters passed, one of whom gave me a friendly, pitying look. Is it so or was I dreaming?"

"It is so, but do not excite yourself."

"But you did not say anything? Oh! for the dear Lord's sake, never tell any one about it! Promise me, sister."

"I promise you. I understand you, and will help you to keep your secret."

She could speak no further, but a sweet smile lighted up her pale countenance. After some time she continued:

"Sister Mary Grace" (I had told her my name), "something has happened to my hand. I can scarcely move it."

I looked. It was the left hand. A dark blue ugly spot was visible on the fourth finger, as though

some one had bruised that finger by wrenching something from it. Her wedding ring was gone.

"Have you lost your ring?" I asked.

"My ring!" she replied hastily, "no!" Then followed a painful moan, and a look full of agony and bitter recollection. "Oh! yes," she continued, "I remember now, I have it no longer." She hid her hand under the cover and remained silent.

Soon afterwards the priest came, and I left him with the sick woman. I went upstairs. The rooms were dark, cold and empty; not even a chair could be found. It was a sad picture of the most oppressive poverty.

When her confession was finished, Father Thomas called me and said, "Sister, the poor woman seems to be very weak and sick. I think I had better prepare her for death and give her all the sacraments."

"Has she expressed this wish to you, Father?"

"Yes. She is ready for heaven. The bitter chalice, which a woman can drink, has been her portion here on earth. I have known her for a few years and consider her one of my most perfect penitents."

"Do you know anything of her past life, Father Thomas?"

"No, not much, for she never complained. I know that her life, for the last few years, has been nothing but martyrdom, which she has endured with truly angelic fortitude."

We entered the sick room, and the same sweet, contented smile, which I had seen this morning, welcomed us. I hastily prepared a small altar, and kneeling near her I supported her during the reception of the viaticum and extreme unction. Her intense devotion I cannot picture. But when she had received our Lord, such a heavenly trace of holy calm and peace rested on her face as is usual only with a soul prepared for heaven.

However, she did not die. Her condition improved daily, contrary to all expectation. During the long days and nights which I spent at her bedside, she told me the sad story of her life. Not at once but piecemeal, with long interruptions, just according as she was able to talk.

Here is the story from her own lips:

"It is not necessary, sister, to tell you where I was born. My home was very happy. I was the

only child and the idol of my parents. My wishes were commands, and before I could well walk I was mistress of the house and everything in it. Fortunately nature had endowed me with a mild disposition and a good character, and thus I did not become tyrannical or selfish. I had private teachers and governesses, and at the age of eighteen I was introduced into society.

"I was, of course, sole heiress of my father's immense wealth. I had, as I said, the happiest of homes and the best of parents. Sorrow and care were unknown to me. I remember, and have since often thought of it, that one evening shortly after Christmas, I was in the sitting-room, papa and

mama had gone out, and I was reading a book till it grew dark. The heavy curtains were drawn, and a bright fire was burning lustily in the fire-place. The room was not lighted, because I did not wish it. I loved the sombre light that shone from the fire-place, and was so inviting to sweet reveries and never grew tired to look at the fairy-like shadows which the fire stained on the walls. It was a golden time and a golden hour. I rested in a rocker looking at the fire and its shadows, when suddenly the words of a poet came to my mind whom I had lately read. I could not remember all, but had the last half of a stanza clearly in my mind:

"Life's undivided pleasure
'Tis not for mortals here
to share."

"Not true, thought I—for I am perfectly happy. I have no cares, no sorrows. Life is so pleasant, so beautiful. The words of the poet are not

true. I myself can give him the lie. What is wanting to my happiness? And I repeated with a proud heart: Yes, I am happy.

"In my wretched life of poverty and labor, I have often, with bitter pangs, thought of that hour when my girlish imagination boasted of a happiness so soon to be blasted. During dark, sorrowful nights when too weary to sleep, I have often had that picture before my eyes. The luxurious apartments, the frolicsome tongues of fire, the fantastic shadows on the wall, and my own voice mockingly resounding in my ears. Truly the Lord has His own ways to bring us to Him. I was a good Catholic according to common estimation. I attended mass on Sundays, went to confession now and then,



but that was the extent of my religion. I had never tasted of that bitter and almost mysterious chalice called human suffering, which in certain ways ennoble life and gives it a higher aim. I had never pondered over the words of our Divine Saviour: 'He who does not take my cross and follow me, is not worthy of me.' I had never carried the cross; its burden was unknown to me. Ah! it has later on, in the bloom of my life, weighed heavy on me, and the Lord be praised for it.

"At last the time of my debut came, which seemed to have more happiness in store for me. I was naturally longing for that event. If more happiness were to be had than I already possessed, then it must be sought in the brilliant

circles of society. My mother arranged a ball and all our friends were invited. The fete was to be one of the most brilliant of the season. Long consultations were taking place about my toilette. 'No diamonds,' said my father, 'Anne shall wear nothing but flowers.' Dear, good father! I have often remembered how tenderly and proudly he kissed me that evening when he arranged the rosebuds in my hair. The ballroom was a scene of splendor and illumination. I was presented to different gentlemen, of whom none interested me especially. After some rounds of dancing I grew tired and sat down next to my mother, almost tempted to meditate on the brilliant spectacle before my eyes. However, some one approached and introduced Mr. Leyton to me. He at once asked me for the next dance, and I consented.

"I fancied I saw a look of concern on my mother's face, but gave it no further thought, since Mr. Leyton had aroused my entire attention. I tarry long over this, dear sister, and perhaps am tiring you, but every word, every action of that evening is deeply rooted in my memory. It was the happiest and at the same time most fatal hour of my life. Mr. Leyton, or Charles, as his friends called him, was the very man who could captivate a young girl without any experience whatever. He was handsome, amiable, obliging and highly educated. When the dance was over, he led me through the ballroom to look for my mother. But she had gone.

"The social etiquette will not permit me to ask

you for the next dance, Miss Summer, but since you look tired, will you not rest a moment?"

"I assented and we sat down to watch the quadrille just forming. It seemed to me to be more pleasant to sit and talk with Mr. Leyton than to dance or do anything else. When he left me I had no desire to dance any more and all joy seemed to have gone. I found the music melancholy and sad. When he returned everything changed all of a sudden. When my mother, who, as it appeared, did not like our tête-à-tête, approached and remarked that I looked pale and tired, he bowed politely and wished us good night. It was as though all light had died out. I did not give myself an account of the

new feeling of happiness which brought sunshine and bliss into my heart. The very thought of love was yet far away from me. When my father asked me next morning at the breakfast table, 'Well, Lady Anne,' this was his pet name for me, 'which one of your dancers did you like best?' I answered without a moment's hesitation, 'I liked Mr. Leyton better than the rest, papa.' It seemed for a moment as though a light shadow were passing over my father's face. 'O yes! I know him, but I have heard he is a gambler.'

"The following day I saw Mr. Leyton again. He used every opportunity to bring about our meeting, till at last our relations to each other became an established fact. One day my father said to me:

"'Lady Anne, would you like to take a short trip to Paris?'

"'Yes, very much, papa.'

"'I shall start for Paris to-morrow, on account of very pressing business; pack your trunk, you and mama may accompany me.'

"Suddenly I remembered that I had made an engagement with some lady friends for an excursion that was to have taken place the next day, and I said, therefore: 'If you have no objections, I shall notify Miss Leslie of our departure.'

"'Do not do it,' my father replied curtly, 'I wish that you speak to no one about this trip. Remember this well.'

"I was silent because of father's shortness. Then I remembered that I would not be able to see Mr. Leyton either. I had some books and music which I wished to return to him; but there was now



something in me that prevented me to speak to my father about him. That evening when sitting on the veranda, partly hidden from view behind a large palm-tree, I heard my father say to my mother, as he stepped into the sitting-room, 'She took it much easier than we thought she would. I have now good reason for hope. She is young, and has so little experience that she does not know herself how she clings to him. A change of air, new impressions and faces, will soon make her forget him.'

"May the Lord grant it!" my mother replied, with a sigh.

"I did not suspect in the least that those words were meant for me. I was anxious for a few moments to find out who was to be made acquainted with new faces and new impressions in order to forget him; but the occurrence passed my mind, till in later years I thought of it with feelings of bitter recollection.

"Although I was longing to see the beautiful city of Paris, yet my heart was sad on leaving England. I am not certain that I then knew of my love for Mr. Leyton, but I felt, since I was no longer near him, a yearning which could not be satisfied.

"We lived in an elegant hotel in the neighborhood of the Church of the Madeleine, and were soon encompassed by the pleasures and splendor of Paris. One morning (later I often wished that that day had found me dead) we visited the Bourse. We strolled through the long princely galleries till I was tired and wished to sit down.

"Stay here Lady Anne," said my father, pointing to a beautiful plush arm-chair which stood in the niche of a window, and gave a view to the bridge and the thronged street below. I was in raptures over the beautiful sight. Father and mother proceeded. I was so taken with the spectacle that opened before my eyes that I paid no attention whatever to what was going on around me. Suddenly I felt that some one touched my arm, and turning around I saw Mr. Leyton. He said:

"Miss Summer, this is the third time that I have spoken; what can have held your attention so closely?"

"I was too much surprised to be able to speak, but listened with rapture to his words.

"How cruel of you! Pardon, Miss Summer; I cannot at this moment make use of ordinary speech. How cruel of you to have gone away without adieu, without one word; without telling me where you were going! Did you think a spot on earth could be so hidden that I would not find you there! Do you not know that I love you, dear Anne?"

"Yes! that was it. It went through me like a spark of electricity, and seemed to lay open to view my very heart. I do not remember what I said; but he knew what I felt, and my silence seemed more pleasing to him than my words.

"After a pause, he said: 'Anne, why did you go to Paris?'

"It came so sudden that I was taken by surprise. 'I cannot tell you; papa had business to transact and wished to have us with him.'

"I fear, Anne, he only wished to have you away from me."

"Impossible," I replied, 'why should he wish that?'

"I fear he has been told stories about me which are not true; but there he comes."

"I ran to my father with a beaming countenance and a joyful heart. Charles followed me.

"Papa," said I, 'here is Mr. Leyton; he has found us very easily.'

"Undoubtedly my eyes and my countenance betrayed the secret of my heart; my mother grew pale and my father looked as though an unexpected misfortune had befallen him. They were too refined to show in the least what they must have felt. Charles accompanied us to our hotel to dine with us, and on the way he told my father the reason why he had followed us to Paris, and there and then he asked for an answer.

"I cannot give you an answer just now," my father replied. 'You know my objections to you, Mr. Leyton. I shall be frank with you. You are my daughter's equal as far as birth and social standing are concerned, but I have heard that you have given yourself up to gambling, a passion which I abhor. Since I have that knowledge, and since I love my child above every other creature—she is the only child I have—I should prefer to see her dead rather than to see her the wife of a gambler.'

"You are severe and unjust, Mr. Summer," replied Mr. Leyton. 'It is true, and I confess it contritely, I have been weak for a time, and have allowed my indiscretion to carry me away to such an extent that I lost big sums of money. However, thanks be to the Lord, I can sincerely say, play has not become an uncontrollable passion with me.'

"My father was inexorable on this point. He knew the ruinous power of this passion. He knew it took an immense amount of self-will and self-denial in order to give up this destructive habit, and he saw full well that these were not qualities of which Charles Leyton could boast.

"I need not tell you much more, sister, you can guess the rest. The new life which now opened before me held me captive to such a degree that every other thought but that of love was excluded. My father demanded that Mr. Leyton should not speak of this subject for the term of a year, neither to my father nor to me. My poor father determined to watch Leyton closely during that year. The time passed. Mr. Leyton proved that his promise, not to fall back into his old weakness, was a sincere one, by a total avoidance of all games of hazard; and, since I learned to respect and love him more as time passed on, I determined to link my fate to his, whatever that might be. When Mr. Leyton renewed his proposal, my father, having no longer any positive reasons for refusing him, left the whole matter to me.

"He gave me, though, another warning. One evening he called me to his room. His distressed look filled me with concern. 'Anne,' said he, 'I must speak once more to you before it be too late. I implore you to consider well the step you are about to undertake. I have a presentiment, which I cannot explain; a sort of fear, which I am convinced is prophetic. I fear you will not be happy;

I am afraid Leyton will fall back into his old habit of gambling, and what will become of you then, my dear child? Tell me, can you not give him up and be happy with another man?"

"No, papa. Be my fate whatever it may, I take it upon me, and I shall never break my promise to him. Forgive me, dear father, if I say your objections appear more like prejudice than reason."

"But oh! his warning came true, word for word, and, when later on I was humbled to the very dust, when I drank of that bitter chalice of which, thanks be to God, few women have to taste, I thought of my father's warning and saw that my punishment was a just one. His words would come back to me when I lay awake during long dark nights of suffering and abuse, and would increase my afflictions."

"We were married and took a wedding trip through Switzerland. I can even now see my poor father, as he stood at our carriage door, with a look full of love, but somewhat mingled with sorrow, and I can hear him call to me, 'Farewell, Lady Anne; bring good news back with you, and may the Lord bless you.'"

"I never saw him again. He died before we returned. The Lord be praised that he took my poor father to him before his child was humbled to the very bottom of human misery. My mother lived alone in her house. Our house was a small paradise. We were called the happiest couple in the city. Then I smiled in the surety of my happiness, because of the fear and warning of my father, which had somewhat darkened the first year of my married life. But, sister, when in later years my heart grew weak and faint, and it seemed to me as though I could no longer carry my cross, then I often wished that I had died in those happy days, and had never seen the misery and want that were my portion in after life. Not so now. Now that I am dying and am approaching eternity, I praise and give thanks to the Lord in heaven, who willed that I should live and thus suffer."

"One evening my husband returned very late. I feared something unusual had happened, and waited for him. When he came I noticed his cold greeting, and saw that he avoided looking at me, as though he were ashamed."

"Charles, where did you stay so long?' I asked."

"At Mr. Brunton's."

"Why did you stay so late? Did you sing?' I asked uneasily."

"No," he replied, turning away from me, 'we had a game of cards.'"

"A cold shiver ran through me and froze, as it were, the blood in my veins, and took my breath. I fell to the floor. The terrible misgivings, the woeful presentment which seized me and made me behold the gloomy future, caused me to live a whole life in that one moment. On regaining consciousness I went to my husband and laid my hand on his arm. I looked at him and said: 'Charles!' But he turned from me and replied:

"Don't make a fuss, Anne! Can't a man touch a card without producing a scene like this!'"

"Those were his first hard words to me, and I remember them well. Daily the shadow that was hovering over our home grew darker and more prominent. I cannot recount, step by step, the errings of my husband, but it went from bad to worse. In the beginning he spent his evenings merely at the card table, later sometimes whole days and nights. He lost heavily. A curse seemed to rest on him, for he never touched a card without losing. And yet this passion is so insatiable that the more he lost the more he played. It was as though he had no rest unless he were playing."



CHAPTER III.

The Nemesis came. Our house was sold. I

deprived myself of all my jewelry with the exception of a few trinkets which my father had given me. Horses, carriages, silver, everything went under the hammer. My husband's debts were paid. We left the city we had lived in and came to London, where my husband accepted a position as book-keeper. It was a great change for him who had been used to an altogether different life, but so it was for me. Yet I felt happier than I had been for some time, for Leyton was really horrified and awestruck by the misfortune he had brought on us. He promised most solemnly never to touch another card. Of the large fortune which my father had left for me, nothing remained but a small income which had been deposited in my own name, and

which I had not yet touched. I also knew that my mother's dowry would come to me, and so I did not need to fear poverty for some time.

"A time of comparative rest came, and God gave me the greatest consolation of my life—my dear little Marie—I almost forgot my former sufferings when I beheld and embraced my dear child. It would have been better for the little one had she died when she was a baby. But the Lord willed that she too should taste of the bitter chalice that was held to her mother's lips, filled to the brim. My husband adored the little one, and felt bitter remorse when he thought of the wealth he had so wantonly squandered. My respite was brief. Marie was scarcely six months old when he had resumed his former bad habit. Sister, I tried everything to save him. Prayers, tears, entreaty, talking, reproaches; all, all, in vain. I might as well have undertaken to retard the course of a river or the raging billows of the surf, as to change my husband. A heavier loss came and the balance of my fortune went. And then, dear sister, happened what I would even keep from you, but must tell, because of subsequent events. My poor unfortunate husband, without means, deserted by friends, robbed his employer of a large sum of money. A few days passed before I found it out. It was when they arrested him. Who can describe the shame, the misery and agony of those days! My mother came to our rescue. She sold the little jewelry that I had kept. My dresses, linen, books, music, furniture, all were sold. I emptied the house and left its bare walls.

"In that manner I scraped enough together to pay what my husband, must I say the word, had stolen. Yes! That deep he had sunk, who had once been so noble, so friendly, so full of good resolutions. He was marked a thief and shunned by the world, and my girl and I were the thief's family. I saw him between two policemen, his arms tied behind him, paler than death, while worry and fear were visible in his face.

"I sat near him during the trial. I heard the witnesses who were there to prove his guilt. I heard the speeches of the prosecuting attorney and of his own attorney. I listened like in a dream, as they were speaking of his better days, of his former high social standing, of his errors and fall. It had not been premeditated theft, they said. He had taken the money with the intention of replacing it as soon as possible; at all events it could be merely called a case of misplaced confidence. Then I heard the name of his wife; many a hard countenance showed softer lines, and many eyes filled with tears when the attorney spoke of the sacrifices the young wife had made to restore what he had taken. At last the judge arose, and I saw how my husband's head fell on his bosom when sentence was about to be pronounced. They were merciful. Even his employers had spoken in his behalf. He was sentenced to five years imprisonment.

"I saw him led away, more dead than alive. I saw his eyes full of an expression of anguish and shame beyond all description. For a few days I was unnerved from pain and suffering, not so much because I was now the wife of a common criminal,

but more from grief over the terrible fall of him whom I still loved. I was now forced to take the only place of refuge yet left to me, and that was the poor little house of my mother. There we lived, my mother, my child and I, for three long and sorrowful years; then my poor mother died. She died peacefully and resignedly, as she had lived, without ever reproaching me, without ever scolding him who had dragged her into poverty. With her death I lost my only friend.

"I then went, with my little Marie, to a place where I thought my history was not known. I earned enough money by sewing to keep us. All my cares and thoughts were now concentrated in my little daughter. I used to call her my little angel. Her pleasant countenance, her large blue eyes, the long golden hair crowning her well-formed forehead, reminded me indeed of an angel's head, as they were to be seen on many paintings.

"My child and I did not mingle with the neighbors, but remained by ourselves. She was my only companion and I hers. I was a child with Marie. I played with her and sang with her. She often asked me where papa was, and I always told her that he had gone away but would soon return. I wished she would learn to love and honor her father, as I still had hopes of his reforming and becoming a better man. I thought we could leave the country after my husband's term of imprisonment had expired, and begin life anew under a different name. I did not doubt but that his awful punishment would chasten him. And thus I took good care never to tell my child anything of her father but what was good.

"When she had reached the age of six I determined to send her to school, as I had no time to teach her at home. I worked day and night to save enough money to be able to leave the country at the end of the three months, when my husband would be free. Near our house was a day-school, and I concluded to send my child there. I never forgot the day she went to school. I was so proud of her. I dressed her in her white frock which I had made, put her white feathered bonnet on her head, and imagined, as no doubt every mother does, that I had never before seen such a pretty child. Marie was beside herself with joy, and was happy because she could go to school. She left the house with beaming eyes, to enter it broken-hearted. At half-past eleven she returned. I saw her come, and wondered what could have happened to make my child, usually so light-footed, walk with a slow and heavy step, with her head hanging down, as though she wished to hide her face. When she entered, I cast a glance on the pale face and quivering lips of my child; an inexpressible sad look and a loud sob were her answer, and I divined what had happened.

"O mama! mama! Jane Lovell says my father is a thief and is now serving his sentence in prison, and she knows that it is so."

"I took her into my arms, pressed her to my bosom and wished both of us would die. Again she looked at me with tears in her eyes:

"Tell me, mama, is it true? Is papa a thief?"

"The answer died on my lips. I could not tell

her that her father, whom I had taught her to love and honor, was really a thief.

"Do not excite yourself, dear mama," she replied; 'say nothing; I see it is true, you have not denied it.'

"She never dared to speak of it again, but became a changed child from that moment. She was more sensible and intelligent than other children, and took the sad news of her father's misfortune very hard. I inquired about this Jane Lovell, who was very sorry to have spoken thus to my child. Her mother had found it out from a neighbor. Now I knew that my history was known even in this out-of-the-way corner.

"You may laugh when I tell you, sister, that my child died of a broken heart, and yet it is so. Her natural disposition was so tender and sensitive that she could not endure this shame. No coaxing could make her go to school again. When I spoke of sending her, her lips would quiver, her face grew pale, and she would beg so imploringly that I could not resist, and so I kept her at home.

"When I would excuse her father's crime and would try to tell her that her father had taken the money with the hope of being able to replace it speedily, she would answer me:

"But mama, papa is in prison!"

"I cannot say that she cared less for her father. I hardly believe it. She became meditative and dreamy. Sometimes she would stare into the fire or at the shadow of the moon. One day I surprised her in my bedroom as she was intensely looking at a picture of our Blessed Mother.

"What are you thinking about, my dear child?" I inquired.

"Mama," she said, with a deep sigh; 'I would like to know if, should I die soon and go to heaven, the angels too will talk about my papa? I wonder, do they know what he has done?'

"My dear child, what would I not have given could I have taken away from you the poisonous dart that wounded your heart? To bring back sunshine to you, I would have given my own life twenty times over. But it was too late. The same stroke that chilled my life in its very bloom, destroyed hers in its budding. I saw her sink daily

more and more, without being able to help her. I brought her from one physician to the other. I used up for the doctors' fees the money I had saved to take us into another land. I have seen the eyes of the good doctor fill with tears when I asked him to save my child. No human power could do it. They said the little one had no regular disease, but something was undermining her strength; perhaps she was growing too fast, or was suffering from an ailment that science had not yet discovered.

"I knew the cause, and found consolation in the thought that God was taking my child, so that her father and I might have a little saint interceding for us before God's throne in heaven. Marie never

became a burden. She would look on the whole day while I was working, and would even encourage me and cheer me up. Oh! Angel-like child! I have stored up those words in my heart, and thought of them after you had left me. She was so weak that I could not take her to London, nor could I leave her bedside. I was therefore unable to go to meet my husband when he had served his term. He wrote to me that he would be with us by Thursday evening. I wish I could pass the following events, but shall be brief. I told my little girl that her father would soon come. A longing look was her only answer. During the whole day her eyes were turned in the direction of the door. When a heavy footstep was approaching I could see her pale face flush with expectation. I arranged our little dwelling as well as I could, so that my husband might be pleased with the welcome awaiting him. I culled flowers and made bouquets of them, for I knew his fondness for such attentions. I had no other ornaments, but the bright fire, the table with the snow-white cloth and the flowers on it, gave our chamber a pleasant appearance. It looked as though a weary traveler might find it a welcome place of rest. How slowly the hours of that day passed by! Then sun's rays grew milder and less blinding; their last golden light fell on the white bed and pale face of my child, when I heard those steps that had once sounded like sweet music to me. My heart beat audibly when the door opened and he stood before me, after whom I had been longing so much. I hardly recognized him. Not only had the



prison food and the strict discipline left visible traces on his countenance, but a careless indifference and an expression of hatred showed me how changed he was. Added to it was—O shame—a look of unholy passion, which revealed to me a still sadder secret. I had often pictured to myself this meeting with my husband. I had thought of all the kind words with which I would welcome him, and had in spirit rejoiced over his repentance, of which he would tell me. And then our child would strengthen our love and would give him more energy in his renewed efforts to be again an honest man. But now I stood motionless before him, and fear and suffering took my speech from me. Even then I should have embraced him, had I been able to do so.

"After a moment's silence—a silence, sister, so ominous, so full of meaning, during which we looked at each other—he spoke, but I hardly recognized his voice:

"You did not expect me? Here I am at last, to be a burden to you again."

"Sister, could I but tell you what those cruelly uttered words meant! They stung me to the heart, and with a loud, passionate cry I embraced my husband. But it was for a moment only. He turned from me, placed a chair near the fire and sat down.

"I busied myself to prepare tea for him, and meanwhile had time to study over the situation. Bad companions, vile fellows, had changed that nature, once so noble and kind, into one of which I scarcely dared to think. There was hardly a trace left of what he had formerly been. That, then, was the end of my expectations and dreams! What I saw and heard in that one hour proved to me that the husband of my youth had gone forever, and in his place had stepped a miserable outcast, steeped in wickedness and despair. Even then courage did not leave me. I still hoped to be able to bring him back to an honest life. As I was standing near him in that sorrowful hour, I made a vow to the Lord to remain, with God's help, a true wife, even in this depraved state that he was in; never to leave him, never to be impatient with him, never to cast anything up to him, but to be always friendly and forgiving. The Lord, who searches our hearts, knows that I have kept my vow faithfully. I have kept it during hours of trial and unjust treatment, though my heart would break and my strength leave me.

And for all this I ask but one reward of the Lord, that my husband might change his life. I now offer my life to the Lord for my husband, and the Lord will hear me, for His mercy is great.

"In the excitement of meeting my husband and the suffering accompanying it, I forgot for a few moments my little Marie. At first he did not inquire for her, but after a while he turned to me and asked in a dull, broken tone:

"Where is the child?"

"I told him how my darling was stretched on the sick-bed; how the angel of death was hovering over her, and how pretty and lovable she had been before her sickness. This seemed to unnerve him for a

moment. I thanked the Lord that the faculty of loving and experiencing pain had yet remained to him.

"Let me see the little one, Anne; I shall be very quiet."

"I led him into the chamber. She was asleep. The light of the lamp happened to rest on her pale face; her blond hair lay in loose tresses on the pillow; one of her little hands clasped the cross, which she always had near her. She might have been taken for a wax figure, she lay there so nicely and quietly. The light awakened her, and she opened her large blue eyes and looked about her in astonishment. I bent over her to kiss her. Her father took her into his arms and pressed her tenderly to his bosom; then he laid her down and covered his face with both hands, as though he were ashamed to look into her

pure innocent face.

"Looking at him with sad and pitiful eyes, she turned to me and asked: 'Mama, is this papa?'

"I remembered how I had spoken to her of her father, and was never more ashamed than when I had to answer her question in the affirmative. I stood shamefaced and confused before my own child. And yet I had done what I thought best for all of us. She turned to him and said:

"Papa, take me once more into your arms."

"But he, with a bitter cry of anguish, rushed into the adjoining room, and sat there with his face buried in his hands till daylight. Long before that hour the dear child had gone to her heavenly Father, to intercede there for her poor erring father. I did not call him when she was dying, for I had noticed her bitter disappointment when she had



asked me: 'Is this papa?' I knew what she meant, but did not say anything when she embraced me and kissed me so tenderly.

"O dear angel-like child! I lost everything when I lost you. Death loosened this hearty embrace of mother and child, and made the warm lips of the child wax cold, who was trying to cheer up her poor unfortunate mother with kisses when she was no longer able to do so with words. Years have since passed, yet I can still feel the embrace of those tender little arms; I can still feel the touch of those dying lips. I had then no tears to weep, for my tribulations were so many; but I offered my child to the Lord to save her father.

"My strength must have failed me during that prayer, for when my husband looked for me in the morning, he found me stretched on the floor before the bed of my dead child. I do not remember the details that followed. I know flowers bloom on her grave, and friendly hands watch and take care of them. I have not been there since she was buried.

In accordance with my husband's wish we moved to London, and here we have been living ever since. I cannot tell you, sister, how low my husband has fallen. However, I do not despair, for my child prays for him before the Lord's heavenly throne.

"At times Leyton would stay away for weeks, then he would return and in his rage sell everything he could lay hands on, till at last nothing remained. His rage would be followed by remorse of conscience. He often sat here for two days without taking any food or without allowing me to touch him. I often feared he would lose his mind. Nothing I left undone to gain him back. But everything was in vain. He who had formerly been so kind to me, who had loved me so tenderly and had fulfilled my every wish, did not now hesitate to curse and beat me. One night he came home drunk and found me praying. This made him so furious that he struck me and threw me to the floor. From that time on I durst not let him see that I was praying. Before you, sister, I cannot hide this sad truth, because you yourself have seen the many marks that cover my body, but I beseech you, do not mention it to any one.

"The last time I saw him was on the evening you passed us. I had gone to church, and when he came home and did not find me he searched the

whole house for money, but did not find any. When he met me, on my way home from church, he asked me for money. I only had a few nickels left and gave them to him. It was not enough for him; he said he must have more. I laid my hand on his arm to retain him; then it was that he saw my wedding-ring.

"Give me the ring,' he cried; 'I must have it!'

"My ring! The only remembrance of my former happy life! I thought for a moment of the time when it had been placed on my finger; I thought of the sad look of my father who was standing beside me; I thought of the friendly and yet sad smile of my mother, who noticed the ring on my finger when I came home from church. It seemed to me

as though the ring united me with my little Marie.

"O! for the love of God!' said I. You, sister, heard it the moment you passed; but he remained deaf to my entreaty. Forcibly wrenching the ring from my finger, he threw me to the ground."

Here her sad tale ended. Need I say that I loved her, not merely because of her beauty and her amiable manner, with which she interested others in her behalf? No. But I loved her on account of her deep piety and on account of the thousand excuses which she pleaded for the crimes of her husband and for his maltreatment of her. I loved her, because all this time she never once despaired of her husband's conversion.



CHAPTER IV.

Contrary to my expectations, Anne lived several days yet, during which I did not leave her bedside. When she had grown too weak to speak, I knelt at her side and repeated to her the prayers which she loved so much to hear. Every hour brought her closer to her heavenly home. The angel who was to bring her before her Creator, was nearing. The lustre of her pale face and the heavenly light which shone from her large dark eyes were proof of this. We momentarily expected the summons calling this soul, purified by a life of suffering, to her merciful Redeemer, who dries all tears and heals all wounds. The Lord knew what was best for her. He had counted her tears and prayers, and for all she was about to receive her reward in heaven. But He did not take her away without having first rewarded her continuous prayers for her husband's conversion.

The poor chamber was in that night a scene of God's wonderful goodness and mercy. Of course, only the eyes of faith could appreciate that scene, and her guardian angel, who had watched her every step, who had been present at her baptism, and at her wedding, and was now standing at her bedside and praying for her as a guardian angel only can pray when he is about to deliver his charge to God. The eyes of faith can see many things at a death-bed that make the heart tremble and wonder. While I was busied with such thoughts I heard approaching steps. I quickly rose to light a lamp. Then the door opened and a tall man entered. At first he did not notice me, but placed a chair before the fire and sat down. The sick woman, who was slumbering, had not heard his coming. When I placed the lamp on the table in the kitchen he noticed me and arose. No matter how low a man may have fallen, a certain degree of respect and awe for the garb of the religious still remains. He murmured something, but looked around the very next moment as though taken by a sudden fear, and asked:

"What is the matter, sister? Why are you here?"

I quietly answered that his wife was very sick. Poor man! His heart was not completely hardened, for an awful change took place in him, his face became deadly pale.

"Sick? Is she wounded? Have I—?"

"No!" I interrupted him, "I understand you. Through the Lord's kind intervention you have not killed your wife with the hard blow that felled her to the ground. Over-work, cold, hunger and misery, have laid her on her death-bed." And while his eyes were turned to me full of fear, I continued: "Fear nothing. No one knows anything about it but your wife and myself. But I must tell you that she has only a few hours more to live."

He rose and tottered through the room. It was an unpleasant sight. His countenance was distorted, his eyes gleaming with despair. I wished to keep him back and said: "No, Mr. Leyton, do not go to her in this state. Wait till you have composed yourself somewhat."

"Let me go to her, sister, I shall be as quiet as a child."

I entered the bed-room and drew back the curtain. There she lay, just as quiet and beautiful as

her little daughter had lain some years back. He knelt beside her and hid his face in his hands. He looked up to her with an astonished, childish look.

"Dear Mrs. Leyton, do not be afraid, your husband is here."

She did not fear his approach, as I had expected. A joyful glow covered her cheeks and her eyes shone brighter. Then she stretched out her arms, and the next moment her unhappy, repentant husband lay crying on her bosom. Every time I think of that scene tears come to my eyes.

Before he spoke a word, he took a ring from his pocket and placed it on her finger, with the words: "I could not sell it, Anne; it was a burning coal in my hands. May the Lord forgive me that I robbed you."

She smiled, and signed to me to leave the room. I left them alone. Then I knelt down and prayed that her hope of his conversion might be realized, and that she might lay her husband's repentance, as a most precious gift, before God's throne. I heard her soft, clear voice as she spoke to her unhappy husband in her dying hour. Her words were powerful, for although but few, yet I heard her husband cry like a child. Then she encouraged him. For a moment there was silence, then he said, with a firm voice: "Yes, Anne, I swear it; I swear before the living God."

Then a cry came from his innermost heart: "Anne, Anne, do not leave me! Lord have mercy on me! O God! she is dead."

What happened in that hour the Lord knows and

his angels. It was a secret between the dead wife and the repentant husband. I only know that he entered her room steeped in vice, with a heart filled with sin and passion, and that he left the room a truly penitent sinner. His heart was softened; God's grace had reached it. The eyes so long dry shed tears of sincere repentance; the lips that so long had uttered nothing but curses and vulgar words, had begged for mercy and had kissed the pale face of the dying wife, and reverentially touched the crucifix that her hands held enclosed.

The Lord had given the wife, in her dying hour, the strength to say words such as he alone can inspire. The poor, sinful heart was touched, and gave itself up to the sweet force of grace which lay in her words.



When I heard Leyton's cry I hurried to the sick-room. The poor, broken-hearted man was yet on his knees. His hands rested in hers, and between them the crucifix. She was dead. Rest and peace had come when her tried soul entered her heavenly home.

In obedience to my promise, no hands but mine dressed her body. Tears fell from my eyes when I placed the white shroud on her. But, dear reader, had you seen the dark marks with which the body of the dead woman was covered, you too would have cried. When I had arranged and tied her rich hair, I cut off a lock of it before I placed the white cap on her head. I knew the husband would prize and hold in honor that last relic of his departed wife. But when I, last of all, folded the white hands over the broken heart, and saw the wounded finger and the small ring, I cried as I had never before cried. So young, so beautiful and so unhappy! But she had made good use of her trials and sufferings, and now had found rest and had met again her little daughter.

I pass over the time we had with poor Leyton. The good priest and myself left nothing undone to console the poor man, but everything was in vain. Until the burial he left the body neither day nor night. I have seen repentance and remorse of conscience in various forms, but never in such a degree as with Leyton. They had to tear him by force from his wife's body when we laid it to its resting-place. She has a plain grave in the new cemetery,

with a stone cross on it. I sometimes go there, for her history is deeply impressed in my memory.

Poor Leyton remained with us for some time. He made a general confession, and on the day he had received holy communion, he came to say good-bye to us. He went to America, and there he leads a truly Christian life. Every year a long letter arrives, with money for the church and the humble request to pray for him. Once he sent some rare plants for his wife's grave. I did as he wished, and surely the poor, penitent husband has sent many a sad greeting across the ocean to the beautiful flowers on his wife's grave. What would he not give could he recall the past, to undo his actions, to call back that noble, angelic wife whom his passion and abuse placed in such an early grave. I have heard it said, and believe it, that he never again laughed; and I know that he would rather die than break the oath he swore at her death-bed.

Who can enumerate the wonders accomplished by the gentle patience of Catholic wives? Courage and confidence, ye sorrowful hearts! Believe that an omnipotent, merciful God will reward your sufferings and trials, and victory will be yours and your merit will be great. Bear injustice with patience, repay evil with good, hatred with love, roughness with attention and tenderness. The time will come, sooner or later, when you will conquer and reap the reward for your trials even here on earth. Above all, remember the words of our Lord: "Be faithful to the end, and I shall give ye the crown of life everlasting."

THE ONE FRIEND WHO NEVER FAILS.



O matter how times may change, and we by force of circumstances are compelled to change with them, there is one sentiment that stands firm and true through all the ages, a bright point of light amid the shifting blackness of earth's severest trials—a mother's love. It matters not that babyhood has long since been left behind, it means no diminution in the protecting tenderness in that mother heart that we have passed the age where physical help is needed to guide our tottering infant feet, dry our childish tears, sympathize with our little sorrows, and encourage us in the struggle of young manhood, we do not change to her. Life's greater and fuller troubles that roll like overwhelming billows upon the struggling man or woman are still to the dear faithful heart the worries of her baby boy. The mother never realizes that the years have changed her little one into a strong, helpful adult. She feels that he needs her, and she it is of all the world that can comfort as no other comforter and counsel as no other adviser. She reads the heart, the world judges the actions. She feels where others may condemn. She, in a word, is "Mother," and what more can be said? The day will come when those tired hands are folded, never more to toil for the child of her heart, when those loving eyes are closed, never more to open in glad surprise at the coming of one most dear, and

the world will go on, but never quite the same to the one who has laid away in the grave that dear one who understood the trials, who smoothed the aching brow, who looked not upon the little mistakes with the cold, cruel search-light of worldly wisdom, and condemned unknowing and unthinking those actions that she could interpret in a far different manner.

Does not the memory of that love stimulate to better deeds and nobler ambitions? Does not the heart cry out in the lonely watches of the night for just one more look at the face long since passed from our sight? and are there not times when even in the midst of the hurry and heat of the day that we sigh for those other times, perhaps before the world smiled favorably upon us, when little economies and grinding toils seemed so hard to bear, but which now appear but the airy trifles of the imagination, for then, indeed, we were blessed, though we realized it not—we had our mother.

The tender binding love of mother and child is the one that lives. There is no diminution; selfishness and sordid considerations have no place in such an affection, and though lovers prove fickle, and friends are false, one can always look to mother for an abiding love, whether in her living, breathing care and affection, or in the sacred memory of her devotion in those days before she passed away forever.



MISSIONS-DRUCKEREI IN STEYL.



EXPERIENCES IN THE MISSIONS.

IN CHINA.



VERY period and country has its own methods and manner of missionary practice. In Africa, the missionary must first be a colonist and cultivate the ground, thereby preparing in slow degrees the civilization of the benighted natives. In China, the seat of a culture many thousand years old, there is no necessity for this. There the missionary must, on the contrary, forget his own country and its customs, and adapt himself to the usages obtaining among the natives if he intends to exert influence. This is extremely difficult, the more so at present, because the missionary is surrounded with obstacles.

First of all, the missionary is a stranger, exposed to the hatred and secret persecutions of the mandarins, to the derision of the learned class, and hence also to the scorn of the common people. The European missionary, coming as he does in the name of Christ, is called by them "*Jankuize*," which means "Devil from the West." Simple people designate him by no other name, because they know him by no other and do not understand its meaning. Moreover, the Catholic missionary is poor, and unable in his poverty to make that display to which the Chinese attach so much importance. The missionary comes into a village on his mule or horse, a catechist his sole companion. The mandarin's advent is announced by a flourish of trumpets, and he is followed by a calvalcade of gaudily dressed soldiers; a retinue of servants surrounds the sedan chair in which he is carried. The missionary dwells in a poor, dilapidated hut: the mandarin's abode is, according to Chinese views, a palace, with ante-chambers and halls of state. The Lord of Heaven, preached by the missionary, is adored in a poor little chapel: the Chinese idols are surrounded with barbarous pomp in grand temples.

Another adverse circumstance must not be overlooked. Europeans dwelled in the ports for a long time: the Chinese, who are a commercial people, gather there from the interior to transact business, and during their sojourn in those cities they witness the scandalous lives of the Europeans, and conclude that all of them are as wicked as they. Hence the missionary finds it a most difficult task to combat their prejudices.

Let us now accompany the missionary on one of his tours. He came to China ignorant of its language. His first efforts, therefore, are devoted to its acquisition. His perseverance overcomes all

obstacles, and scarcely a year passes before we see him set forth in company with a missionary whose longer residence made him acquainted with the country and its inhabitants, and with a catechist, to begin his labors amongst the neophytes. Together they visit the Christian villages, instruct the catechumens, preach, explain the prayers, etc. As soon as the new missionary is initiated in his duties, the other leaves him to proceed onward, and the former remains to pursue his vocation alone. Once conversant with the language, the missionary's time is well employed. His mission is a large one, extending, perhaps, over the greater portion of a large province. The Christians are scattered far and wide. Sick calls are frequent, and the missionary answers them by day and night. Difficulties occurring between Christians and heathens often require his presence in a distant village. Sometimes he perceives a chance to found a new Christian community, and his zeal will not permit him to neglect it. It usually comes about in this way:

A Christian family, for instance, has relatives in a neighboring village. They visit each other, and in the course of conversation mention is made of the missionary. The heathen relatives are inquisitive, and inquire concerning the Christian religion, its doctrine, duties, etc. Soon the prejudices vanish. The missionary is asked to come, and the result is their conversion. But not always are they actuated by pure motives. Perhaps they had a difficulty with their mandarin, and hope to be screened from justice by the missionary's influence. Or they are actuated by other sinister motives. But even then the missionary sometimes succeeds in establishing a mission: the well-disposed will listen and be converted, whilst the rest remain in the darkness of paganism.

To such places the missionary at first sends a catechist to give the necessary instruction. Adults and children learn the catechism, morning and evening prayers are said in common, and after about two years the neophytes are ready for baptism. Meanwhile those actuated by sinister motives have long ago absented themselves, and the sincere are known. The instructions had been hitherto limited to the men, Chinese custom not permitting the women to attend. Now a female catechist is sent to instruct the latter, and finally they are also admitted to the chapel, that is, into the apartment divided off for them, for they must not appear in public.



Meanwhile the missionary lives in constant dread lest the neophyte community, just snatched from the snares of Satan, be recaptured by his wiles. And as there is a great number of such communities, he is obliged to travel very often from place to place. His first care must be to erect a chapel for each one, where they may congregate for daily prayer, for prayer in common is the bond which unites the neophytes. These chapels, which serve also as dwelling for the missionary, are built by the Chinese themselves; for, because they are of a very unstable character, it is necessary to interest them in it. These buildings are generally mere huts. Only when there are sure hopes that the neophytes will persevere, a somewhat better chapel is erected. This work devolves on the missionary, who must also supply the means; for the Christians are, as a rule, very poor.

Turning our attention to the missionary on his travels, we find him obliged, when on his way to a distant mission, to carry with him all the requisites for the holy sacrifice and the administration of the Sacraments. Saddling his beast of burden, he places on it a satchel containing a portable altar with all its appurtenances, the necessary wearing apparel, baptismal water, the holy oils, books, etc., not forgetting the necessary money for his maintenance, which in this country is very cumbersome, consisting of heavy pieces of copper. He must even take his bed and cooking utensils. Arrived at his destination, he finds an empty room in a dilapidated hut, whose walls and roof admit the wind and rain.

When the missionary's arrival has become known in the village, the cry is heard: "*Shenfu lela!* The priest is here!" The Christian comes to visit him and makes his obeisance, that is, he bows to the ground before his spiritual father. Others come and arrange the room: they sweep the floor, dust the walls, and place a chair and table, if these articles of furniture are to be found in the village. Now the priest seats himself in his "palace," and receives his spiritual children with paternal affection. Meanwhile the tea kettle is simmering on the fire, and a hospitable purveyor is already wiping a cup with his handkerchief or finger, then pours out the tea and presents it to the priest. We called it tea, but the poverty of the good people is so great that very often a substitute, composed of other aromatic leaves, takes its place. At all events, boiled water is presented to him, for unboiled water is considered dangerous, and is never drunk in China.

The missionary is now in the midst of his spiritual children. He shares their poverty and gladly renounces the comforts of civilization for Christ's sake. He prepares his couch on the floor or on a bench. The catechist cooks his meals, and it is often no small self-denial to partake of the products of Chinese cookery. In winter, things are still more uncomfortable. The windows are generally broken, the wind blows through them, and privacy is impossible, because curiosity prompts the heathens to watch the missionary. The floor is the bare, cold ground; the comforts of a stove are unknown in China.

As the evening advances the missionary retires,

very often not to rest but to apprehend an attack by robbers. At early dawn the Christians arrive and the priest prepares the altar. The door is unhinged and placed on the table, which is raised on props, some cheap ornaments are added, together with a crucifix and two candles. On account of the difficulty with which the Chinese master Latin, the priest usually must say the responses himself, whilst the Chinese recite their prayers aloud and kneeling during mass. At the consecration they all prostrate in adoration of the true God. It is a very affecting scene. Still more touching is the extreme poverty amid which the holy sacrifice is offered. The vestments are of the poorest kind, and usually the various colors prescribed by the rubrics cannot be had: one vestment must suffice for all liturgical colors. Very often mass cannot be celebrated at all for want of candles, wine or hosts.

The usual time for attending the missions is winter. In summer the people are scattered, cultivating their crops in various parts of the country. Hence in summer the missionary employs his time in study and prayer, preparing himself for the hard work in winter.

This is a sketch of the missionary's life in China under favorable conditions and in times of peace. What he has to undergo in times of persecution may be gathered from the following letter, written in 1889 by Rev. Father Freinademez, one of our missionaries, at the request of his Superior:

"REV. FATHER SUPERIOR: Your explicit request compels me to review the affair at Zaushtien, which I had already consigned to oblivion, and I hasten to inform you how justice is dispensed in China, and in what manner our holy religion is oppressed and persecuted by those who, according to the national treaties, ought defend and protect it.

"Although, as a rule, God's works advance slowly, the seed of the divine word sowed in 1889 developed into a grand tree which stretches its prolific branches over many districts in Saushtien. A breath of divine grace wafted this seed also into the neighboring district of Zaushtien, where it took root in the village of Siutshuang. But scarcely had it sprouted, when the enemy attacked it. It is always thus in China. Wherever Christianity is introduced, persecution is aroused. Amongst hundreds of Christian communities in Southern Chang-tong, there are scarcely two that have not experienced periods of oppression and opposition.

"It was during last May. There were about ten families of catechumens in Siutshuang, and many more seemed inclined to conversion. At this the chief of the village became enraged, and after exhausting every cruelty that hatred could inspire, he denounced the head of the Christians with the mandarin, accusing him of holding secret meetings at his house and of propagating a forbidden religious sect.

"The Christian was imprisoned and repeatedly examined. The trial was conducted in the following fashion:

"*Mandarin*: What is your name?

"*Christian*: I am called Siukhishi.

"*Mandarin*: You are accused of propagating a bad religion?

"*Christian*: I am a Christian.

"*Mandarin*: You have called European devils into the village?

"*Christian*: The priest came of his own free will.

"*Mandarin*: Why do you not drive him away?

"*Christian*: I have no right to do so.

"*Mandarin*: Why do you harbor him and give him nourishment?

"*Christian*: Because his money is just as good as our own.

"*Mandarin*: Why do you not kill him?

"*Christian*: Neither I nor you may do that.

"*Mandarin*: Why did you not inform me long ago of his presence?

"*Christian*: I was told the emperor tolerates the missionaries.

"*Mandarin*: I now tell you that you may not dare to call European devils into this town. If you do, I shall kill you. Subscribe this document, by which you promise to go home and drive off the European.

"*Christian*: I cannot and shall not do it.

"As he persists in his refusal, the mandarin condemns him to receive six hundred blows, and as a result of this fearful punishment the poor man suffers terribly; he is unable to sit down, to lie, or to stand. He is imprisoned.

"The news of this atrocious assault spread through the country like wildfire. The heathens exulted, the Christians trembled.

"In the interests of the Church, and to reassure the Christians, I deemed it my duty to interfere, although I had but little hope of success. With two catechists and a guide I started for Zaushin, a distance of 90 *li*, or about 30 miles, to obtain the prisoner's release. On my way I prayed fervently and made a vow for the good result of my efforts. Well aware of the violent character of the inhabitants of that part of the country, where, in 1883, our Rt. Rev. Bishop had been cruelly maltreated, I took the precaution of entering the town at night. Arriving at the tavern, I was recognized by no one, not even by the landlord.

"I immediately sent my card to the mandarin, requesting a personal interview. To my great surprise an appointment was made for the following afternoon; but the mandarin sent for me as early as seven o'clock next morning. I took a carriage, as custom prescribes, and arrayed myself in mandarin's dress; one of the catechists, on horseback, wore a golden button, the other, on foot, bore a crimson *carte de visite*. Thus we proceeded through the main street to the mandarin's residence and to the entrance of the grand court-room. The card, bearing the inscription "*Fee, Missionary*" (*Fee* was the Chinese name of Rev. Freinademetz), was sent in. After a few moments the master of ceremonies appeared and said: 'Welcome.' I dismounted and walked through a long row of servants in livery into the grand salon, where the mandarin, a thickset, middle-aged man, expected me. The loud laughter with which he acknowledged my catechist's obeisance informed me that he is an inveterate hater of Christians, and of Europeans in general.

"'I know you well,' he began; 'I was mandarin in various places and in Zinan I lived in a house belonging to the church.' (This was true; he lived there in a house belonging to the Franciscan mission, and still owes the rent.) He continued his boastful remarks until my patience gave out, and I said:

"'Mandarin, I have come on important business,'

"'What is it?'

"'I came on account of Siukhishi, the Christian.'

"'It was worth while to see the bland astonishment feigned by the man as he said: 'I do not know any one of that name.'

"'He is from Siutshuang, 70 miles to the southwest.'

"'True enough! I remember now that he was brought to trial here some time ago. Well, did I not dispense justice in his case? I know my business as a mandarin; I conducted thousands of trials.'

"'Why was Siukhishi arrested? What has he done?'

"'Twenty-seven Tuenzung (chiefs of nearly 300 villages) denounced him as a bad man.'

"'Did all the Tuenzung come here to do so?'

"'No.'

"'According to your laws the plaintiffs must appear in person. And how do the chiefs of 300 villages know that he is a bad man? What is his offence?'

"'He spreads a false religion.'

"'The religion which he spreads is my religion, and I preach it by permission of the emperor. Siukhishi is a Christian, and it is by my efforts that he is one.'

"'Siukhishi is a Christian? Why did he not tell me? I asked him repeatedly for the name of his religion, but he pretended not to know it.'

"'Siukhishi is a Christian, and if that is the only accusation brought forward against him, you must release him.'

"'I released him three days ago.'

"'It is not so. I arrived here last night, and immediately sent my people to inquire. He is still in prison.'

"The mandarin continued to protest that he had released him three days ago, and, to convince me, he had the records brought. Obviously they had been forged during the night.

"'It is well, then,' I replied; 'if you released him three days ago, you will permit him to accompany me home.'

"He signified his assent, and even promised to have the edict granting toleration to Christians published. He asked me when I intended to depart, and escorted me to my carriage.

"I felt grateful at having obtained the prisoner's release, and arriving at my quarters it was my first care to have him called. He appeared in a most pitiable condition, unable to sit up in the carriage which I had sent for him.

"About four hours later four policemen arrived from the mandarin's residence with orders to take Siukhishi to the eastern part of the town, where he was wanted to attend to some formalities. I suspected something wrong, but he went.

"In a moment the courtyard of the tavern was filled with a mob. The door of my apartment was burst in and about ten strong young fellows, some of them wearing the uniform of the mandarin's residence, fell upon me with stout cudgels. They forced me into the street, meanwhile maltreating me most cruelly. They threatened to cast me into the public well, or into the sewer. One of my catechists had also been captured, and on observing him at my side, I whispered to him to make an act of contrition, and gave him absolution, for I, indeed, thought that our last hour had come. I thought of our suffering Redeemer, who was led through the streets of Jerusalem, and rejoiced at being deemed worthy to share His cross. Yet I feared the cruelties in store for me, and prayed for strength. Marching thus through the streets, we finally reached the open country, the mob meanwhile instigating each other to begin with dispatching me.

"Suddenly one of the leaders cried out that he would no longer permit them to maltreat me. They desisted at once, and threw me to the ground, bound fast as I was. I improved the momentary silence which ensued to address them. 'It is the first time in my life,' I said, 'that you see me. I never offended or harmed you, and yet you maltreat me so shamefully. Nevertheless, I bear you no ill will. As to the religion which I preach, you do not know it. For if you were acquainted with it, you would feel as much, or more, in sympathy with it as you now are against it.' In this strain I continued for about fifteen minutes. The hatred of the mob seemed gratified. I was unbound, and my persecutors went their way.

We were in a most sorry plight. Our carriage was demolished, our sacred utensils, clothing, etc., were gone; I had been robbed of my hat and shoes, and bear the visible marks of violence I had suffered. Thus we stood, at nine o'clock in the morning, 90 *li* from our mission, a sad spectacle indeed—and laughed as we looked at each other! We set out on our return, and the first thing I did on reaching a stream was to perform a thorough ablution.

"We had traveled about 5 *li* when we observed a cavalcade of ten horsemen making rapidly after us. We hoped for nothing good, but found, when they reached us, that the mandarin had sent them in pursuance of his course of mock politeness. They told us that he felt extremely sorry for what had happened, but it was not his fault; he had done his utmost to punish the guilty, and had already imprisoned seven men, the landlord of the tavern amongst them, etc. Later on I made inquiries, and found that there was not a word of truth in all these protestations. The riders made a record of all the proceedings and returned. We were glad to pursue our journey on foot.

"Having been robbed of our money, we could not stop in a tavern at night. In the darkness we lost our way, and a heathen whom we asked sent us in the wrong direction. Overcome by exhaustion, one and the other of us fell by the way; even our mule, the only beast of burden left us, succumbed to the hardships of the night, and I had to permit it repeatedly to forage on the growing wheat to regain strength. Wearily we pushed on, and were rejoiced to find ourselves at break of day in the neighborhood of our mission. Everything necessary for the holy sacrifice, except the chalice, had

been taken from us, so that I was deprived several days of the consolation of saying mass.

"This, Rev. Father Superior, is a true narrative of our experiences on the 23d of May, 1889. Our Rt. Rev. Bishop did his utmost to have justice done to us, but without avail. The mandarin of Zauschien blames me for the whole affair, saying that I attempted to force the people to become Christians and have incited the mob by my sermons, whereas I purposely refrained from preaching in Zauschien. He denies that I was attacked at all, and states that everything that we had been robbed of was returned. This is Chinese justice! As a result, the fire of persecution, slumbering everywhere, breaks out here and there on the slightest pretext, and many a poor catechumen has not only lost all his property, but was subjected to the most cruel treatment imaginary. But it is here and now as it ever was: 'The blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians.'"

II. IN THE TOGO MISSION.

Father A. Heinlein, missionary in Togo, West Africa (died in summer, 1896) writes:

"One morning, after celebrating mass just before dawn, I started on a missionary tour into the interior. Three boys of our mission, Thomas, Peter and Andrew, were my companions. The latter, a smart lad of fourteen, was to act as my interpreter. The morning was fine. The birds sang their best lays, and we, too, chanted a hymn, then said our morning prayers. These finished, I sent the boys ahead to give them opportunity to talk, whilst I made my meditation wandering on through the trackless forest.

"After having traveled for about two hours, my guides called out: 'Wogba in sight!' We soon reached the village. I had been there once before, and now the people greeted me with a friendly 'How do you do?' To-day our destination led us farther on, and we stopped only long enough to inquire for the way, which a boy showed us. On asking how far it was to Wogba, we received a number of contradictory answers. One said, 'It is not very far;' others pointed towards the sky, saying, 'When the sun stands there you will arrive;' a third one said, 'It is very far indeed;' another again, 'It is not so very far.' Not much wiser than before, we went onward through a dense jungle, passing here and there a farm.

"Fetich worship is prevalent in these parts, and indications of it are to be met with almost everywhere. If the poor natives feared God as much as they do their fetiches, they would be pious indeed. Sooner than we expected we saw Wogba, lying on a hill before us, only the valley was between us and the village. After resting a while, we passed two wells and a large market-place, and then entered the village.

"The inhabitants of Wogba are noted for their quarrelsome disposition, and often attack the neighboring villages, so that the German government had to send troops to quell the disturbances. Europeans seem to come here very rarely, for when the natives saw me in my long white cassock, they fled in terror, leaving everything behind them. Finally we succeeded in finding the chief's dwelling.

"The streets of Wogba are notable for their cleanliness and for their width; they permit two persons to walk abreast, a fact unknown to other villages. On our way to the chief's house a large number of natives joined us to satisfy their curiosity; but every time I turned about to look at them they would scramble off in all directions.

"The Amaga's (chief's) court is in a large enclosure surrounded by square buildings constructed of red clay. The reception room into which I was led is an open hall about six by nine feet. After exchanging greetings, I was informed that the chief was absent. This was a disappointment; for though these chiefs are scarcely more than figure-heads, yet in their absence ostensibly nothing is done. I was led to the chief's brother, who had already been informed of my coming, and hence wore his state-coat. He was surrounded by a number of old men, probably Wogba's village council, for the chief's brother always asked their opinion before answering me. First of all I told him I had come simply to look at Wogba, which had been described to

me as a mighty, beautiful city. How the man sat erect and looked proudly about him! Then I said I was a sort of physician, and would gladly give my services to the sick. 'We are all well here,' he replied; 'but I will tell the chief at his return.' The good man obviously forgot that a number of those present were actually suffering from wounds and other ailments which they could not conceal. I then informed him that we had opened a school in Togo, where we taught the children to become good men and women. They too, they replied, should like to have a school, but as the Amaga was away there was nothing to be done. On offering to take some of their children with me to Togo, I received the same reply. Then I said I had come to speak to them of God who dwells in heaven, the same who made and sustains us and wishes us to be happy for ever. They had heard of God, they answered, and I might speak of Him when I came again. True, 'nothing could be done.' Peter and Andrew sat in my rear; Thomas stood at my side and interpreted my words to the men. Meanwhile I observed the crowd of listeners, and my thoughts were not very encouraging.

"Wogba is quite a large place, and has many children. I felt like weeping when I remembered that so many souls here dwelt in darkness. Oh, that I might have done for them what I finally was permitted to do for their bodies, whose wounds I examined, washed and bandaged. By and by the hour of noon arrived, and my little companions reminded me of it by pulling at my dress. I understood, and asked my host to give us some refreshments in return for our labor.

"As it always takes some time with the natives to prepare a meal for strangers we meanwhile took a walk through the village. We saw a good deal—good and bad; but the people now were very friendly toward us, and only the children still ran away when we approached. Our dinner consisted of cornmeal with a well-peppered sauce, and we partook of it with good appetite. On inquiring for the distance to the next village, we again received very diverging answers. I deemed it advisable to engage a guide in order not to lose my way amid the many paths leading through the forest. We intended to reach Kutime, where a good Christian was said to live, and then return home in the evening.

"We had traveled for many hours, and still there was no indication of Kutime. A few straggling huts were all we saw. In one of these we refreshed ourselves with a drink of cool water. Finally we sighted a village. We hastened on, but to our surprise it was not Kutime, but Wokota. Our guide had mistaken his way. In Wokota the natives were shy; they gave me no opportunity to exercise my medical skill, and kept the children out of sight.

"Finally, towards evening, we reached Kutime. Just as we were about to inquire for our Christian, he approached us, ready to start on a journey. He received us with demonstrations of great joy, and invited us to spend the night under his roof. I would have preferred to return to the mission, but a glance at my little companions told me that they were sorely in need of rest. I, therefore, resolved to stay, and sat down to converse with my host. He is an exemplary Catholic, says his morning and evening prayers, and goes every Sunday to the distant village of Adjido to assist at mass. When God called away his young wife, to whom he had been married scarcely a year, he wept bitterly, but resignedly said: 'The Lord took her, it is well.'

"The natives now returned from their field, and we went to visit them in their huts. We found no sick persons, but some very aged people. Our good Christian seems to have prepared the inhabitants of this village for the gospel; they are very obliging, and I have great hopes for them in the future.

"After a hearty supper my little companions stretched their tired limbs on the bare floor and were soon soundly asleep. My host and I engaged in a long conversation, and I instructed him how to become the apostle of the village. At length I was overcome by fatigue and retired. My host started off during the night to attend to his business in a distant village.

"Next morning I should, indeed, have been glad to celebrate mass, but not having the requisites, I had to omit it. We started early on our way back, and again passed through

Wogba, stopping only long enough to promise to come later, and to fill our flask at one of the wells.

"At a distance of about fifteen minutes' walk there is a village called Zowe. It is famed for its fetich worship. Hidden in a dense forest, its entrance is guarded by a number of clay idols, which are kept continually saturated with palm-oil. Similar idols are to be seen at the entrance of every hut. The village is very cleanly kept, surpassing even Togo in this respect. While passing through we tried to address the natives, but they appeared very timid. At noon we asked for refreshments, and were served with roasted ears of corn and peanuts. Sitting on the bare ground, we relished our meal, which seemed to impress our hosts favorably.

"Returned to Togo, I could not but regret that my excursion had borne so little fruit. But with God's help I hope to achieve better results the next time. This mission is dedicated to the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, who will not desert us if we but do what lies in our power."

III. IN SOUTH AMERICA.

The German Mission in Argentina.

Argentina is situated in the extreme south of South America. The territory of this republic is about four times the size of Germany. The great river Parana is seamed with extensive plains and fertile prairies. When the first Europeans landed there, nearly 400 years ago, horses and cattle were unknown in the country. The Europeans imported them and they multiplied to such a degree that Argentina is now the greatest cattle country in the world. Extract of beef, hides and leather are its chief products. Until 1816, Argentina belonged to Spain, since then it is a republic. The country is Catholic in name, but there are but few persons who hear mass on Sunday or receive holy communion in the Easter season.

Immigration was attracted early to this fertile country, and in the earlier years of the present century Italians, Frenchmen, Irishmen and Germans came in great numbers. From Luxemburg, a whole village with the priest and the teacher immigrated thither and settled in San Antonio, in the province of Buenos Ayres. The greater part of the Germans made their homes farther north, on the Parana, in the province of Santa Fé, and Department of Las Colonias, adjoining the city of Santa Fé in the west, and embracing the colonies Esperanza, San Geronimo, Humboldt, Susanna, Santa Maria and Guadalupe.

Amongst the Germans of this province the sacred ministry was exercised by the Jesuits, and for a time by a Lazarist Father. In September, 1889, Fathers Becher and Loecken, of our Society, were sent there by the Superior. They arrived at Buenos Ayres on October 23d, and were welcomed by the Jesuits in San Geronimo. After becoming acquainted with the language (Spanish), and conversant with the customs of the country, one of them settled at Esperanza, and the other took charge of St. Wendelin, in the parish of San Geronimo.

In Esperanza they soon built a chapel and school. The conditions prevailing there are described by a colonist as follows: "In Esperanza and vicinity thousands of Germans have settled, and hitherto they were almost entirely destitute of religious ministrations, because they do not understand the Spanish language. Generations will pass away

before Spanish will supplant German in those families. The young people grow up without any religious instruction whatsoever. Some of them receive the sacraments, but do not know their meaning or effects. Others were baptized in infancy, but have received no other sacrament."

Rev. Father Becher wrote: "We are about to found an establishment at Esperanza, and have purchased the necessary ground for this purpose. But wherewithal shall I meet the expense? St. Joseph must come to our aid. Perhaps he will inspire generous hearts in the fatherland to help me to build a chapel and house. It is absolutely necessary that something be done here if our German colonists are not to become infidels. You can scarcely imagine how ignorant they are. You may ask young people of twenty years concerning the Most Holy Trinity or the Blessed Sacrament, and you receive no answer, or one worse than none at all. I am just now instructing a class of young people from eighteen to twenty years of age who have received no sacrament but baptism, and who cannot recite the Our Father or Apostles' Creed, nor can they read German or Spanish. It is a difficult task to instruct them in the necessary articles of faith. With other nations represented here it is the same. A few days ago two French ladies came to me, asking me to give the necessary religious instruction to their children, who had already received their first communion. A French boy of sixteen comes to me every evening for instruction; he works in a factory during the day. We have plenty of work here, and we need more missionaries from Steyl."

Several were sent since the above was written, and they are all laboring with signal success in the difficult mission.

It was in the year 1893 when Father Becher resolved to establish another house for the members of the Society, in Buenos Ayres, capital of Argentina. The Archbishop, much rejoiced at this resolution, transferred to them the small chapel of Guadalupe, together with the charge of a far and wide extended parish, of which the Catholic inhabitants amount to the number of 70,000 men. Last year, 1897, a new convent with parochial residence and a church was to be built. Three priests and six brothers are busy there for the spiritual benefit of the inhabitants, both Catholics and non-Catholics. A printing office, issuing the weekly *Argentinischer Volksfreund* and other works, does likewise as much as possible for the best of our holy Catholic religion.

IV. NEW GUINEA, AUSTRALIA.

One of our missionaries, Father Joseph Erdweg, writes under date of December 6th, 1896:

"All we were able to do so far for this mission was to give ourselves to the study of the language of the country. At this writing we have succeeded in gathering about 377 words of the natives' vocabulary. Our undertaking is difficult beyond description, not only because the natives are extremely reluctant to answer our inquiries, but chiefly because they speak about a dozen of languages. Here on our little island of Tamara, with about 600 inhabitants, they speak two different languages. Hence you can judge what obstacles we have to overcome in our work."

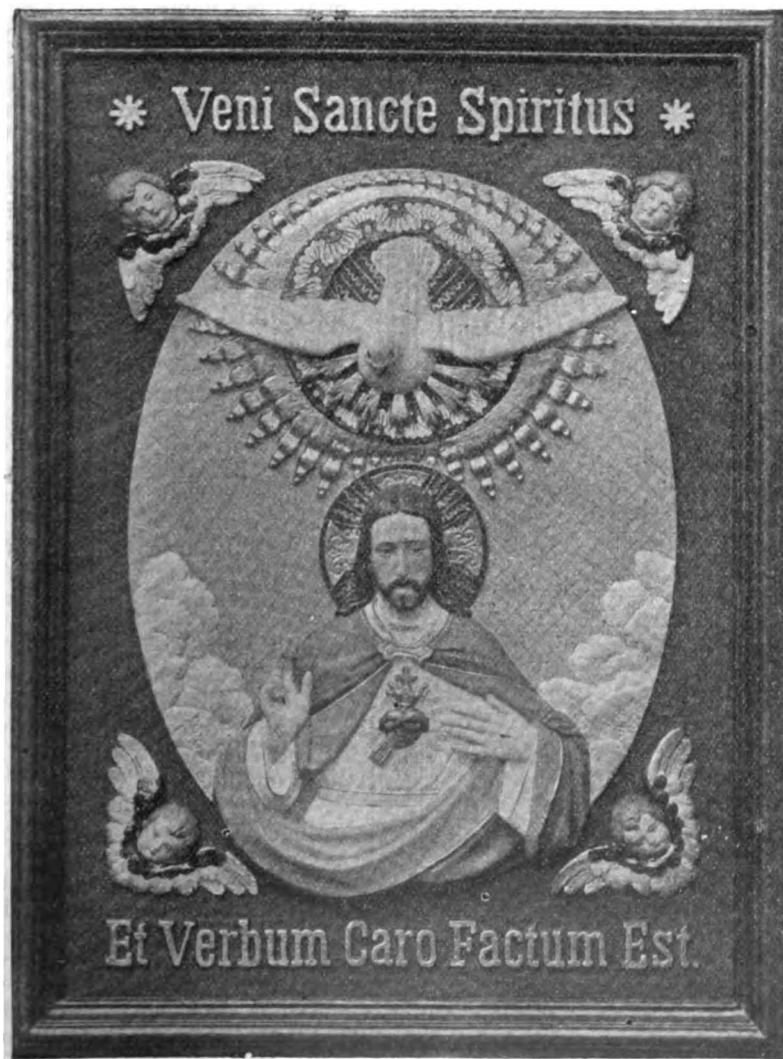
"We opened the portals of heaven to one native infant. The poor child had been attacked by rats and died of the injuries it received. Our Rev. Prefect baptized it shortly before it expired, so that we now have an intercessor in heaven from among this benighted people. May many more soon follow the first one! As yet, we cannot surmise the dispositions with which the adult population regards us, for we have no means of learning their religious views. Indifference, however, seems to be the greatest enemy with which we shall have to contend, for the natives show the greatest indifference in all conditions of life; they regard health and sickness, life and death, with extreme stoicism. A few days ago one of our neighbors died. During the preparation for burial his son placidly opened a cocoanut and began to eat. Another native hurt himself badly about two weeks ago. Whilst felling a tree a branch struck him in the face, causing two ugly wounds. I bandaged them, but despite my threat that he would die if he took off the bandage, he tore it away twice and only suffered it to remain when inflammation set in. Though the natives behave

similarly under all conditions, we nevertheless hope to convert them into good Christians."

Under date of February 7th, the same missionary writes :

"It is a great consolation for us to have, since Christmas, the Most Blessed Sacrament in our midst. May streams of grace issue from the Sacred Heart and enlighten the poor natives, so that they may learn to know and love their Lord and Saviour, who loves them so dearly. One obstacle to their conversion is their dislike for work, of which they do not see the need because of the fewness of their wants. The native is content with very little clothing and a rudely constructed hut for a dwelling. His only drink is water and the milk of the cocoa nut. His implements consist of an iron ax, a spoon, a shell to scoop out the cocoa. A belt, the betel nut to chew, a little pepper suffices to make him happy. This absence of necessities renders the natives lazy and indifferent, and hence their susceptibility to Christianizing influences is very questionable."

TO THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS.



I NEED Thee, gracious Jesus,
I need a friend like Thee,
A friend to soothe and pity,
A friend to care for me.

I need Thee, Heart of Jesus,
To feel each anxious care,
To tell my every want,
And all my sorrows share.

Sweet Jesus, keep me near Thee,
Close by Thee all the day;
Permit me not, e'en tho' I would,
From Thy loved side to stray.

Uphold me with Thy gentle Hand,
My tottering footsteps guide;
And though I fall a thousand times,
I'll fear not, but confide.

And Thou wilt teach me, wilt Thou not?
Each duty to fulfil,
And it will be my sole delight,
To do Thy gracious will.

And this request alone I ask,
This recompense implore;
By every thought, and word, and act,
To love Thee more and more.

PRAYER.

"Open to me Thy Sacred Heart, O Jesus; show me its charms, and unite me with it forever; may my breath and every pulsation of my heart, which cease not during my sleep, be to Thee a testimony of my love, and say to Thee unceasingly: 'Yes, Lord, I love Thee.' Accept the little good I do; grant me grace to repair my evil ways, that I may praise in time, and bless Thee for all eternity."

WILLIE'S FIRST HOLY COMMUNION.

TRANSLATED BY L. AUG. REUDTER.

THE head resting on his right hand with the left on his knee, Burgers watched his wife, who brought several articles of clothing from a corner and carefully spread them out over a chair. Examining every piece separately with a look of pride in her honest eyes, she called to her husband: "Johu, this

In the section of Holland in which Burgers lived, the children of the poor were clothed at the expense of the church when they received their first holy communion.

The good woman sighed as though an unpleasant theme which she tried to forget had been recalled to memory. Then she added, "Yes, John! I think it is a very good practice that the church looks after the poor, but when one has prepared and dressed five children for their first holy communion, and has been in good circumstances, it is very hard to ask our good priest for help. I know it was hard for us, and sometimes I am almost sorry that we did not send in Willie's name."

"Well, wife, do not worry; we did not have to spend so much after all, and as for the remaining things to be gotten, they will not amount to much."

"No, thanks be to the Lord; yet we shall hardly be able to give the customary dinner to-morrow in honor of Willie's great day. I would have liked so much to have something extra for the table for Willie's sake."

"Bosh, woman, our children are not spoiled and are easily satisfied; and as for Willie, he will be so happy to-morrow that he will not miss the dinner."

"Yes, I know it, John, and for that very reason I would like to celebrate the day and have something extra. It would not have to be much; just a few cakes and some raisin bread. Of course, if it cannot be done we shall have to be satisfied without it," she concluded with a sigh.

"I have to arrange a few things yet," she continued, seeing that her husband was not willing to enter into the matter concerning the table.

"I shall try to finish before dark, and expect to have everything in the house in good order, which we may at least have yet," she added with a sad smile. "And should some one call on to-morrow, he may see that we have things in order, though the house be not furnished lavishly."



THE LAST SUPPER.

suit will become our Willie! Don't you think so?" "Yes," replied Burgers. "And I am pleased that I listened to you and made the sacrifice, and our boy will not have to be provided for by the church."

When Burgers was alone, he measured the room with hasty steps, while a tear was stealing down the weather-beaten face. Burgers had for years been foreman with a contractor, and had been able to give his family a good home. Of late the contractor had met with great losses and was obliged to reduce his force of men, and thus it came that Burgers lost his employment. He had now been some months without engagement, and all his earnest efforts to find work had been futile. He had opened a little store and was, with his wife's help, able to keep his children from starving. But that was all he could accomplish, and it was mighty hard for the poor man to see his family reduced to straitened circumstances. Hardest of all for him was to sit idle all day long with nothing to do but think of his misfortune. He never felt his poverty more than now, when the day of his boy's first holy communion was approaching, and he had been unable to do anything towards making the day a feast day for his children. He and his wife had always seen to it that the children were well dressed and the table loaded with good things. This was out of question now. His wife had alluded to it, but it was simply impossible. Was it hard for the poor man to refuse this treat to his wife and children? While he was sitting near the window, looking into the street, he thought the matter over again to find if there were no way at all for his wife to give the children a surprise; but he could not see how it might be done, as his watch and every other article not needed had been sold. Suddenly he heard a strange voice in the adjoining room and listened.

"Neighbor," it sounded harshly, "no doubt poor man's fare will be yours to-morrow. Here is a gulden, you can buy some cakes and raisin bread for the children, who hardly ever get that."

"Thanks, Mrs. Roberts," answered Burgers' wife. "Thanks, I do not need your money."

"Well! just as you like; I am sure there are others who will not refuse nor carry their heads so high. I intended to give you some pleasure, and am I to be sent home in such a manner?"

"I did not mean to insult you, Mrs. Roberts, but I am not accustomed to take alms."

"No! for that you are too proud, but just wait; I know you clothed your boy when you could not afford it, instead of letting the church do it like other poor people. Perhaps you may soon want the gulden you refused."

Burgers' blood was boiling within him, and his fists were smarting when he heard those unkind words. Fortunately the woman soon left with a sarcastic "Much pleasure, Mrs. Burgers, and a good appetite!"

"You heard Mrs. Roberts, John?" asked Burgers' wife, entering the room and noticing how excited he was.

"The horrible woman," he replied.

"Had I taken the money the whole town would have known it before evening, for Mrs. Roberts is a great talker."

"You need not excuse yourself, you were right in refusing her." Then they were silent; for though both tried not to make anything of what

happened, yet they were suffering keenly from the effrontery of their neighbor. Many are willing to help others, but are too often lacking in the necessary tact to make their assistance acceptable; others think what is worse, their alms give them the right to be dictatorial, and thus they make the acceptance of their help next to impossible.

"Look, John! How well the collar and cuffs will dress our Willie! And the white gloves! He is a delicate-looking boy, and therefore these things will match the better."

"You will make the boy proud and vain," continued Burgers.

"The Lord forbid; but he will look well when he steps up to-morrow afternoon to receive his premium. He thinks he will take first prize."

"If he only does not rely too much on it, for it would be a sore disappointment to him to lose it."

"No," Mrs. Burgers said, "I do not fear that; Willie will take the first premium. He never missed an instruction and always knew his lessons perfectly. It will be glorious when we hear his name called out first of all," continued the excited mother, forgetting everything in her joyful expectation.

Then two baker's boys passed, with baskets of bread and cake. The two younger children were playing in front of the house and childishly asked: "Are you bringing such good things for us also? Our Willie, too, is going to Holy Communion to-morrow."

"Of course," said one of the boys. "But first find out if you can pay for them."

Husband and wife looked at each other. The words were like so many swords for them.

"Call the children in," he cried, angry with himself because he was too poor to satisfy their wish.

"It does not matter, John. The Lord wishes it. To-morrow will be a happy day for us, at all events. Perhaps better days will soon come. The dear Lord will not leave us."

"You are a true wife and a good mother," replied Burgers, "with you and the children I shall never be poor."

On that evening Willie retired early. Other times ready to play, he was now quiet and contemplative, so that even the younger children noticed the change and did not make near as much noise as ordinarily. Following the pious custom of the province, Willie begged pardon of his father and mother for all offenses that he might have committed against them, and bending over his father, he whispered: "Papa, I shall ask the dear Lord to-morrow that He may soon give you work. Since He is going to come to me, He will not refuse my prayer."

The village church was decorated with garlands. The clear light of the many candles, the evergreen wreathed around the pillars of the altar, the solemn tone of the organ, but above all the quiet reserve and pious reverence of the children, who to-day were to receive their God, all this made a great impression on the congregation, and many a tear was forcing its way from the eyes of men and women. Then even the poorest, seeing their children among the throng clothed like the children of the rich, gave way to feelings of joy and happiness and thought

only of the great favor that their dear ones were partakers of, and how in thus receiving the Lord they would be richer than kings. Here every social difference disappeared; there were no poor, no rich; only chosen ones were there, to partake alike of the highest good—their God.

No wonder that Burgers and his wife wept for joy when they saw their child approach the altar so devoutly to receive his God and their God. Both were happy, because Willie showed such a deep appreciation of the high honor that was his. On the way home, Willie received many congratulations, for he was liked by everybody. The two smallest of the Burgers family were waiting in the door with baskets of flowers to strew along the hallway on their brother's return. Minnie, the oldest girl, stood there smiling and making mysterious signs to her mother.

"What is it, Minnie?" the mother asked, in joyful expectation.

"Come in," said the girl.

The table was covered with a snow-white cloth. But besides coffee and bread (that was all the poor mother had), there stood a large cake in the center of the table, and near it a big loaf of the finest raisin bread, the odor of which permeated the room.

Mrs. Burgers looked at her husband inquiringly—should he after all have seen his way to get this? He understood the look. "No, woman! I know as little of it as you do."

Then Minnie spoke: "Mrs. Abels brought the cake and raisin bread. She said, it is a present for the groom and she will be over to congratulate him." In parts of Europe the beautiful custom prevails, to call the first communicants bride and groom respectively, and on the day of their first holy communion, the parents do all in their power to make that day a feast day.

"Mrs. Abels? The good soul has a hard time to make ends meet; I would not have thought that she was the kind benefactor."

"She is a truly good woman, and now, wife, your wish is fulfilled."

Mrs. Abels was the nearest neighbor of the Burger family, and lived on a small pension and the little she now and then earned by sewing and knitting. She had accidentally heard the harsh words of the baker's boy and made up her mind to see that the children should have something good to eat.

The young ones did full justice to the cake and raisin bread, and Mrs. Burgers was happy because her table now presented an inviting appearance. About an hour after Willie's return, Mrs. Abels came over to congratulate him. She was overwhelmed with thanks on all sides. She placed a bit of paper into Willie's hand, which proved to be a ten-gulden note.

"But this we cannot take, Mrs. Abels," said Willie's mother. "No, we must not do it. You are too liberal. You need the money yourself."

Burgers too remonstrated, while Willie was trying to hand the note back to Mrs. Abels.

"No, my dear boy! Just keep the money. I have not much myself; but we are here to help each other, and I am always pleased when I can give pleasure to some one. But now let me take a good look at you, my dear boy."

Thus the good woman brought the controversy to a close, by changing the conversation to Willie's dress, whereby she fully conquered the heart of Mrs. Burgers.

"An excellent woman," said Burgers when Mrs. Abels had gone. "Yes, who would have thought it," replied his wife. "This is the second surprise of to-day. You see the Lord has not deserted us."

After vespers the distribution of premiums for excellence in Christian doctrine took place in presence of the congregation. The silent hopes of Willie and his mother were realized, for Willie received the first premium. Again the boy's mother wept for joy, when her son went to the altar-railing, to receive his prize, while the priest held the boy up to the rest as a model. When the distribution was over, the priest met Willie's mother and congratulated her publicly.

"If the boy wishes to study he shall do it at my expense," said the good priest. "I am too busy to-day, but during the week I shall call, and we can then make the necessary arrangements."

Willie was to study, and perhaps become a priest! She had often thought of it, but had not dared to utter such a hope or wish. And now the pastor offered to defray the expenses! Was this good fortune really in store for her son?

Her husband had no objection, and Willie was too happy to find words.

"How different this day passed than I expected," Mrs. Burgers said in the evening, when the children had been sent to bed and Willie was with his parents in the room, "I feared to-day would bring many disappointments for us, and now it has been a day of pleasant surprises."

Just then the door bell rang, and when Mrs. Burgers went to the store she found a well-dressed gentleman there.

"Good evening! Do Burgers live here?"

Receiving an affirmative reply, the gentleman asked:

"Is the little bridegroom up yet? I am a little late, but could not come sooner. Then he is up yet? May I see him and congratulate him?"

Mrs. Burgers did not know what to think of this. How did the fine gentleman know them, and why did he come so late yet to congratulate her boy? Were the surprises to have no end? She brought her late visitor into the room, where her husband and her boy were as much taken by surprise as he had been.

"Little groom, I congratulate you most heartily, for yours has been a great happiness to-day. I must also praise you for having received the first premium." With those words he pressed a double gulden into the boy's hands, who was so astonished that he could not utter a word.

"You are too kind, sir," said Mrs. Burgers.

"Well mother, he is a good boy and deserves a gift. And now let me tell you the object of my visit. I think I am bearer of good news."

Good news? What might it be? Burgers and his wife looked mystified at the stranger.

"I am the brother of Madame de Royen. Her son, my God-child, made his first Holy Communion

to-day, and I came to see him. I was present this afternoon when the premiums were distributed, and heard that your son took the first prize. As the boy made a very good impression on me, I inquired after his parents. Then my sister told me," turning to Burgers, "that you were foreman for a contractor, but had at present no employment. Since I am a

trembling voice; "I cannot tell you how grateful I am. You save a whole family through your kind offer."

"Well, I am pleased that I can do you a favor. And now I wish you all good night. I shall return to-morrow to speak about details. Good-bye, little groom. You see the first prize has already brought good results. Remain good, and you shall never want. Good night all."

When the stranger had departed, Burgers took Willie into his arms and said, kissing him tenderly: "This good fortune we owe to you, my dear boy."

Willie returned his father's kiss and whispered: "I asked the Lord this morning so earnestly for this favor, and knew my prayer would be heard."



A MIGHTY FORCE.

THE age in which we live demands individual forces. The call is for men of earnestness, energy and personal devotion, and not for effeminate parodies on the name of man—for men, Catholic men, who, if it is necessary, will stand alone in the defense of truth and the glorious inheritance of their ancestors. And let this individual power be combined with the associated effort that characterizes our age; let our Catholic societies be composed of men, any one of whom, by the sheer force of his steadfast convictions, will be a tower of strength, and we shall have an agency for carrying on the work of true reform, such as the world never beheld. These associations will constitute a force as mighty, in morals, as are the great agencies of nature which are employed to improve our physical condition. No Catholic

builder and have heard only good of you, I offer you the place of my foreman, who died a few weeks ago. Will you accept the position?"

It was touching to see the strong man tremble like a reed and unable to say a word.

"I understand you. My unexpected offer, especially on a day like this, has unnerved you."

"Yes, it is true, dear sir," spoke Burgers, with

pastor who loves his young ever intended that an organization into which he has gathered them should be a galvanized corpse. He intended that there should be within its enclosure living forms with brains, with flesh and muscles and strength, with arms to strike for the truth and right, and with hearts to feel for and to sympathize with him who feels and sympathizes so much with them.

HOW TOMMY WAS CURED OF SMOKING.

TOMMY ANDREWS was just fourteen years old, and felt himself to be quite a man. He had finished his course at the parochial school, and the following week would see him with his father, who was a plumber. It was recreation at the school, and Tommy found himself surrounded by a group of admiring boys, who looked with longing eyes at the huge silver timepiece with which his father had presented him that morning.

"I tell you what, boys," he was saying, "it's mighty fine to be out of school and your own master, and father says I can have a holiday and do just as I want all week. I mean to make good use of my time, too," and Tommy nodded wisely.

"What are you going to do, Tommy?" asked one of the boys.

"Smoke," answered Tommy, shortly.

"Oh!" cried Johnny Ellis, "you mustn't. Father William says it is wrong."

"Not for me," said Tommy. "For you little shavers it would be, but when a fellow's fourteen years old, and has a silver watch and is going into business next week, why, of course, it's all right. All men smoke; it looks well," and Tommy put his hands in his pockets with the air of one who knew.

"Well, I'll be fourteen next month, and I mean to smoke then," said Jimmy Long.

"I don't care," said Johnny Ellis. "Father William wouldn't always keep telling us not to smoke if he didn't have good reasons for doing it; besides, he's older and has had more experience."

"My gracious, Johnny, you preach as well as Father William himself," and Tommy looked pleased at the laugh his speech caused. When it is your birthday, and you spend a quarter for apples and peanuts, everybody is apt to think you are funny.

A few days later, Tommy was walking along the street in full enjoyment of his first cigar, a fragrant Havana, the sort that retailed three for a nickel; the ends of the other two were sticking out of his breast pocket where every one could see them.

"I tell you," said Tommy to himself, "nothing makes a fellow feel so much like a man as a cigar," and he blew the cloud of smoke away from his face and watched it melt into the air. "I wish the boys could see me; I've a great mind to walk past the school. Some one is sure to see me," and Tommy puffed harder than ever at the thought of the sensation he would make.

"Good morning, Thomas, my lad," said a cheery, well-known voice, and Father William linked his arm into that of the boy.

Tommy raised his hand to remove his cigar, but Father William said: "No, no, my lad, don't stop smoking on my account. It looks well, sort of manly and big, and you know you are going into business

on Monday. You haven't been to see your friends since you left. Well, I am just going to make my rounds of the classes; so you may as well come with me. Your teacher will be glad to see you;" and talking in this strain, Father William led Tommy along until the school was reached.

"Don't throw your cigar away," he said, noticing a movement on Tommy's part. "Keep it in your mouth," and as he spoke Father William threw open the door of the primary class, and ushered Tommy in. The Sister in charge shook hands with him pleasantly, and then they passed on into another room. Class after class was visited, up-stairs and down-stairs--Tommy still holding the cigar between his lips. But he was not smoking. Oh, no! he was simply waiting till the visit was ended, so he could throw it away. At last, the top of the house was reached; only one room more, and Tommy began to breathe easier, though his head ached curiously and he felt sort of funny.

"Now we'll go over to the girls' side," said Father William, as the door closed behind them.

Tommy's heart sank and his cheeks flushed with mortification. If he could only run away—but that was impossible, for Father William never relinquished his hold of his arm.

How the girls looked at Tommy! He had wanted to make a sensation, and he was certainly succeeding beyond his wildest expectations.

The rooms seemed to grow warmer, and the air was so close that Tommy felt dizzy. He really could not have walked through all the rooms if it had not been for Father William's strong arm, which was a sort of support.

The last room was visited and they descended the long stairs. Each step Tommy thought would be his last. Down, down they went, until the front door was reached; then only did Father William let go his grasp, and as he opened the door he shook Tommy's hand with a hearty grip, saying: "Very glad to have seen you, Thomas. You must come again; in fact, come often; you will always be welcome."

Tommy's first act on reaching the street was to fling away, not only his half-smoked cigar, but the other two as well. Then he rushed home, threw himself on his bed, and, yes, I am forced to admit, though he was almost a man—fourteen years old—he burst into tears and cried like a baby.

It was a whole day before Tommy left his room again, and to this moment he does not know what made him sick, whether that long walk through the school was too much for him, or whether it was that first cigar, which was his last as well.

But Father William knew, and he would not tell, though his eyes always twinkled when he met Tommy.

MARY CONQUERS VIOLENT PASSION.

A YOUTH who had committed many sins against holy purity and was addicted to many evil habits, went to confession to Father Nicholas Zucchi,



in Rome. The good priest received him kindly, had great compassion on him in his miserable state, and told him that devotion to the Blessed Virgin alone could free him from the detestable habitual vice of impurity. He then gave him as a penance until his next confession to say one Hail Mary every morning and evening, to offer up to her his eyes, his hands, his heart, and his whole body, and to beg her to take them into her keeping as her special property, and then three times to kiss the floor. The youth faithfully performed this penance, still no great amendment was perceptible. His confessor, however, recommended him never to

omit this prayer, and encouraged him to have every confidence in the powerful protection of Mary. The

youth shortly afterwards with some of his companions left Rome and traveled abroad for several years. On his return he again called upon his former confessor, whose joy and admiration were great at finding him entirely changed and perfectly free from his former vices. "Tell me, my dear child," his confessor asked, "how have you caused this happy change of life?" The youth replied: "The Blessed Virgin Mary obtained this great grace for me on account of the little devotion you taught me." But that was not all. When the worthy priest related the fact in the pulpit, a captain, who for many years has led a life of sinful intimacy with a wicked woman, was present. He resolved to perform this devotion in order to break the chains of sin, and the result was that he really and effectually renounced his evil habit and changed his life.

Behold! such graces God bestows upon us through the intercession of his Mother. Therefore have confidence in her, and never fail to invoke her intercession in all your necessities. If you are addicted to an habitual sin, which occasions you many temptations and causes you to fall again and again, adopt the practice of this young man. Say a Hail Mary every morning and evening in honor of the Mother of God; dedicate yourself to her as her property, and then humbling yourself, kiss the floor. You may hope with confidence, if you only have the earnest and sincere will to amend, that Mary will help you, and that you will soon be released from the galling chains of your sinful habit.

SLEEP AND DEATH.

THE angel of slumber and the angel of death, fraternally locked in each other's arms, wandered over the earth. It was evening; they reclined upon a hillside, and the habitations of men were not far off; a sad stillness pervaded the air, and the evening bell of the village was hushed.

Still and silent, as is their manner, the two beneficent genii of mankind reposed in a mournful embrace, and night came rapidly on. Then the angel of slumber rose from his mossy couch, and softly scattered from his hand the invincible slumber-seeds. The wind of night wafted them to the quiet dwellings of the wearied husbandmen, and forthwith sweet sleep descended upon the inhabitants of the cottages, from the gray-haired sire to the cradled infant. The sick man forgot his pains; the unhappy his sorrows; the poor his cares—every eye was closed. And now, his benign labors being ended, the kind angel of slumber again lay down by the side of his thoughtful brother, and said cheerfully: "When the red morning awakes, then will mankind bless me as their friend and benefactor. Oh! how sweet it is to do good unseen, and in secret! how delightful is our duty!"

Thus spake the friendly angel of slumber: the angel of death looked upon him with silent sorrow, and a tear, such as immortals shed, gathered in his large dark eye.

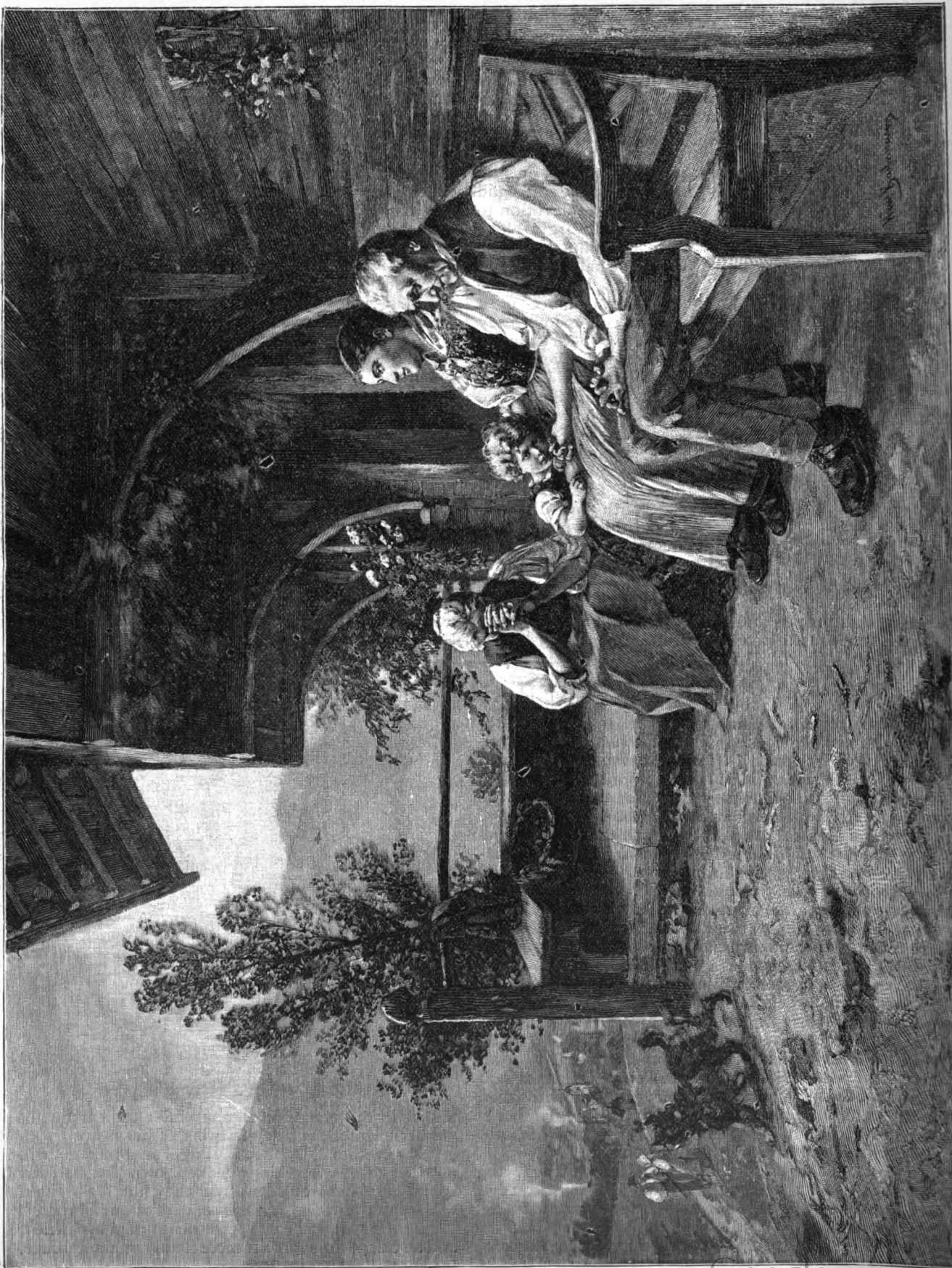
"Alas!" said he, "that I cannot, like thyself,



rejoice in the gratitude of mankind: the earth calls me her enemy, and the disturber of her peace."

"My brother!" replied the angel of slumber, "will not the good, when they awaken, own thee as their friend and benefactor, and will they not bless thee? Are we not brothers and messengers of our Father?"

Thus he spake; the eye of the death-angel sparkled, and he clasped his brother more fondly in his embrace.



AVE MARIA!

THE night has fled;
The morning red
Empurples mountain, hill and vale:
Let mankind all unite to hail
The Virgin pure who bore
The Christ whom all adore:
Bells everywhere
Call us to prayer:
Ave Maria!

The sun so high
In mid-day sky
Resplendent rays cast far and near:
Let there be hailed with voices clear
The Virgin fair and bright,
Outshining solar light:
Bells everywhere
Call us to prayer:
Ave Maria!

The stars so bright
At break of night
In Heaven's firmament appear:
Let there be hailed our Mother dear
Who faithful through the night
Is watching at our side:
Bells everywhere
Call us to prayer:
Ave Maria!
—J. STOMMEL.

THE ASSOCIATION

OF THE HOLY MASS IN HONOR OF THE HOLY GHOST.

1. The Association of the Holy Mass has for its object the greater glory of the Holy Ghost and the welfare of its members.

2. Every Catholic may be enrolled in the same. The enrolment consists in adding one's name to the list of members as is explained in No. 8.

3. Every member should have one Holy Mass offered in the course of each year, if possible, on a Monday, in honor of the Holy Ghost, for the welfare of both the living and the deceased members, according to the intention of the Association.* That it may be the more acceptable to the Holy Ghost and the more fruitful to all members, this Holy Mass shall be offered according to the following three intentions:

a. The first intention is: the greater glory of the Holy Ghost. Let us adore His infinite Majesty, let us thank Him for His manifold graces and blessings, let us render satisfaction to Him for our disobedience and sins, let us implore His divine mercy for ourselves and for all men.

b. The second intention is: the temporal and eternal welfare of him who has the Holy Mass offered, as also of those near and dear to him, in order that they may obtain from the Holy Ghost help in all their necessities, and particularly the grace of a happy death.

c. The third intention is: the temporal and eternal welfare, and the grace of a happy death of all members. Besides, these Holy Masses are to obtain a speedy delivery of the deceased members of the Association from the pains of purgatory.

4. The names of deceased persons may also be enrolled in the Association, in order that they may

* A priest can celebrate himself Mass according to this intention.

partake of the fruits of the Holy Masses offered according to these intentions. For the membership of a deceased person it is requisite that seven Holy Masses be offered according to the intention of the Association in honor of the Holy Ghost, either at once or one each year during the space of seven years.

5. Persons who cannot have Holy Masses said, either because they are too poor or because they are religious, who cannot dispose of property, shall hear three Holy Masses and receive Holy Communion once a year according to the intention of the Association of the Holy Mass.

6. Moreover, members ought to cultivate a great devotion to the Holy Ghost and try to promulgate the same. It is advisable to recite daily the prayer of the Association.

7. The Mission-house of St. Gabriel near Moedling in Austria forms the central organization of this Association. At this place Holy Mass is offered each Monday according to the above-mentioned first and third intention, so that all members living as well as deceased may be made partakers of the fruits of these Holy Masses.

8. To be enrolled in the Association of the Holy Mass application should be made to the Superior of the Mission house of St. Gabriel,

Moedling, near Vienna, Austria, and in the United States to the Society of the Divine Word at Milton, Pa.; an alms should be sent to defray printing, postage, and sundry expenses. The balance, if any should remain, is used for the education of poor students for missionary labors.

9. His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. by a decree of March 17, 1896, has granted a plenary indulgence



HOLY MASS.

to all members on the day* they join the Association of the Holy Mass, if after true contrition and confession they receive Holy Communion and pray according to the intention of the Holy Father, and also a plenary indulgence at the moment of death, if likewise after true contrition and confession they receive Holy Communion, or this being impossible, they pronounce the holy name of Jesus with their lips or at least invoke it in their heart.

PRAYER OF THE ASSOCIATION.

In the love of the Father and of the Son I offer up to Thee, O Eternal Love, God Holy Ghost, all the works and fruits of Thy infinite charity and with it all the thoughts, words, actions and suffer-

* Wherefore members when applying shall appoint the day of their enrolment.

ings of this day, to give Thee due honor, to render unto Thee acceptable thanks for all Thy graces, to satisfy for all the wrongs committed against Thee, and to implore triumph of Holy Mother Church. Through Christ our Lord. Amen.

Holy Mary, immaculate Spouse of the Holy Ghost, pray for us.

PETITION FOR DIVINE GRACE.

O Holy Ghost, Father of love and of true consolation; I humbly beseech Thee to communicate Thyself to my mind and heart as Thou didst to Mary and Joseph, the holy Apostles, and all the Martyrs of love. Transform my spirit into that of Jesus, let my heart share in the abundance of graces of the Divine Heart of Jesus, so that it may be an agreeable temple to Thee. Amen.

A PAIR OF BOOTS

THAT CHANGED THE DESTINIES OF NATIONS.



PAIR of boots once changed the destiny of nations!

One morning in the winter of 1790, a young man sat in the reading room of one of the largest public libraries in Paris, looking over a pile of newspapers. The youth was a slight, boyish figure, but his pale face, with its magnetic gray eyes, aquiline nose, perfectly chiseled mouth and strongly marked individuality, would have distinguished its owner in any crowd.

After the fashion of the period, the young man wore long hair, falling down over his shoulders. His costume was a faded uniform, fairly presentable, but the general effect was spoiled by a huge pair of army boots which came up considerably above his knees.

At the moment when this visitor to the library was introduced to the reader, his eyes were upon a newspaper before him, but his thoughts were fixed upon his boots. They were the shabbiest boots in the world, full of holes, and the feet of the wearer were literally on the ground.

Among the visitors at that early hour were several young officers, who merely nodded to the shabby newspaper reader, and then crossed over to the other side of the room. Nobody cared to talk to him, and he greeted those who spoke to him with a haughty reserve which repelled them.

"Bonaparte has been ruder and crosser than ever," said one officer to another, "since he got into trouble."

"It is a pity," was the answer. "I went to school with him at Brienne and fought by his side at Toulon. He is a born soldier and deserves a better fate."

Then the conversation took a wider range, and the revolutionary government was freely criticised for dispensing with the service of such men as Bonaparte. Two or three of the officers had just been suspended, and they would readily have cultivated friendly relations with the solitary reader of the files if his stern look had not kept them away.

Finally one of the group rose to go. "That

man," he said, pointing to Bonaparte, "makes me feel uncomfortable. Poor devil, he is at the end of his row. He is trying to get an appointment to India, but if he gets it he has no way to go there. They tell me he lives on one plate of soup a day. He cannot afford an outfit, nor pay traveling expenses. Look at his boots!"

There was a subdued laugh at this, and the talk soon drifted to more agreeable subjects.

A messenger entered the room and delivered a large envelope to the gloomy reader at the desk.

Bonaparte tore open the missive and read it at a glance.

It was the long-looked-for appointment.

The man in the faded uniform thrust the document into his pocket, and leaving the desk walked to a secluded corridor, where he paced the floor for some time, apparently in profound thought.

"The appointment comes too late," he said, half aloud. "If it had come one short week ago, when LaRose was alive, he would have let me have the money I need; but who will help me now that I am under the ban, and with no friends in high places? Let me see. The uniform can be made to do, and I have offer of free passage—but these boots!"

He glanced down at the disreputable articles in question, which covered nearly half of his slender person, and made the most conspicuous part of his costume.

"They are even worse than they look," he muttered. "The soles are worn out, and my bare feet touch the icy pavement in spots. By the time I reach India there will be nothing left but the legs and uppers. A new pair would cost fifty francs, and I have less than five. Where can I borrow some money or buy a pair of boots on credit? That is the question."

He struck his forehead with his hand excitedly.

"I have it!" he exclaimed. "Old Paoli is a Corsican. My family befriended him, and my father saved his life from a mob. He is a money-lender, rich and with no one to support. If he has a spark of gratitude he will lend me the money."

Shortly after the dinner hour that day a young man wearing a faded uniform emerged from the den of Paoli, the money-lender, in one of the vilest quarters of Paris.

His face was dark with anger, and as he walked rapidly away he soliloquized wrathfully.

"The ungrateful brute!" he muttered. "Not a franc would he lend me, and so my position in India is lost. A man cannot go half-way round the globe barefooted to take command of a regiment. Very well, Monsieur Paoli, we shall see. Life has many surprises, and your turn will come."

The people along the street were beginning to stare at this strange youth, when he suddenly relapsed into silence and assumed a more composed demeanor.

Taking the Indian appointment from his pocket, he tore it into a dozen bits, and then threw them one by one into the mud as he walked along.

When he reached the cheap restaurant where he usually dined, he entered and called for a plate of soup.

That was his breakfast, dinner and supper for the day, and for weeks he had not been able to afford anything better.

Ten days later young Bonaparte was made commander of all the troops stationed in Paris.

The tide in his affairs had turned, and fame, power and fortune were within his grasp. With a relentless hand he suppressed the revolt in the city, and in the general slaughter old Paoli was killed by a random shot.

His failure to get a pair of boots when he needed them made this wonderful man stay in Paris until he attracted the attention of Barras.

After that the young soldier of fortune found everything easy. He had hardly thrown away his old pair of boots before he was carving his way to the throne.

This incident has been mentioned by many historians, but they have dismissed it with only a passing notice. And yet, it suggests volumes of comment. It shows how the little things and small affairs of life may unexpectedly change or shape the fate of nations.

With a new pair of boots on the day when he received his Indian appointment, Bonaparte would never have made himself master of Europe—would never have worn a crown. And he would have escaped Waterloo and St. Helena.

DENTIST (to his assistant, who is going to pull a man's tooth).—You must be very pleasant to that gentleman—he has a whole mouthful of teeth left.

Fabian.—Is that newspaper friend of yours still on space?

Mixby.—I guess so; he was blown up in a naphtha launch last week, and hasn't been seen since.

"Every time I ask my husband to get me a new dress he quotes that proverb about beauty unadorned being adorned the most."

"Really, dear, I can not see what that has to do with the case."

David was only five years old; but he was very anxious to be a man. One day when he had been thinking about the matter he came to his mamma and said: "O, mamma, I do wish I had a vest and a bald head!"

Teacher.—As an example in fractions, suppose a man kept a butcher shop and a customer called for five pounds of meat, and he had only four to sell, what would the butcher do?

Johnny (a butcher's bright son).—Keep his hand on the meat while he was weighing it.

"So you were at the opera last night?"

"Yes."

"How were the voices?"

"Excellent. The way those boys rendered 'Opera books—books of the opera!' left an impression on the audience that will not soon be forgotten."

There is a man in Brixton who has such a hatred of anything like monarchy that he won't wear a crown to his hat.

Amiable Mother—Here, Tommy, is some nice castor oil, with orange in it.

Doctor—Now, remember, don't give it all to Tommy; leave some for me.

Tommy (who has had some before)—Doctor's a nice man, ma; give it all to the doctor.

"I would like you to come to our house and settle a bet," said the family man to the X-ray expert.

"Settle a bet?" repeated the scientist, wonderingly.

"Yes; my wife said she saw me put my cuff buttons in the bureau drawer, and I bet her \$10 the baby swallowed them."

Mamma.—I heard that you were a very naughty boy to day. Now tell me all about it.

Bobby (with a sudden access of modesty).—Teacher says it isn't polite to talk too much about yourself.

"And now, little children," said the Sunday-school superintendent, "if you are good children, some day you may wear a golden crown."

"Pa's got one on his tooth now," chirped the smallest and newest boy.

"Your wife seems anxious to be up to date, Tugby." "Up to date? She's way ahead. She's got a lot of trouble borrowed for year after next."

The client complained that his lawyer said "You can talk freely with me," and then sent him a bill.

"I think Nell's new photos must be exactly like her." "Why?" "She hasn't shown them to a living soul."

Hoax: "Does Silicus know anything about music?" Joax: "No; he doesn't know the difference between a string orchestra and a rubber band."



THE HEROIC ACT OF CHARITY.

THE pious work known by this name consists in a voluntary act made in behalf of the souls in purgatory, done by oneself in this life, as well as of all suffrages which shall be offered for him after his death: he thereby depositing them in the hands of the Blessed Virgin in favor of those suffering souls whom it is her good pleasure to deliver from the pains of purgatory, declaring at the same time that by this offering he only foregoes in their behalf that special fruit of Holy Mass which belongs to himself; so that, if he be a priest, he is not hindered from applying the holy sacrifice for the intention of those who gave him a stipend.

This act, although sometimes styled a vow, is such by no means. It is simply an intention, and does not bind under pain of sin. In making it, there is no need of a special formula, since, in order to share in the indulgences granted for it, no more is required than an act of the will.

Indulgences were granted for the Heroic Act of Charity by Popes Benedict XIII., August 23d, 1728;

Pius VI., December 12th, 1788, and Pius IX., September 30th, 1852. They are as follows:

(1) The personal indult of a privileged altar every day to all priests who have made this offering. (2) A plenary indulgence for the departed souls to all the faithful who have made this offering, whenever they receive holy Communion, under the usual conditions. (3) A plenary indulgence every Monday to all who assist at Mass in suffrage for the souls in purgatory, when they have made this act. (4) Pope Pius IX., having regard for the young who are not as yet communicants, as well as to the sick, the aged, farm laborers, prisoners, and others who are unable to receive holy Communion, and who cannot assist at Mass on Mondays, declared, by decree of November 20th, 1854, that the faithful who cannot hear Mass on Monday, may gain the indulgence granted for that day on Sunday; and that in favor of those who are as yet not communicants, or who are prevented from receiving holy Communion, he permits the respective ordinaries to authorize confessors to commute the works enjoined.

AN INCIDENT IN A BOY'S LIFE.

A BUSINESS man in Philadelphia was asked for a letter of recommendation by one of the younger clerks in his employ, who wished to go to New York. The letter was given him, and the man shook hands cordially with the lad, wished him good luck, and then said: "Stay at home at night, my boy, in that big city. Until you have friends, make friends of books. By the way, here's a guide to show you how to choose them," and he handed him a dictionary of authors which lay on his desk.

He was a man who filled his life with friendly acts, and this one being one of many was soon forgotten by him. Forty years afterward a valuable and important library was given by its collector to

the city of New York, for the use of young men. On the day that he made the gift he wrote to the Philadelphian, now an old man: "I was the lad whom you once counseled to make use of books. I knew almost nothing of them then; but your advice shamed and excited me. I studied the dictionary of authors, and began to study their writings. I have grown rich, but books have been my only luxury."

The kindly word to a friendless boy had been a seed yielding a great harvest, which countless friendless boys will reap.

Never fear to bring the sublimest comfort to the smallest trouble.



GOD KNOWS.

GOD only knows what fate the coming morrow
Holds in its close-shut hand—
What wave of joy, what whelming tide of sorrow
May flood my heart's dry land.

But whether laughter, with its bounding billow,
Rolls up in joyous swell,
Or sorrow darkly flows beneath the willow,
I still will say, 'Tis well.

And I will strew my seed upon the waters—
The sweet soil lies below—
Whether with smiles or tears it little matters,
So it may spring and grow.

I know my hand may never reap its sowing,
And yet some other may;
And I may never even see it growing—
So short my little day!

Still must I sow: Though I may go forth weeping
I cannot, dare not, stay;
God grant a harvest! though I may be sleeping
Under the shadows gray.

I know not but the ruthless frosts may wither,
The worms may eat my rose;
There may not be one flower or sheaf to gather,
Blindly I wait—God knows.

GOING TO LEAVE THE FARM.

THE work of the farmhouse was over for the day; the children—with the exception of the oldest son, who had gone to the village—were in bed, and in the big comfortable kitchen Farmer Harwood, his wife and his wife's sister, Mrs. Lucas, were sitting around a center table. The farmer was reading a paper, his wife was putting a patch on the knee of little Harry's diminutive knickerbockers, and Mrs. Lucas was crocheting a hood of blue and white zephyr for a small niece.

There was silence in the kitchen, save for the snapping of the fire in the stove, the ticking of the big eight-day clock in the corner, and the rustle of the farmer's newspaper; and when Mrs. Harwood sighed deeply, both her sister and her husband looked up in surprise.

"What's the matter, Sarah?" asked the latter. "That sigh was the loudest I ever heard you give. Has anything gone wrong? You look as though you had a big load on your mind."

"I have," answered the wife. "And it is a load you must share, John. I have borne it alone as long as I can bear it. There is great trouble in store for us, husband—George is going to leave the farm."

The newspaper fell to the floor, and for a moment the farmer looked at his wife, too much surprised to utter a word.

"Going to leave the farm!" he replied at last. "Sarah, you must be dreaming."

Mrs. Harwood shook her head sadly.

"I wish I were," she said. "No, John, it is true, George has made up his mind to leave it. I have noticed for months past that he seemed dissatisfied and restless, and since you sold Vixen he has grumbled a great deal about work and the dullness of his life. And to-day I heard him say to Jasper Flint that he would not be here a month from now; that he had enough of farm life; and if we refused our consent to it he would run away and take his chances."

"We'll see about that," said the farmer angrily. "Consent to it! I rather think not! I won't consider it for a moment. What would he be a year from now, if I let him go? He'd fall in with all sorts of rascals in the city, get us all into trouble. Besides, I need him here. It'll be ten years at least

before Harry can take his place, and he's got to stay if I've got to tie him down."

"Why don't you make him want to stay, John?" asked the gentle voice of his sister-in-law.

"If he's got the city fever on him, all the talk in the world would'n't do any good," rejoined the farmer. "He wouldn't listen to a word."

"Don't talk. Don't let him ever suspect that you are aware of his desire to leave you. Try a new plan, John, a plan I have been thinking of all day."

"The best plan I know is to tell him my mind freely, without any beating about the bush, and the sooner it's done the better."

"Now, John, don't be above taking a woman's advice. Let me tell you how to deal with George. I have been here three months now, and have taken a deep interest in the boy. I have seen his dissatisfaction, and recognized the cause. I have heard him talking to Jasper Flint more than once, and only yesterday I heard him say that if he went to the city what he earned would be his own, but that here he worked from dawn to dark, and was no better off at the end of the year than at the beginning. He says Tom Blythe, who is in a grocery store in the city, gets twelve dollars a week, and Tom is only seventeen. Now if you want George to stay on the farm, give him an interest in it, John. He is eighteen years old, and has worked faithfully for you ever since he could talk plain. He has his food and lodging, and two suits of clothes a year, to be sure, but all he actually owns is the collie dog which is always at his heels. You even sold the only horse you had that was fit for the saddle, and George was extremely fond of Vixen."

"It seems a pity to keep a horse that no one but George ever rode," said the farmer, "and she was too light for work. I'm a poor man, Hester, and can't afford playthings for my children."

"You can better afford to keep an extra horse than to have your son leave you, John. Whom could you get that would take the interest in the work that George has? You have thought it only right that George should do a big share toward running the farm, and have considered your duty done in giving him a home. You are disposed to think him ungrateful because he wants to leave you.

Every year his services are more valuable. The boy is ambitious, and is not satisfied to travel in a circle. He wants to make some headway, and it's only natural."

The farmer leaned his head on his hand, a look of deep thought on his grave, weather-beaten face. His gentle sister-in-law's plain speaking had given rise to thoughts which had never before entered his head.

"I believe you are more than half right, Hester," he said at last. "I'll think it all over to-night, and make up my mind what to do. I'd be lost here without George, and he shan't leave the farm if I can help it."

"Force won't keep him, John; remember that," and Mrs. Lucas, feeling that she had said enough, folded up her work, and taking up a lamp from the shelf by the stove, went upstairs to her own room.

Just at daybreak she was aroused from a sound sleep by the sound of horse's hoofs in the yard, and looking out of the window saw John trotting away on Roan.

"Where can he be going at this hour?" When she came down stairs at six o'clock, George was standing by the kitchen table, having just come in with two pails of milk. His face wore a discontented, unhappy look, and he merely nodded in return to his aunt's cheery, "Good morning."

A few minutes later his father entered, but George, who had gone to one of the windows and was looking out dejectedly, did not even glance up.

"You were out early, John," said Mrs. Lucas. "I heard you ride away at daybreak."

"Yes, I went to Pine Edge on a matter of business."

"That's where you sold Vixen, papa, isn't it?" asked little Harry, and Mrs. Lucas saw a quiver pass over George's face as the child spoke.

"Yes, my boy, I sold Vixen to a lawyer Stanley. George," turning to his son. "I've made up my mind to part with that fifty-acre lot by the river. What do you think of that?"

"Of course you are to get a good price for it, sir," said the young man indifferently. "It's the best piece of land you have."

"But I haven't. I am going to give it away."

"Give it away!" repeated George, roused out of

his indifference and staring at his father as if he had not heard aright.

"Yes, deeded it, every inch of it, to some one I think a great deal of, and who deserves it," laying his hand on his son's shoulder, and his voice weakened a little. "I'm going to give it to my son, George Harwood, to have and to hold as he sees fit, without question or advice."

"To me! You intend to give that fifty acres to me, father?"

"Yes, my boy, and with my whole heart. You've been a good son, George, and I wish I only were able to do more for you. But I am not a rich man, as you know, and I have your mother and three little ones to provide for, too. Still I want you to have a start, and this fifty-acre lot will yield you a handsome profit. You can have three days a week to call your own, and that will give you a chance to work, and if you choose to break that pair of young oxen I bought the other day from Bagley, you can have them for your trouble."

"This—this seems to be too much, sir," stammered George, "I don't know how to thank you."

"Too much! Then I don't know what you'll say to this," and the farmer took his son by the arm and led him out on the porch. "There's another present for you, my boy."

"Vixen!" The word came from George's lips with a long sigh of joy, and with one bound he was at the side of the black mare he had thought never to see again, and had both arms about her neck. "Oh, father, I'd rather have Vixen than anything else in this world!"

And he buried his face in the pretty creature's mane, and in spite of his eighteen years, fairly broke down and sobbed.

That ended George's desire to leave the farm. He was never again heard to mention the subject, and he grumbled no more about hard work and the monotony of his life, but in every way tried to show his appreciation of his father's kindness. In fact, John Harwood was wont to say occasionally in confidence to his wife that he had reason to bless his sister-in-law for her good advice, and that he owed it to her that he had a stalwart arm to lean on in advancing years.

But George never knew to what he owed the change in his fortune.

NEVER DESPAIR.

HOWEVER low you may stand in the intellectual scale, be satisfied that it depends upon yourself to raise yourself to a high rank, if not to the very highest one. You may feel yourself in darkness, you may deem yourself a while to be incapable of original thought, but then you are no worse off than your neighbors. They were all in the same predicament till they brought out their capacity for themselves. What is said to one should be said to all. Do but read and meditate, and if you only persist in the experiment, you will, infallibly, in spite of yourself, succeed. You will have difficulties, severe difficulties to encounter, but, if you take to your heart, as you well may, the assurance

that you must vanquish them at last, your toil might be a true pleasure, your contest a prolonged delight, and what though the night be lengthened to your expectations? The dawn will surely appear to him who has patience to await, and to dwell steadily upon his purpose. For the angelic nature is not raised higher above the human than is the nature of the thoughtful mind above that of the unthinking one. Therefore press forward to your calling, not anxiously, but hopefully and strenuously.

Go on in your studies, and what is more important still, continually exercise yourself on what you have learned, and, God's benediction resting upon your work, your perseverance He will crown with success.



THE PRUSSIAN-IRISH GRENADIER.



DURING the reign of Frederick II. of Prussia, the tallest man in the Grenadier Guards was an Irishman named Patrick Doyle. In the same company was a Corporal Muller, who subjected Patrick to all kinds of petty annoyances, because the Irish giant was two inches taller than himself. The king at this time usually took long, solitary rides into the country, dressed in the plainest garb.

One day he sallied forth from the celebrated Brandenburg Gate, and rode into the country unattended.

When about eight miles from Berlin he saw a young woman of gigantic stature digging in the fields. This young person was but 19 years of age, but she stood 7 feet 2 inches in her shoes. She was so tall that it was positively an inconvenience to her. If during the holidays in carnival times she came to Berlin, a rabble followed her in the streets; if she accompanied her friends to a theater, there was always an outcry from the persons behind her that she was to sit down, though, poor thing, she was already seated; if she visited the public gardens to see the fireworks, some in the crowd were always sure to exclaim that one solitary female was standing on a chair, and that it was unfair to the others. People who did not like to be overlooked complained that she peeped in at their first floor front windows. The poor girl had once to travel from Berlin to Magdeburg, and she was compelled to ride with her head out at the window of the diligence the whole journey, for she could not sit upright in the carriage. In short, she was too long.

But not so thought the King of Prussia. We have before alluded to his predilection for tall soldiers, and he imagined, on looking at this splendid female specimen, that if she was mated with an equally tall specimen of the other sex, a couple of the kind must produce very large children.

The regiment in which Pat Doyle served was now again quartered in Berlin.

Frederick viewed this young peasant with almost as much delight as King Arthur beheld Glumdalcha, in the tragedy of "Tom Thumb," so he dismounted, and entered into conversation with her, and was overjoyed to hear that she was a single woman, and that her father was so poor that she was compelled to work in the fields. The King, who was never to be driven out of any project he had once formed, mounted his horse and rode to the nearest house, where, procuring pen, paper and sealing wax, he wrote as follows to Col. Ferhbellein:

"Colonel—You are to marry the bearer of this note to the tallest of my grenadiers. Take care that the ceremony be performed immediately, and in your presence. You must be responsible to me for the execution of this order; it is absolute, and the least delay will make you criminal in my sight.

FREDERICK."

In penning this billet His Majesty had the fortunes of Mr. Doyle in view; but he did not particularize, that he might not cause any unnecessary jealousy among the grenadiers of Col. Ferhbellein's regiment. After he had sealed this epistle he rode

back to the field to the tall young lady, who wondered at the reason of being thus accosted, and gave her the letter, without informing her of its contents, and ordered her to deliver it punctually, according to the direction, and not to fail, as it was an affair of great consequence. His Majesty then made her a handsome present in money, and continued his route.

The tall young woman, who had not the least idea that it was the king who spoke to her, returned home when her work was over. In the cottage where she lived was her aunt, a little shrew, with a turned-up nose, blear-eyed, and smoke-dried, of a pestilent temper, but with no bad opinion of her looks, good sense, and general deportment.

The next day there was some hay to be stacked, and, as the stack had already risen beyond the pitch of the usual run of men laborers, the tall young woman had undertaken to fork it up, and, believing it to be perfectly indifferent whether the letter was delivered by another, so as it came safe to hand, she charged her brisk old aunt with the commission, laying express injunctions on her to say she had it from a man of such a garb and mien.

The old termagant aunt was delighted at the prospect of her trip to Berlin, for she wanted to see the fashions, and to replenish her snuff-box; so she adorned herself in her bright holiday clothes, partook of a plentiful breakfast of cabbage soup, and was soon on the road for the capital.

On her arrival she presented herself at the barracks, and the orderly on duty carried the letter to the Colonel, Count Fehrbellein, who, on receiving this extraordinary mandate in the well-known and revered handwriting of his sovereign, desired the young woman to be conducted to his presence.

At the epithet "young woman," the Colonel was surprised at a grim smile on the countenance of the orderly, as he quitted the apartment. The Colonel was more surprised when the aunt entered and bobbed her best rustic courtesy, but he was sorely puzzled at the contents of the letter, for he could not reconcile them with the age and figure of the bearer.

Yet, the order being peremptory, he thought he could not, without danger of the displeasure of his Sovereign, recede from obeying, so he commanded the orderly to send the adjutant to him. On the arrival of that functionary, the Colonel inquired who was the tallest man among the grenadiers. The adjutant instantly replied that the Irishman, Patrick Doyle, exceeded the whole company in stature.

It then flashed across the mind of the Colonel as he glanced at the shriveled shrew of a woman, that the King, in his own eccentric way, wanted to punish Patrick for a recent misdemeanor, by matching him in so disagreeable a manner. And this was a very natural conjecture. So Pat Doyle was sent for.

The Colonel, prefacing the business, read Frederick's letter. Doyle looked at the little aunt, and, assuming a dejected air, exclaimed:

"Och! what will my mother say?"

"Your mother?" inquired the Colonel.

"Och! yes, your honor," replied Pat, "how is she ever to break the news to my poor wife!"

Mr. Doyle had his mother's wit about him. The excellent Count Ferhbellein, hearing that Doyle was already a married man, and having no means of disproving the assertion, recollected the mandate which says, "They whom heaven hath joined let no man part." But he felt that he must still obey the king's orders, so he suddenly asked the adjutant: "Who was the next tallest grenadier in the regiment?"

The adjutant reflected for a moment, and replied, "Corporal Muller, sir."

"Send him hither."

Pat Doyle was told to leave the room, and it was fortunate that he received the direction, for having looked once more at the queer, puckered, pippin-like countenance of the little woman, he could no longer repress his laughter on thinking of his friend the corporal's luck.

The affair was now opened to Corporal Muller, and His Majesty's commands read to him by the Colonel. The corporal looked very blank, but he dared not disobey the mandate of his sovereign. Accordingly, the regimental chaplain was sent for

and in the presence of the colonel and the adjutant, the little old shrew became for life, to all intents and purposes, Mme. Muller, and she took a large pinch of snuff, exulting for joy, while the bridegroom was as merry as the "Dead March in Saul."

Some time after Frederick expressed a desire to Count Fehrbellein to see the couple he had ordered to be married, when Corporal Muller and his bride were presented to His Majesty. The King lost his usual serenity of temper, and delivered his sentiments of disappointment in no measured terms to the colonel. He was implacable until the little old woman confessed the truth, finishing her tale by raising her eyes to heaven and thanking Providence for conferring on her a benefit as signal and acceptable to her as unexpected.

Frederick, though mortified, could not resist laughing immoderately; but to make some amends to Muller he promoted him.

The promotion, however, did not add to the domestic happiness of Muller, for his wife led him a life of petty annoyances more galling than he had ever inflicted on Pat Doyle or any other of the recruits under drill.

THE STORY OF GIOTTO.



GIOTTO was a little Italian boy, dark-eyed and very poor. He had to be out all day and tend sheep on the hills, but even while caring for the sheep he would draw pictures. He would take chips, and with a piece of charcoal, which he always carried with him, he would draw sheep and lambs, and men and cattle, making them look very natural.

One day, Giotto was tending his sheep, and at the same time drawing on the flat surface of a rock. A man walked up and watched him at his work. The stranger was a distinguished-looking man and richly dressed. When Giotto saw him, he thought he was some prince, and he tried to conceal his drawings for fear of the visitor's ridicule.

"Why do that, my lad?" said the stranger. "You have done nothing to be ashamed of, but rather to be proud of."

"Do you think so?" asked Giotto, joyously. "I was afraid the drawing was incorrect."

"Not at all," answered the man. "Who taught you to be so true to Nature?"

"No one has taught me," replied Giotto. "I have drawn ever since I can remember."

The stranger, meanwhile, was studying the drawing on the rock. It was only that of a sheep, but it was almost perfect, and totally devoid of any conventional treatment.

"It is wonderful," he said. "Such art as you possess ought to make you a great painter."

"And do you think I could ever paint great pictures like those in the churches at Florence? Oh, if I could paint like Cimabue!"

"What would you do if you could?" asked his visitor curiously.

"Oh, I would paint pictures so great and beautiful that the whole world should talk, not of me, but of my work," cried Giotto, in his excitement forgetting everything but his desire to be a painter.

"Come down to the city, to-morrow, and we will look at some of Cimabue's great paintings in the Duomo," said the stranger.

"I cannot leave my sheep," answered Giotto, "and to-morrow will be a holiday, but I should like very much to visit them with you."

"What are you earning a day? If you will tell me, perhaps we may arrange matters satisfactorily."

Giotto named a small sum, equal to about three half-pence of our money.

"Well, here is a pistole," and the man threw a gold coin into the amazed lad's hand. "Now, do not fail me to-morrow," he said, and in another moment he had walked away.

"He must be a prince or a duke to be so rich," thought the boy; and he could scarcely sleep that night thinking of the princely gentleman that had given him the gold, and was to show him great Cimabue's picture at Florence on the morrow.

In the morning his mother combed his long, black, curling locks, and dressed in his best cap and jacket, Giotto went whistling down the Arno, which was even then famous for its arts and treasures. There he found his visitor of the preceding day awaiting him, and together they visited the Duomo and the other cathedrals, where the great works of Cimabue were to be found.

One picture there was that held Giotto spell-bound. It was that of a Madonna and Child—a colossal work designed for an altar-piece. The soft, melancholy face of the infant Christ, who lay in His

mother's lap dressed in a white tunic and a purple mantle shot with gold, completely charmed his fancy.

"Oh, beautiful! beautiful!" he cried, clapping his hands in ecstasy.

"And you do not see a fault in it?" asked his companion.

"Who would look for faults when the whole is so grand, so beautiful?" said the boy, his hands clasped, his eyes gazing with a look of adoration at the sublime creation.

"Nobody, perhaps, but an artist, and you are that, my lad, and there is nothing perfect in this world, you know."

A long time Giotto gazed upwards at the painting, changing his position so as to view it from all sides. At last he sighed.

"Ah, I see you have found a blemish at last," said his guide. "What is it?"

"I do not know. Who am I to dare to criticise a work like that?"

"Out with it, Giotto, or I shall not believe you are a great painter."

"I see nothing," he stammered, "only if there be a fault anywhere, there is an overweight in the size of the Virgin's head as compared with the slightness of her frame."

"Ha! ha! What did I say?" and the man clapped Giotto on the back. "What did I tell you, only that you had great skill, and that you will be a greater painter than I am."

"And you are—"

"The great Cimabue himself, whom all Florence worships; and you, a shepherd-boy of the hills, have dared to criticise a picture that they call faultless."

"Forgive me," he cried. "I did not know."

"There is nothing to forgive," said Cimabue. "You have the genius of a great artist, and henceforth you shall be one of my pupils."

"And you will teach me to be a painter?" said Giotto, his joy being so great that he could hardly speak.

"I will teach you all that I know. Nay, no more thanks. It is I that should thank you. Giotto, your genius surpasses mine, and in the days to come Cimabue's greatest fame will be that you were his pupil."

The shepherd-boy became the great painter of his

age, and the founder of a school. His name is associated with all the greatest names of Italy in his time; he was the friend of Dante, the protegee of Pope Clement V., and the honored guest of King Robert the Wise, of Naples.

In all the churches of Italy to-day you will find his pictures, his paintings full of daring conceptions, and yet so faithfully, so accurately portrayed that the peasant children say when looking at his angels:

"Giotto must have been a real angel to have been able to paint pictures so wonderful."

Florence counts him among her heroes and kings, for it was there, in the beautiful city of the Arno, on whose spires and towers he had gazed so often when a boy, that Giotto did his best and greatest work.

In the Duomo are his pictures, more wonderful far than Cimabue's, and in the heart of the city stands his proudest monument—Giotto was an architect as well as a painter—the glorious Campanile, which he built, and which everybody admires for its grace and beauty.

Not only was Giotto an eminent artist and architect, but he was also the beloved friend of Dante, and of all the great men of the age in which he lived. We are told that he presented a rare union of genius, knowledge and wit, combined with the utmost equanimity of humor and massive good sense. The restorer of portraiture, his pencil has transmitted to our day the features and personalities of his friend Dante, of Brunetto, Latini, Corso, Donati and other celebrated people, and the name of the great artist is enshrined with reverence in all the grand literary works of the times, especially in those of Dante, Boccaccio and Petrarch. Among his principal works may be mentioned "The Coronation of Our Lady," in the Church of Santa Croce at Florence; the famous mosaic "La Naircella," executed at Rome for Pope Boniface VIII., representing St. Peter walking on the waters; the frescoes of the Seven Sacraments, painted at Naples in the Church of the Incoronata; and the frescoes of Assisi, illustrating events in the life of St. Francis. Giotto died in Florence in 1336. A marble monument was erected to his memory by Lorenzo de Medici, in the Church of Santa Maria del Fiore, where the great artist was buried.

A LITTLE BOY'S TROUBLES.

THOUGH when I'd learned my letters
That all my troubles were done,
But I find myself much mistaken,
They only have just begun.
Learning to read was awful,
But nothing like learning to write;
I'd be sorry to have you tell it,
But my copybook is a sight.

The ink gets over my fingers,
The pen cuts all sorts of shines,
And won't do at all as I bid it;
The letters won't stay on the lines,
But go up and down and all over,
As though they were dancing a jig;
They are there in all shapes and sizes,
Medium, little and big.

There'd be some comfort in learning
If one can get through; instead
Of that there are books awaiting,
Quite enough to craze my head;
There's the multiplication table
And grammar, and—oh, dear me!
There's no good place for stopping
When one has begun, I see.

My teacher says little by little
To the mountain top we climb;
It isn't all done in a minute,
But only a step at a time.
She says that all the scholars,
All the wise and learned men,
Had each to begin as I do;
If that's so—where's my pen?

THE ROSARY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

THE Rosary is that form of prayer in which meditation on the great truths of religion and vocal prayer are combined. In its present form, it was first used by St. Dominic in the conversion of the Albigenses. The meditations are made on the chief events in the life of our Lord and His blessed Mother. These are fifteen in number, and being either joyful, or sorrowful, or glorious, are grouped under these three heads, forming the three parts of the Rosary. There are five mysteries or truths in each part or chapter. The meditation on each mystery is followed by the recitation of the Lord's Prayer once and the Hail Mary ten times, hence the term decade is used in describing this devotion. Each decade is concluded with the *Glory be to the Father*, etc. The mysteries are as follows:

I. The Joyful Mysteries.—In the first joyful mystery we consider how the archangel Gabriel announced to Mary that she was to conceive and bring forth our Lord Jesus Christ.

In the second joyful mystery we consider how, when Mary heard that Elizabeth was to become the mother of St. John the Baptist, she went to her house and remained with her three months.

In the third joyful mystery we consider how our Saviour was born in a stable at Bethlehem, and laid in a manger.

In the fourth joyful mystery we consider how the Blessed Virgin, on the day of her purification, presented our Lord in the Temple.

In the fifth joyful mystery we consider how the Virgin Mary lost her Son, sought Him for three days, and on the third day found Him in the Temple.

II. The Sorrowful Mysteries.—In the first sorrowful mystery we consider our Lord Jesus Christ praying in the garden, sweating blood.

In the second sorrowful mystery we consider how our Lord Jesus Christ was cruelly scourged in Pilate's house, and had countless blows laid on Him.

In the third sorrowful mystery we consider how Jesus was crowned with sharp thorns.

In the fourth sorrowful mystery we consider how Jesus was condemned to die, and carried the heavy cross on His shoulders.

In the fifth sorrowful mystery we consider how, when Jesus came to Calvary, He was stripped of His garments and nailed to the cross, on which He died before His sorrowful mother's eyes.

III. The Glorious Mysteries.—In the first glorious mystery we consider how Jesus rose glorious the third day after His death, never more to die.

In the second glorious mystery we consider how Jesus, the fortieth day after His resurrection, ascended into heaven.

In the third glorious mystery we consider how Jesus, sitting at the right hand of His Father, sent the Holy Ghost on the Apostles and the Blessed Virgin.

In the fourth glorious mystery we consider how

the Blessed Virgin Mary passed from this life, and was carried into heaven by the angels.

In the fifth glorious mystery we consider how in heaven Mary was crowned by her Divine Son, and is now the Queen of angels and saints.

For the devout recitation of the Rosary, with meditation on the mysteries, the following indulgences, applicable also to the souls in purgatory, have been granted:



1. An indulgence of 100 days for every *Our Father* and *Hail Mary*. 2. A plenary indulgence, once a year, to those who having said the fifteen decades, or at least five decades, every day for a year, on any day when, being truly penitent, after confession and communion, they shall pray for peace and union among Christian princes, for the extirpation of heresy, and for the triumph of the Church (Benedict XIII., April 13th, 1726). 3. For members of the "Living Rosary," who shall say the Rosary at the time assigned them, a plenary indulgence, once a year, under the conditions mentioned above (Pius VII., February 16th, 1808). 4. An indulgence of 10 years and 10 quarantines, once a day, to all who shall say a third part of the Rosary in company with others. 5. A plenary indulgence on the last Sunday of every month to all who are in the habit of saying with others, at least three times a week, the third part of the Rosary. Conditions as above. (Pius IX., May 12th, 1851.)

To gain these indulgences it is requisite that the beads be blessed by a priest empowered to do so, and that, whilst the prayers are being said by two or more together, at least one of them hold the beads to regulate the recital; also, that meditation be made on the mysteries. Those, however, who cannot meditate can, according to a declaration of Benedict XIII., gain the indulgence by merely saying the Rosary devoutly.

The Rosary during the Month of October.—On

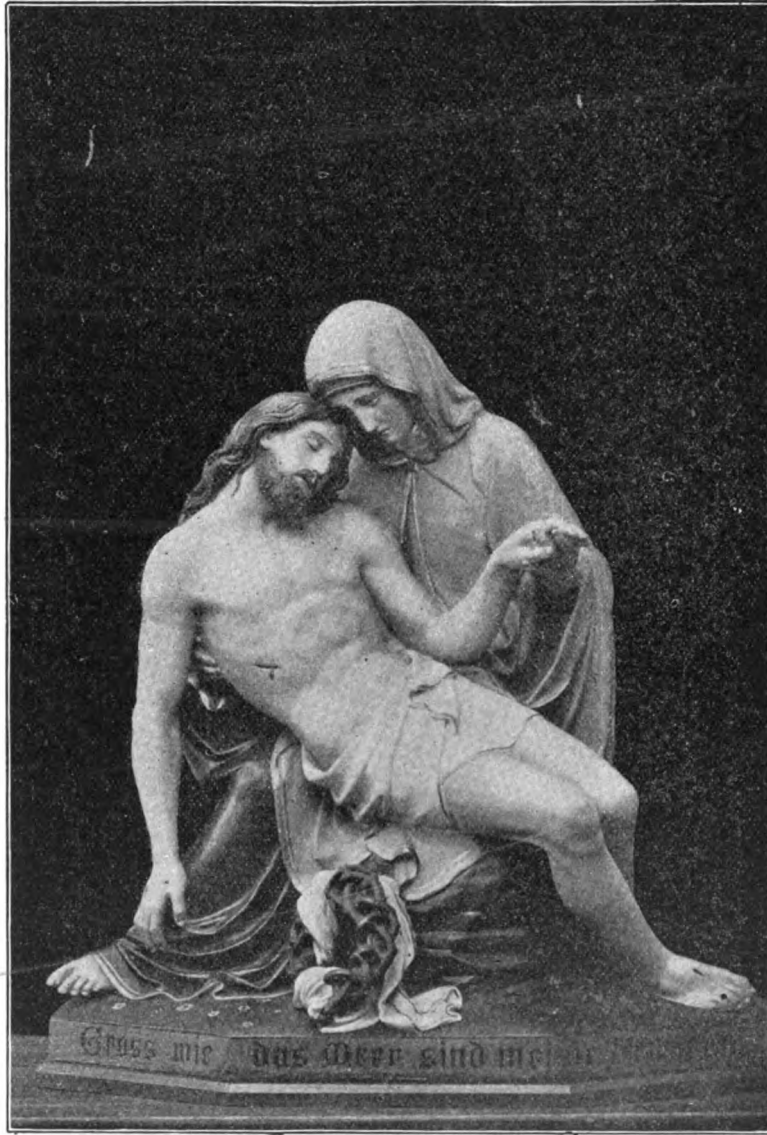
September 1, 1883, His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. issued an Encyclical, in which he directed that from October 1st to November 2d the Rosary should be recited publicly in every parochial church and in every public chapel dedicated to the Mother of God throughout the world. This devotion was again prescribed in 1884, and in the following year the Holy Father ordered that it should be continued until the liberty

of the church was restored.

The following indulgences were granted for the devout performance of the October devotions: 1. All who are present at the public recital of the Rosary, or who, if reasonably prevented, recite the same in private, gain an indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines. 2. All who assist at these devotions in public at least ten times, or, if lawfully hindered, perform the same as often in private, gain a plenary indulgence, provided they receive the sacraments of Penance and the Holy Eucharist worthily during that time. Those who receive these sacraments on the feast of the Holy Rosary (first Sunday of October) or within the octave, likewise gain a plenary indulgence. To gain these indulgences the usual condition of praying for the

intention of the Sovereign Pontiff must be observed.

Let us make it a pious custom to recite the Rosary, if possible, every day. It was revealed to St. Dominic by the Blessed Virgin herself; it was the favorite prayer of many saints, and insures us the special protection of our heavenly Mother.



A CHRISTMAS STORY.

IT was very near the close of the year 1717, and the anniversary of that blessed night when the Son of God descended upon the earth and was born in the stable of Bethlehem, had again returned and all the inhabitants of Saint H., a town in Belgium, situated on the banks of the Dyle, had gone to midnight Mass. A heavy fall of snow, two or three feet deep, was spread like a white carpet over all the streets of the village and the roofs of the houses. As far as the eye could reach—and that was no inconsiderable distance, thanks to the brilliant light of an unclouded moon—on the fields, the meadows, in the depths of the valley, or on the hillsides, the same dazzling color everywhere met the eye. Even the trees were powdered with hoarfrost. As we have said, at Saint H. and all the neighboring villages the entire population had gone to midnight Mass, with the exception of the sick, who were unable to attend, and some domestics who remained at the lonely farmhouses to protect them from robbers.

The home of Peter Paul, the weaver, had only one occupant, his little son Bavon, who for the last month had been confined to his bed by fever, and who, despite his urgent entreaties, would not be permitted to accompany his parents. His mother, however, allowed him to rise, and seated him in a comfortable corner of the fireside, where he could from time to time turn the spit, and so keep the goose from burning. It was also enjoined upon him to take every five minutes a spoonful of gravy from the dripping pan and baste the back of the fowl. This occupation just suited our little invalid, who for some weeks past had been kept on spare diet, but who was sufficiently fond of good living to appreciate the appetizing appearance of this savory fowl. Wrapped up in a large brown mantle, thinking of the cold without, and picturing to himself the beauty and grandeur of the church at the moment, the little Bavon, seated in his low chair before or rather in the fireplace, sang himself to sleep with beautiful Christmas hymns of the old times.

Suddenly it seemed to him as if a gentle knock sounded at the door, but as his mother had charged him not to open it, he lent a deaf ear to the noise. The knocking, however, continued, and between each knock he heard a plaintive and childlike voice crying: "Open! open! I implore you; I am cold and hungry; the snow falls so thickly that soon I will be buried beneath it. I will die at your door if you do not quickly open to me." Bavon was a tender-hearted little fellow. His parents, though poor, were charitable, and they had taught him never to refuse help to those who were less fortunate than

himself, and frequently had he shared his apples and tarts with little beggars who had neither.

"Although my mother forbade me to open the door, she would never hinder me giving shelter to a poor little creature that is shivering with the cold. Would it not be cruel to leave him in the snow, while I sit here warm and comfortable?" His heart and conscience both answering in the affirmative, he hurried to the door and opened it. The child that stood there was as beautiful as an angel; it appeared to suffer acutely from the cold; its little hands were numb, and its feet had lost the power of motion. Bavon gave him his own cloak, chafed the frozen hands of the little one between his own, took the shoes, which were soaked, from his feet, replaced them with warm woolen stockings and slippers of his own. Recollecting that in the morning he had received some tid-bits for himself, he brought them and placed them before the little child, who could not speak, but thanked his young benefactor with a heavenly smile. Soon another and a louder knock awakened Bavon, who was astonished to find no trace of his little visitor. In all haste he opened the door; the family had returned from Mass. Bavon had nothing more important to relate than his dream. "O mother! what a pity it was but a dream! The child was so lovely and looked so gentle, that I would have been delighted to show him to you."

"My son," said the father, "you can, if you



wish, see the Child often again. It is the Infant Jesus thou hast seen in a dream; and every time you help a suffering fellow-creature, however insignificant he may be, it is the Lord Jesus Himself, that

is, the Creator of heaven and earth, to whom thou doest a kindness, for He Himself has said, "Whatsoever thou dost to the least of these little ones, thou dost unto Me."

A MOTHER'S DREAM.

"OH, dear," said tidy Mrs. Jewett, "there's Willie in the parlor again with his muddy boots, and Jennie has fingered the wood-work of the piano all over, I see, that I polished so nicely only yesterday. I know the door of the spare room has been left open, too, for the muslin curtains are pulled all awry, where pussy must have frolicked in the folds, and dear, dear, there's Jack this minute with his feet on that stuffed chair."

"Come, come, mother, I wouldn't fret," said easy Mr. Jewett, "the children must put their feet somewhere, and I suppose kittens will be kittens and fly about where they can find the most fun."

"Oh, yes," rejoined Mrs. Jewett, "it's very easy for you, father, to think children and cats can go where they like and do what they please. I'm not fretting; but it's hard work to sweep and polish and do clear starching, and men never did know and never will know anything about the work of a housekeeper and a mother."

So saying, Mrs. Jewett, with her fair, pretty face all in a wrinkle, went out of the room with a worried "Oh, dear," and her husband looked after her with a compassionate, "Poor mother."

Naturally, Mrs. Jewett was of a happy disposition, but, like many another fond, faithful mother, she was unconsciously falling into the habit of worrying over the inevitable faults and thoughtlessness of her children.

She was a scrupulously neat housekeeper, and as her things had not come as easily as they do to many others, they acquired all the more value and importance in her eyes, once they came into her possession.

But the usual restlessness and activity of boys and girls, and even poor capering Kitty herself, was fast developing in Mrs. Jewett that irritating fretfulness and impatience which kills true happiness and comfort in many a home, where the mother's real object is to make all as comfortable and happy as possible.

In vain Mr. Jewett hinted that things were always going wrong somehow, and that there was no end of peevishness and fault-finding taking root in the family. At such times Mrs. Jewett would shed tears and declare no one could do more than to spend all their time and energies for the welfare of their family, as did she.

One morning the curtains were discovered to have been rolled up all to one side, while the summer sunshine was flooding with its wholesome light the bright pattern of the new Brussels carpet. Jennie and Carrie had left their school books scattered around on the chairs, and Jack's muddy boots stood in the middle of the floor.

Mrs. Jewett burst into a tirade of displeasure,

but the children were out of hearing; so instead of judiciously and patiently calling them in and obliging them to put things in their places, she began putting things to rights herself, allowing Mr. Jewett, as frequently happened, to bear the brunt of her displeasure, and for once his good-nature gave way as he said pettishly:

"I declare, wife, it's a thousand pities there are any children here to bother you so!"

Mrs. Jewett made no reply, but, going to her room, she sat down for a moment to consider whether or not her husband meant what he had just said. But by degrees the room faded from her vision, the house became quiet, terribly quiet, the sunlight died out, and the shade and stillness reigned supreme.

There were footsteps heard, but hushed, creeping, awed.

All of active life had ceased; even kitty had taken herself off, and was nowhere to be seen.

Mrs. Jewett roused herself, and went from kitchen to dining-room, from dining-room to parlor. The invariable order was oppressive.

The curtains were rolled with exact evenness; not the finest line of sunlight could pierce through crack or crevice of the nicely-adjusted shutters.

Every book was in its place; the chairs as guiltless of dust as if just cleaned, and the unblurred polish of the piano reflected each undisturbed ornament and object in its vicinity.

But the children! Oh, the children!

A great appalling throb of apprehension and withering pain shot unrepressed through the mother's heart at mention of their name.

Where was winsome, no longer mischievous, but winsome, Willie?

Where, pray, was sportive Carrie and lively Jennie? Where, too, bounding, loving, little Jack! "Yes," she said, vaguely peering about in the sunless gloom, "where are my precious children?"

She left dining-room and parlor, and went from one child's chamber to another; everything in that same depressing order, even their little beds were unruffled, each smooth pillow looking as if unpressed by a sunny head for, oh, so long!

And, ah, misery! what was that in Willie's room in the porcelain vase?

Some white flowers tied with white satin ribbon. And this heart-breaking emblem in Jennie's room? Her picture, sweet child! with a crown of fading flowers encircling it; and here in Carrie's room her picture, the darling, also crowned with immortelles.

And Jack's room, forlorn in its tidiness; yes, yes, a funeral wreath in his room, dear loving little Jack!

Mrs. Jewett's first wild impulse was to disarrange

everything; the quiet and palling neatness were goading her to madness; even kitty had deserted the sunless, childless house; but the children—oh, the children! The mother felt as if her brain were afire, and her heart was bursting with its pent grief; she could not endure it another moment, and she awoke.

Thank God! she was sitting directly in the rare, sweet sunlight which God made to come in, not to be shut out of our homes. In the garden she heard the sweet, delightful voices of her children, the blessed children.

Kitty, with fluttering little paws, was clutching with unchecked glee at the tassels of the muslin curtain; and she noticed, with a sigh of relief, that the mahogany bureau, with its burnished surface, had been pawed with fresh finger marks.

Mrs. Jewett arose slowly, locked the door, then knelt down; after a while she went forth, a new quiet in her heart, a new smile on her face.

In the dining-room she raised the curtains, so that the sunlight danced gayly through the room.

Jennie came in with a torn apron, and was greeted with a smile of welcome.

Willie had been using paste in the dining-room, and had daubed the cloth, door-knob and his blouse; but mamma patiently showed him how to clean the spots away, and Willie promised with great sincerity to be more careful another time.

The children had a gloriously happy day. At night, when they were all asleep, their mother went from room to room, gazing with pure thankfulness at each darling little sleeper, so dear, ah, so dear! She sighed, then smiled at the little porcelain vase in Willie's room, filled with sweet wild flowers of his own plucking.

Then she went to her own room and tearfully told "father" her terrible dream.

He kissed his wife's fair brow fondly, and said soothingly, "Never mind, dear, we're all right now."

And they were. The timely warning was not lost on the mother's heart, for she never forgot how terrible it was when but in dreams she roamed from one empty, orderly room to another in quest of her children, and could not find them. And she resolved that she would not wait to place white flowers in their hands when their perfume could not reach the dulled senses, and their fading beauty would only break her heart; the children should have the flowers now, while their dear eyes were open to behold them, and their hearts still alive to all of earth's comforts and delights.

And we would that many another wife and mother, who is drifting into habits of fretfulness and nervousness through undue care for the children's bodies rather than their souls, "might dream this lady's dream."

RELIGION IN BUSINESS.

MEN, says William Matthews, are ready to give religion a day wholly to itself, but make it too often a stranger to the other six. As Emerson somewhere says, religion is not invited to eat, drink or sleep with us, or to make or divide an estate, but is a holiday guest; we confine it to churches and the closet, and do not think of taking it with us to the shop, the bank, or the social circle. Piety does not permeate, inform and color all the acts of a man's life; it is put on and off with the Sunday clothes. Business is not regarded as religion; religion does not furnish the motive to business. God's law is not allowed to enter the broker's or banker's shop, or the office of the lawyer or the politician; it belongs to the church and Sunday. If the merchant spies it in his store, he throws it over the counter; if the note-discounter or the pawnbroker sees it in his place of business, he pitches it into the street.

The world has had enough of such piety. It demands a religion that will not sell thirty-five inches of cloth or ribbon for a yard; that will not

put the best wheat in the top of the sack, the best shingles on the outside of the bunch, and all the big sound strawberries in the top of the basket; that will not put chicory into coffee, alum into bread, or water into milk-cans; that will not put Dent's or Jouvin's stamp on Jones's kid gloves, nor make Paris bonnets in the loft of a Boston or New York shop. True religion lays stress not only on the exceeding sinfulness of sin in general, but on the wickedness of particular sins. It is a religion that will banish scant weights from the counter and short measures from the bin; that will not prey upon men after praying for them; that will discourage litigation; that will refuse two per cent. a month on a loan to a poor man; that will be deaf to backbiting and scandal; that will feel for the poor and suffering in the pocket as well as in the heart, and give them loaves as well as tracts; that will have a conscience at Washington in a committee-room or in a caucus, as well as at home; that will be far less anxious to *seem* godly than to *be* so, and will seek to do ordinary things in a religious spirit.



TRAINING OF YOUTH.

REV. STEPHEN M. WIEST.



EDUCATION is a question of the most vital importance at every epoch of humanity, but especially now and in this country. We cannot look at children without strong feelings of interest. Their education calls for our most serious consideration—on them depends the serving or displeasing of God, the salvation or ruin of themselves. We tremble at the thought of havoc; much of weal or woe in this work depends upon our children.



At present do we not alarmingly remark the great interests that agitate bodies; religious, politic and social? Do we not, each of us, offer systems of solution? But we will soon pass away, leaving these and other questions to a growing generation, which will take its place on the ever-shifting scene of life, assuming all the relations and responsibilities of an active life and acting according to those principles instilled by us. Those little beings you press so fondly to your throbbing hearts are now but weak and innocent creatures; but hold! that delicate hand which can scarcely bear the weight of a toy will soon be at the service of a strong arm, to wield, perhaps, a mighty pen or sword; under that unfurrowed brow, on which your lips place kisses of parental tenderness, a vigorous mind will, perhaps, be feverishly working for good or evil; that breast so calm will soon be agitated by strong passions. Yesterday these children were nothing; to-day they are but very little; to-morrow they will be everything. They are the future.

In beholding the conflicting of ideas, anarchy, drunkenness, crimes of every description, injustices, do we not, with an alarming and ever-increasing anxiety, ask ourselves what is going to become of society? To know that, we must first learn what these children will be who are growing up in our midst, for on them rests the future. All will be restored and the world advance if they reach the age of maturity with virtuous hearts and minds imbued with good principles. Consequently, by giving our children a good moral and intellectual training, we will further the interests of society.

One of the great mistakes some make is in looking for an amelioration of our situation, not in the bettering of the individual, but exclusively in certain systems of social organization. Does not the whole derive its value from the parts that compose it? If in an army each soldier is pusillanimous and lacking energy, certainly it does not merit the name of being brave. So it is with an association, its merit is measured by the standard of each associate. To better the individual is to better society, but in order to do this the work must be begun with the child. Toward him you should show the greatest devotion, for him you should have the greatest care, and I might add, though to the surprise of some, respect. Respect, it is true, is due the aged for the good use they have made of their lives. Their work is at an end, soon they will pass through the portals of eternity to receive their reward. Let us now bow down and reverence that crown of snow-white hair. Respect is equally due the mature man who with one hand supports the child learning to walk, while with the other he sustains the old man who is going down into his tomb—his future is no more shrouded in mystery, he has climbed the mountain and reached its summit. Oh, but the youth! he appears with illusions of the future. At his entrance into life everything opens up before him brilliant and full of promise; he feels he possesses all that is necessary to arrive at an ideal Utopia. As I have said before, take him now while he is young, he is pliant and susceptible to good influence, everything is sunshine and teeming with life. You know that his ideas, habits and conduct in future years depend upon the direction given to his life by those whom Providence has placed over him. Those intelligent, gracious little beings that now surround you, if they do not come under a good influence from, I might say, the very hour of their existence, will wither away like flowers under a scorching sun; they will be torn and beaten by the storms of a misspent life, until they become forlorn, vulgar beings, slouching about the streets, leading, like so many others, an existence without aim or honor.

But, on the contrary, if you train your children with care, you will go to sleep in peace, the sleep of the grave, bearing with you the assurance that they will be a credit to you and religion, and that

they will be the glorious future of our country. "A house divided against itself shall not stand," is a truth that parents should ponder over with reference to the management of their children. You have no more acute or severe critic than your own children. If husband and wife do not agree, the very babe in its mother's arms will quickly discover the fact. A group of children were playing on a nearby sidewalk, not long since, when one of them suddenly seized the hand of her companion, and hastily made her way around the nearest corner. "What do you do that for?" asked her companion. "Oh, I saw papa coming, and he has forbidden me to play with Susie Jones," innocently replied the child. "But your mamma knew you were playing with her, she is sewing at the window, and could see you." "O, mamma lets me do as I please."

How can a child with such home training respect either parent? She will fear the father, but she will not respect him, because she sees that her mother does not feel enough respect for him to enforce his commands in his absence. She will not respect her mother, because she feels in her childish heart that her mother is wrong, and knows that her

father has a good reason for not wishing her to play with Susie Jones.

How often we hear a child exclaim when forbidden by her mother to do something, "I'll ask papa when he comes home," showing plainly that one parent does not uphold the authority of the other. At times a father will correct a child with more severity of expression than the fault warranted, and, painful as is such a spectacle, it is even more painful and more harmful to the child for the mother to interfere. Again, it often happens that a wife and mother cannot approve of her husband's course, that she must teach her children a different code of morals. Of course this of necessity must imply a criticism of the father, yet it can be done so gently and so wisely that it will leave no feeling of disregard in the child's heart, but rather fill it with a sort of pitying tenderness toward that erring father. Talk with each other privately, if need be, in regard to your modes of correction, but let no word of your difference reach the child's ears, for just so much as you find fault with each other in the presence of your little ones, then just so you weaken each other's authority.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.



SOME forty years ago there lived in Wisconsin a farmer named Throop, who was a widower, with a daughter fifteen years old.

The man had a good reputation, and his daughter was a favorite in the neighborhood. For some time previous to the occurrence which caused his arrest, Throop had not been on good terms with a farmer named McWilliams, living about a mile away, on account of damage committed by cattle belonging to the latter. There had been a law suit, and the two men had come to blows, and Throop had said in the presence of witnesses that he would like to put a bullet into McWilliams. One day about noon the cattle broke into the field again, and the daughter notified her father. Throop was terribly enraged, and, as he started to drive them out he took his rifle along. The back end of the field bordered on a wood, and the daughter saw her father disappear among the trees after the running cattle. Soon thereafter she heard a shot, and was alarmed for fear that her father had carried out his threat.

In about half an hour Throop came home, pale and agitated, put up his gun, and sat down to his dinner without a word. The girl was crying, but he didn't seem to notice it. After the meal was eaten he hitched up a horse to the buggy and drove away, saying that he might not be back before sundown. He returned at 7 o'clock, and the daughter noticed that he was in much better humor. Neither referred to the affair of the cattle, and the evening passed off pleasantly. Two days later, Throop meanwhile pursuing his labors around home, the sheriff appeared and arrested him. The farmer was at supper when the officer entered, and it was after-

wards put in evidence that Throop turned deadly pale before the errand of the officer was made known. When told to consider himself a prisoner he asked what was the charge, and the sheriff replied:

"For the murder of Henry McWilliams. His body was found in the woods this afternoon."

Throop was terribly agitated, but protested his innocence, saying that he had not seen the man for a week. As he was taken away he whispered to his child, who was clinging to him:

"Say nothing of my chasing the cattle out."

This was overheard by the sheriff, and at the proper time was used to the prisoner's confusion. The daughter was convinced of her father's guilt from the first. The blundering sheriff did not take away the rifle, and he had no sooner departed than the girl inspected it, to find that it had been recently discharged. In hopes to exculpate her father, she set about and cleaned and loaded the gun. In the course of a few hours she was put under restraint and interrogated. Believing that anything she could say in regard to the affair would react on her father, she determined on silence, and not one word could be got from her as to the events of the past three days. Throop vigorously denied the killing, but was obstinately silent to all other questions. The prosecution then began to work up its case of circumstantial evidence, and was fortunate from the start. A person came forward who saw Throop leave his house, gun in hand, to chase the cattle. Two persons affirmed that they heard the report of a rifle. Several people had heard Throop make threats. The cleaning of the rifle was charged to Throop, and made to look ugly against him. The

silence of himself and daughter was proof sufficient to most people that he was guilty of murder.

Court was in session, and the accused was speedily brought to trial. To his lawyer he divulged the episode of pursuing the cattle, and he admitted firing at a heifer and missing her. The shot went over her and entered a beech tree. He gave his solemn word that he did not see McWilliams that day. When he left the house after dinner it was with the intention of going to town several miles away to consult a lawyer in regard to a new suit. He did not find the lawyer in his office, and on his way home he got to thinking the matter over, and made up his mind he had been too hasty all along. He even had some thought of going to his neighbor and holding out the hand of reconciliation, but he was restrained by the lateness of the hour. This feeling accounted for his strange conduct when he came home.

The lawyer went to the woods and found the beech tree and dug out the bullet, he also found that the lawyer whom Throop went to see was out at the hour specified. It was strange, however, that while scores of men in the town knew Throop, no one could be found who remembered having seen him on that occasion.

Mrs. McWilliams affirmed that her husband had left the house with his rifle to hunt squirrels in the woods, and she had never seen him alive again. He had been shot through the head. What had become of his rifle? The prosecution intended to charge Throop with hiding it. The defense had no theory about it, though they might ask why the body had not been hidden as well. Any theory of suicide was out of the question in the face of circumstances.

The case was called with a strong prejudice

against the prisoner. The prosecution put in all its evidence, circumstantial and otherwise, and it seemed to every one a clear case. Before the defense opened an event occurred which had a most important bearing. A stranger was arrested in a town twenty miles away while trying to dispose of a rifle with McWilliams' name engraved on a silver plate on the stock. He was brought to the county seat at once, and when the right pressure was brought to bear on him he made a confession. He was a traveling clock tinker. He had been drunk two or three days before the shooting and his outfit had been lost or stolen. Early on the morning of the shooting he stole a couple of hens from Throop, and went into the woods and made a fire and roasted one for his breakfast. He was asleep when McWilliams stumbled upon him. Evidences were at hand that he was a thief, and the farmer ordered him to pick up and leave. The tinker refused, and hot words passed. McWilliams threatened him with the gun, and he closed in to wrest it away. In the struggle the weapon was discharged, and the farmer was killed. At the same instant another shot was fired, but the tinker did not see Throop. He at first threw down the rifle and ran away, but afterwards returned for the gun, thinking to sell it and procure another outfit.

There could be no doubt of the truth of the tinker's story, and Throop was discharged from custody and the other party put on trial. He pleaded guilty, but judge and jury accepted his version of the shooting, and he received a comparatively short sentence. But for his action in carrying away the gun he would probably have been set at liberty.

A FATHER'S SURPRISE.



WHEN a boy is made the happy owner of a jack-knife he is generally inclined to use it pretty freely, and a litter of shavings and lots of scolding are sure to follow.

This was once the case of a certain eastern boy since widely known. But this boy had a head as well as a knife. With the strong steel blade he was ever fashioning something for a purpose. He never made the shavings fly merely to make the stick smaller or time less. While he was carving the wood he was carrying out an idea. And when you see a boy do this, look out for a big man in a few years. One day this boy presented his father with a model of a machine which had come from under his jack-knife. The father glanced at it for a moment. He was not able to take in the design, and he waited for no explanation. He saw at once the whittling had been immense, and time had been wasted by the boy. This enraged him, as he was a severe practical man and could see no use in such trifling employment. He snatched the pretty machine from the boy's

hand and threw it upon the ground, stamping it to pieces.

Soon after this the father sent his son to learn the trade of a blacksmith. His employer soon discovered more than ordinary talent in him. Again his jack-knife was at work. Again the same model was made. With pride he explained it to the blacksmith. At once it was recognized as a useful invention. It was a power loom, the first ever made. A loom was then constructed out of a substantial material. It worked with satisfaction. A loom factory was then established. A trade was then built up. The boy had half the profits. One year after the invention was tested, the blacksmith wrote to the father that he would pay him a visit, and bring him a visitor, who was the inventor of the celebrated power loom. What was the astonishment of the old gentleman when his son was introduced to him as the inventor, and when he told the father that the invention was but the model he had kicked to pieces last year! Let boys carve, so long as they carve out ideas.

THE MIGHTY LEVELER.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

I AM the harvester, Decay—the husbandman of Time!
 I glean the triumphs of the years, the fruits of toil sub-
 lime;
 And tireless as the centuries, I reap where others sow.
 The thrones and kingdoms of the Past—the crowns of Long
 Ago!
 My reapers are the elements—the winds' and lightnings'
 rage—
 My keen, resistless sickle is the ravening tooth of Age,
 My harvests are the lifted towers of cities by the sea,
 The palaces upon the hills, the temples, are for me!

Since in the hoary dawn of years, on some forgotten shore,
 The first foundation-stone was laid, of the dim fanes of yore,
 Where'er the works of man aspire, my ruthless zeal hath
 plied!

My garners are the winds, that sweep my trophies far and
 wide!

My harvest fields are boundless, and to every race and clime,
 In the fullness of their season, comes the fatal reaping time;
 The monuments of human skill and genius are my sheaves,
 They crumble at my touch, and fade, and fall like autumn
 leaves.

I reap the glory of the world—the loveliness and bloom—
 I weave them into chaplets for the universal tomb!
 Whate'er of earth the heart of man hath set above all price,
 To me are but the garlands of Perpetual Sacrifice!
 Whate'er the pride of man exalts, my malice layeth low,
 And well and wisely as he builds, I yet shall overthrow!
 I am the Mighty Leveler—my empire is of yore,
 My sceptre and my throne endure till time shall be no more!

FELIX.

 T is early morning in a Cathedral town of
 Germany, and a boy is muffling his head in
 the bed clothes, trying to keep out the sound
 of the bells and the sight of the sunbeams.
 His comrade, however, is doing all he can to arouse
 him.

"Go away, I say," is all the reply to these well-
 meant efforts. "What's the use of getting up to
 be knocked about and scolded? When mother was
 here one was sure of a cup of milk and a kind word.
 I'm going to sleep again. Do hush! There, take
 that!" and he gave his friend a cuff on the ear.

The friend howled, which sent a pang to the boy's
 heart. He stretched out his hand with a gesture
 prompted by remorse. "Come here, come here.
 I've given you just what I don't like for myself,
 poor fellow. I beg your pardon."

His face was well washed after that by a dog's
 warm tongue, which had also the effect of waking
 the boy very thoroughly. The conversation too,
 went on:

"Turk, old dog, you're the best friend I have in
 the world, and if you didn't wake me every day I'd
 never have gone to school. Since mother's death
 father is so cross, and still, and dull; he does nothing
 but work, work, work. But my rose tree must
 be planted to-day, and if I don't do it now, I don't
 know when I will have the chance."

So saying, he dressed rapidly, tossed open his
 lattice and took a small plant from the window-sill,
 ran down the outside flight of steps leading from the
 door of his father's shop, paused a moment to snatch
 up a roll and his bag of books, and then with his
 dog hurried down the village street.

He had soon passed the houses and shops and ap-
 proaching the vast towers of the great church which
 was partly finished, he looked up at the points and
 pinnacles of heaven-aspiring height, when a thought
 which had long been in his mind burst into bloom.

It was a simple thought, but a religious one, and
 it so absorbed him that for awhile he forgot his
 errand, and stood gazing up into the pure sky, blue
 as forget-me-nots. He was startled, however, by
 the village bells and clocks and a hurriedly ap-
 proaching group of workmen, and quickly sought

out a lonely grave, took his plant from its pot, and
 digging a little hole, set the rose bush in it. Quick
 as he was, he was yet too late for school, and re-
 ceived frowning disapprobation from the master as
 he took his seat.

Unfortunately, Felix was often late, often too his
 lessons were unprepared. But he was so ready to
 make amends, and was so quick in learning, that he
 could get on better than the duller pupils who
 labored more systematically.

But to-day everything went wrong, his head was
 full of fancies, and with his ready pencil he was
 sketching when he should have been studying,
 scrawling scrolls and rose windows over his Latin,
 and sending flocks of pigeons up and down the
 margin of oceans and continents. He stumbled at
 his lessons, he bothered those who knew them, and
 perplexed those who did not, until the master's
 patience was exhausted, and he gave him a sound
 thrashing.

After that there was silence, sullenness and an ap-
 pearance of work, but a sudden roar of laughter
 from the boys made the master look up. Felix was
 bending over his book as if he were the only one
 undisturbed. The master was not, however, very
 easily deceived.

"Come here, Felix."

"Yes, sir," and the lad slowly obeyed.

"Give me that book!"

"I'd rather not, sir."

"Give it to me!"

Now Felix had a real liking for his master, and
 was usually sorry for offending him; but the whip-
 ping had not been beneficial, although his con-
 science told him that it was deserved. He pre-
 sented the book. On its fly-leaf was a drawing of
 the master—a very clever caricature—as Cupid,
 drawing his bow at a group of girls, who with much
 derision were pelting him with sticks and stones.

The master's face flushed at the disrespect; but
 he quietly laid the book aside, and proceeded with
 his duties. Felix remained standing.

The recitations went on, the hum of study, the
 drawl of the lazy ones, and the quick, eager replies
 of the ambitious. Felix was forgotten.

The boy began to think he had made a mistake. What had he gained by misconduct? Where were the thoughts of the morning under the Cathedral windows? How was he fitting himself to work on the beautiful structure which was to be the medium of praise and prayer for multitudes in the long ages to come? And yet he knew this had been his mother's hope and wish. Was he making good use of the talents God had given him? He was looking out of the window now, watching the lights and shadows on the carved stone of buttress and gable.

The boys were dismissed. He sat down to the extra task assigned him. He was hungry, he was miserable, but he plodded on and finished his work. The master bade him go, and he went, but not home.

He lingered about the Cathedral, watching the workmen. Finally he became fascinated by their employment, and taking up their tools worked out a leaf pattern on a bit of refuse stone the men had left there. Tired and faint, he sought his mother's resting place. The rose was drooping for want of water.

"Come, it is time you were home," said a familiar voice.

Felix looked up astonished. It was the master. "You must go with me to your father. I wish to speak to him."

Felix obeyed. The climax had come. His father was stern and hard, and the master, of course, would have a sorry tale to tell.

Fortunately the village people had gone in to their evening meal, and he would be spared the disgrace of being seen conducted like a culprit to his father's. He did not speak a word, neither did the master, but shame and remorse were written on every feature. He felt as if he were a criminal about to receive sentence—a sentence too which was deserved and which justice demanded.

"Well, Herr Professor, what is the matter now?" asked the father, grimly surveying his son.

"Felix is in trouble again, Mr. Zimmerman."

"Ha, idle as usual—good for nothing—won't study?"

"Yes, a little of all, I am sorry to say. But I have a remedy to propose."

"A thrashing of course."

"No; once a day is enough. We have tried that; it did not answer in this case as well as it does sometimes. May I have the pleasure of Master Felix's company to supper?"

"What, sir, you want the boy rewarded for bad behavior?"

"Not at all—not at all. Run away, Felix; get your face washed and your jacket on, and you shall be my guest this evening."

Felix was almost too much surprised to be able to move, but without daring to question his father he did as the master told him. While he was gone a conversation went on between Mr. Zimmerman and the teacher.

It is not necessary to repeat it; but Felix saw a different expression on his father's face when, neatly dressed, he came down the steps and followed the master home.

He was fearfully hungry, and yet almost ashamed to take the good broth and bread which were set before him in the master's quaint and quiet little parlor; they somehow choked him, and as he looked about at the book-covered shelves and old engravings, the detestable caricature he had drawn in the morning danced before his eyes.

At last he could stand it no longer. The teacher seemed to have disappeared, and only this kind and genial host sat opposite him, heaping up his plate and bowl.

"Herr Professor," he stammered, "I beg your pardon; indeed I do."

"I am very glad to hear that, my boy; but don't think any more about it just now," was the response, and filling his pipe, wreaths of smoke began to play about the old man's head.

"It is a great pity that a lad of your talent should waste any time, Felix, and if you are willing, I think your father will let me give you drawing lessons."

Felix could hardly believe his ears.

"To be sure, you will have to apply yourself more diligently, be prompt and industrious, or all the lessons in the world won't make a man of you."

"I'll try," said Felix—though a mist was in his eyes.

"That's right," said the Professor, and he opened some great volumes full of pictures, and the boy gazed in delightful wonder at a world more beautiful than his dreams. Not an allusion did the Professor make again to anything that happened during the day.

When evening was over and he courteously bade him good night, Felix was dazed and went home with light steps to his bed.

As soon as Turk woke him next morning he sprang up with alacrity, and would have been off with the dawn to water his rose-bush, but his father detained him.

"Felix," said he somewhat sternly, "the master says there's good stuff in you, if you'll use it. Come here and eat your breakfast before you go, and let me hear what you have to say for yourself."

"I'll try," was the sum and substance of Felix's talk over his brown bread and milk.

Ten years after there was a great celebration in the town, for the Cathedral was finished. Cannon thundered, bells pealed, and a grand "*Te Deum*" was chanted to the rolling rhythm of a magnificent organ.

A group of visitors standing near a certain pillar of great beauty were applauding it while they complimented a young architect and sculptor, whose work it was. His head was modestly bent as he received their approbation, but in a moment he raised it, and turning to a very old man in a professor's gown, whose hair was white with the snows of many winters, he took him by the hand and presented him to the visitors.

"Gentlemen, this is the person you must thank for the pillar. Whatever beauty it possesses, whatever expression it is of truth and religion, is due to my master, whose kindness rescued me from idleness, whose skill directed my youthful effort."



AN INTRUDER.

ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA.



AFTER the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph, no Saint had been more favored by God or was more powerful for man in obtaining all his needs than St. Anthony of Padua. Until recently little has been known by the faithful at large regarding this wonderful servant of God, except that he is invoked to find things that were lost. The celebration of the seventh centenary of his birth, which occurred on the 15th of August, 1895, has brought him prominently before the people. The Church usually honors the Saints in their death and not in their birth, but to show her veneration for St. Anthony of Padua, she noted with the befitting pomp and ceremony of her gorgeous liturgy, as she does in the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin and St. John the Baptist, the birth of this most favored and powerful of Saints, who for so long seemed to be so little known to men. Leo XIII. gave the crowning impetus to this devotion by declaring that "St. Anthony is not a Saint of Padua alone, but a Saint of the Universal Church." So Pius IX. said of St. Joseph that he is the patron of the Universal Church; so Leo XIII. would say of St. Anthony of Padua that he is a Saint of the Universal Church—that is, adapted to all states and conditions of life. But the Church was not alone in doing him honor; the Latin States, particularly Spain and Portugal, showed their great veneration for his memory by putting his image on the postage stamps in 1895.

Catholic papers and periodicals have done much to promote devotion to St. Anthony by giving edifying instances of his life, and particularly of favors, both spiritual and temporal, obtained through his intercession. His life, which was a short one, embracing only thirty-six years, was yet full of good works and rich in the most stupendous miracles. He was not of German origin, as we might suppose from his name of Anthony, nor was he an Italian, as we might suppose from his surname of Padua, which is a prominent city of Italy. Italy was but the land of his adoption, and Padua the home of his apostolic career. He was born at Lisbon, the capital of Portugal, on the Feast of the Assumption, in 1195, of parents illustrious alike for their virtue and nobility. In baptism he received the name of Ferdinand, which he afterwards changed when he became a Franciscan monk to that of Anthony, taking the great Patriarch of Egypt as the model of his reclusive life. His parents considering his birth an answer to their prayers, and he being born on the 15th of August, they dedicated him to the Blessed Virgin, towards whom he cherished a most tender devotion, reciting frequently, as we read, the "O Gloriosa Domina," as his favorite prayer. At the age of fifteen he joined the Augustinians and passed ten years in that community, spending most of the time in the study of the Scriptures. The effect of all study, whether sacred or profane, is the spiritual aridity of the heart, unless the soul is daily exercised in ardent prayer and meditation. This our Saint did not neglect, otherwise his knowledge would be useless to others, because lacking that

spiritual unction of the soul, which alone gives effect to the word of God. Our Saint, considering that perfection consists not only in sanctifying oneself, but also in being useful in the sanctification of others, resolved to combine the contemplative with the apostolic career. He became a disciple of St. Francis of Assisi, and changed the black to the brown habit.

From his picture, which we have all seen, we learn the supernatural favors which he enjoyed. His picture represents him as a young man clothed in the Franciscan habit and holding the Child Jesus in his arms. Like Mary and Joseph he enjoyed the privilege of embracing and caressing the Divine Child who appeared to him. And like Joseph he is represented as holding a lily in his hand, which is emblematical of the purity and innocence of his life. In another picture of his we learn a similar supernatural favor which he enjoyed. It is the apparition of the Blessed Virgin to him holding the Child Jesus in her arms. Of his miraculous favor of appearing in two different places at the same time we will not speak, nor of his instant and sudden transportation from one country to another, borne by an angel, as the prophet of old.

His first mission was Africa, where he asked to be sent to preach the Gospel with the hope of receiving the crown of martyrdom, as had five of his confreres a short time before. But God was pleased to accept his martyrdom of desire, for his health failing in Africa, he was ordered back to his native land. Providence decreed that Italy, the land of his adoption, was to be the scene of his missionary career; for the ship that carried him home was driven by a furious storm on the coast of Italy.

Gregory IX., whom St. Anthony had foretold would one day be Pope, soon heard of the wonderful man of God, and he felt that Anthony was another St. John, sent by God to defend the Church against her enemies, who threatened her very life, both within and without the fold. He was to go forth to reclaim men by his preaching, from their evil ways. The Pope inaugurated his mission by listening to the first sermon of our Saint in the city of Rome. Great was his astonishment and admiration!—astonishment that the miracle of the first Pentecost is repeated, that the vast audience, composed of all nations and races, each one understood the preacher in his own native tongue, and admiration at Anthony's wonderful knowledge of the Scriptures. After the sermon Pope Gregory embraced Anthony and styled him "Ark of the Testament"—that is to say, had the Scriptures been destroyed, he could have rewritten them, so thoroughly did he know them. Similar miracles attended his Apostolic preaching everywhere. While addressing an immense audience one day in France, he commanded the pall-bearers who bore the remains of a young man up the aisle of the church to have the funeral rites performed over the body, to halt, as Christ did in the case of the widow's son, and in the name of Jesus he told the youth to arise; and he gave him back to his home and friends. Churches could no

longer hold the crowd that followed him, so he took to the open fields, where, like the Apostles, he continued to confirm his doctrine by prodigies. Though weak and delicate by nature, he could be miraculously heard by his audience at a distance of two miles. Once in addressing the Albigensian heretics, he commanded a dumb brute to adore the Blessed Sacrament which he held in his hands, "Prostrate yourself, O creature," he said, "adore Him in Whom men refuse to believe."

The consequence of his preaching was that thousands abjured heresy, sinners were converted, and came to him throwing themselves at his feet and confessing their sins. So great was his supernatural light that he penetrated the inmost recesses of conscience.

Not the least of his supernatural prerogatives was the gift of prophecy, which he possessed in an eminent degree. He bowed before a worldly man, who was incensed at his action, taking it for ridicule, and called Anthony to an account for it. "I thus salute you," said the Saint, "because you shall shortly wear the crown of martyrdom." The sinner laughed him to scorn, but the prophecy was soon fulfilled. And the saintly renown which he foretold of Padua continues to be fulfilled.

As a wonder-worker, the glory of God still shines forth in the miraculous power of St. Anthony, the same to-day as during his life, in behalf of those

who have recourse to his intercession. Sin, disease and death, like the very elements, obey his word, and his voice has power beyond the grave in sun-dering the barriers that separate the living from the dead. Sight he restored to the blind, hearing to the deaf, speech to the dumb, the use of limbs to the crippled; and three times after the example of Christ, as recorded in the Gospel, did he raise the dead to life. Are you in need of bread, employment, the recovery of health, the regaining of some lost treasure, or any blessing either temporal or spiritual for yourself or others? Invoke the intercession of St. Anthony of Padua. "He is a saint of the Universal Church," said our reigning Pontiff, that is, that he is not a patron of any particular state, but adapted to all classes and conditions of life. As Pharaoh said of Joseph, Leo would say of St. Anthony, in all your wants "go to Anthony."

The pious union known as St. Anthony's Bread, a devotion although very recent in origin, is rapidly spreading throughout the five continents of the world, and it has been highly approved of by Leo XIII. It is a very simple devotion, and it consists of a promise to St. Anthony to give an alms to the poor, or a donation to the church, or some other parochial need, providing he obtains a favor. If he does not obtain what you ask, then there is no obligation to fulfill your promise of giving an alms.

THE HEROISM OF A SLAVE.



ST. MICHAEL'S Church, in Charleston, S. C., is one of the venerable landmarks in American history. Many glorious memories cluster around this ancient edifice, which have been made the theme of story and of song. Stanton, the foremost poet in the South to-day, in one of his lyrics, "St. Michael's Bells," sings of

"The solemn star-crowned tower, with the glittering cross of gold;
The tower that overlooks the sea, whose shining bosom swells,
To the ringing and the singing of sweet St. Michael's bells."

The sunshine of many peaceful years have fallen upon and tipped its cross with golden flame. Storms and fire, and shot and shell, have made it the object of their fury, and have sought to destroy the ancient pile; but it still stands a venerable monument of the past, in serene old age, unharmed by the passing years which touch but to adorn it. Still the sweet music of its chimes floats over the city, calling the people to worship; still its splendid spire serves as a welcome beacon to sailors far out at sea, homeward bound; still it is the last object which their eyes behold as outward bound the lights fade in the distance, and the good ship glides deeper into the swelling bosom of the Atlantic.

There is an incident in the history of "old St. Michael's" which, doubtless, the oldest inhabitant of the city may remember to have heard in childhood. The story, as here related, writes Charles W. Hubner, in the *Providence Visitor*, came from

the lips of a venerable lady who said that she was a witness of the scene described.

A great fire broke out, raging with such fury that at one time it seemed as if the entire city was doomed to destruction, and people stood helpless in the streets, watching with weeping eyes the utter ruin of their homes. The Mayor and council and other city officials were in session, devising means for checking the course of the conflagration, and to adopt measures for the shelter and care of the helpless. Presently the news came to them that St. Michael's was in danger, as the flames were approaching it. Already great showers of sparks were falling upon its roof, and burning brands were dashed against the steeple. Men upon the roof, with difficulty, managed to remove the fiery missiles from the places upon which they fell, and they could also reach and dislodge those that dropped upon the lower part of the steeple. But the great danger to be apprehended was that some fragment of burning shingle, soaring high into the air out of the surrounding sea of fire and whirled by the fierce gale, would strike the spire and lodge there, far above the reach of the men below, set it on fire, threatening not only the destruction of the church, but endangering other portions of the city which had still been spared. Nor did the anxious spectators have long to wait for the dreaded catastrophe.

A flaming brand, whirling high through the air, struck the spire and lodged near the top of it. Thousands watched the smoking, sparkling spot

with anxious eyes, hoping that the burning fragment would drop or be blown away before the blaze could catch the surrounding woodwork. But this hope was in vain. The burning shingle clung to the place as if the hand of some invisible demon were holding it there until its fatal work had been done.

The tiny spot increased in size, slowly but surely kindling and growing brighter every moment. It was evident that unless some human hand could pluck it down, the spire and the church would be doomed. Helplessly the vast throng stood below, looking up and watching the slow progress of the impending ruin. No man in that multitude had the bravery, the heroic daring, the utter fearlessness of death necessary for an attempt to scale the dizzy height and save the venerable building. The Mayor, in the name of the city, offered a reward to any one who would undertake the desperate feat, and attempt to dislodge the ominous speck of flame flickering in the eddying currents of wind at the summit of the steeple; but no one responded.

Suddenly a man appeared in the belfry, leaning over the railing and looking up, apparently measuring with his eyes the distance of the almost perpendicular ascent between himself and the spot of flame far above him. Presently he was seen to mount the railing, and stretch out his arms to grasp some slight projections on the steeple. A shout that seemed to shake the air like the roar of a storm arose from the multitude in the streets. Then followed a silence as solemn and as deep as the silence of the grave, as the vast crowd, with bated breath and straining eyes, watched the man's progress. Slowly, carefully, steadily, the brave fellow crept up the slender spire, catching hold of slight projections, invisible to the people below, but which he was able to grasp, and which offered a hold. Around the conflagration raged, walls tottered and were swept away; yet for the time these calamities were unheeded, as the people stood transfixed, watching the solitary figure creeping through swirls of sparks

and clouds of blinding smoke toward the cross of St. Michael's, a hundred feet above them.

At last the man reached his goal—the flaming brand was in reach. Holding himself by one hand, with the other he seized the burning mass. Hurling it far from him, it fell hissing into the street. St. Michael's spire was saved!

A thrill of exultant joy swept through the hearts of the multitude, ready to burst forth in a roar of applause; but, as if by one impulse, the crowd restrained itself, for the man who had performed the heroic deed was still in peril, as he clung to the slim spire within a few feet of the golden ball that surmounts it.

Slowly, carefully, steadily the man—who at that altitude seemed to be but a moving speck—began his even more dangerous descent. Breathlessly the spectators watched him. Finally his feet touched the railing. For a moment he stood upon it, and then disappeared within the belfry. Then the pent-up feelings of the people burst forth in a mighty shout. Ten thousand throats repeated the jubilant clamor again and again, and the crowd swayed to and fro, anxious to learn the name of the daring man, and to see the hero who had saved St. Michael's. No one had the slightest idea of who it was. They could not tell whether he was white or black in the lurid light of the conflagration, as through showers of cinders and clouds of smoke he climbed the spire. At the church door the surging crowd, headed by the Mayor, waited for the man's appearance. In a few minutes he stepped out. He proved to be a young negro, the valued slave of one of the most prominent families of Charleston. Smiling, yet humbly, he received the plaudits of the citizens, and the warm praise and congratulations of the Mayor and other city officials. Shortly after he was given his freedom, and, until the time of his death, was treated with the distinction due to him for his heroic conduct in saving St. Michael's church, and probably the entire city, from destruction.

REFUSED THE WRONG BEGGAR.

“NEVER refuse the plea of a beggar,” says a leading member of Congress. “You must not use my name and advertise me as a philanthropist, for I am not. It is simply a matter of necessity with me. I am obliged to give something to every beggar, or I could not sleep at night. I made a bad mistake once, and I would rather give occasionally to the unworthy than to ever deny assistance to the worthy.”

“Once upon a time I was in St. Louis on business. It was winter, and you know how cold that town can be when it tries hard. I was out on the street at 11 o'clock one bitter night when a chap struck me for a dime. He was poorly clad, looked hungry and sick, and I ought to have handed out the money at once. I was just brute enough not to do it. He followed me a hundred feet, begging and pleading, and I finally threatened to have him arrested. He turned away with a sob in his throat, and I went on to the hotel.

“There was a big snow storm that night, the next morning they found him in a drift, frozen stark and still. I saw the body and recognized it. The pale face was pinched and drawn with hunger and suffering, and the eyes were as wide open as yours—great big blue eyes, sunken back in their sockets, and staring at me in an awful way. Yes, sir, they seemed to be fastened on me alone, and to follow me as I moved. When I heard car-drivers, draymen, bootblacks and newsboys saying how gladly they would have given the poor wretch a quarter to buy lodgings and food, I sneaked away, feeling that I was a murderer. It hurt me more than I can tell you. I don't wait now to be asked for alms. I give to some who are, no doubt, undeserving, but I take my chances on that. The thing rests like a murder on my conscience, and nothing like it shall happen again.”



NO SAINT IN HEAVEN, ST. JOSEPH, LIKE THEE.

UHIS quaint saint, model of the souls who serve God in humble seclusion, has won for himself many fond friends among distressed hearts. That holy arm which encircles the little Babe of Bethlehem will not refuse to support a worthy soul crying to him for help. St. Joseph is said by some to be "slow, but sure." This ought to console a good many impatient people, for he will be sure to bring the answer in time, though they may have to wait for it.

Besides spiritual favors which he will obtain for us, if requested, St. Joseph is a good friend to apply to when we need money. Devout admirers of the holy carpenter carry in their purses a little metal image of St. Joseph, and this act of devotion brings reward with it, for these pocket-books are never empty. St. Joseph is also the patron of building, and will see that his clients will have a shelter if they ask for his aid.

A widow, a client of St. Joseph, promised the good saint to place a statue of himself in her home and keep a light before it, if he would obtain one for her. She had no money, and her chances of getting a home appeared to be based chiefly upon hopes. A few years went by, and no house arose to her view to welcome her as its owner. All this time, however, St. Joseph was working for her interest. The good woman had a daughter who by her economy had saved a little money. Her one desire in doing so had been to buy a home for her mother. One day a note appeared in the newspaper advertising for sale a small house. Eugenie read the note to her mother, but they both thought it would be useless for them to attempt securing it. However, the mother put the clipped advertisement in her pocket and thought no more of it just then. Next day, as she was going shopping, the thought came into her mind persistently: "Go and see the house, anyway."

At last the lady thought: "Well, it seems I can't get rid of that idea so I had better go and see what's in it."

So she went, although it was a long distance out of her way. She met the owner, who showed her the house, but the place was not at all to her liking. Neither herself nor her family would be satisfied with the location.

But an inspiration came to her: "This is a lovely place you yourself are living in," said she to the owner of the rejected place. "Would you be willing to sell this one?"

"Well," he said, "I've had no thought of selling this one at all, because my wife and I are greatly attached to it; still, if it's an object with you to have it, I could live in the other house until I sell it."

He stated the terms of the sale, which were certainly more than reasonable, in fact, were a surprise and delight to the good lady.

The owner of the house, who was a very devout Catholic, known for his charity to the poor, told them that he considered it as God's will that he should favor them by making it possible for them to secure the home.

"I will give you the privilege of buying it," said he, "if you can pay me as an installment payment even twenty-five dollars cash, the balance to be paid in monthly installments." He even went further



and gave the purchasers a written guarantee which provided that if any disappointment in money matters arose to prevent Eugenie from paying the balance of the debt, he would return her all the money she would pay him, excepting a sum paid as monthly rental.

These certainly were exceptional terms and could be obtained from no other man, but Mr. — was an exceptionally good man and inspired by God to help those two worthy women.

Those who find themselves lost in strange places should ask St. Joseph to open a path for them to their destination. He who had to flee to the strange land of Egypt will see that his clients will be extricated from difficulty.

St. Joseph is also the patron for happy marriages. Novenas to him have frequently brought about the life union of those who might be strangers to each other but for his help.

St. Joseph is also the friend of the future mother. The unborn child, placed under his protection, will receive the waters of baptism.

Lastly, St. Joseph is the patron of a holy and happy death. Every day we should appeal to him to obtain us a peaceful translation from this world to Heaven.



GOD'S WILL IS ALWAYS GOOD.

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

DEEP in a chill and blust'ring winter's night,
 Saint Francis Borgia (one-time Gandia's lord),
 His spiritual brethren's bed and board,
 Toiled from afar, to share. In woeful plight,

All unexpected, unannounced—he came;
 The doors were fast, the windows barred and dark;
 No welcome could he win, nor refuge claim
 From the wild midnight—in that quiet ark.

Soundly the porter slumbered in his cell,
 And dreamed not his Superior was nigh;
 Saint Francis ceased to tease the useless bell,
 And, kneeling down before the portal high,

Began, in perfect peace, to tell his Beads.
 The wind had ceased, and thickly fell the snow;

A cloak of Heaven's minever it breeds
 For Borgia's shoulders; yet, with faith aglow,

He calmly prays until the blush of dawn
 Brings to the door good Brother of the keys;
 "Alas!" he groans, as the last bolt's withdrawn,
 "Most Reverend Father! what sad straits are these?"

"Not so," Saint Francis gently says. "Dear son,
 There's nothing sad in aught of earth, save Sin,
 The one great evil in this world alone,
 That, unto Sorrow is its first of kin.

"For, oh! good Brother, when the falling snow,
 Thro' the long hours, clothed me, white and chill—
 Thou dreamedst not how sweet it was to know
 That ev'ry flake inshrined God's sovereign Will!"

THE PERSECUTION OF CHRISTIANS IN SOUTH CHANG-TON.

(FROM A LETTER OF REV. H. A. HENNINGHAUS, S. V. D., MISSIONARY IN CHINA.)



IN a former letter I mentioned that danger was threatening our mission. My fears were realized during the last few weeks. The flourishing missions Shenhien, Tangshenhien and Tunghien are totally destroyed. The churches are in ruins, the prayer-houses and dwellings of the Christians are laid waste, hundreds of Christian families are driven from their homes and despoiled of their property. A promising part of the Lord's vineyard is in ruins.

The persecution was caused by the sect of the Tjidshungdshou, the "Society of the Great Knife." All our efforts to frustrate the designs of our enemies were in vain. The mandarins, one of whom had an intense hatred for our Rev. Provicar, were in league with them. They calumniated us at the government, accusing us of having ourselves caused the uprising, and claiming that our grievances were fables. These calumnies were but too easily believed by the commander of Zinanpu, an old soldier of the Chinese-French war. They encouraged attacks of the populace by conniving at all the petty annoyances to which we were daily exposed, so that many of our neophytes, scarcely instructed in Christian doctrine, weakened and joined the sect. At length a ray of hope seemed to dawn. During the month of May the Dantae Jue, a just man, issued a proclamation which denounced the sect in stringent terms and set a prize of 100 Taels in silver on the head of every member of the sect. Empty words only, for not a single member was molested. The chief conspirators visited the mandarin as before. The only effect of the proclamation was to increase the hatred, for the sectarians believed that the Christians had caused the promulgation of the edict. In Shenhien they assembled for the express purpose of putting us to death.

I had thought that the attack would be inaugurated at Zauhien, the chief seat of the Dadauhui revolts; but it began on the opposite side. In

Kiangnan, in the subprefecture of Dangshen, where the Jesuits have flourishing missions in Dangshen, Fungchien, Sianhien, etc., founded almost as long as our mission in Shenhien, there was an inveterate hatred of long standing between the families Pang and Liu, a matter of common occurrence in a community where the "new law" of charity is unknown. In both families there are some neophytes, the greater number in the family Liu. The perverse feeling was stronger in the family Pang. A member of this family considered the new sect an opportune means to gratify his hatred, and joined it. On the fifth of June he collected fifty associates and proceeded with them to Linditou, where the Jesuits had built a chapel. This they set on fire and scattered the Christians.

When Father Gain sought redress, the subprefect of Dangshen, a just man, promised an investigation and punishment of the mob. Pangsan had consulted the grand master Liuseduan before the attack, who said to him (as was proven later at the judicial proceedings): "We have destroyed a number of churches in Shangtung (by the way, a great exaggeration, for only a few prayer-houses had been destroyed) and nothing was done to us on that account. The mandarins do not concern themselves about it. Therefore burn as many churches as you please."

Great was Pangsan's astonishment, when the mandarin now opposed him. To escape punishment, he secretly banded together a great number of associates, who came from all directions without knowing for what purpose. Suddenly, on the 15th of June, a Chinese holiday, the revolt broke loose. In broad daylight an armed mob attacked Jangdshuang. After searching the whole village for the missionary, the church, a large and handsome building, and the adjoining priest's residence were destroyed. The Christians were not molested here. Then the mob proceeded to Kiadshuang, where the cruelties perpetrated greatly exceeded those that

had been committed in Jangdshuang. First of all the church, a new building, was laid in ruins, then the houses of the Christians were attacked. The men were mostly at work in the fields, those that were at home were struck with the shafts of the lances, to induce them to reveal the whereabouts of the missionaries. An old man who bravely confessed his faith was maltreated to such a degree that he had to keep to his bed for three weeks. Some women, who defended the church, were also ill-treated. Then the mob destroyed all the property of the Christians, the grain was trampled under foot, household utensils were broken, etc. Portable valuables were secured and taken away. Next day similar outrages were committed in Dshenhotan, Hohiadshuang (Kiangnan). The flourishing mission in the latter place was totally ruined. Henceforth there was a daily renewal of these atrocities. News upon news came of ruined churches and maltreated Christians. When the mob arrived at Sueokunglou, one of our most promising missions, it numbered several thousand who spread in various directions. Here the heathen population attempted to make peace between the sect and the Christians, and advised the latter to demolish their church and to declare that they renounce the faith of Christ. "Never!" was the brave answer. "At least take down the cross from the church." "Under no condition!" When the heathens saw themselves thus repulsed, they endeavored to seize the two chief Christians in order to deliver them as hostages to the sect. But they were apprised of the design, and fled to Zining. This was on Friday. Saturday passed in apprehension of threatening danger. After morning prayers on Sunday, when our future nuns were still occupied with reciting the Office of the Blessed Virgin, the first bands of the mob arrived and set fire to the beautiful church, the pride of Father Freinademetz. It was totally destroyed together with all the dwellings of the Christians. Our heathen neighbors assisted in the destruction. Every Christian was made to confess his faith, and was searched for the rosary and scapular. The mob tried to frighten the neophytes by threatening them with flaying them alive, a practice common in China, but refrained from killing the brave confessors of the faith, and went no further than to beat them with cudgels. Then a lively auction occurred on the scene of the disaster, the property of the Christians was sold to the highest bidder. A large number of heathens from the vicinity had come with wagons and wheelbarrows, who carried away booty of every kind, including cereals, domestic animals, etc., and concluded their bargain by going into the fields and destroying the harvest.

The Christians were in a sore plight; whole families were torn asunder and knew not where to take refuge. If they sought shelter with relatives, these too were included in the general destruction. Many Christians traveled about for several days and nights, not knowing where to turn for help, and begging in secret for a little bread to satisfy their hunger. A good old man of seventy years, an exemplary Christian, hid a whole day in the crown of a cypress tree. Moreover, the mob was not con-

tent with the first attack, but returned again and again to the wrecked village, so that finally the ruin was complete. Only those Christians who consented to pay the robbers a stipulated sum were left unmolested. Within ten days all the Christian communities in Shenhien with the exception of Dangshen and Funghien, were in ruins. In Shenhien five large churches were burnt, and eleven



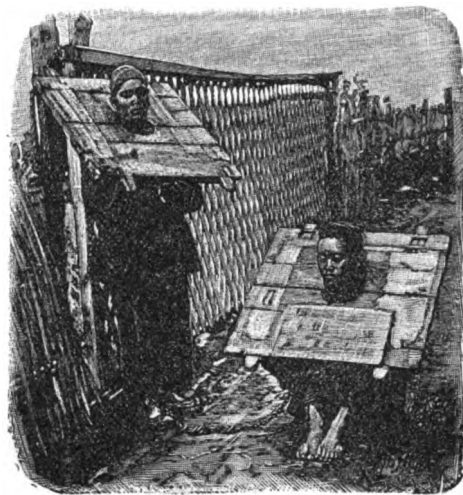
large and small churches demolished; in twenty-eight communities the Christians were robbed of everything, and in some of them the houses were either demolished or set on fire. The same was the case in the Jesuit mission at Kiangnan.

The persecution spread to the north. The church and community at Ngadshuang, in Tshengu, was plundered, the entire mission, and especially its chief station, Zining, seemed in greatest danger. The mandarins remained passive. The local mandarin, whom I had notified immediately at the outbreak of the revolt, did not even notice my appeal. The other officials also did nothing for us, for they all took their cue from the commander at Zinanpu, who would have preferred to see the Europeans and Christians in general all destroyed. In this strait we sent telegrams to Peking and to your Reverence; our whole reliance was divine help, which we hoped to receive through the intercession of our brethren in Steyl.

And we were not disappointed. On the very same day when our dispatches were sent, the mob, having exhausted its fury against the Christians, turned against the heathens to secure more plunder. A number of wealthy farmers and storage-rooms for salt were attacked. This caused a general uprising against the sect, which resulted in a formal battle between the two parties on the boundary of Shantung and Kiagnan: 50 to 100 sectarians were killed, 18 were made prisoners and confined in the city. The spell was broken, and the sectarians were no longer believed invulnerable by the people, as had been the case hitherto.

Meanwhile troops had been sent from Peking. Next day the eighteen prisoners were beheaded in Shenhien, and ten to twenty executions followed

during the next few days. The two grand masters, Liuseduan and Zaudeili, were also beheaded. Liusedau is said to have confessed before his death that Zeng, the mandarin by whose orders the Rev. Provicar had been beaten, had incited him to the



revolt. But incriminations like these are not admitted in the records. The rebels, who were aware that they could not engage in combat with the troops, disbanded; the sectarians were ordered to leave the sect; but nevertheless the hatred thrives in secret, and there is no prospect of peace in the near future.

Now our churches are in ruins, the work of nearly

ten years is undone. We must begin anew the material and spiritual construction of the church. But how, and with what means? I look to the future with dismay. The treaties, it is true, acknowledge that the Chinese government is bound to make reparation to us; but will this be done? The outlook so far is very discouraging. And even should the government give us material relief, what shall become of our Christians? Hitherto many of them lived in Zining, where they either found work or were supported by us. I took this great burden upon me, hoping that God would send me help. Could I do otherwise at a time when the Christians were driven from house and home? But I cannot continue the work much longer, for the demands on me are too many. Must the poor neophytes not lose courage under the circumstances? My neighbor, the Jesuit Father Gain, wrote me that we must now assist the Christians with alms. True enough, if we but had the means. Our Rt. Rev. Bishop, whose already heavy burden is now increased by this new cross, will scarcely be able to do more than represent our case and press our claims at the mandarinat, for he is continually in want of money. We pray to God, who never abandons them that trust in Him, to move generous hearts to come to our aid in this our dire distress. Our only consolation in these days of tribulation and trial is the constancy of the Christians and their resignation: "The Lord hath given, the Lord hath taken; the name of the Lord be blessed," many of them exclaimed when they had lost their all, and were subjected to the most cruel ill-treatment.

MASSACRE OF TWO CATHOLIC MISSIONARIES.

THE Superior General of the Society of the Divine Word writes under date of January 3d, 1898:

The first information by letter has just arrived concerning the massacre of our two missionaries, Fathers Nies and Henle. As this affair aroused profound sympathy in a wide circle, I take the liberty of transmitting to our friends the account sent to me by the Pro-Vicar, Very Rev. Freinademetz, and moreover place it at the disposal of the Catholic press for publication. The Rt. Rev. Bishop Anzer being absent, he cannot attend to the matter himself.

Respectfully,
ARNOLD JANSSEN,
Superior General.

STEYL, HOLLAND, January 3d, 1898.

PRO-VICAR FREINADEMETZ'S REPORT TO THE SUPERIOR GENERAL CONCERNING THE MASSACRE OF THE MISSIONARIES NIES AND HENLE.

"It brings tears to my eyes to be compelled to address the following lines to your Reverence. A telegram dated November 3d, 1897, advised you of the deplorable circumstances which caused the death of our dear confreres, the Rev. Fathers Nies and Henle. The following is a detailed account of the disastrous affair:

"On October 31st, the two missionaries, Fathers Henle and Stenz, coming from the city of Tjueje, visited the Christian community at Chang-tja-tshuang, probably the most flourishing one in South Chang-tong. On the morning of November 1st, Father Nies arrived from the neighboring

Li-tja-tshuang, two Fli (three leagues) distant. He had celebrated the feast of All Saints in Li-tja, and intended to observe All Souls' Day in Tshang-tja with Fathers Henle and Stenz. For this purpose they rehearsed the *Requiem*, and after practising more particularly the *Miseremini*, they retired about 10 o'clock p. m. Fathers Nies and Henle slept in the house (recently finished) and Father Stenz in the porter's lodge.

"They had scarcely composed themselves to rest, when, towards 11 o'clock in the night, a mob of about twenty or thirty men broke into the room through the window which they forced open. In the course of three or four minutes they despoiled the room of everything portable, whilst the two missionaries lay sweltering in their blood. Six minutes later death had come to their relief. Father Nies had thirteen, Father Henle nine dagger wounds. The former lay prostrate on his face, the latter on his back, both in a pool of blood, in particular, poor Father Nies' underwear looked as if it had been washed in blood. We shall send the bloody garments to Steyl for a perpetual remembrance.

"After perpetrating their dreadful crime, the assassins left the room, crying, 'We have not yet dispatched the long-beard! Where is the long-beard?' Poor Father Stenz was hidden in the por-

ter's lodge. His life, as it were, hung on a thread; but Providence preserved him in the interest of the mission. The mob did not find him and left.

"Scarcely had the assassins departed when Father Stenz left his hiding place to look after his brethren. Father Henle was still alive and conscious, and he gave him absolution and Extreme Unction. Father Nies gave no sign of life, and therefore received conditional absolution. Scarcely ten minutes elapsed between the attack and the death of the missionaries.

"A messenger was dispatched the same night to bring the terrible news to Zining, and, with Father Zeistermann, I immediately set out for Chang-tja-tshuang, viewed the horrible scene and then went to see the mandarin. I also sent a telegram to the German Consul and to Steyl, purchased two coffins, and ordered the corpses to be sent to Tae-tja-tshuang, where the solemn funeral will take place on November 16th. All our confreres on the mission are invited to assist at the obsequies.

"This is the account of the bloody drama enacted at Chang-tja-tshuang on All Saints' Day, a disaster to the mission which never had its like. Two fervent, zealous missionaries cut down in their bloom! May heaven protect us! It seems difficult to kiss the hand that strikes so hard. And yet we shall do it the more so as it is a benevolent Father who strikes. Blessed be His name! But the wound from which we suffer will take long to heal.

NOTE.—In explanation of the above we remark that Father Stenz was the local Superior, and it is probable that the murdered missionaries were not even known to the mob, so that in all probability the massacre was prompted solely by hatred of religion.

"FATHER JOSEPH FREINADEMETZ,
"Pro-Vicar."

THE TWO VICTIMS OF THE CHINESE MASSACRE IN 1897.

We give a detailed account of the massacre by heathen Chinese of our two missionaries, the Rev. Fathers Nies and Henle. A short biographical notice of them may prove interesting to our readers:

Rev. Francis Xavier Nies was born June 11th, 1859, in Rehrlinghausen, district of Olpe, diocese of Paderborn, Prussia. He made his first studies at the college of his home, and continued them from 1878 at Paderborn, until he entered our missionary college. May 7th, 1879. On the 7th of June, 1884, he received the order of priesthood at the hands of the venerable bishop of Roermond, the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Paredis. During the first months after his ordination he taught in the college of the society's mother-house. On the 1st of January, 1885, he departed for China in company with Rev. Father Charles Lieven, another priest of our establishment.

Father Nies was of a quiet, unobtrusive disposition, and sincerely and truly pious, but knew how to hide these excellent qualities under the garb of childlike simplicity. His missionary brethren, who knew him for years, testify to his deep religious feeling, and we also find many expressions in his letters which are evidence of it. In a letter of September 15th, 1890, for instance, we find the following proof of his devotion to the Blessed Sacrament:

"I shall remain in Jentjabutung during the whole month of October, because here I can preserve the Most Holy Eucharist. It is the first time in my life that I am privileged to be the custodian, day and night, of our Blessed Lord. But though I do not know whether I am acceptable to Him, I shall nevertheless do all in my power to please Him."



REV. FRANCIS XAVIER NIES.

In 1892, Father Nies had the misfortune to hurt his left arm badly. He writes: "On the eve of Epiphany I arrived at Zining together with Father Henninghaus. After the feast we were to start for Shenhien. I cannot express the sentiments with which I set out for my new destination. After passing through the city, where we were closely observed by the people who met us, we finally arrived after an hour's ride at the southern gate. When we had left the city and had escaped the curious throng, our vehicle was suddenly upset, and my arm was caught in the spokes of the front wheel and broken. We had to give up the trip. I rode back to the city, and it was seventy days before I was able to leave it. I was unable to celebrate Mass for sixty days." A Chinese surgeon who was called in offered to cure him, but asked a fee of \$200. While the missionary groaned with pain, the surgeon coolly declared that the matter concerning the fee had to be settled first. Finally, he consented to be content with \$100, which sum was paid to him. The cure, however, was made in so bungling a manner that Father Nies ever afterwards suffered from a stiff arm.

A few months before he was murdered, he was in danger of death from robbers. His most prominent virtue was humility. He had a very low opinion of himself, and deemed himself unable to perform great duties; nevertheless his bishop and his brother

missionaries testify to his ability. Under date of February 19th, 1885, he wrote: "I have often prayed to God for the grace of martyrdom, but scarcely dare hope for it. My blood is not red enough to be acceptable to God, and is contaminated with earth; it is not a martyr's blood. Nevertheless, our dear Lord was very gracious towards me, and when I contemplate the past, I am impelled to exclaim: Unsearchable are His ways."

He *was* a martyr, at least in so far as he was a victim of his vocation, in which he repeatedly exposed his life and finally suffered a cruel death. He professed the perpetual vows of our Society, thereby becoming its member for life, on the 14th of July, 1897.

* * *

Richard Henle was born as the only son of his parents, who are still living at Stetten, Hohenzollern, on July 21, 1865. He was noted in his youth for his piety, diligence and obedience. On the 8th of October, 1880, he was received into our missionary establishment. He was well prepared, and devoted himself assiduously to his studies. When, in the fall of 1884, he was compelled on account of ill health to retire for a time to his home, he edified all by his piety. His ordination to the priesthood took place on the 15th of June, 1889, and three months later, on the 15th of September, he started for China. Having a natural gift for acquiring foreign languages, it did not take him overlong to become familiar with the Chinese tongue.

From his letters we collect that he was often in danger of death during his missionary excursions. Under date of April, 1896, he wrote: "A week ago I was attacked during the night in my bed and robbed of everything I possessed. Even my clothing was taken away, so that I had to start for Wangdjatshuang in peasants' garb. The robbers even took away my eyeglasses, and supplemented their dastardly attack on my property by a sound beating of my person."

Father Henle spent himself for his neophytes, and was continually occupied for their welfare; nevertheless he was also a man of prayer, and never omitted, in his letters, to ask others to pray for him. From one of his missions he wrote to his parents: "In two of my churches, poor as they are, I have a tabernacle, and with the bishop's permission I pre-

serve the Blessed Sacrament there during my stay, from Saturday until after Mass on Tuesday. Oh how sweet are the hours before our Lord in the tabernacle, especially during the stillness of the night. Then I also remember you, dear parents,



REV. RICHARD HENLE.

who for the love of God have done so much for me, and I thank God for having given me such good parents."

During the night of the missionaries' death, Father Henle's father, in far away Germany, saw his son clothed in a white habit during a dream or vision. Amazed, he asked, "Do you wear a white habit now, Richard?" And the vision replied: "Henceforth I shall wear it forever."

Indeed, we hope that the two victims of their vocation belong to the number of those who "clothed in white garments, follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth."

DIOCESE OF INDIANAPOLIS.

THE Rt. Rev. Bishop has addressed the following letter to the pastors of the diocese:

"REVEREND SIR:

"A brief from the Holy See, bearing date of March 28, 1898, for reasons approved of by his Holiness, and on the recommendation of the Most Rev. Archbishop of Cincinnati and of all the Rt. Rev. Bishops of this Province, changes the title of the Diocese of Vincennes to that of the Diocese of Indianapolis. We notify your Reverence of this act for all legal effects following from it, and that all communications to the ordinary of the Diocese may be so addressed.

"In view of the fact that our country is now at war with a foreign power, we hereby direct and

order that, till further notice, the collects from the Mass *Pro Tempore Belli* shall be said in all the Masses in which the Rubrics permit it. We also order that after each Mass one Our Father and one Hail Mary be said for the government, that God may guide our Lawgivers and the Executive to the greatest welfare of our people. These prayers will conclude with the words: 'May the souls of those who have perished in the war and the souls of all the Faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace.'

"FRANCIS SILAS,

"Bishop of Indianapolis.

"Indianapolis, Ind., April 30, '98."

THE HEAVENLY GUIDES.

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

TWO Guides there are in this place of trial,
To lead us on to the Home of the just—
The holy angel of Self-denial,
The blessed spirit of Self-distrust.

Thro' thorniest paths the first precedes us,
Following Jesus to Calvary;

In lowliest ways the second leads us
To the olive grove of Gethsemane.

The stress and strain of their high endeavor
Purge our gold like the furnace-flame;
The heavenly Guides press on forever
Thro' realms of sorrow, want and shame.



The one of riches, honors, pleasures,
Strips the soul at its Saviour's feet;
The other claims its last of treasures,
The pride of life—self-love's deceit.

Harsh, repellant may be their features,
Rude the twain in their weary ways—
Beneath their touch, the love of creatures
Turns to ashes, dies—decays.

Yet none can ope the gate of heaven
Save these strange guardians, stern and strong;
Only through *these* can rest be given
To the people of God who have labored long.

Oh, holy angel of Self denial!
Oh, blessed spirit of Self-distrust!
Come, lead me on thro' this place of trial
To the everlasting Home of the just!



A SOLDIER BOY.

SALLIE MARGARET O'MALLEY.

THE day was rainy and the sun struggled with the clouds for supremacy. By it the moist atmosphere was heated to a tantalizing degree. To the right and left thick undergrowth dropped moist leaves and swayed rain-bent boughs.

The soldiers marched on gloomily; their feet made no noise but a measured scrunching, and only words or command or clanking of harness betrayed their presence.

The bearded soldier marching sturdily to the fight was thinking of home, and a gleam of trouble came into his eyes. Were they well? Were they hungry? Were they protected?

The smooth, fair-faced youth frowning so heavily, was impatient for the glory that awaits the roll of drums and crash of arms. Where was that glory? Only a skirmish on the hill, a dead officer, a covered retreat into the valley, and now they were marching to join the main army, without a single shot at the strongly entrenched enemy.

There was a movement somewhere to the right of front, a tightening of every nerve, a sharp command, felt rather than heard, and then the bullets were singing gayly in the air.

"Good Lord!" cried the boy, shrilly, rousing to a thrill of danger and crowding forward with a smoking gun.

The order to fire came sharp on the roar of the first volley. Straight into the concealing boughs the bullets sped, answered by a rush of regiments with fixed bayonets.

"That settles us, but never say retreat," muttered the boy, as he wiped a bloody cheek.

There was a sound like thunder in the earth, the soldier lifted his eyes along the road up the woody slope, and there, sharply silhouetted against the sky, were the colors of his country borne proudly at the head of the southward marching columns, followed by bristling row on row of splendidly armed foot soldiers. Then came the shrill cry of the bugles, the rattling crash of drums, the thunderous roar of innumerable horse feet, and the rolling drag of heavy artillery.

Fire leaped into the soldier's heart. The main army! The handful of men in the valley leaped forward to meet it, the bullets spitting at their ears and the bayonets piercing the hindmost. The lines opened and the harassed and bleeding soldiers dropped into safety.

The army came to a sudden halt, and the splendidly mounted officers rode fiercely along the line with keen eyes for every flaw, to see every weakened place. Staff officers rushed from one point to another. The two regiments of the enemy were falling back, already lost to view in the dripping brush. Down the narrow road all was still, save a silent figure stretched out where the sun flickered an instant on a bayonet point and a stain of blood across yellow curled hair.

He looked back and saw it. It was struggling feebly; the sun hurt. Above the tree tops the smoke was floating, thinning.

"It's Dan!" muttered the boy. "My God!"

Then from a high ridge above the concealed regiments came a puff and flash, a muffled roar, and from a masked battery was fired the first shot of the oncoming battle.

There was a short pause while the soldiers stared at the field of scrub and brier, the roads climbing from point to point of the deep defiles, and heavy rocks that jutted out from the seamed hills.

The officers looked worried, while an occasional "sping" sounding in the air, spoke for the enemy's sharpshooters.

"We must attack at once," said an officer impetuously. "How confident the rascals are!"

Meanwhile the soldiers changed front rapidly, and laborious defense works were hurried to completion. From the rear the regulars were ordered to the front, and marched by magnificent and cool, cheered by the harassed soldiers and envied by the recruits who were eager to be at the front.

An officer came to look at the handful of men from the valley. They knew some of the ground and there were four or five veterans.

"It's a bad ground," answered a private, "but, captain, let *me* go to the front, I've been in two frontier wars."

"And me!" cried one after another until the last man was reached, and that was the boy. He did not hesitate long, but lined up and said, "And me."

"If our noble men need help you'll be ordered forward," answered the captain, galloping away.

Not more than half an hour passed when a terrific roar in front told the waiting men that the battle had begun. The batteries from the hill responded sullenly with a note of defiance, and soon such jarring and booming disturbed the day that the soldiers could not hear anything else.

At noon there was a horrible change. A long line of litters began to move rapidly to the rear. Their burdens were ghastly but noble. Here a man, whose face was torn out of all semblance to humanity, heard a yell of victory to the front. "God help my country!" he sobbed, and fell back unconscious or dead.

Many went by smiling, with torn legs or mangled shoulders, whose pain paled their cheeks and made ashen the firm lips.

There was a short respite from the fusillade in the extreme front, and out of the smoke and powder smell came a horse, wet with sweat, bearing an officer with a broken sword and a bloody handkerchief tied about his forehead. His face was pale as death, but from his keen black eyes flashed resolute and defiant fire. He said something indistinguishably hoarse. But a sign would have been understood. The 69th was ordered to the front.

There were cheers and cheers as they marched rapidly by, their flag, torn by the early morning volley, unfurled proudly over them. The men seemed inspired, and with the first gun-crack they tightened their sinews and waited for the command to charge.

The weary soldiers in front made an effort to gain the first of the enemy's batteries, failed, and were followed by a murderous soldiery confident in their secure fortifications. Then the command was given, and with a cry and a rush they hurled themselves on the pursuers. Hand to hand they fought back up the hill; the dead tumbling into ravines and the wounded trampled under foot; then the enemy got a chance, and a raking fire tumbled the men half way down the incline. A moment and the color sergeant was rushing up again, leaping from rock to rock. He struck his flag against the enemy's fort and cried, "Come up, men!"

His red whiskers and hair floated about his triumphant face. The next instant a dull boom spoke his fate. He was directly in the path of the ball that carried the fragments of his body to the feet of his comrades.

Then in the scramble up some one led, was always ahead—a lithe, a young and active figure, with distorted face and blazing eyes. He picked up the tattered flag, waved it and scrambled on. It was the boy, and the dead color-sergeant was his father.

The wounded captain, dismounted and bleeding, reeled and fell half way up. A man stopped, seeing that the last wound was mortal.

"Go on fighting, men," he said. "Don't mind me."

Then the next they knew they were under the enemy's guns, with the flag before them, waving from the first embankment, held by the cheering boy.

At the foot, the commanding officer said, "We must help them; they can't hold their ground."

Even as he spoke there was a crackling and screaming on the ridge, hoarse cries and imprecations followed by a deafening roar of cannon. The heavy smoke shut down and no one knew who was winning in the front. Another regiment marched

rapidly forward, and with expectant eyes and strained ears charged up the hill.

Just then a breeze rifted the smoke, and for a minute, perhaps not so long, the flag was seen triumphantly floating on the outer defense. Ah, such a cheer as reached them then from the men struggling up and the army watching below!

The general felt uneasy. He dismounted from his horse and walked nervously backward and forward.

"I don't know this part of this accursed country. I wish I knew the strength of the enemy and how well fortified."

"We will have a prisoner presently," said an aide-de-camp.

The general shook his head gloomily.

A young, keen-faced native officer saluted and said, "Permit me. But I feel certain these fortifications have been thrown up by Veldo's men. Probably they left a few regiments here to hold this place. I think," he spoke hesitatingly, "that they are covering Veldo's retreat into the hills. Whenever Veldo is safe then the firing will cease."

The general's eyes brightened. "Prove that," he cried to the young aid.

Then a new movement stirred the soldiers curiously. Men deployed to the left and disappeared in the wood that seemed to swallow them from the sight of their comrades. At their head rode the keen-eyed, dark-faced officer. He was watching every point where an enemy might be concealed. Half an hour's rapid marching up a regularly inclined plane brought him out upon a table-land. A halt was ordered, and rising in his stirrups he examined the surrounding country through a field-glass. Again and again he swept the horizon with a disappointed look upon his face. Then, something far away drew his attention and he studied it carefully. He rested awhile and then looked again, his face growing pale with excitement. He turned toward the soldiers.

"Men, we must help take that fort. Instead of covering Veldo's retreat they're holding their own until Veldo arrives. Yonder he is, coming rapidly." He pointed to a line that glittered and darkened against the sky.

Then commenced a movement that won him later on a word of praise and a decoration. He was leading his men to attack the fort in the rear. When the soldiers on the opposite side of the hill saw the floating flag through the rifted smoke, they were wild with enthusiasm, and the men charging up the declivity felt that victory had already come. But it was not the hour. As the boy planted the flag on the fortification, he turned his face as his father had done and cried jubilantly, "Come up, men!" And to a man they fought and scrambled to a place beside him.

But the enemy were of as true steel, and the close fight that followed was deadly and annihilating.

The boy was fighting desperately with his bayonet, and found himself at last fronting a gigantic, dark-faced man. From the first he was overpowered and beaten back, step by step. "I shall die," he thought, "but not as a coward!"

He had not noticed where his wavering feet were carrying him. He was bleeding from many sabre thrusts and the old wound in his face was stinging.

He felt as if his next backward step must land him on the edge of some precipice, but just then a familiar voice, cried keen and shrill, "Courage! courage! we are here." And over the fortifications from the hill-side poured the charging regiment, and from the rear the Stars and Stripes floated close beside a dark-faced man on a black horse leading the columns of his fellow-soldiers.

"Glory!" shouted the boy, hoarsely, leaping forward, but his antagonist caught him with a thrust that lifted him over the slight breastwork, and shaking him free from his sword, turned to meet the victors.

The boy fell and rolled further and further down the scrubby slope. He would catch against some small bush, only to be dislodged by his agonized struggles.

Overhead the battle went on, charge and retreat and advance again went on, over and over, but he heard it not.

Veldo's army was cut off, the fort was conquered, and at night the soldiers slept while relief corps hunted the fields for the dead and wounded.

The boy was mentioned and search was made, but he was not found.

"He was the first man in the fort," said one and another; further they did not remember, and he was reported among the missing.

When the night was far advanced, and the dew, calm and soothing, was dropping from the leaves upon his fevered face, the boy awakened, not to the call of glory nor the martial roll of drums, but to the call of victory that leads us forever on. He put out his hand, felt about him; he could touch another hand, and he pulled it caressingly toward him.

Some dim inner consciousness told him it was Dan, dear brother Dan, lying there cold and still.

The boy could not use his legs, but he pulled himself nearer until he could touch the still, poor face, and he smiled. Then again he was unconscious, the blood flowing freer. After a time he could move his head again, but his hands were dead.

"It is near," he said aloud. "Have mercy on me! Lord Jesus, receive my soul."

There was a call in the darkness, clear and thrilling, and was there a touch upon his shoulder?

He turned his face and a light like nothing but the whiteness of heaven lit up his face, the dewy leaves and mossy ground.

The boy's face grew radiant.

"Thou?" he asked.

"It is I," said the still small voice. "BE NOT AFRAID."

CHILDREN WHO SAVED HAMBURG.



HAMBURG was besieged. Wolff, the merchant, returned slowly to his home one morning. Along with the other merchants of the city he had been helping to defend the walls against the enemy; and so constant was the fighting that for a whole week he had worn his armor day and night. And now he thought bitterly that all his fighting was useless; for on the morrow want of food would force them to open the gates.

As he passed through his garden he noticed that his cherry trees were covered with ripe fruit, so large and juicy that the very sight of it was refreshing. At that moment a thought struck him. He knew how much the enemy was suffering from thirst. What would they not give for the fruit that hung unheeded on the trees of his orchard? Might he not by means of his cherries secure safety for his city?

Without a moment's delay he put his plan into practice; for he knew there was no time to be lost if the city was to be saved. He gathered together three hundred of the children of the city, all dressed in white, and loaded them with fruit from his orchard. Then the gates were thrown open, and they set out on their strange errand.

When the leader of the army saw the gates of the city open and the band of little white-robed children marching out, many of them nearly hidden by the branches which they carried, he at once thought it was some trick by which the townspeople were try-

ing to deceive him while preparing for an attack on the camp. As the children came nearer he remembered his vow, and was on the point of giving orders that they should all be put to death.

But when he saw the little ones so close at hand, so pale and thin from want of food, he thought of his own children at home, and he could hardly keep back the tears. Then as his thirsty, wounded soldiers tasted the cool, refreshing fruit which the children had brought them, a cheer went up from the camp, and the general knew that he was conquered—not by force of arms, but by the power of kindness and pity.

When the children returned, the general sent along with them wagons laden with food for the starving people of the city, and the next day signed a treaty of peace with those whom he had vowed to destroy.

For many years afterward as the day came round on which this event took place, it was kept as a holiday, and called "The Feast of the Cherries." Large numbers of children in white robes marched through the streets, each one bearing a branch with bunches of cherries on it. But the old writer who tells the story is careful to say that the children kept the cherries for themselves.

Every age of the world's history has its tales of war and bloodshed and cruelty, of wild victories, but nowhere among them do we find the story of a more beautiful victory than that which was won by the little children who saved Hamburg.

SEBASTIAN KNEIPP.

A SKETCH BY KARL LEOPOLD.



THE interest in the water cure and hygienic doctrine of the late Monsignor Sebastian Kneipp, who died in June of last year at Wörishofen, Germany, is spreading in ever-widening circles. Nearly every one who acquires a knowledge of the Kneipp system and learns of its great beneficial results, cannot help but be imbued with a feeling of gratitude and admiration for this great man. His hygienic principles have indeed become a saving gospel for the unnerved and degenerated humanity of our day. We therefore feel that a few remarks on the life of this apostle of health will be of great interest to our readers.

Father Kneipp has left his autobiography, and we would like to reproduce it here as it came from his pen. It gives in its vigorous language and with its original expressions a true picture of his great character. But we have not the space to give here his whole biography, and much of the drastic effect of the original would be lost by being translated into another language. We will therefore relate here only the principal facts and try to demonstrate to our readers the spirit of this autobiography. The first sentence already gives the quintessence of the contents of the whole, and Monsignor Kneipp has proved by his own experience the truth of what he says in this opening sentence: "As Almighty God who has created man leads, guides and conducts him in His loving providence, so He also leads each individual in a special way and often brings him to a goal which man had not intended for himself, and we can say in reality that as no two persons look alike, so will no two persons be led the same way."

Father Kneipp was born on the 17th of May, 1821, at Stephansried in Bavaria. His parents were pious Catholics, but very poor. His father was a weaver. Very touching is the description of their poverty, when Father Kneipp narrates that on the occasion of his first communion he wore a coat made out of his mother's wedding dress, and that though she made this great sacrifice for his sake, his companions made a laughing-stock of him on account of this same coat. He continues: "Nobody who is not born and brought up in poverty will ever fully understand the lot of the poor. He who has never shared the poor man's meal, will never know what their fare is, and as it is with the food, so it is with the clothing."

At the early age of eleven years the frail boy had to join the other members of the family in the cellar and learn weaving, and when only twelve years of age it was his duty to weave every day five yards of linen. At the same time he received a little instruction from his father. Even in these early days Father Kneipp informs us that he had already a longing to study for the priesthood, but when he told his parents that he wanted to study they said: "We are too poor and cannot afford it." The poor boy now sought out a priest and told him of the desire of his heart, but this priest also being poor himself, advised him not to study when he learned

of the poverty of the parents. "In this way," writes Father Kneipp, "I visited up to my 17th year about twenty priests, but was always advised 'not to study.'"

During the winter the youths had to weave, and in summer time to work in the fields; and he relates that when he was only seventeen years of age he looked so old that strangers took him to be his father's brother. No wonder! During all this hard work his longing to study for the priesthood was so strong within him that one night he left his bed at one o'clock and without money or food walked for nine hours to Kempten to see a priest, the director of a seminary, and beg him for admission. The priest was willing to receive him on condition that he could bring the written permission of his father. "In the evening at 6 o'clock I reached home," says



Father Kneipp, "but all my journeying had been in vain, as my father would not give me the necessary written permission. And now I was in despair. The longing to study was irresistible. I could get neither rest nor sleep, and in the whole world I knew no one who would help me in my trouble." He now determined to work as hard and as steadily as his strength would allow, never to spend one cent, to save everything he earned, and by these means to get enough together to enable him to commence studying after several years. This was a hard time for him, and only his strong determination to reach the sacred goal gave him strength when he was near breaking down from exhaustion in mind and body. This lasted three years. By this time he had saved enough to buy the necessary student's outfit, and had laid aside a little sum of money. But a fire broke out in the village and consumed amongst other buildings the house where Kneipp lived with his parents. Everything was burned, his student's outfit, his clothes and even his money. Without shelter, and nothing he could call his own but the clothes he wore, he found him-

self in the street by the side of his father. His mother had died shortly before. "At first it seemed to me," writes Father Kneipp, "as if my whole future had been destroyed and study been made impossible of attainment, and yet the old longing which the flames could not destroy came back to me, and I was convinced that I would yet succeed if it was 'God's will.'"

How in this instance, faith and confidence in God was rewarded in the future we all know. Kneipp will ever be remembered as a pious and zealous priest and a great benefactor of mankind. Kneipp himself helped diligently at the rebuilding of his father's house, but as soon as it was finished he could not stay at home any longer.

He now started out on foot and wandered from place to place, from city to city; but everywhere his endeavors to obtain preparatory instruction were in vain, and he turned his steps towards home once more.

Again he set out and came to the village of Gronenbach, where finally he found a priest who took an interest in him. When Kneipp told him the story of his life, the worthy man exclaimed, "It will be difficult; but with God's grace everything is possible. I will give you instruction." This good priest now taught the "old and poor schoolboy," so poor in fact, that he had to find his meals at the hospitable tables of the village dignitaries. This continued for two years, until he went to the High School in the town of Dillingen. Kneipp again experienced great difficulties before he gained admission to the High School. Three times he went to the principal, and when he called the third time this worthy took him by the arm and led him to the door. With a persistency which was characteristic of Kneipp, he now went to a high government official and persuaded him to procure him admission into the High School. But we must not forget to mention the name of the good priest who had first aided Kneipp in his studies and even now materially assisted him. It was the Rev. M. Merkle, who became in later years Professor of Moral Theology in Passau, and one of the pope's domestic prelates, and who died at Wörishofen in the arms of Father Kneipp.

As Providence had led Kneipp through adversities and severe trials on the way to become a priest, a physician of souls, so it sent him now bodily suffering to prepare him for his other calling, as physician of the body. We will now quote from Father Kneipp's own words: "Happy as I was in my studies, I felt more and more delighted from day to day, but complete happiness was not to be my lot. Though I had in former days worked very hard indeed, I had had at that time the benefit of the simple home-like country food, and plenty of exercise in the open air at all seasons of the year, but now I began to feel an ever-increasing lassitude steal over my whole body. At the same time I perceived that I had overtaxed the strength of my mind, and I grew more and more tired and weary from week to week. Appetite and sleep left me, and when in the third class of the High School, I grew so ill that I had to stay in bed half the time. A doctor visited me frequently, and did all he could

for me, but without success. Even though I succeeded in getting promoted into a higher class, my condition grew worse instead of better. Again the doctor tried several remedies, but all in vain, my only consolation was that I had graduated, and the hope that some day I should get stronger, and be able again to move about freely. At that time I was so weary that every morning after rising from bed I had to rest half an hour in a chair before I was able to move further. Because I had never tasted beer, they advised me to try it, as it might give me strength. But this only caused my nose to bleed violently during the night while I was asleep. My good friend the doctor called another physician in consultation, but with all their skill they could not help me. Imagine my position! Kind friends were giving me free board and lodging, and here was I so weak and ill that I had no prospects of ever being able to push forward in the path I had laid out for myself. Whilst I was in the highest class my father came to take me home for the Easter holidays. I heard a friend say to him, 'Master weaver, this will be the last time you will take your son home!'"

Kneipp persevered and went now to Munich, to begin at the University there the real study of theology. His bodily afflictions went with him. One day he came across a book in the University library entitled, "Guide and Instruction How to Use the Water Cure," by Hahn. This was the decisive moment! During the next vacation which he spent in Dillingen he commenced to follow these instructions and began to take three times a week cold baths in the river Danube. However tired and weary he went to the bath, he always returned refreshed and invigorated.

"My brain could work better, my memory grew stronger, also my appetite increased, and I was soon able to attend regularly all the lectures." He also commenced now at home to sluice his body with water, for which he had to stand no little raillery from his friends.

At the seminary in Munich he continued this treatment, but still only on himself. It is touching to read how he obtained his first patient. One day he met in the seminary grounds another alumnus who was crying. Kneipp, touched by his fellow student's distress, asked him the cause of his trouble, and the young man told him that he had studied twelve years for the priesthood, and was to be ordained in the near future, but that the doctor refused to give him the health certificate, without which he could not receive Holy Orders.

What should he do? Kneipp, remembering that he had just been himself in such discouraging circumstances, bade him to take courage and promised to cure him. But how was this to be accomplished? And now began a very funny treatment. At midnight when everybody was asleep the two alumni climbed out of the window into the court-yard of the seminary where there was a fountain of fresh water. Herein Kneipp doused his patient thoroughly, and the treatment was soon successful. The young man grew stronger week by week, and when after a short time he was able to preach his

first sermon, the professors were surprised at his healthy appearance and his strong voice. They could hardly believe that he had been sick, and the prefect of the seminary announced that he was restored to perfect health, and that Kneipp had cured him. Even the doctor pronounced the young man cured, whom before he had considered a consumptive, and he could not understand what had cured him. The young man was ordained. Kneipp helped many a fellow student in the seminary, and continued after his ordination the charitable good work.

At first the authorities raised objections, but, because he never accepted a fee, and because his cures were so numerous and phenomenal, they soon ceased to trouble him.

In 1855 Father Kneipp came to Wörishofen, where his position as Confessor in the Dominican Convent left him considerable spare time. Experience soon developed here his mode of treatment, and brought it to perfection in absolute certainty of diagnosis as well as in the employment of the right and proper remedies; and the influx of numerous patients from all countries gave him his world-wide reputation. As many as 140 patients arrived in one day. Princes and ecclesiastical dignitaries, millionaires and beggars, Kneipp treated them all alike. Each one had to wait until his turn came, and he always remained the same simple and unassuming man, always straightforward even to bluntness. We do not wish to enter here into the particulars of his course of treatment; it is all fully explained in his books, which have been translated into nearly all languages, and a superficial record of the various

methods employed by him might do more harm than good. Besides, they should never be used without the advice of a physician and under his supervision. Full directions are given in his work "My Water Cure," and we draw the special attention of the reader to his other books, "Thus Shalt Thou Live," and "The Care of Children in Sickness and Health," which are all to be had in good English translations. For further particulars we refer our readers to an advertisement in another part of this calendar.

As we mentioned before, Monsignor Sebastian Kneipp died on the 17th of June, 1897, at the age of 76, after a blessed career as physician of soul and body. The story of his life is highly interesting and instructive in more than one respect. A poet says, "The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, without a thought of fame," and this quotation certainly can be applied to the life of Father Kneipp. He never neglected his duties as a priest for those of a physician, and he took care that his work continued active after his demise.

Without thought of himself he employed the large sum of voluntary contributions which flowed unceasingly into Wörishofen to the erection of benevolent institutions where his system of hygiene is employed. He died of old age, his strength having been spent in the service of humanity. He is a shining example of Sidney Smith's beautiful lines, "Let every man be occupied, and occupied in the highest employment of which his nature is capable, and die with the consciousness that he has done his best."



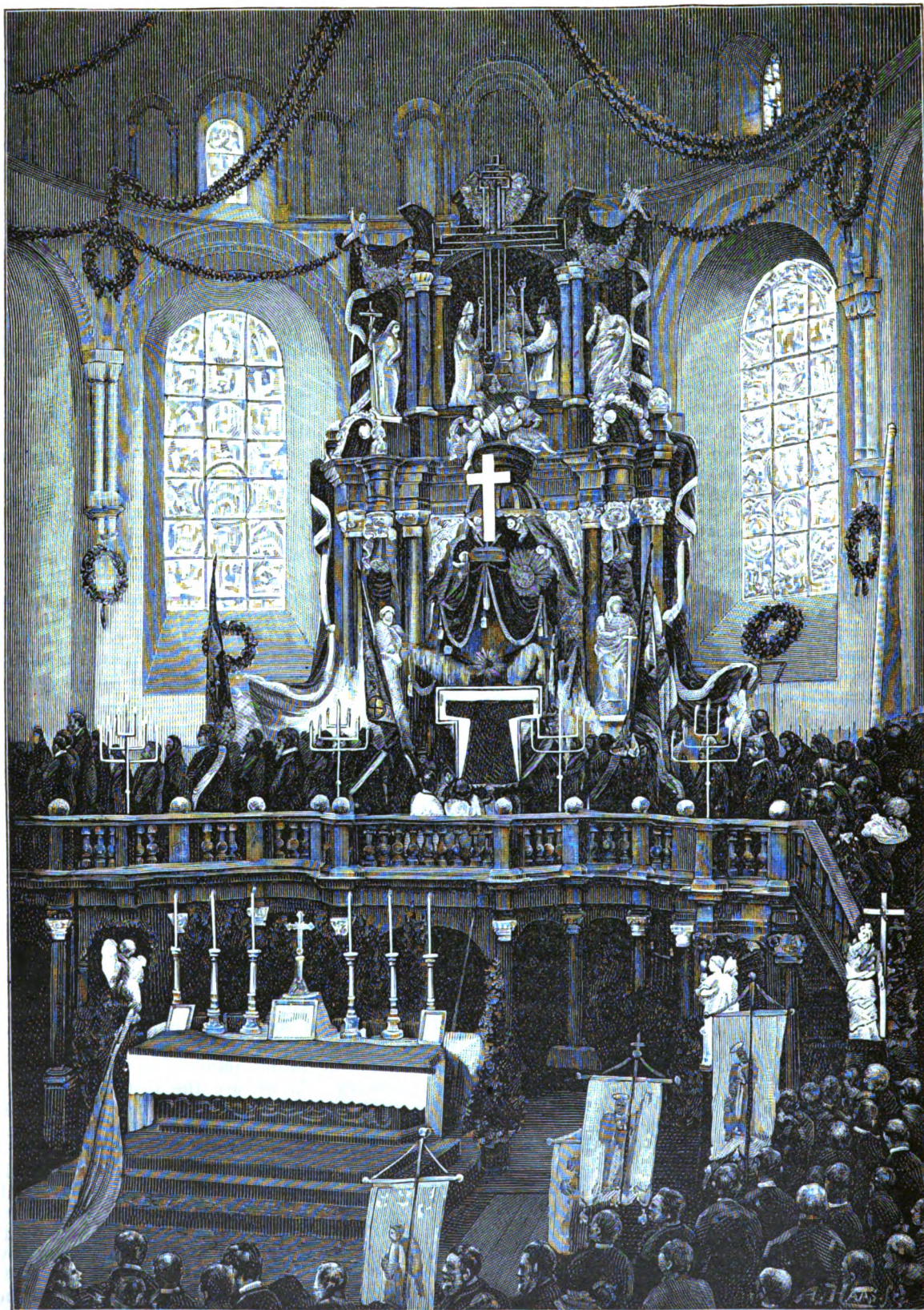
PUNCTUALITY.

IT is astonishing how many people there are who neglect punctuality. Thousands have failed in life from this cause alone. It is not only a serious vice in itself, but it is the fruitful parent of numerous other vices, so that he who becomes the victim of it gets involved in toils from which it is almost impossible to escape. It makes the merchant wasteful of time; it saps the business reputation of the lawyer, and it injures the prospects of the mechanic, who might otherwise rise to fortune; in a word, there is not a profession, nor a station in life, which is not liable to the canker of the destructive habit.

It is a fact not always remembered, that Napoleon's great victories were won by infusing into his subordinates the necessity of punctuality to the minute. It was his plan to manœuvre over large spaces of country so as to render the enemy uncertain where he was about to strike a blow, and then

suddenly to concentrate his forces and fall with irresistible power on some weak point of the extended lines of the foe.

In mercantile affairs, punctuality is as important as in military. Many are the instances in which the neglect to renew an insurance punctually has led to serious loss. With sound policy do the banks insist, under the penalty of a protest, on the punctual payment of notes, for were they to do otherwise, commercial transactions would fall into inextricable confusion. Many and many a time has the failure of one man to meet his obligations brought on the ruin of a score of others, just as the toppling down in a line of bricks, of the master brick, causes the fall of all the rest. Thousands remain poor all their lives, who, if they were more faithful to their word, would secure a large run of custom, and so make their fortunes. Be punctual, if you would succeed.



EXPOSITION OF THE "SEAMLESS GARMENT" OF OUR LORD IN THE CATHEDRAL OF TREVES.



THE POWER OF THE CROSS.

A LEGEND OF OLDEN TIMES. BY H. A. REULAND.

TRANSLATED BY B. BACHUR.



HEN Julius Caesar was Emperor of Rome some of his brave Roman Legions invaded Gaul, subdued after fierce fighting the Trevians, and had many encounters with the tribes of the Ardennes mountains who inhabited the district now called the Duchy of Luxemburg. After the conquest of Gaul this mountain district of the Ardennes also became subject to Roman rule and remained under it for nearly five centuries. The vanquished Trevians as well as the people of the Ardennes mountains believed in the same deities as the Romans though their rites were less elaborate, but gradually they all became merged into one.

Mars and Diana were most frequently adored, and the Gallic Druids being at the same time judges and priests, offered not infrequently human sacrifices to their deities on the stone altars hidden in sombre groves of their gigantic oaks. When after the conquest of Gaul the Romans had formed their settlements, an entirely different order of things from the old Celtic customs had been established.

Magnificent edifices, temples and villas were erected; military roads and immense camps were built; but in consequence of the watchfulness of the Romans the Christian faith made no progress though it flourished already in the city of Treves.

St. Eucharius, a scholar of St. Peter, had preached the Word of God in Treves, and was its first bishop, while his master established the Christian faith in Rome. The Christians in the second capitol of the Roman empire, as Treves was called, were persecuted by the Roman Prefects like their brethren in Rome. Thousands died by the swords of the Roman warriors, or were doomed to be the prey of some fierce beast in the Colosseum. The ground of this venerable city had been saturated by the blood of the Christians. The most cruel persecution took place in the year 286, when Rictiovarus was appointed Prefect of Treves by the Emperor Maximian. On the 4th of October of that year 300 soldiers of the Thebaïen Legion were murdered because they refused to adore the pagan gods. The following day the Mayor of the city, his seven Councilmen and some prominent citizens shed their blood for Christ;

and on the 6th of October, all Christians found in and around the city were put to death. The blood of the martyrs flowed in streams to the Mosel, and the mutilated bodies were cast into its waves. To an extent of more than twenty miles the water of the river was tinted by the martyrs' blood. Until this day the tradition of the dreadful slaughter exists in the Trevian land; mothers relate it to their children.

Amongst many precious relics Treves possesses one of the most venerable, the seamless garment of our Lord, of which Holy Scripture says: "Upon my vesture they have cast lots." In the year 1891 this holy relic was exposed to the veneration of the faithful.

Up to the time when the Franks began to rule, the terror of heathenish barbarianism was extant amongst the people who were under the Roman yoke. At this time, when Gaul had already been divided into provinces by the Roman government, one of which (Belgium) had Treves as its capital and which, comprising part of Luxemburg and the whole of Lorraine, had already several Bishoprics in her more important towns, it still looked very dark for the spreading of the Christian faith in some parts of Luxemburg. But Treves had been ordered to send missionaries into these neighboring Ardennes mountains and to try to establish the light of the Gospel in these regions. At that time a Gallic chieftain, Kurbola, who had his seat between the rivers Sauer and Erntz, lived in violent feud with Luperco, the chief of another tribe which was settled higher up in the Ardennes mountains. Luperco had eloped with Claudia, daughter of the Gallic chief, and Kurbola had sworn vengeance against him. He called out the men of his tribe and led them against Luperco. The bull's horns sounded mighty through the dense forest, and Kurbola, clad in shining armor, spear in his right and the many-colored shield in his left hand, helmet adorned with bull's horns on his head, and with a red and white linen mantle on his shoulder, went forth at the head of his doughty warriors into the Ardennes fastness to combat with fiery wrath against his daughter's robber.

Across high mountains and through dense forests the Gallic chief with his band armed with bows and arrows approached nearer and nearer the abode of the enemy; but though he had used every precaution to secretly reach the castle and suddenly attack him unprepared, Luperco had been warned of his coming. Hastily he took measures to resist the attack of the wrathful Gaul, and when Kurbola reached the stronghold of his enemy, Luperco received him with a well-armed host of his followers. With terrific force the opposing armies met, the valley resounded with the cries of the fighting hosts, sword met sword with death-dealing force, knives and daggers did their terrible bloody work and sling shots ended the lives of many on both sides. But fortune did not favor Luperco. His warriors dropped dead on the heather, reddening it with their blood, and victory inclined more and more to the side of the aggressor. Luperco alone broke through the enemy's lines and gained the shelter of the protecting forest on his fleet coal-black charger. But Kurbola had watched his flight and followed with a few of his most trusty retainers. Luperco, who was well in advance, sped through the forest like a deer pursued by the hunter. But soon Kurbola was close upon his heels, and his panting steed well knowing his master's intent, rushed forth with lightning speed and soon further reduced the distance between the fugitive and his foe. The wild chase lasted far into the night, and still Kurbola had not overtaken his prey. The moon had risen in the sky, and illuminating with her pale rays the landscape, made visible a clearing in the dense wood, and the fleeing warrior strove to reach it. Rushing down the hilly slope, he suddenly found himself in a small valley through which tossed wildly the waters of a rain-swollen stream. Only if his trusty steed, though jaded unto death, could ford this water, could he possibly escape his pursuers, who just then appeared in the opening of the forest. There was no time to hesitate, so he forced his horse far into the raging torrent. Now the Gaul was close behind him, Kurbola's horse seemed hardly to touch the earth, with powerful leaps it reached the stream, and its rider, with dire vengeance burning in his eyes, raising high his lance into the air, forced him into the seething flood. Suddenly a fierce cry of despair rose from Luperco's lips. His horse, now thoroughly exhausted, had struck against the root of a tree hidden by the water, and could hardly bear up under the burden of his rider. Luperco, seeing at this moment his enemy close upon him, grasped his knife and was on the point of taking his own life, when Kurbola reached his side and bore him with powerful arm from his horse and held him utterly defenseless under the water until some of his followers reached the scene of the struggle and with loud exulting cries received the victim from the hand of his conqueror. Having made their way out of the water, they tied Luperco to his horse and hurriedly made their way to Kurbola's castle.

Minstrels celebrated with song the bravery and victory of their chief, and the Druids demanded the captive's death, but Kurbola would not put his

enemy to death so suddenly. The gods demanded a sacrifice, the Druids had said, and it was decided to offer this sacrifice in the sacred grove which was situated between what were later the villages of Falkendingen and Ermsdorf. The Romans had erected a temple in Ermsdorf, and it was here that the Gallic chieftain wished to offer a sacrifice of thanksgiving to Hercules, and he appointed this day for the killing of his captured foe.

In the meantime Kurbola's warriors had returned from the Ardennes and had brought back to their chief his abducted daughter. But Claudia grieved bitterly over the tragic fate of him who had eloped with her and had, true to Germanic custom, made her his wife. Claudia loved her husband, and she doubted not that she would succeed in saving him from the murderous knives of the Druid priests. She laid her grief before the goddess Freya, and made a vow to Jupiter that she would offer other sacrifices if he would rescue the life of this victim. But the gods remained passive and the heart of the beautiful heathen found no consolation. One day she was walking with her companions on the banks of the Erntz, her heart full of sorrow and anxiety, for her father had been deaf to all her entreaties, and would not liberate him whom he considered his bitterest enemy.

Having reached an open meadow between the forest and the river in an elevated position, a peculiar sign, a cross of roughly-hewn branches of trees had been erected, and under it there was seated a venerable messenger of the Christian faith. A crowd of heathen Gauls were standing and sitting around him; they were warriors clad in skins of animals, with lances by their sides and shields and bows and arrows ready in their hands, listening with rapt attention to the words of the priest. And Claudia also approached, eager to listen to the words, and she heard the wonderful doctrine which she could hardly understand. She remained to the end, and when the gathering broke up the priest entreated the people to return again the next day. Thus it happened that Claudia came here daily to listen to the sermons, and thus she received gradually a knowledge of our holy religion, which until then had been entirely unknown to her. One day the heathen woman asked the Christian priest whether the God of the Christians would be powerful enough to help a prisoner to his freedom; the venerable priest assured her of this, and asked who it was that was suffering in captivity, in whose fate she took such a great interest. She told him of all that had happened, and also named the day on which the unfortunate prisoner would be sacrificed to the gods according to their heathen customs. The priest consoled her, told her to have faith in the God of the Christians, and assured her that he was absolutely certain that Luperco would not die under the knife of the idolatrous priests.

Let us now imagine those dense forests on the banks of the river Erntz, which to the mind of our heroine represented a holy place of worship sacred to the gods. In the shadow of gigantic oaks there stood on a massive foundation a large round stone table which was called "The altar of the sacrifice of

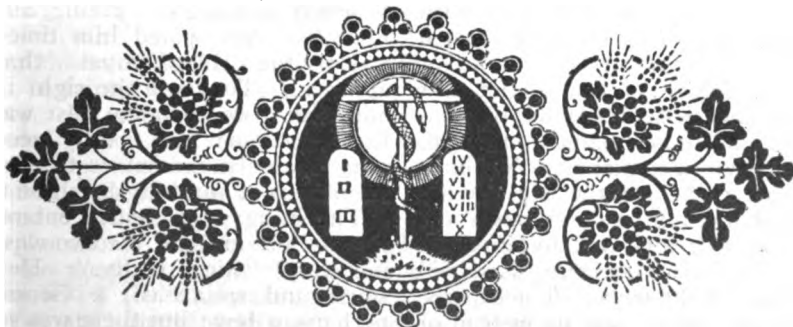
battle." A linen curtain which was suspended from two of the stoutest oaks, and which was covered with shields, bows and lances, formed the background of the place of worship. Before it stood the aged priest who was to perform the sacrifice. Other priests and Druids in long white habits surrounded the table, on which was placed a golden cup which was to receive the blood of the victim. The chief priest wore a red turban, while the other priests wore wreaths of oak leaves. The chiefs of the Gallic warriors sat around the sacrificial table clad in their war armor, while the other warriors and the common people stood at a respectful distance, eagerly watching for the terrible drama which was to be enacted before them. Whilst bull's horns were sounded and in the distance a monotonous death chant could be heard, armed warriors drew near, leading in their midst Luperco tightly bound and almost naked. Not a sound arose from the throng when the victim knelt before the table on which he was to be put to death. Steadfast and defiant his eye rested upon the priest, who was in the act of grasping the knife, and of forcing Luperco on to the table of sacrifice. The chief priest was just concluding his sermon which he had addressed to the eager multitude, when suddenly all eyes were turned to the entrance of the sacred room, where stood erect the reverend messenger of the Christian faith. In his left hand he held aloft the holy crucifix, while his right hand was stretched out towards the fanatical heathen priest. "No blood shall be shed here," he cried; "God, the only and true God, who created the world and holds the heavens in his power, is the only sacrifice, whose blood flowed for all mankind to take away the sins of the whole world. The God of the Christians, whose gospel I have come amongst you to preach, demands no bloody sacrifice from us, for He is the God of peace and love." In speechless astonishment the priests listened to these words of the apostle. But soon they cried out wildly, "How comes this stranger in our midst? If he intends to hinder us in the execution of our office, slay him, the spy, and enemy of our gods."

But nobody obeyed their commands. All seemed spell-bound under the power of the cross which the missionary still held on high before their eyes. Suddenly the powerful figure of a warrior appeared behind Luperco, cut with a knife the cords with which he was bound, and called out, "Forgive, oh Kurbola, our chief; let not the lawful husband of your daughter die at the hands of these treacherous and idolatrous priests. We have listened to the words of yon venerable man, and we believe in Jesus Christ, the crucified. Do not shut your ear to the true faith, and you will obtain eternal peace."

Almost stunned by these proceedings, the chieftain was just rising in unbounded wrath, when Claudia clung to her father's knees and implored him in the most touching accents and with tearful eyes to pardon her beloved husband; and now many of the new converts approached and surrounded him and joined his daughter in her supplications for the life of Luperco; but the fierce warrior could not easily subdue his great anger, he could not understand all that had just happened. Now the missionary approached and involuntarily infused respect and awe into the wild breast of the savage warrior. His eloquent and loving words soon appeased the wrath of Kurbola, and induced him to give permission to the apostle to preach on the spot. Kurbola himself became an attentive listener, and to the anger of the heathen priests he soon embraced the Christian faith and was baptized, with a great number of his followers. Luperco, upon whose mind his wonderful liberation had made a deep impression, was, after having been baptized, united to Claudia by the sacred rites of the church, and returned in peace with his beloved wife to his castle in the Ardennes. Under the shadow of the cross where Christian charity and love was preached, the dew of mercy had fallen upon fertile soil, and two bitter enemies learnt to love each other after reconciliation. The messenger of the Christian religion erected a cross at this place where human sacrifices had been offered to the heathen deities, and the new converts gathered round it in united prayer of their new and holy faith.

NOT a sparrow falleth but its God doth know,
Just as when His mandate lays a monarch low;
Not a leaflet moveth but its God doth see:
Think not then, oh mortal, God forgetteth thee.
Far more precious surely than the birds that fly
Is a Father's image to a Father's eye.

E'en thy hairs are numbered; trust Him full and free,
Cast thy cares before Him—He will comfort thee.
For the God that planted in thy breast a soul,
On His sacred tablets doth thy name enroll.
Cheer thy heart then, mortal, never faithless be,
He that marks the sparrows will remember thee.



DOROTHEA'S TRAMPS.

SARA TRAINER SMITH.



It is, of course, an established fact to those who have lived well up into the "three-score and ten," that things are not as they used to be. It was a gladder, kinder, less evil world when we were young than it is to-day, and a world of romance and possibilities, quite removed from the hard, bitter, matter-of-fact existence people are content to live now.

At least, in those days things *did* happen that now we only read of in books of curious and uncouth English, the like of which was never heard "in the heavens, nor in the earth, nor in the waters under the earth." I remember some of them myself. In fact, I have seen so many curious things in my life that I am prepared for any "happening." I am quite sure that wonderful and unlooked for things, of good as well as evil meaning, are possible at any moment, in spite of the "laws" and "rules," and "causes" and "effects."

In the days of which I am thinking this morning, it was not a crime to beg if you were hungry, and, although some were hardening into the premonition of the present selfish and brutal manner of dispensing charity, there were still plenty who thanked God that they had bread to give, and gave it, and a cheery word with it. There were no "orders" on this and that "officer"—whose salary was sufficient upon which to wax fat—no black and white register of the pitiful dole, no long miles to drag the weary feet from place to place in the fulfilment of the wonderful workings of "Organized Charities." Organized charities, indeed! Shame on the people who must be drilled and tutored, advised and restricted to rules, in their giving to those who want! "Give to him that asketh of thee." *There* is the one only rule and law, God-given and angel-registered as to its fulfilment or non-fulfilment. And that was the one we were brought up under.

We got a good deal of fun out of it in those bright days, to say nothing of the help and happiness we gave. All sorts of acquaintances and friendships sprang up "by the wayside," and the tramps were open books to us many times, "copy" that would have made the fortune of the "novelist of the day." There was the poor half-witted fellow who traveled about with a "little basket of oceans," and once borrowed "a horse-blanket or a piece of carpet, or suthin'" to spread over "the lady" who was traveling with him, and "had real good clothes, most too good to sleep in a barn." For years he came with the seasons. I wonder what became of him when our home was broken up.

Then there was the tinker, once a soldier, but crippled and branded and twisted out of all semblance to a man. He had good manners, though, and a soft voice, and never a complaint. He built his little fire in a safe corner on the edge of the creek, and at its first twinkle we ran down the garden to have a talk with him, and to hand him tomatoes and corn, and anything else we could gather, through the gap in the fence. The gipsies, too, came to us and ministered unto us instead of

robbing us, because my father treated them kindly and with confidence. I have waked in the middle of the summer night many a time to hear them stepping softly with their horses into the pasture field across the road, and in the morning, when they rode away, one of them would come with his record and his "so much a head" as exact and methodical as any merchant. Oh, the stories of them! And never one of cruelty or treachery or impudence. And when the dear father lay dead, clothed in all the majesty of a white life and haloed with all the beauty of a charity towards man and man's dependants that never waned, we saw them—the "tramps"—waiting with uncovered heads, and lingering with their last evidence of respect around the gate he would pass but once more. In fact, I have the old-fashioned view of charity and neighborhood, and I hope to lie down with my father in his honored grave before I am drilled and "advanced" and "developed" into the newer fashions which I loathe.

But Dorothea's tramps, as we call them.

No one will believe the story when I tell it. I cannot help that. Here it is.

It was in summer time. We had just left the tea-table, and Dorothea was on the terrace before the rest of us. Presently, she came to mother, looking a little puzzled.

"Mother," she said, "there are two gentlemen out here." Then she stopped.

"Well," said mother, "where's your father? What do they want with me when he is here?"

"They say—they're hungry."

"And gentlemen!" exclaimed mother.

"Well, they say so. And one of them does not say anything in English, but he smiles. He looks nice, really."

"Dorothea, you are absurd! Where are these 'gentlemen?'"

"Here. Father's bringing them in."

Of course he was.

"Walk in, gentlemen!" he was saying, preceding them with his steady stride and stately head in the air. "We have just finished our evening meal, but you are not too late. Walk in, walk in! My wife and daughters, gentlemen. These are unexpected guests, you see!"

Mother looked a little startled, but not much. She was used to him by this time, for he had his own way of doing everything, and was "a law unto himself" that spared him time and trouble. He was of the "blood royal" that seeks no man's approval. To know the right in the eyes of God, and then to do it in the best way possible, was all that concerned him. Why need he think of any other man's judgment as to the seemliness or unseemliness of anything he chose to do?

The hungry gentlemen entered. Dorothea was right. The elder of the two was smiling and looking very "nice, really." He was short, dark, stout, and spectacled, a German evidently, and perhaps, a Jew; but there was something so kindly

and so reliable in the mild face that beamed on all mankind, one was irresistibly drawn to him. His companion was very tall, very fair, and very young, but without the lankiness and immaturity of a boy. He moved with the grace of perfect health and strength, and with that ease which betrays an unconscious certainty as to what "comes next." His was the gift of tongues in this case, and while the older man stood still and bowed, he advanced at once to mother.

"Madam, I must explain. I must ask your pardon. My friend"—he drew him forward—"speaks no English at all, but I speak his intentions."

There was not a trace of accent in his words, but he was evidently a foreigner. His manner was polished and deferential and modest, withal.

"I will explain, if you please." He stood up very straight and elegant, well dressed, well washed, well brushed, the very last man in the world to "beg his bread." "We walk to Washington. We have money, a very little. If we pay, we arrive at that city poor, and it may, perhaps, be that we wait a long time. So, we walk. In our own country we like that. But here, it is not the same. We make mistakes. We know not it is so far to the next town, and we dine not at the town we leave. In the darkness"—he colored, but smiled—"it seemed not so hard to ask a little bread and—I ask. For we are hungry."

He looked up with a simple directness, but his white forehead was flushed to his bright hair. He had caught the half startled, half amused look of the girls, and he was very young. My father spoke at once.

"No explanation is necessary, sir. It has always been the custom of this house to entertain the way-faring unquestioned. I trust no man may ever go hungry or tired from the roof which shelters me and mine in comfort. I have never had cause to regret the hospitality I have shown. Sit down, gentlemen! I wish I could do the honors of my table to your friend, sir."

The German was soon seated, his beaming glasses turning from side to side in grateful content. But the other paused, with his hand on the back of a chair, unsatisfied.

"I must tell you," he said, addressing the family, "that I should not be so very poor. I have spent my money badly. I have wasted it. They know not at my home that it is so. I do not tell them for shame. This one thing I know, too. The other money comes soon—very soon. So, I tell them not."

There was something charming in his simplicity and earnestness, for it certainly was honesty that shone in his clear eyes. He was so embarrassed that his English sounded rather "mixed," but it was expressive. His companion looked at him with anxious, affectionate eyes, and spoke to him caressingly. He responded with a smile.

"I accept your explanation," said my father. "You are young, sir—too young to know the full value of money, but you will learn it by wasting it. Sit down, sit down! You are heartily welcome."

He sat down then. We all lingered in the room, my father in his great arm-chair and my mother at the tea-board. In a little while it seemed a perfectly natural proceeding, and the young fellow became the life of the circle. He talked well. He had traveled over much of Europe, and had seen America, north, south, east and west. He could relate what he had seen and question intelligently. He said he was a Swede.

"I, too, am a Swede," said my father, "but I have never been there, although I have traveled, too. Is your friend from Sweden, also?"

"He is a German. He is my—my friend. My very good friend." He had hesitated, and repeated the words with emphasis. "He is a wise, good man. If I had listened to him, I would not—but no! I will say that I would not have had this honor and this pleasure."

He pointed his acknowledgment of our hospitality with a bow. He had twice altered the form of his sentences, and we all wondered what they might have said in the original. He spoke purer English as his embarrassment wore off, and the German he rolled off to his friend was as fluent on his lips as the Swedish he recited that we might hear our forefathers' tongue. Brilliant, accomplished and elegant, there was a mystery about him that deepened as we looked and listened.

The conversation turned at last on the country through which they were then passing, and its advantages and disadvantages, its improvements and facilities were explained and discussed. He was a level-headed young foreigner, who wished to hear and to know all that went on. He asked, after a time, if there was a church near? What kind of a church? Was it our own faith? Dorothea spoke then, and grew quite eloquent on the poverty and lack of numbers that kept our poor little chapel in a very shabby condition. She always felt it more than the rest of us, for she was the youngest, and beauty and brightness seemed as yet absolute requisites for the dignity of worship.

"I hope some day we shall be able to put the altar in better order," she said. "Oh, if I could only see some of the lovely churches and shrines you have seen so often! But I know I must be thankful that I have a church at all. Mother can remember when there was no church outside of the city."

"Mother, indeed! Why, I can remember that," said Elizabeth, who was our eldest.

He looked at her quite steadily and admiringly, for Elizabeth was beautiful. Then he asked a few more questions, described some beautiful places, and suggested how they might be reproduced in this new land.

At last, the older man bethought him of their journey, and it needed no interpreter to tell us when he spoke of it to the other. We all began to "pull ourselves together" for the next scene of the play. The strangers rose together. The younger man approached my father with a stately formality not hitherto apparent.

"Sir," he said, "you have been more than kind to us. You do not know how much more than

kind. We will tell you that we are gentlemen, and we will give you our address that you may, if you please, ask if we are not good men. There are very many who know my friend, Professor Max Bruensen, of Heidelberg."

The German laid his large, soft hand on his broad chest and repeated his name and place in a deep, musical voice, with a touch of commendable pride in his identity. He spoke impressively and remonstratingly to his companion, who objected at once and decisively.

"It does not matter who I am," he went on with a certain cold modesty. "I am very young. I have done nothing. It is my friend who is known. I am called Eric Smedt."

He looked at his friend, who smiled but shook his head. Then they made their adieus. My father, giving them directions as to their journey, went with them to the gate on the highroad. When he came back, we were all talking at once.

"He looked like a Scandinavian god," said mother, who always liked a handsome man and gloried in my father.

"I never saw one," said Elizabeth, "but I wish Mr. Brunsen could have talked. It seemed to me rude to go on about everything before him and he could only smile."

"I wish I knew how much of a fraud he was!" suddenly burst out Dorothea.

"Why, Dorothea!"

"My dear, you don't surely think he was a fraud?"

My father had taken up his book. He laid it down at mother's question, and looked straight before him.

"I do not think he was at all what he seemed to be." He said it very coolly. "But I do not think he intends to do us any harm by keeping his business to himself. What he told us was truth, but not all the truth. And it was as much as concerned us to know."

Then he began to read.

But, you may be sure, we often and often talked of "Dorothea's tramps," as we called them, because she had the most to say, and was always building castles and wishing for wonderful returns from "the Prince" for the poor hospitality we had shown them. Gradually, the real thing faded quite away into the hazy glory of all the ridiculous and splendid plans and fancies she wove around the two men—we were all young and light-hearted, and as happy as the day was long—and when the year had rounded to the next summer we had almost forgotten his fair-haired highness.

But one day Dorothea came home hurried and eager.

"He has come!" she cried, as soon as she was near enough for us to hear and understand. "I saw him on the steps of the hotel, and he looked more like a Scandinavian god than ever. His hair is like

gold in the sunlight, and his shoulders! You never saw anything like them."

"Oh, Dorothea! Do you really mean it? Is the Swede in town?"

"He is, indeed. I did not see the other one, though."

But they were together when they came, in the finest carriage the little town could furnish—every house stood alone in an acre or two of ground—and with all the elegance and state possible to man alone, to pay their respects to my father and mother. The Professor had learned to speak very careful and erudite English, and he ably seconded the efforts of the younger man. They were on their way home, after several years sojourn in our country.

"I have learned much, very much!" said the Swede. "I am not so young now as to be ignorant of the value of money. I can assure you that in wasting it I found its worth. I think there shall not ever be one other time quite like the time that we came to you, and you were so father-kind."

"And I have been most glad to come again with him to tell you everything," said the Professor. "He was much ashamed, and he would not that I should tell it all. But he goes now to the home. He is what you say here so often—'all right.'"

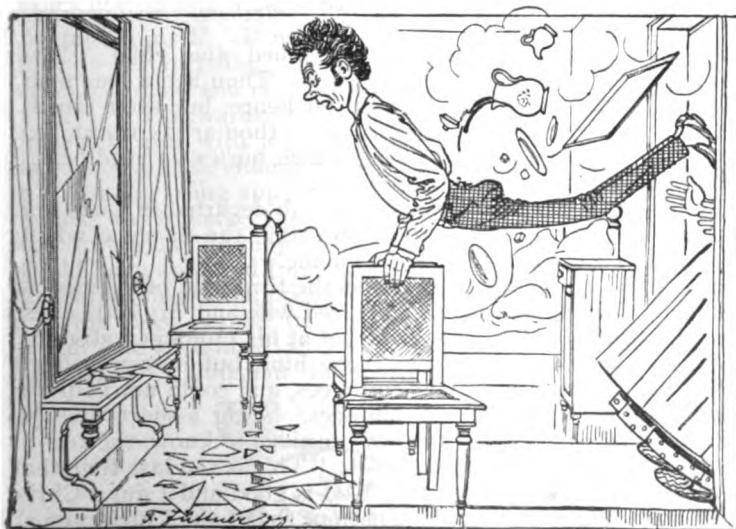
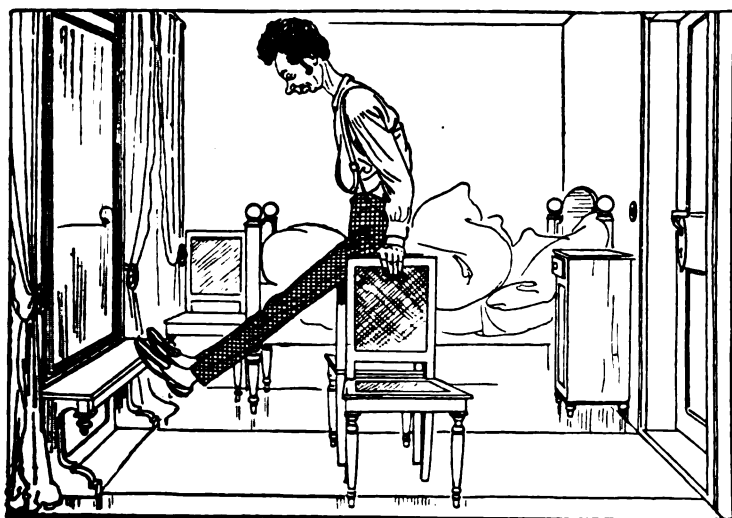
They told it all then. There was a stupendous name and title, with history and poetry, tragedy and comedy, art and science, all bound up in its sonorous syllables, and there was a whisper of a fond mother, waiting and watching, and now to have her boy with her, safe and sound. There was much graceful and gracious leave-taking, and a word to Dorothea.

"I have not forgotten the poor little church," said this magnificent young princekin. "You shall see that I remember it when I am once more in the beautiful places. For I too am Catholic. We remember that always."

Now, when I said that no one would believe my story, was I not right? Who will credit such "happenings" to this age? Is it not all cut and dried and made reasonable and practical and exactly as it should be? "The laws of nature" and the "limitations" and all the rest of it might spoil a good story for some people; but to me, the things that are outside of laws, and that have no limitations, are forever happening.

There is a beautiful picture now in the little church—shabby no longer—and although we have never seen the younger one of Dorothea's tramps since that long-ago day, we have grown old with the Professor. For, when he brought the picture from the grateful companion of his wanderings, he took our dear Elizabeth with him, and they have been here and there many times since. And that "happening"—well, all the marriages are, after all, as curiously and as unexpectedly brought about. Between the dawn and the darkness, there is always something bound up from the Father to the children. And all the times are His.





A BACHELOR'S GYMNASTIC EXERCISE.

Mrs. Suburb—"I thought you said it was the little boy next door who was making all the noise?" Little Johnnie—"So it was, ma. I was hitting him with a stick."—*Til-Bits*.

Agent—"Why didn't you take the residence I recommended to you?" Parvenu—"It is so near the opera-house that my wife couldn't have used her carriage."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

Boy—"Say, mom, I busted me ball." Mother—"You shouldn't say bust, John; you should say burst." Boy—"That's what teacher said, but when the principal asked me who that was, I said it was a burst of Gen. Washington and he licked me, so I thought I would stick to bust."—*Truth*.

Englishman (producing a pocket coin)—"My great-great-grandfather was made a lord by the king whose picture you see on this shilling." Yankee (with a similar gesture)—"What a coincidence! My great-great-grandfather was made an angel by the Indian whose picture you see on this cent."—*Puck*.

"Why," he demanded, petulantly, "do you talk when talk is of no use to you?" "Because," she answered, with the confidence in the command of logical sequence that has made her sex justly celebrated, "talk is cheap."—*Detroit Tribune*.

Mrs. Gossipy—"I think young Mr. Chatter is a delightful conversationalist." Mr. Gossipy—"Well, yes, he succeeds pretty well for a man who never has anything to say."—*Truth*.

In chronicling the funeral of a highly respected citizen, the report of a contemporary thus concludes: "He leaves a daughter and three sons, his widow having pre-deceased him."—*Household Words*.

Teacher—"Suppose you were a king, Tommy, what would you do?" Tommy—"I'd never have to wash my face any more."—*Texas Siftings*.

Waiter—"What shall I get for you?" Professor (absent-minded, reading the bill of fare)—"I am busy now, ask me after dinner."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

Heber—"Papa, we call a war between people of the same nation an internecine war, don't we?" Father—"Yes, my boy." Heber—"Wouldn't it be better to call it an internephew war? The nieces never have anything to do with war."—*Harper's Round Table*.

"Mamma," said a little girl to her mother, "do you know how I get to bed quick?" "No," was the reply. "Well," said she in great glee, "I step one foot over the crib, then I say 'rats' and frighten myself right in."



THE ARAB'S PROMISE.

THERE lived far in the interior of the Arabian desert, where an oasis breaks the monotony of the vast sandy plain, a poor Arab who was a Christian. A beautiful Arabian steed was his only possession, but with its help he could always obtain by hunting sufficient food for the maintenance of himself, wife and children, and, as little sufficed them, they were contented and happy.

One day a violent thunder storm passed over the usually bright and sunny landscape, and a great Arab chief, who on account of the storm had lost his way in the desert, reached late at night the home of this Christian Arab. Here he was received with kindest hospitality and shared their evening meal and shelter. Early next morning as soon as the sun arose in the far east, the Arab chief took leave of his host with many hearty thanks, and from this time on a strong friendship existed between the Christian Arab and the Mohammedan chief.

Unfortunately the chief was superstitious in the highest degree. Certain days he considered his lucky days, and certain other days unlucky. On his lucky days he was kindness itself; every one, even his bitterest enemies were overwhelmed with his benevolence. Any one could on such days offer him a petition and be sure of having the same granted. On his unlucky days, however, he was entirely changed; all who approached him on those days had to suffer death, and neither age nor rank nor sex was spared in his wild cruelty.

It so happened that the Christian Arab after a long and fatiguing journey reached the abode of the chief on one of these unlucky days. He decided to visit his friend, and expected to be cordially received. But hardly had he passed the threshold when he noticed great excitement among the inmates; but, nothing daunted, he proceeded and soon reached the chief's private chamber. Here a cruel spectacle appeared before his frightened gaze. On a richly ornamented divan sat the chief, surrounded by soldiers armed with scimitars. As soon as he saw his friend approaching, he rose violently from his seat and exclaimed, "By the beard of the prophet, what wouldst thou here? I know thou art my best friend, but nevertheless thou canst not leave here alive. Allah! O Allah! why, O friend, didst thou leave thy peaceful home amongst the

palms? This is a fatal day, thou wilt have to suffer death with every one who comes here this day."

"Sir!" replied the Christian Arab, peaceful and resigned, "I am in thy power. If thou canst not grant me life, thou wilt certainly not refuse a last request to one whom thou hast called thy friend. Allow me once more to see my family. I will return. When I have seen my dear ones once more, I shall be content and offer my head to the axe of the executioner."

The chief replied: "I do not know that I ought to grant thy request. At thy age such a death is cruel, and I fear thou wilt not return; thy wife's tears, thy children's entreaties will hold thee back. When thou seest the wide desert plain before thee with its many avenues of escape, thou wilt mount thy steed and escape with thy loved ones."

"Sir, thy words offend me; never has a lie passed these lips. I am only a poor Arab, but I am a Christian; honor and truth live in my heart. The missionaries have taught me to despise falsehood, and I am prepared rather to die here than to break my word. Master, when the sun has completed his daily course in the heavens three times, and three times the night has thrown her shadow over the earth, and when after the third night thou wilt have heard the roar of the desert king, then thou wilt see before thee the Arab of the desert, and he will know how to die."

"God is God!" exclaimed the chief, "and Mohammed is his prophet. Thou art a true man; thou art a lion; depart, go hence, but soon return. If thou doest not return then thou art a coward, like the fleet-footed ostrich, which buries its head before the approach of the hunter."

After these words the Arab departed in haste and covered as quickly as possible the distance which separated him from his home.

He had hardly passed the threshold of his modest dwelling, when his beloved wife and his little ones, who had become troubled at his prolonged absence, surrounded and embraced him; but he gently freed himself from their embraces, and could not help the tears from filling his eyes. After a short time he told his wife, who was anxious to know the reason of his distress, and said: "This is the last time that I shall see you, but God is good and I am a Christian. I have the firm hope that I shall meet you all again in heaven."

He then told them of the fateful visit to the chief, and the promise which he had been obliged to give him. In vain were the tears and entreaties of his wife; in vain the prayer of his children. As the time was short, he tore himself away from their embraces and left the hut in haste. He had given his word, and as a Christian he had to keep it, even though his heart should break.

Not far from the hut he found his horse grazing. "Oh, trusty friend," sighed he, "swifter than the hind and whiter than the moonlight, to-day we shall cross the wide sandy waste for the last time. Thou wilt carry thy master to the place of his execution, and when his head falls into the dust, return thou to his children; and when they have grown up, they will jump upon thy back and hunt the gazelle and the ostrich as their father did before them." He then sprang into the saddle, and with a last look at his beloved family, he sped in a hasty gallop through the desert on to the city where he expected death to meet him.

The time allowed to this poor Arab for his journey is nearly over; three days have passed and the dawn of the fourth is approaching. The stars are fading in the sky, and the light of the moon is passing away. The birds are commencing their merry songs to greet the rising sun in the East.

The chief is seen restlessly passing to and fro in front of his dwelling accompanied by some of his soldiers, and he throws many a searching glance in the direction of the wide sandy plain which lay stretched before him; but no rider appeared. "I knew it only too well," he said to himself, "that he would not return; that the tears of his wife and his

children would hold him back. The Arab of the desert who assured me that he had never in his life uttered an untruth, has deceived the great chief; he has broken his word."

A shining ray of light rises in the sky, the first rays of the sun appear with the dawn of day. At this moment a dusty cloud appeared in the distance and soon a rider could be distinguished who came speeding along at full gallop. Quickly he approached and they were soon convinced that it was really the Arab of the desert, the Christian. He came exactly at the appointed hour.

At the sight of the Arab the chief could not conceal his surprise. "Really," he called out, "thou comest to die; thou couldst leave all thou lovest! O, admirable heroism! Whence didst thou get this power, this courage? Thou art a man indeed, I admire thee."

"Oh, mighty master," replied the Arab, with dignity, "I am a Christian."

"Thou a Christian! Is it the Christian religion, so despised and disdained by the followers of Mohammed, which has taught thee to do such heroic deeds? How sublime and glorious it must be. Friend, as I will call thee again, what is necessary to become a Christian? I also will join thy faith."

At these words the Christian Arab could no longer master his emotion. Tears of joy ran from his eyes. A thousand fold happier is he who saves a soul for God, rather than save his own life. The Arab took care that the chief was instructed in the truths of the Christian religion, and the superstitious Mohammedan became a zealous disciple of Jesus Christ. Thus the heroism of a poor Christian led a rich and mighty Mohammedan into the true faith.

NAPOLEON I. ON TOBACCO.



NAPOLEON I. never could or never would learn to smoke. In Egypt he pretended to smoke, as he held out his possible conversion to Islamism, to please the Egyptians by adopting their customs. But he never could light the pipe himself. It was his Mameluke Raustan's duty to set it going. If his master let it go out again, charcoal and matches were not ruinously expensive. Afterwards, when the Persian ambassador presented him with a very handsome pipe, he ordered his valet de chambre Constant to fill and light it. The fire being applied to the bowl, all that remained was to make the tobacco catch; but in the way in which his majesty set about it, no smoke would have appeared from that time till doomsday. He simply closed and opened his lips, without drawing the least smoke in the world. "What the deuce!" he exclaimed at last, "there is no setting light to it." Constant diffidently ventured to ob-

serve that the Emperor did not proceed in the usual way of going to work, but the inapt scholar still returned to his bad imitation of the act of yawning. Tired at last of his useless efforts, "Constant," he blurted out, "do you light the pipe, I cannot." So said, so done. It was returned to him the steam well up, going at high-pressure rate with a double Persian power of smoke. Scarcely he had drawn a whiff, when the smoke, which he did not know how to get rid of, went down his throat, coming out through his nose and eyes. As soon as he had recovered his breath, "Take it away!" he gasped, "take it away! What a set of pigs they must be! It has turned my stomach." He was ill for more than an hour afterwards, and he renounced forever "a pleasure whose enjoyment," he said, "was only good to fill up the time of idle people with nothing better to do."



THANKSGIVING ALL THE YEAR.

ONCE a year there comes a day
In the chill November weather,
When from near and far away
Loving kindred meet together.

Round the old hearthstone they meet,
Young and old, in union tender,
To renew their greetings sweet
And their mutual love to render.

Thanks are given that once again
They whom distance separated,
With their hearts all free from pain,
Gather there with hearts elated.

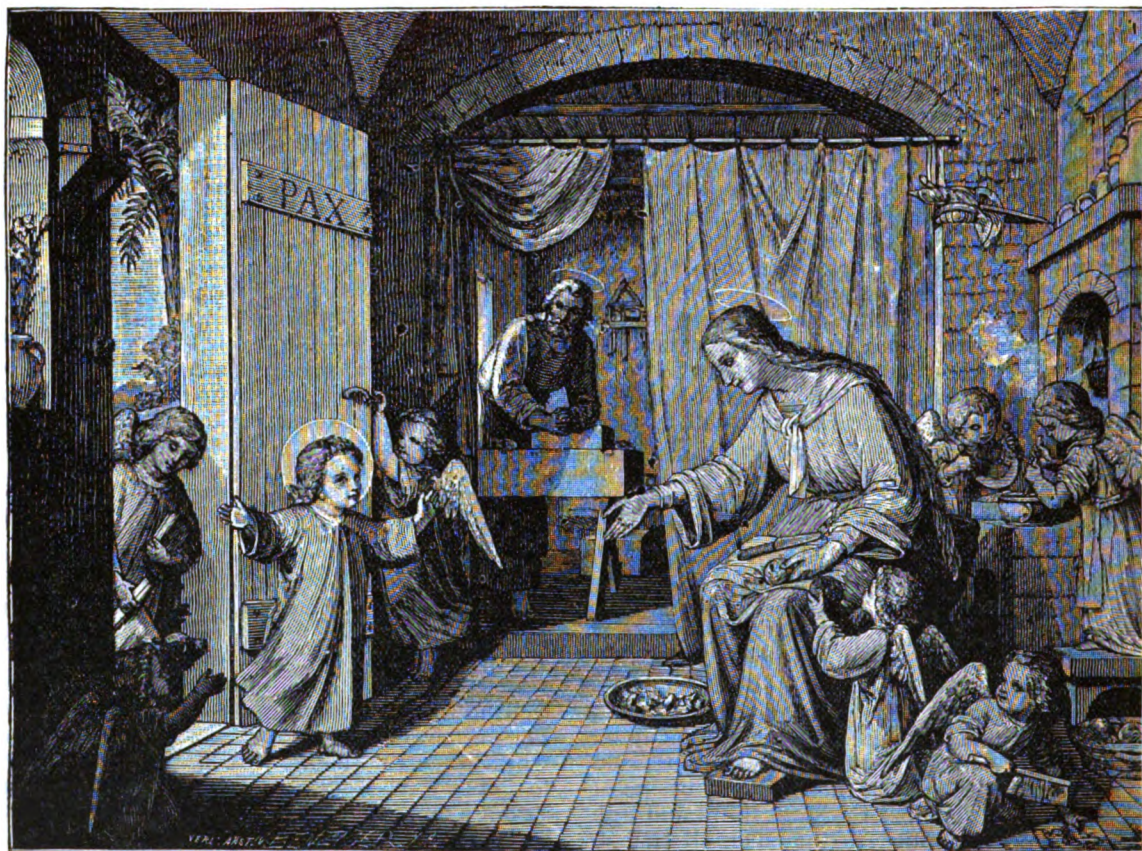
Yet through all the changing year
We for giving thanks have reason

For the blessings that appear,
And we find in every season.

Thanks for shelter from the storm,
Thanks because no ills confound us,
Thanks for hearts that e'er are warm,
Thanks for loving friends around us

Thanks for health that day by day
With fresh pleasure comes attended,
Thanks for sorrow passed away,
Thanks for troubles that are ended.

So, for blessings we receive,
Making our lives worth the living,
Every day of joy we live
Should be for us a thanksgiving.



THE JOY OF ANGELS.

THE more a man multiplies his wants, the less free does he become; on the contrary, the more he diminishes the dominion of exterior things, the greater empire does he acquire over himself. It is a grievous error to imagine that man's happiness is increased by the fictitious necessities he creates for himself. The more wants he experiences the more miserable will privation render him. Inspire him with a taste for simplicity and he will be satisfied with very little. But develop in him the love of luxury, and he will not be contented with anything.

Never trouble others for what you can do yourself.
Never spend your money before you have it.
Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap. Pride costs more than hunger, thirst, or cold.

Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
Take things always by their smooth handle.

Works, and not words, are the proof of love. We carry our greatest enemies within us.

That the author of these suggestions is not known detracts nothing from their practical wisdom. Their reasonableness is self-evident.



THE CATHOLIC YEAR.

IN the Catholic church there is a beautiful practice of devoting the months of the year to certain mysteries of religion. January is the month of the Holy Infancy, and during the month we pay our devotion to the Holy Infant and try to imitate His virtues. During February, the month of the Hidden Life, we meditate on the obedience of our Lord, during the eighteen years He spent with His mother and His foster-father at Nazareth. March, dedicated to St. Joseph, is the special time for honoring the holy spouse of our Lady.

During April, the month of Our Redeemer, we commemorate the passion, death, and resurrection of our Lord.

May is the most suitable time for honoring our Blessed Lady, for during this month, all rejoice that the snows of winter have disappeared, and the earth is once more clothed with the verdure and beauty of trees and flowers.

June, which is dedicated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, is also an exceedingly beautiful season, called by worldly people the "month of roses." During

June, we give special honor to the Sacred Heart and offer our clusters of roses before the shrine of our Saviour in the tabernacle.

During July, we celebrate the mystery of the Precious Blood, shed for our redemption. The feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary is celebrated on the fifteenth of August, and for this reason August is called the month of our Lady, Queen of Heaven.

In September, we commemorate our Lady of Dolours, who is honored by our reflecting more than usual on the Seven Sorrows. We observe October, the month of the Holy Rosary, by attending the Rosary devotions on each of its beautiful evenings.

During November, the Church says special prayers and offers the Holy Sacrifice for the beloved ones suffering in purgatory.

During the early part of December we prepare for the coming of the Redeemer and attend the Christmas Novena. Then, on the Feast of the Nativity, we rejoice, as did the shepherds of old, and make offerings to the Holy Child.

IN THE HOME.



WHEN we come to count over the qualities that endear our friends to us, almost all of us think first of cheerfulness. The cheerful man and woman, who bring a bright word or a glad smile with them, are always welcome as the flowers in May. Each heart knoweth its own bitterness, each soul has its own troubles and trials and vexations, and so we turn to the one who can lighten our sadness with the radiance of a cheerful spirit.

Sunshine of the soul is largely a matter of cultivation, for there are but few so fortunate as not to have had some grief. The selfish sit down and brood over their sorrow. They give themselves up to fits of despondency and moodiness, and are a kind of moral wet blanket on the pleasures of all with whom they come in contact. They tell you of their sorrows and bedew you with their tears, until it seems that there must be a kind of luxury of woe in which they rejoice.

After all, the cheerful spirit is but an example of "that brave attitude toward life" of which Stevenson wrote. It is a courageous bearing of inevitable burdens, a determination not to fret and not to add

to the sorrows of the world the griefs of one's own heart.

A woman who had had many sorrows and many burdens to bear, but who was noted for her cheerful spirits, once said in explanation: "You know I have had no money. I have had nothing I could give but myself, and so I made the resolution that I would never sadden any one else with my troubles. I have laughed and told jokes when I could have wept. I have always smiled in the face of every misfortune. I have tried never to let any one go from my presence without a happy word or a bright thought to carry with them. And happiness makes happiness. I myself am happier than I would have been had I sat down and bemoaned my fate."

The gospel of happiness is one that every woman should lay to her heart. What it means to a man to come home at night to a cheerful wife no one but he who has to fight the hard battle of life knows. If he is prosperous, it is an added joy; but it is in misfortune that it shines like a star in the darkness. A complaining wife can kill the last bit of hope and courage in a sorely troubled heart, while a cheerful one gives new courage to begin the fight over again.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE SOCIETY OF THE DIVINE WORD.*

THE Society of the Divine Word was founded on the 8th of September, in the year of our Lord 1875, at Steyl in Holland, and since that time the following houses have been established in Europe containing 71 priests, 421 brothers, 134 sisters, and 685 pupils.

a. At Steyl in Holland, St. Michael's Mission House (opened 8th of September, 1875, Superior General Arnold Janssen), has 634 inmates, *i. e.*, 32 priests, 273 brothers and novices, and 321 pupils for the study of Latin.

b. At Holy Cross, near Neisse, in Silesia (Germany) (consecrated 24th October, 1892, Rector Joseph Weber), are 276 persons, amongst whom are 17 priests, 63 brothers, and 196 pupils in Latin.

c. At St. Gabriel's, near Vienna, Austria (opened 4th of October, 1889, by Rector John Janssen, died 14th of April at the Mother House in Steyl) are 289 persons, 13 priests, 192 novices and students of philosophy and theology, and 84 brothers.

d. At St. Raphael's, in Rome, there were stationed for the purpose of advanced theological studies 5 priests and 1 lay brother, and at a German University for the study of Natural History 2 priests.

e. At Steyl there are in the convent of the Cloistered Sisters (founded 8th of December, 1896), 18 sisters, and in that of the Missionary Sisters 116. Both have as their principal object the special adoration of the Holy Ghost, prayers for the priesthood and the support of the missions by work and prayer. The former are engaged in the perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, and in making fine needle-work. The latter go mostly to foreign missions for the benefit of converts of their own sex. The novices of the Society (685) give once a year a written declaration that it is their firm intention to become missionaries. The studies consist of twelve courses, six in Latin and six in philosophy and theology. During the 9th term the three holy vows are taken, first for three years and then for ever.

There is a charge of 500 marks per annum, until the vows are taken; poor applicants receive consideration. Applications for admission must be addressed to Steyl, Holland.

Outside of Europe the Society maintains a mission in China, one in Australia (German New Guinea), one in Africa (Togoland), three in South America (Brazil, Argentine Republic and the Republic of Ecuador), and one in the United States. On June 1st, 1898, there were active at these seven missions one Bishop and Vicar Apostolic (Very Rev. Anzer in South Shan-tung, China), two Apostolic Prefects (Very Rev. Bücking in Togoland, and Very Rev. Limbrock in New Guinea), also 69 priests, 79 brothers and 12 sisters.

During the night of the 1st of November, 1897, our two missionaries, Fathers Nies and Henle, were

murdered at Tshantja in South Shan-tung, China. The terrible news was received at Steyl on November the 4th, and the following day our most Rev. Bishop Anzer went to Berlin to implore help from the German government, as he feared that other bloody deeds would follow this cruel murder. The German Emperor graciously received the petition and sent immediately several men-of-war to the Bay of Kiautshou, where the Chinese fortifications were promptly conquered. In the following negotiations Germany obtained a lease of ninety-nine years on the projecting points surrounding the bay, and a large neutral territory surrounding the bay was formed.

The most important concession in favor of the missionaries was the removal of the viceroy, and six other Mandarins, without whose connivance the enemies of the Christians never would have dared to act as they had done. Soon after, Russia, France and England seized on their own behalf important points on the coast of China. In consequence things are beginning to improve in that old country, and new conditions are rapidly arising, but in many circles the missionaries are all the more feared and hated. May the good Lord direct everything for the best, for the salvation of souls and the extension of His kingdom in that ancient and populous country.

Easter, 1898, there were at South Shan-tung one bishop, thirty European and five native priests, 10,940 baptized Christians (1897, 9027), 27,869 catechumens. From Easter, 1897, to Easter, 1898, 1,179 adults were baptized, 227 children, and 5,062 heathen children in danger of death. The mission Kaiser-Wilhelmsland was opened in August, 1896, on the island of Tamara, at Berlinhafen, in the western part of German New Guinea. Soon after the mission was founded, efforts were made to attract the natives, to learn their language and induce the children to come to school. As the first fruit of our labor we can record twenty-two baptisms. The children frequent the school and already know how to recite the rosary in their Tumleo language. A branch station opposite Tamara is under the care of Father Vormann. There are four priests and four brothers. The Prefect Apostolic is Father Limbrock. Another Apostolic Prefecture Togo was founded August 28th, 1892, and has at present eight priests, ten brothers and five sisters at the following stations, all located on the sea coast. Lome (Apostolic Prefect Father Bücking, Father Arand and Father Schmitz), Adjido (Father Müller), Togo (Father Stangier), Kleinpopo (Father Altemöller and Father Schöning), Porto Seguro (Father Anselmann).

There are about twenty schools attended by about 700 scholars. Preparations are being made to establish a station in the interior. A church is being built in Kleinpopo. In Lome, the capital (6,000 inhabitants), our missionaries have to contend with the North German Protestant mission, and in Kleinpopo (4,000 inhabitants), with the English Wesleyan Methodists.

* The report of the "Society of the Divine Word" on page 17 was written last winter. Since, however, we have received a more complete statement from our Superior General, we give it above.

In the mountains of Brazil our brothers are active in two dioceses. In the diocese Petropolis, which is a fashionable suburb of the capital of Brazil, Father Hellenbrock is, since April 9th, 1898, Director of the Bishop's Seminary. In the diocese of Espirito Santo we are established since March 19th, 1896, with four priests, three of whom look after the parishes of Santa Isabella and Santa Leopoldina (both inhabited by a large number of German Colonists), Vice Superior Father Tollinger, Fa. Benzeratts and Fa. Pfad, another (Father Köster) is Superior of the Bishop's Seminary, located at Villa Behla opposite the capital Victoria. Superior Father Dold has been for a year in Europe on account of his health.

In the Argentine Republic we have 20 priests, 21 brothers and 7 sisters. The priests minister to eight parishes with numerous villages and churches in the dioceses.

Palermo has 50,000 inhabitants, many of whom are Italians. Diamante is a rising town on the great Parana river. In the manufacturing towns, Esperanza, the principal seat of the Colonial department, our brothers have founded a school for the special object of instructing the children of Catholic Colonists, and fitting them for the duties of life.

In Ecuador there is still only Father Neuenhofen, to whom we would willingly send help if we only knew how to get it into the country. Let us pray for this country!

In the United States of America our Society has a branch of five members. Rev. John Peil, Superior, Rev. Joseph Fischer, Brother Michael Fecken, Brother Wendelin Joseph Meyer and Brother Honobonus Stiller; the three former since September, 1897, whilst the two latter have been here nearly three years. The priests help in the care of souls and direct missions and retreats, whilst the brothers are active in distributing good books and tracts.

Considering the manifold labors which have been undertaken by the Society, it has not yet been decided to which field our work in the United States will be first directed, but most probably the education of the young and the preparation of young men and women for a missionary life. The branch is at present situated in the diocese of Harrisburg. Address, Society of the Divine Word, Milton, Pa.

We now take great pleasure in returning thanks to our *benefactors* and to those who help us in circulating and making known this Calendar and our other publications. We feel the more thankful as most of our aspirants for missionary work come with few exceptions from indigent families and can pay us little or nothing. Many of these have already become most zealous missionaries, thanks to the donations of our benefactors. May He whose honor and glory they promote reward them in time and eternity!

THE St. Michael's Calendar is also printed in German and Hollandish. Each of these issues contains different reading matter, and it will be interesting to our readers who know those languages to obtain a copy. They are printed by our brothers in the Mission House at Steyl, Holland, and retail in this country at 20 cents each.

We also recommend our large stock of English and German Prayer Books and other religious literature. The prices are moderate and vary from fifteen cents to two dollars, according to size and binding.

We call the special attention of our kind readers to the following book, of which the copyright has just been transmitted by the Huntington Catholic Publishing Company:

"LORD, BEHOLD HE WHOM THOU LOVEST IS SICK."

A book of prayer and meditation, 332 pp., cloth binding, 30cents; leather binding, gilt edges, 50cents.

The Right Rev. Joseph Rademacher, Bishop of Fort Wayne, Ind., recommends this manual as follows:

"Lord, Behold He Whom Thou Lovest Is Sick."

"A Prayer and Meditation Book for the Sick, and a Vademecum for Priests when Attending the Sick," is the title of a little book lately compiled by a priest of this diocese.

It contains a number of prayers—many of them enriched with indulgences—specially adapted to the needs of the sick, to cheer and console and strengthen them, to make them realize the value of sickness as a time of God's merciful visitation, designed to teach them what use to make of the great boon of health and strength if it be restored to them, and, if not, to prepare for a happy death. To the Rev. Pastors it will prove equally acceptable, as it will assist them in the proper and effective discharge of one of their most important duties, the "Visitatio et Cura Infirmorum."

"The 'Order of Administering the Last Sacraments,' together with the 'Last Blessing,' fitly concludes this timely little book, which I would earnestly recommend to the kind patronage of both pastors and people.





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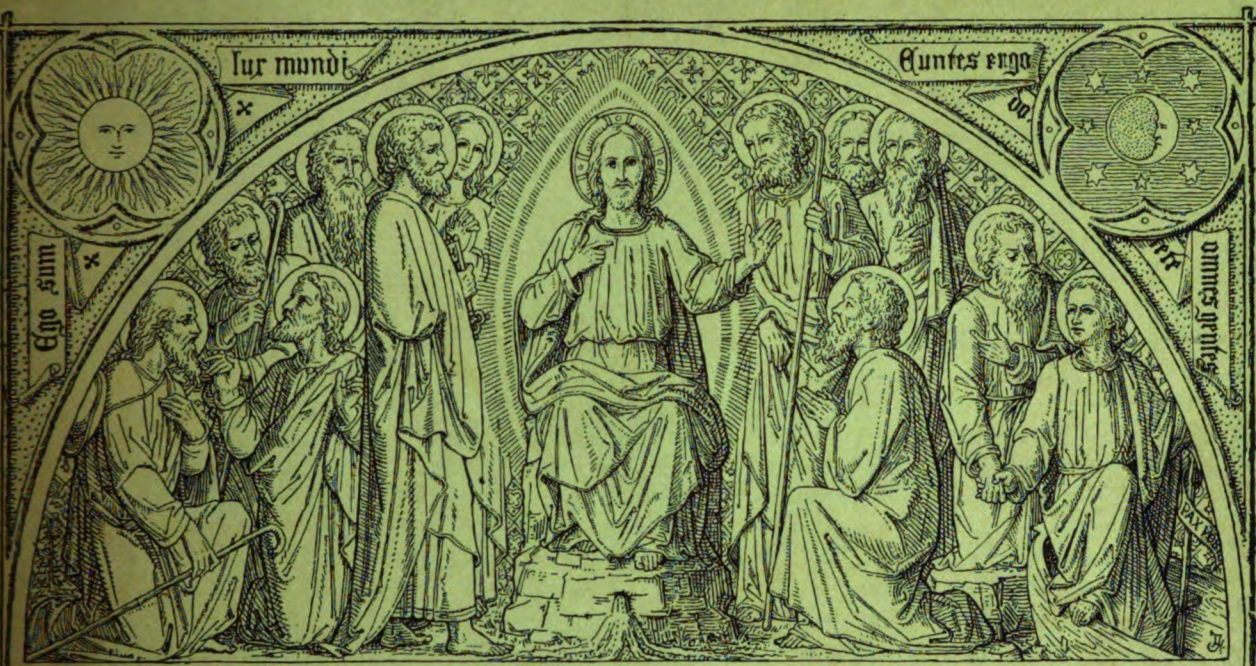
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— FOR THE YEAR OF OUR LORD —
1900

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BY THE **COOK CO., ILL.**
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WITH THE APPROVAL OF THE MOST REV. P. A. FEEHAN, D.D.,
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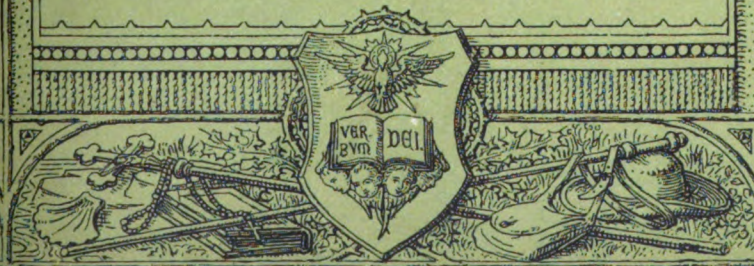
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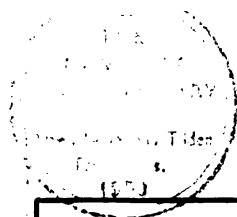
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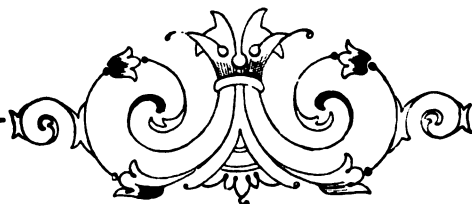
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S. Michael
ora pro nobis.

†
S. Francis
ora pro nobis.





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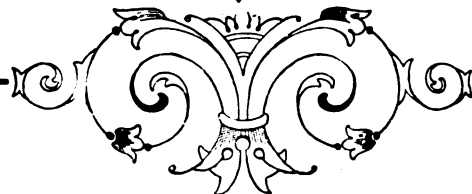


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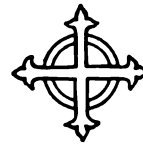
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St. Michael's Almanac



FOR THE YEAR OF OUR LORD

1900



Gratefully Dedicated to God the
Holy Ghost.



PUBLISHED FOR THE BENEFIT OF
THE

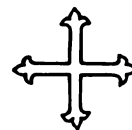
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SHERMERVILLE, COOK CO., ILL.

BY THE

Society of the Divine Word.



SECOND YEAR.

PRICE, 20 CENTS.

With the Approval of the Most Rev. D. A. Feehan, D. D., Archbishop of Chicago.

CHRONOLOGICAL CYCLES.

Epact 29, Golden Number 1, Solar Cycle 5, Roman Indiction 13, Dominical Letter G.

ECLIPSES 1900.

There will be three eclipses this year, two of the sun and one of the moon.

1. A total eclipse of the sun will take place on May 28. The line of totality extends from the Pacific Ocean across the middle of Mexico, then skirting the northwest corner of the Gulf of Mexico it enters the United States in Louisiana, passes over the cities of New Orleans, Raleigh, Norfolk, and intermediate points, then enters the Atlantic Ocean until it reaches the latitude of 46°, and bending south passes over the middle of Portugal and Spain into Algiers and Egypt. This is the first total eclipse visible in the United States since January 1, 1889. As a partial eclipse it will be visible in the whole of North America and Europe, the northern Atlantic Ocean and northern portion of Africa. It will begin in the United States shortly before 7 o'clock in the morning, Central Time, and end at about 9 o'clock.

2. A partial eclipse of the moon will occur on June 12. It will begin at 9:24 P. M., and last but 7 minutes, as the moon dips into the earth's shadow only one-thousandth of its own diameter. It will be visible in the U. S.

3. An annular (ring) eclipse of the sun will occur on November 21. As an annular eclipse it will be visible on a line drawn from the southern part of Africa across the Indian Ocean to Australia. As a partial eclipse it will be visible in the southern half of Africa, the Indian Ocean and Australia.

SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC.

Aries ♈	Cancer ♋	Libra ♎	Capricorn ♐
Taurus ♉	Leo ♌	Scorpio ♏	Aquarius ♒
Gemini ♊	Virgo ♍	Sagittarius ♐	Pisces ♓

PLANETS.

Mercury ☿	Venus ♀	Earth ☾	Mars ♂
Jupiter ♃	Saturn ♄	Uranus ♅	Neptune ♆
Sun ☼	Moon ☾		

OTHER SYMBOLS.

♌ Conjunction, or nearest approach of the heavenly bodies to one another.

☐ Quadrature, or at right angles.

♌ Opposition, or 180° or 12 hours apart.

DATES OF EASTER DURING THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

MARCH												APRIL																						
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
D	E	F	G	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	A	B	C
18	45	..	83	15	42	69	7	23	39	4	9	25	47	1	6	22	49	71	3	19	46	73	5	27	43	8	2	29	51	67	10	48	59	86
..	56	..	94	26	53	75	12	34	50	66	20	31	58	63	17	33	55	82	14	30	57	79	11	38	54	70	13	35	62	78	21	..	..	..
..	..	..	..	37	64	80	91	..	61	77	93	36	..	74	28	44	60	..	87	41	68	84	16	00	65	81	24	40	..	89	32	..	..	..
..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	72	88	99	..	..	85	90	..	..	..	98	52	..	..	95	..	76	92	97	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	96	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

In the first line, 22, 23, 31, 1, 2, 25, under the words March and April, are the dates of those months upon which Easter may fall. In the second line, D, E, F, A, B, C are the dominical letters of the years. Below these are the years of this century under their respective dates, thus: 18 means that in 1818 Easter fell on March 22, and the dominical letter was D; 86 means that in 1886 Easter fell on April 25, and the dominical letter was C; 00 that in 1900 Easter falls on April 15, and the dominical letter is G.

EXCEPTIONS TO FAST AND ABSTINENCE.

1. Sunday is never a day of fast or abstinence.

2. All persons that are not obliged to fast, may eat meat as often as they like on those days on which meat is allowed.

3. Working people are allowed to eat meat on all days of the year except all Fridays, Ash Wednesday, Wednesday and Saturday of Holy Week, and the vigil of Christmas. When any member of such a family lawfully uses this privilege, all the other members may avail themselves of the same privilege; but those who are bound to fast cannot eat meat more than once a day.

4. United States soldiers in field or in garrison may eat meat every

Morning and Evening Stars. A planet is morning star when it is above the horizon at the time of sunrise: it is evening star when above the horizon at sunset.

MOVABLE FEASTS.

Septuagesima.....Feb. 11	Pentecost.....Jun. 3
Shrove Tuesday....Feb. 27	Holy Trinity.....Jun. 10
Ash Wednesday....Feb. 28	Corpus Christi.....Jun. 14
Palm Sunday.....Apr. 8	Sacred Heart.....Jun. 22
Good Friday.....Apr. 13	1st Sun. of Advent....Dec. 2
Easter Sunday.....Apr. 15	
Low Sunday.....Apr. 22	5 Sundays after Epiphany.
Ascension Day.....May 24	25 Sundays after Pentecost.

HOLY DAYS OF OBLIGATION

ON WHICH MASS IS OF PRECEPT.

Every Sunday throughout the year.

1. New Year's Day, Monday, January 1.

2. Ascension Day, Thursday, May 24.

3. Assumption B. V., Wednesday, August 15.

4. All Saints, Thursday, November 1.

5. Immac. Conception B. V., Saturday, December 8.

6. Christmas, Tuesday, December 25.

DAYS OF FAST

UPON WHICH ONLY ONE FULL MEAL IS ALLOWED.

1. The 40 days of Lent.

2. Wednesday, Friday and Saturday in the four Ember weeks.

3. The vigils of Christmas, Easter, Pentecost, Assumption B. V. M., and All Saints.

4. In some dioceses the Fridays of Advent.

EMBER DAYS.

First Week of Lent, March 7, 9, 10.

Pentecost Week, June 6, 8, 9.

Third Week in Sept., September 19, 21, 22.

Third Week in Dec., December 19, 21, 22.

DAYS OF ABSTINENCE

UPON WHICH FLESH-MEAT IS NOT ALLOWED.

1. Every Friday in the year.

2. Every fast day in the year, except Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday (except the second and last Saturday) in Lent, upon which flesh-meat may be eaten once.

3. Every Friday in the year, except Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday (except the second and last Saturday) in Lent, upon which flesh-meat may be eaten once.

4. Every Friday in the year, except Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday (except the second and last Saturday) in Lent, upon which flesh-meat may be eaten once.

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Schola art. Beuron



January, 1900.

Days.	SAINTS AND FESTIVALS.	Moon's		Sun		Moon	
		Age	Course	Rises	Sets	Rises	Sets
1 M	Circumcision of Our Lord.	2	☾	7 20 4	47	A. M.	P. M.
2 T	Macarius, A. Martinian, B.	3	☾	7 20 4	48	8 3	6 5
3 W	Genevieve, V. M. Florentius, B. M.	4	☾	7 21 4	49	8 44	7 42
4 T	Rigobertus, B. Mavilus, M.	5	☾	7 21 4	50	9 20	8 55
5 F	Telesphorus, P. M. Simon Stylites, An.	6	☾	7 21 4	51	9 52	10 6
6 S	Epiphany of Our Lord.	7	☾	7 21 4	52	10 25	11 13

1 Sunday. 1 Sunday after Epiphany. Gospel: The Child Jesus in the Temple. Luke ii. 42-52

7 S	Lucian, M. Crispin, B.	8	☾	7 21 4	53	10 56	Midn
8 M	Severin, A. Patiens, B.	9	☾	7 21 4	54	11 31	12 24
9 T	Marciana, V. M. Julian and Basilissa.	10	☾	7 20 4	55	Noon	1 30
10 W	Agatho, P. John the Good, B.	11	☾	7 20 4	56	12 48	2 38
11 T	Hyginus, P. Honorata, V.	12	☾	7 20 4	57	1 35	3 41
12 F	Satyrus, M. Tatiana, M.	13	☾	7 20 4	58	2 26	4 39
13 S	Veronica, V. Potitus, M.	14	☾	7 19 4	59	3 20	5 32

2 Sunday. 2 Sunday after Epiphany. Gospel: The Wedding Feast at Cana. John ii. 1-11.

14 S	Holy Name of Jesus. Hilary, B. D.	15	☾	7 19 5	0	4 20	6 18
15 M	Paul, the First Hermit. Maurus.	16	☾	7 19 5	1	5 19	6 59
16 T	Marcellus, P. M. Berard and comp, M.	17	☾	7 18 5	2	6 18	7 39
17 W	Antony, A. Sulpicius Pius.	18	☾	7 18 5	3	7 17	8 3
18 T	Peter's Chair at Rome. Prisca, V. M.	19	☾	7 17 5	4	8 13	8 29
19 F	Canute, K. M. Wulstan, B.	20	☾	7 17 5	5	9 10	8 55
20 S	Fabian and Sebastian, M.	21	☾	7 16 5	6	10 5	9 21

3 Sunday. 3 Sunday after Epiphany. Gospel: Jesus Heals a Leper. Math. viii. 1-13.

21 S	Holy Family. Agnes, V. M.	22	☾	7 16 5	8	11 2	9 46
22 M	Vincent and Anastasius, M.	23	☾	7 15 5	9	Midn	10 13
23 T	Espousals, B.V.M. Emerentiana, V.M.	24	☾	7 14 5	10	12 1	10 44
24 W	Timothy, B. M. Felician, B.	25	☾	7 13 5	11	1 11	11 18
25 T	Conversion of St. Paul. Ananias.	26	☾	7 13 5	12	2 3	Noon
26 F	Polycarp, B. M. Paula, W.	27	☾	7 12 5	13	3 4	12 48
27 S	John Chrysostom, B. D.	28	☾	7 12 5	14	4 4	1 44

4 Sunday. 4 Sunday after Epiphany. Gospel: Storm at Sea. Math. viii. 23-27.

28 S	Cyril of Alexandria, B. D.	29	☾	7 11 5	15	5 0	2 51
29 M	Francis De Sales, B. D.	30	☾	7 10 5	16	5 50	4 0
30 T	Martina, V. M. Hyacin. Marisc. V.	1	☾	7 10 5	18	6 35	5 16
31 W	Peter Nolasco. Louisa Albertonia.	2	☾	7 9 5	19	7 14	6 32

As clouds and wind when no rain followeth, so is the man that boasteth and doeth not fulfill his promises.—Prov.

As a city that lieth open and is not compassed with walls, so is a man that cannot refrain his own spirit in speaking.—Prov.

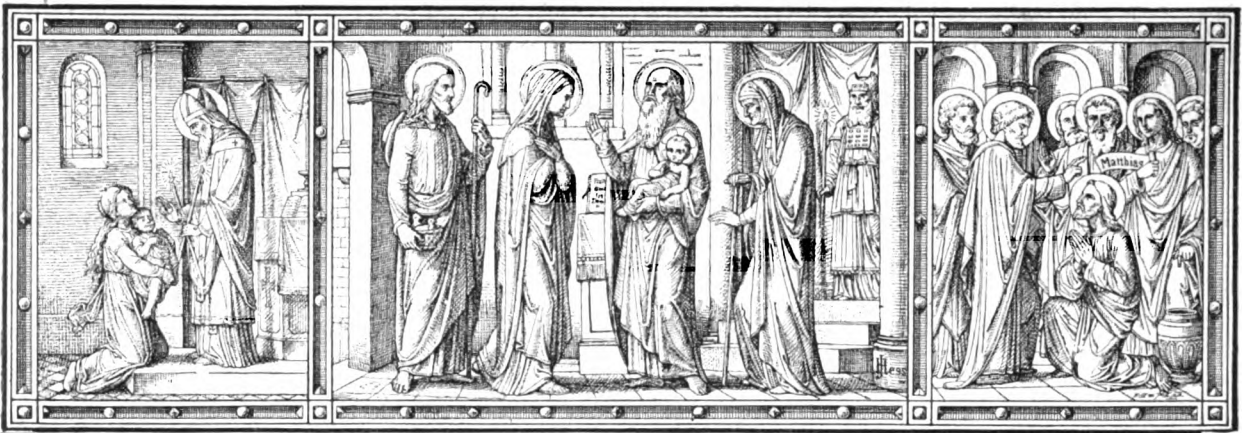
PLANETS, 1900—JANUARY.

Mercury, morning star, δ δ δ on 7.
 Venus, evening star, δ δ δ on 3.
 Mars, invisible, δ δ δ on 15.
 Jupiter, morn. star, 13 from Beta Scorpii on 4, δ δ δ on 26.
 Saturn, morning star, very close δ δ δ on 28.
 Uranus, morning star, close δ δ δ on 26.
 Neptune, evening star, close δ δ δ on 13.

MOON'S PHASES.

JANUARY, 1900.

First Quarter, 7 11:40 P. M.
 Full Moon, 15 1:07 P. M.
 Last Quarter, 23 5:53 P. M.
 New Moon, 30 7:22 P. M.
 Perigee, 3, 31.
 Apogee, 19.



February, 1900.

Days.	SAINTS AND FESTIVALS.	Moon's		Sun		Moon	
		Age	Course	Rises	Sets	Rises	Sets
1 T	Ignatius, B. M. Ephrem, Deac.	3	☾	7 8 5 20	7 50	7 47	
2 F	Candlemas. Cornelius, B.	4	☾	7 7 5 21	8 25	8 58	
3 S	Blase, B. M. Ansharius, B.	5	☾	7 6 5 22	8 57	10 9	

5 Sunday. 5 Sunday after Epiphany. Gospel: The Wheat and the Cockle. Matt. xiii. 24-30.

4 S	Andrew Corsini, B. Gilbert, B.	6	☾	7 5 5 23	10 0	11 21	
5 M	Agatha, V. M. 26 Japanese Mart.	7	☾	7 4 5 24	10 14	Midn	
6 T	Titus, B. Dorothy, V.	8	☾	7 2 5 26	10 48	12 28	
7 W	Romuald, A. Richard, K.	9	☾	7 1 5 27	11 33	1 34	
8 T	John of Matha. Cointha, M.	10	☾	7 0 5 28	Noon	2 34	
9 F	Apollonia, V. M. Ansbart, B.	11	☾	6 59 5 29	1 17	3 28	
10 S	Scholastica, V. Austreberta, V.	12	☾	6 58 5 30	2 13	4 17	

6 Sunday. Septuagesima Sunday. Gospel: The Laborers in the Vineyard. Matt. xx., 1-16.

11 S	Seven Founders of Serv., B. V. M.	13	☾	6 57 5 31	3 11	4 58	
12 M	Eulalia, V. M. Damian, M.	14	☾	6 56 5 32	4 10	5 34	
13 T	The Prayer of Christ. Raym. of Pennaf.	15	☾	6 55 5 33	5 9	6 4	
14 W	Valentine, B. M. Eleuchadius, B. ☾	16	☾	6 54 5 34	6 5	6 34	
15 T	Faustinus and Jovita, M.	17	☾	6 52 5 36	7 3	6 59	
16 F	Juliana, V. M. Onesimus, B. M.	18	☾	6 51 5 37	7 59	7 24	
17 S	Fintan. Theodulus, M.	19	☾	6 50 5 38	8 55	7 51	

7 Sunday. Sexagesima Sunday. Gospel: The Sower. Luke viii. 4-15.

18 S	Simeon, B. M. Helladius, B.	20	☾	6 49 5 39	9 53	8 18	
19 M	Conrad of Placentia. Barbatius, B.	21	☾	6 48 5 40	10 52	8 47	
20 T	The Passion of Christ. Eucherius, B.	22	☾	6 47 5 41	11 51	9 19	
21 W	Severianus, B. M. Felix, B.	23	☾	6 45 5 43	Midn	9 55	
22 T	Peter's Chair at Antioch.	24	☾	6 44 5 44	12 51	10 40	
23 F	Peter Damian, B. D. Milburge, V.	25	☾	6 42 5 45	1 49	Noon	
24 S	Matthias, Ap. Ethelbert, K.	26	☾	6 40 5 46	2 45	12 30	

8 Sunday. Quinquagesima Sunday. Gospel: Jesus Cures a Blind Man. Luke xviii., 31-43.

25 S	Tharasius, B. Caesarius.	27	☾	6 39 5 47	3 36	1 37	
26 M	Margaret of Cortona.	28	☾	6 38 5 48	4 23	2 47	
27 T	Shrove Tuesday. Leander, B.	29	☾	6 37 5 49	5 6	4 2	
28 W	†Ash Wednesday. Romanus, A.	30	☾	6 36 5 50	5 42	5 17	

THE heaven above and the earth beneath and the heart of kings is unsearchable.—Prov.

THE north wind driveth away rain as doth a sad countenance a blackbiting tongue.—Prov.

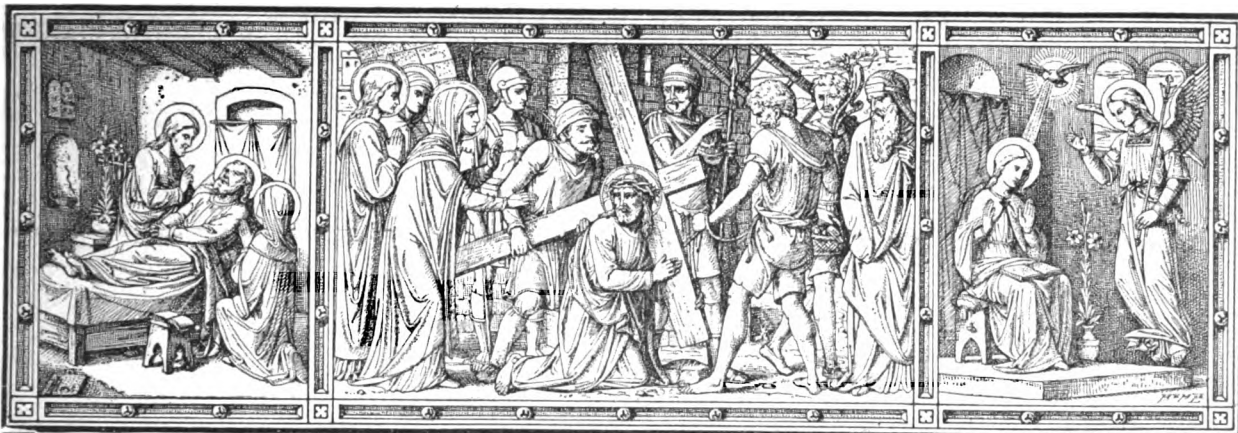
PLANETS, 1900—FEBRUARY.

Mercury, ☿ ☾ on 9, invisible.
 Venus, evening star, 13' from Phi Aquarii on 1.
 Mars, morning star, invisible.
 Jupiter, morning star, ☿ ☾ on 22, ☐ ☿ on 28.
 Saturn, morning star, close ☿ ☾ on 24.
 Uranus, morning star, close ☿ ☾ on 23.
 Neptune, evening star, close ☿ ☾ on 9.

MOON'S PHASES.

FEBRUARY, 1900.

First Quarter, 6.....10:23 A. M.
 Full Moon, 14..... 7:50 A. M.
 Last Quarter, 22.....10:44 A. M.
 Apogee, 15.



March, 1900.

Days.	SAINTS AND FESTIVALS.		Moon's		Sun		Moon	
			Age	Course	Rises	Sets	Rises	Sets
1 T	Albinus, B.	Swidbert, B.	1	☾	6 34	5 51	6 18	6 31
2 F	†The Crown of Thorns.	Simplicius, P.	2	☾	6 32	5 52	6 53	7 47
3 S	Cunigundes, Empr., V.	Marinus, M.	3	☾	6 31	5 53	7 27	9 0
9 Sunday. 1 Sunday in Lent. Gospel: Jesus is Tempted by the Devil. Matt. iv., 1-11.								
4 S	Casimir, K.	Photius, M.	4	☾	6 30	5 54	8 4	10 12
5 M	John Joseph of the Cross.	Phocas, M.	5	☾	6 28	5 55	8 46	11 21
6 T	Colette, V.	Ollegarius, B.	6	☾	6 26	5 56	9 29	Midn
7 W	†Ember Day.	Thomas of Aquin, D.	7	☾	6 25	5 57	10 18	12 25
8 T	John of God.	Julian, B.	8	☾	6 24	5 58	11 13	1 22
9 F	†Lance and Nails.	Frances of Rome.	9	☾	6 22	5 59	Noon	2 15
10 S	†Forty Martyrs of Sebaste.		10	☾	6 20	6 0	1 6	3 1
10 Sunday. 2 Sunday in Lent. Gospel: Jesus is Transfigured. Matt. xvii., 1-9.								
11 S	Heraclius, M.	Firmin, A.	11	☾	6 19	6 1	2 4	3 40
12 M	Gregory the Great, P.	Egdunus, M.	12	☾	6 18	6 2	3 2	4 7
13 T	Nicephorus, B.	Ansovinus, B.	13	☾	6 16	6 3	3 59	4 36
14 W	†Mathilda, Emp.	Eutychius, M.	14	☾	6 14	6 4	4 56	5 1
15 T	Longinus, S.	Matrona, M.	15	☾	6 13	6 5	5 53	5 29
16 F	†The Holy Shroud.	Heribert, B.	16	☾	6 12	6 6	6 50	5 54
17 S	Patrick, Ap. of Ireland.		17	☾	6 10	6 7	7 47	6 22
11 Sunday. 3 Sunday in Lent. Gospel: Jesus Expels a Devil. Luke xi., 14-28.								
18 S	Gabriel, Archangel.	Alexander, B.	18	☾	6 8	6 8	8 45	6 51
19 M	Joseph, Spouse B. V. M.		19	☾	6 7	6 9	9 44	7 22
20 T	Cyril of Jerusalem, B. D.	Cuthbert, B.	20	☾	6 6	6 10	10 44	7 57
21 W	†Benedict, F.	Nicolas de Flue.	21	☾	6 4	6 11	11 41	8 39
22 T	Catherine of Sweden, V.		22	☾	6 2	6 12	Midn	9 26
23 F	†The Holy Five Wounds.	Nicon, M.	23	☾	6 0	6 13	12 36	10 22
24 S	Child Simeon, M.	Latinus, B.	24	☾	5 58	6 14	1 28	11 22
12 Sunday. 4 Sunday in Lent. Gospel: The Multiplication of Loaves. John vi., 1-15.								
25 S	Annunciation, B. V. M.		25	☾	5 57	6 15	2 16	Noon,
26 M	John of Parma.	Ludger, B.	26	☾	5 56	6 16	2 58	1 39
27 T	John Damascene, D.	Rupert, B.	27	☾	5 54	6 17	3 35	2 50
28 W	†John of Capistran.	Gontram, K.	28	☾	5 52	6 18	4 12	4 5
29 T	Armogastes, M.	Eustasius, A.	29	☾	5 51	6 19	4 46	5 17
30 F	†Most Precious Blood.	Quirinus, M.	1	☾	5 50	6 20	5 21	6 32
31 S	Amos, Pr.	Balbina, V.	2	☾	5 48	6 20	5 57	7 46

PLANETS, 1900—MARCH.

Mercury, evening star, greatest elongation on 8, ☿ ☾ on 24.
Venus, evening star, still receding from the sun, ☿ ☾ on 4.
Mars, morning star, in perihelion on 18.
Jupiter, morning star, ☿ ☾ on 22.
Saturn, morning star, fine visible occultation by the moon on 24, shortly after midnight, ☿ ☾ on 25.
Uranus, morning star, ☿ ☾ on 3, close ☿ ☾ on 22.
Neptune, evening star, close ☿ ☾ at noon on 8, ☿ ☾ on 15.
 Spring begins on 20, at 7 P. M.

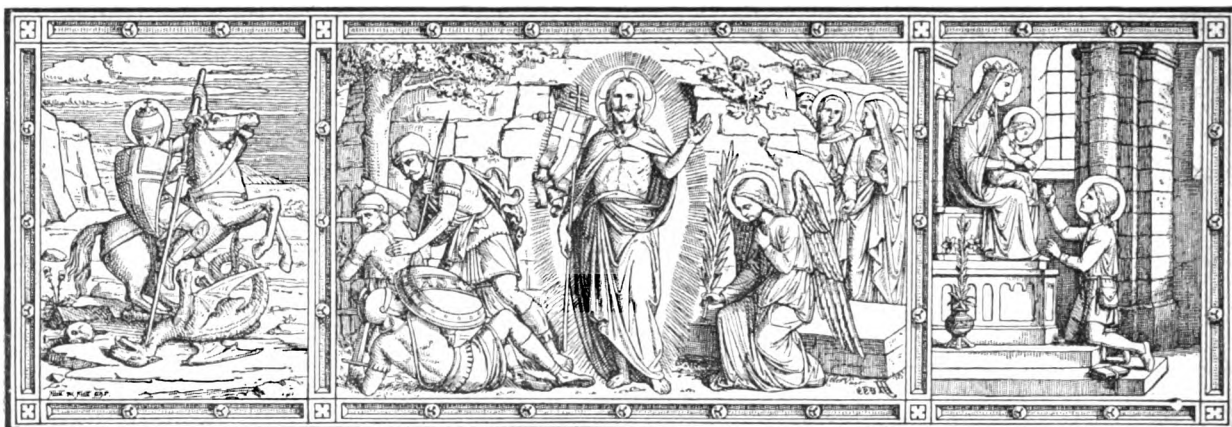
MOON'S PHASES.

MARCH, 1900.

New Moon,	1	5:25 A. M.
First Quarter,	7	11:34 P. M.
Full Moon,	16	2:12 A. M.
Last Quarter,	23	11:36 P. M.
New Moon,	30	2:30 P. M.
Apogee,	14.	
Perigee,	1, 29.	

Better is a neighbor that is near than a brother afar off.—Prov.

Hell and destruction are never filled: so the eyes of man are never satisfied.—Prov.



April, 1900.

Days.	SAINTS AND FESTIVALS.	Moon's		Sun		Moon	
		Age	Course	Rises	Sets	Rises	Sets
13 Sunday.	5 Sunday in Lent.	Gospel: The Testimony of Christ. John viii., 46-59.					
1 S	Passion Sunday. Hugh, B.	3	♄	5 47	6 21	6 37	8 58
2 M	Francis of Paula. Mary of Egypt, Pen.	4	♄	5 45	6 22	7 20	10 7
3 T	Benedict, the Moor. Richard, B.	5	♄	5 43	6 23	8 9	11 9
4 W	†Isidore, B. D. Plato. Zozimus.	6	♄	5 42	6 24	9 4	Midn
5 T	Vincent Ferrer. Irene, V. M.	7	♄	5 40	6 25	10 0	12 6
6 F	†Seven Dolors, B. V. M. Juliana.	8	♄	5 38	6 26	10 58	12 53
7 S	Calliopius, M. Hegesippus.	9	♄	5 37	6 27	Noon	1 34
14 Sunday.	Palm Sunday.	Gospel: Entry of Jesus into Jerusalem. Matt. xxi., 1-9.					
8 S	Palm Sunday.	10	♄	5 36	6 28	12 56	2 8
9 M	Mary Cleophas. Waltrude.	11	♄	5 35	6 29	1 53	2 38
10 T	Ezekiel, Pr. Apollonius, M.	12	♄	5 33	6 30	2 50	3 5
11 W	†Leo the Great, P. D.	13	♄	5 31	6 31	3 43	3 33
12 T	Holy Thursday.	14	♄	5 30	6 32	4 42	3 58
13 F	†Good Friday.	15	♄	5 29	6 33	5 39	4 25
14 S	†Holy Saturday. Vigil.	16	♄	5 27	6 34	6 38	4 52
15 Sunday.	Easter Sunday.	Gospel: Resurrection of our Lord. Mark xvi., 1-7.					
15 S	Easter Sunday.	17	♄	5 25	6 35	7 38	5 24
16 M	Easter Monday.	18	♄	5 24	6 36	8 37	5 58
17 T	Easter Tuesday.	19	♄	5 23	6 37	9 35	6 38
18 W	Amadeus, M. Antnia, M.	20	♄	5 21	6 38	10 32	7 23
19 T	Leo IX., P. Timon, M. Elphege, B. M.	21	♄	5 20	6 39	11 25	8 16
20 F	Sulpicius, Servilian, M. Marcellin, B.	22	♄	5 19	6 39	Midn	9 16
21 S	Anselm, B. D. Arator, M.	23	♄	5 17	6 40	12 13	10 19
16 Sunday.	1 Sunday after Easter.	Gospel: Jesus Appears to His Apostles. John xx., 19-31.					
22 S	Soter and Caius, P. Leonides, M.	24	♄	5 15	6 41	12 55	11 26
23 M	George, M. Adalbert, B. M.	25	♄	5 14	6 42	1 32	Noon
24 T	Fidelis of Sigmaringa, M.	26	♄	5 13	6 43	2 8	1 44
25 W	Mark, Evangelist. The Great Litanies.	27	♄	5 12	6 44	2 41	2 54
26 T	Mary of Good Counsel. Cletus, P. M.	28	♄	5 11	6 45	3 16	4 8
27 F	Turibius, B. Peter Canisius.	29	♄	5 10	6 46	3 48	5 19
28 S	Paul of the Cross, F. Vitalis, M.	1	♄	5 8	6 47	4 27	6 27
17 Sunday	2 Sunday after Easter.	Gospel: The Good Shepherd. John x., 11-16.					
29 S	Peter of Verona, M. Paulinus, B.	2	♄	5 6	6 48	5 9	7 46
30 M	Catharine of Sienna, V. Sophia, V. M.	3	♄	5 5	6 49	5 57	8 51

PLANETS, 1900.—APRIL.

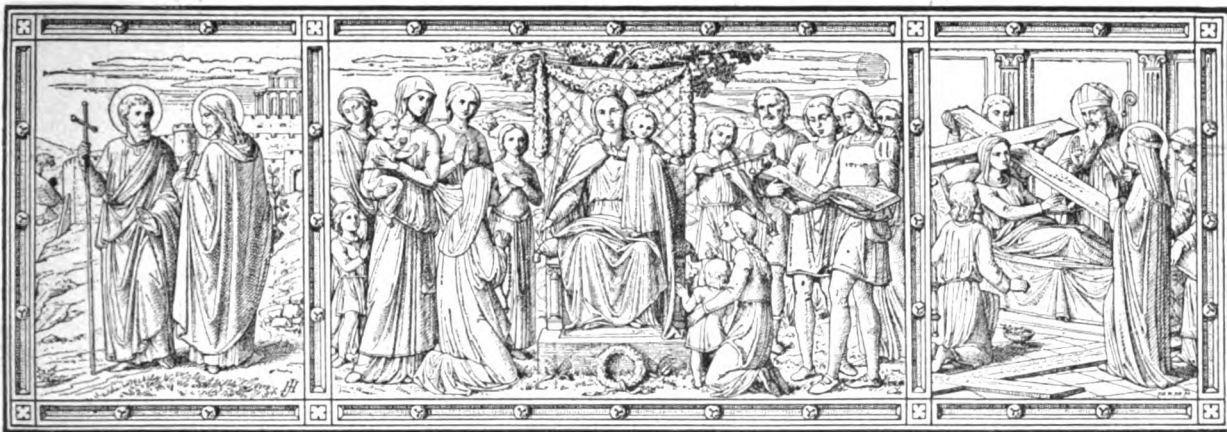
Mercury, morning star, greatest elongation on 21.
 Venus, evening star, greatest elongation on 28, close ♄ ♀
 on 2.
 Mars, morning star, ♄ ♄ on 3.
 Jupiter, morning star, ♄ ♄ on 18.
 Saturn, morning star, occulted by the moon on 20.
 Uranus, morning star, close ♄ ♄ on 18.
 Neptune, evening star, close ♄ ♄ on 4, ♄ ♄ on 30.

MOON'S PHASES.

APRIL, 1900.
 First Quarter, 6 2:54 P. M.
 Full Moon, 14 7:02 P. M.
 Last Quarter, 22 8:33 A. M.
 New Moon, 28 11:23 P. M.
 Apogee, 11.
 Perigee, 26.

As coals are to burning coals and wood to fire, so an angry man stirreth up strife.—Prov.

Boast not for tomorrow, for thou knowest not what the day to come may bring forth.—Prov.



May, 1900.

Days.	SAINTS AND FESTIVALS.	Moon's		Sun		Moon	
		Age	Course	Rises	Sets	Rises	Sets
1 T	Philip and James, Ap. Jeremias, Pr.	4	Π	5 46	50	6 50	9 51
2 W	Athanasius, B. D. Vindemial, B.	5	☿	5 36	51	7 46	10 44
3 T	Finding of the Holy Cross.	6	☿	5 26	52	8 45	11 27
4 F	Monica, W. Godard, B.	7	☿	5 16	53	9 46	Midn
5 S	Pius V., P. Angelus, M.	8	☿	5 06	54	10 46	12 6

18 Sunday. 3 Sunday after Easter. Gospel: In a Little While. John xvi. 16-22.

6 S	Patr. of St. Joseph. John b. Lat. G. ☽	9	☿	4 58	54	Noon	12 39
7 M	Stanislaus, B. M. Flav. Dom., V. M.	10	☿	4 57	55	12 42	1 8
8 T	Apparition of Michael, Archangel.	11	☿	4 56	56	1 38	1 25
9 W	Gregory of Nazianzen, D.	12	☿	4 55	57	2 35	2 0
10 T	Antoninus, B. Job, Pr.	13	☿	4 54	58	3 31	2 27
11 F	Francis de Hieronymo. Anthimus, M.	14	☿	4 53	59	4 28	2 54
12 S	Nereus, Achilleus, Domitilla, M.	15	☿	4 52	0	5 28	3 24

19 Sunday. 4 Sunday after Easter. Gospel: Christ Goeth to the Father. John xvi. 5-15.

13 S	Peter Regalati. Servatius, B.	16	☿	4 51	7 1	6 28	3 57
14 M	Boniface, M. Pachomius, A. ☺	17	☿	4 50	7 2	7 28	4 36
15 T	Isidore, M. Dymna, V.	18	☿	4 49	7 3	8 27	5 20
16 W	Ubaldu, B. Brendan, A.	19	☿	4 48	7 4	9 20	6 11
17 T	Paschal Baylon. Restituta, V. M.	20	☿	4 48	7 4	10 11	7 8
18 F	Venantius, M. Eric, K. M.	21	☿	4 47	7 5	10 55	8 13
19 S	Peter Celestin V., P. Pudentiana, V.	22	☿	4 46	7 6	11 34	9 18

20 Sunday. 5 Sunday after Easter. Gospel: Ask in My Name. John xvi. 23-30.

20 S	Bernardine of Sienna. Aquila, M.	23	☿	4 45	7 7	Midn	10 26
21 M	Felix of Cantalicio. Valens, B. ☾	24	☿	4 45	7 7	12 9	Noon
22 T	John Nepomucen, M. Rita, W.	25	☿	4 44	7 8	12 43	12 43
23 W	Andrew Bobola, M. J. B. de Rossi.	26	☿	4 44	7 9	1 15	1 54
24 T	Ascension of our Lord. Mary, H. Chr.	27	☿	4 43	7 10	1 47	3 3
25 F	Gregory VII., P. Urbanus, P. M.	28	☿	4 43	7 11	2 23	4 14
26 S	Philip Neri. Eleutherius, P. M.	29	☿	4 42	7 12	3 2	5 24

21 Sunday. 6 Sunday after Easter. Gospel: When the Paraclete shall come. John xv. 26.

27 S	Mary Magdalen de Pazzi, V.	30	☿	4 41	7 13	3 45	6 32
28 M	Augustin, Ap. of England. ☺	1	Π	4 41	7 13	4 36	7 36
29 T	Maximinus, B. Theodosia, M.	2	Π	4 40	7 14	5 30	8 32
30 W	Ferdinand, K. Basil, Emmelia.	3	☿	4 40	7 15	6 30	9 20
31 T	Angela Merici, V. Petronilla, V.	4	☿	4 39	7 16	7 30	10 9

PLANETS, 1900—MAY.

Mercury, morning star, δ $\times$ $\odot$ on 30.
 Venus, evening star, δ $\times$ $\odot$ on 2 and 31.
 Mars, morning star, δ $\times$ $\odot$ on 3, δ $\times$ $\odot$ on 26.
 Jupiter, δ $\times$ $\odot$ on 15, δ $\times$ $\odot$ on 27.
 Saturn, morning star, invisible occultation on 17.
 Uranus, morning star, very close δ $\times$ $\odot$ on 15.
 Neptune, evening star, very close δ $\times$ $\odot$ on 2 and 29.
 Total eclipse of the sun on 28; visible in U. S.

MOON'S PHASES.

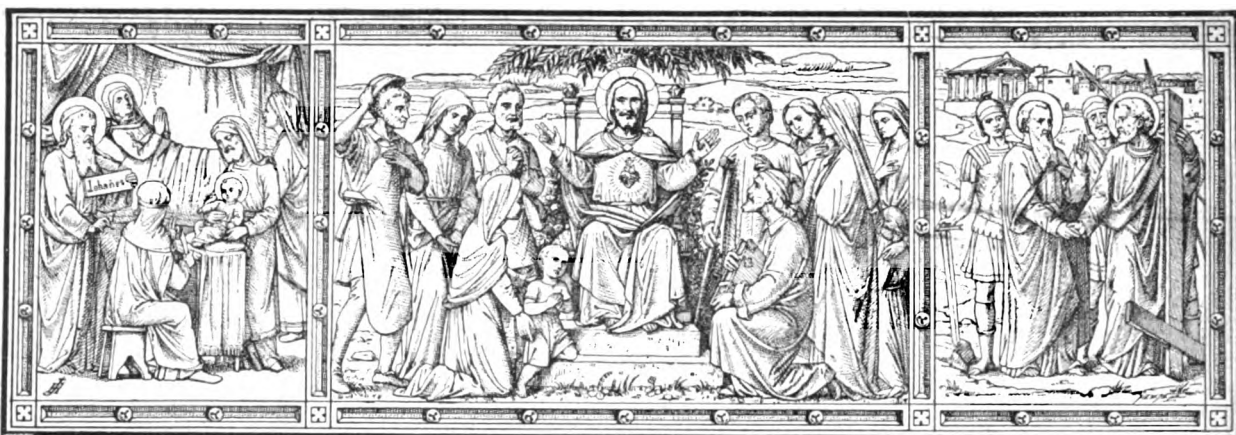
MAY, 1900

First Quarter, 6..... 7:39 A. M.
 Full Moon, 14..... 9:36 A. M.
 Last Quarter, 21..... 2:31 P. M.
 New Moon, 28..... 8:50 A. M.
 Apogee, 8.
 Perigee, 24.



The heart of the wicked seeketh after evils, but the righteous heart seeketh after knowledge.—Prov.

He that walketh uprightly shall be saved; he that is perverse in his ways shall fall at once.—Prov.



June, 1900.

Days.	SAINTS AND FESTIVALS.	Moon's		Sun		Moon	
		Age	Course	Rises	Sets	Rises	Sets
1 F	Juventus, M. Reverian, B.	5	☾	4 39	7 17	8 32	10 38
2 S	†Marcellinus, Peter Erasmus, M. Vigil.	6	☾	4 39	7 17	9 32	11 7
22 Sunday. Pentecost Sunday. Gospel: The Paraclete will teach you all things. John xiv., 23-31.							
3 S	Pentecost Sunday.	7	☾	4 38	7 18	10 33	11 36
4 M	Pentecost Monday.	8	☾	4 38	7 18	11 35	Midn
5 T	Pentecost Tuesday. Boniface.	9	☾	4 38	7 19	Noon	12 2
6 W	†Ember Day: Norbert, B.	10	☾	4 37	7 19	1 20	12 28
7 T	Robert, A. Licarion, M.	11	☾	4 37	7 20	2 17	12 55
8 F	†Medard and Gildard, B.	12	☾	4 37	7 21	3 16	1 23
9 S	†Primus and Felician, M.	13	☾	4 37	7 21	4 16	1 55
23 Sunday. 1 Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel: Go, Teach all Nations. Matt. xxviii., 18-20.							
10 S	Trinity Sunday. Marg. of Scotl.	14	☾	4 36	7 22	5 16	2 32
11 M	Barnabas, Ap. Parisius.	15	☾	4 36	7 22	6 17	3 13
12 T	John of S. Facundus.	16	☾	4 36	7 23	7 12	4 3
13 W	Antony of Padua. Felicula, V. M.	17	☾	4 36	7 23	8 5	4 58
14 T	Corpus Christi.	18	☾	4 36	7 23	8 52	6 2
15 F	Vitus, Modestus, Crescentia, M.	19	☾	4 36	7 24	9 33	7 9
16 S	John Francis Regis. Benno, B.	20	☾	4 36	7 24	10 11	8 17
24 Sunday. 2 Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel: The Great Supper. Luke xiv., 16-24.							
17 S	Gundulphus, B. Himerius, B.	21	☾	4 37	7 24	10 46	9 26
18 M	Mark and Marcellian, M. Leontius, M.	22	☾	4 37	7 25	11 17	10 35
19 T	Juliana Falconieri, V. Gerv. and Protas, M.	23	☾	4 37	7 25	11 51	Noon
20 W	Silverius, P. M. Florentina, V.	24	☾	4 37	7 25	Midn	12 54
21 T	Aloysius Gonzaga. Leutfrid, A.	25	☾	4 37	7 25	12 25	2 3
22 F	Sacred Heart of Jesus.	26	☾	4 38	7 26	1 1	3 11
23 S	Audry, Q. Agrippina, V. M.	27	☾	4 38	7 26	1 41	4 19
25 Sunday. 3 Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel: The Lost Sheep. Luke xv., 1-10.							
24 S	Birth of John the Baptist.	28	☾	4 38	7 26	2 27	5 23
25 M	William, A. Adelbert.	29	☾	4 38	7 26	3 19	6 21
26 T	John and Paul, M. Vigilius, B. M.	1	☾	4 39	7 27	4 15	7 12
27 W	Ladislav, K. Sampson.	2	☾	4 39	7 27	5 16	7 57
28 T	Benignus, B. M. Irenaeus, B. M.	3	☾	4 39	7 27	6 19	8 35
29 F	Peter and Paul, Apostles.	4	☾	4 40	7 27	7 19	9 8
30 S	Comm. of S. Paul, Ap.	5	☾	4 40	7 27	8 20	9 39

PLANETS, 1900.—JUNE.

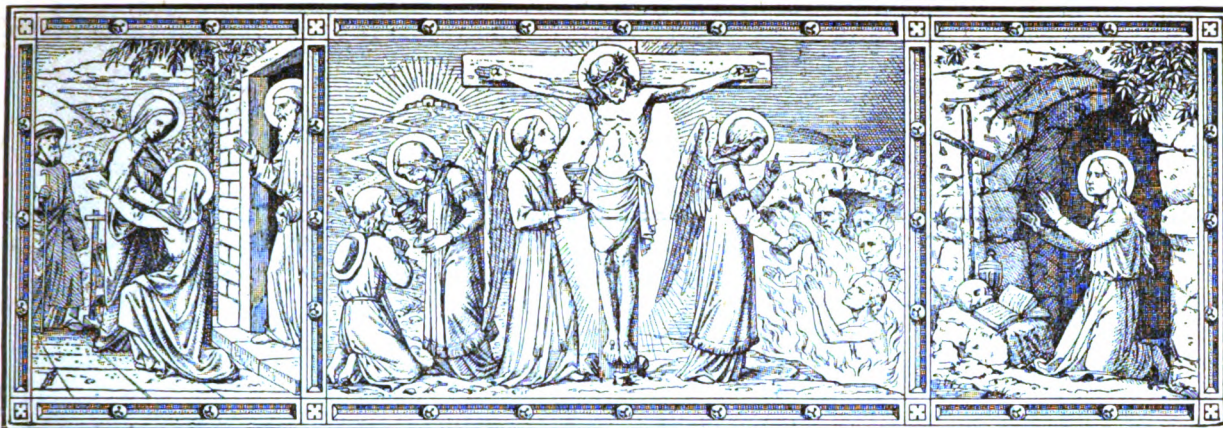
Mercury, evening star, only 3' from Epsilon Geminorum on 13.
 Venus, evening star, greatest brilliancy on 1, δ ϕ ϕ on 22.
 Mars, morning star, δ ϕ ϕ on 24.
 Jupiter, evening star, δ ϕ ϕ on 11.
 Saturn, invisible occultation on 13, δ ϕ ϕ on 23.
 Uranus, δ ϕ ϕ on 1, close δ ϕ ϕ on 12.
 Neptune, invisible, δ ϕ ϕ on 18.
 Partial ecl. of the moon on 12. Summer begins on 21, at 3 P. M.

MOON'S PHASES.

JUNE, 1900.
 First Quarter, 5.....12 58 A. M.
 Full Moon, 12.....9 38 P. M.
 Last Quarter, 19.....6 57 P. M.
 New Moon, 26.....7 27 P. M.
 Apogee, 5.
 Perigee, 18.

As the faces of them that look therein shine in the water;
 so the hearts of men are laid open to the wise.—Prov.

Better is the poor man walking in his simplicity, than
 the rich in crooked ways.—Prov.



July, 1900.

Days.	SAINTS AND FESTIVALS.	Moon's Age Course	Sun Rises Sets	Moon Rises Sets
26 Sunday. 4 Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel: The Miraculous Draught of Fishes. Luke v. 1-11.				
1 S	Most Precious Blood. Aaron, Pr.	6	☿	4 41 7 27 9 16 10 12
2 M	Visitation B.V. M. Processus, M.	7	☿	4 41 7 27 10 13 10 20
3 T	Leo II., P. Hyacinthus, M.	8	♄	4 42 7 26 11 9 10 56
4 W	Irenaeus, B. M. Independence Day. ☾	9	♄	4 42 7 26 Noon 11 24
5 T	Cyril and Methodius, B. Zoa, M.	10	♄	4 43 7 26 1 2 11 54
6 F	Isaias, Pr. Tranquillinus, M. Goar.	11	♄	4 43 7 26 2 2 Midn
7 S	Pulcheria, V., Empr. Willibald, B.	12	♄	4 44 7 26 3 2 12 28
27 Sunday. 5 Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel: True Justice. Matt. v. 20-24.				
8 S	Elizabeth of Portugal. Kilian, B. M.	13	♄	4 44 7 25 4 1 1 6
9 M	Martyrs of Gorcom. Veron. Juliana	14	♄	4 45 7 25 4 59 1 51
10 T	Seven Brothers, M. Rufin, Secunda, M.	15	♄	4 45 7 25 5 54 2 45
11 W	Pius I., P. M. Abundus, M.	16	♄	4 46 7 24 6 44 3 41
12 T	John Gualbert, A. Nabor, Felix, M. ☾	17	♄	4 47 7 24 7 19 4 52
13 F	Anacletus, P. M. Silas. Turian, B.	18	♄	4 47 7 23 8 10 5 51
14 S	Bonaventure, B. D. Cyrus, B.	19	♄	4 48 7 23 8 47 7 13
28 Sunday. 6 Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel: The Multiplication of Loaves. Mark viii. 1-9.				
15 S	Henry I., Emp. Catulinus, deac.	20	♄	4 49 7 23 9 20 8 24
16 M	Our Lady of Mt. Carmel. Domnio, M.	21	♄	4 50 7 22 9 53 9 35
17 T	Alexius, Recl. Generosus, M.	22	☿	4 50 7 22 10 27 10 44
18 W	Camillus of Lellis. Symphorosa, M. ☾	23	☿	4 51 7 21 11 3 Noon
19 T	Vincent de Paul. Arsenius.	24	♄	4 52 7 20 11 40 1 4
20 F	Jerome Emiliani. Margaret, V. M.	25	♄	4 52 7 19 Midn 2 10
21 S	Praxedes, V. Daniel, Pr.	26	♄	4 53 7 18 12 25 3 14
29 Sunday. 7 Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel: False Prophets. Matt. vii. 15-21.				
22 S	Mary Magdalen. Meneleus, A.	27	♄	4 53 7 17 1 14 4 14
23 M	Apollinaris, B. M. Liborius, B.	28	♄	4 54 7 17 2 9 5 7
24 T	Christina, V. M. Lawrence of Brundisium.	29	♄	4 55 7 16 3 6 5 54
25 W	James the Greater, Ap. Christopher, M.	30	♄	4 56 7 16 4 6 6 34
26 T	Ann, Mother B.V.M. Erastus, B. M. ☾	1	♄	4 57 7 15 5 7 7 8
27 F	Pantaleon, M. Anthusa, V.	2	♄	4 58 7 14 6 7 7 38
28 S	Nazarius, Celsus, Victor, P. M.	3	☿	4 59 7 13 7 6 8 6
30 Sunday. 8 Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel: The Unjust Steward. Luke xvi. 1-9.				
29 S	Martha, V. Beatrice, M.	4	☿	5 0 7 12 7 53 8 32
30 M	Abdon and Sennen, M. Ursus, B.	5	☿	5 1 7 11 9 0 8 59
31 T	Ignatius of Loyola, F. John Columbiani, F.	6	♄	5 2 7 10 9 56 9 27

PLANETS, 1900—JULY.

Mercury, evening star, greatest elongation on 4.
 Venus, ☿ ☾ on 8, becomes morning star, ☿ ☾ on 24.
 Mars, morning star, close ☿ ☾ on 22.
 Jupiter, evening star, ☿ ☾ on 8.
 Saturn, evening star, fine occultation by the moon on 10,
 shortly before midnight.
 Uranus, evening star, close ☿ ☾ on 9.
 Neptune, morning star, very close ☿ ☾ on 23.

MOON'S PHASES.

JULY, 1900
 First Quarter, 4..... 6:13 P. M.
 Full Moon, 12..... 7:22 A. M.
 Last Quarter, 18..... 11:31 P. M.
 New Moon, 26..... 7:43 A. M.
 Apogee, 3, 31.
 Perigee, 15.

He that loveth cleanness of heart, for the grace of his lips shall have the king for his friend.—Prov.

Buy truth; and do not sell wisdom, and instruction, and understanding.—Prov.



August, 1900.

Days.	SAINTS AND FESTIVALS.	Moon's		Sun		Moon	
		Age	Course	Rises	Sets	Rises	Sets
1 W	St. Peter's Chains. Machabees Bros. M.	7	♌	5 37	9 10	52	9 55
2 T	Alphonsus Liguori, B.D. Stephen, P.M.	8	♍	5 47	8 Noon	10	27
3 F	Find. Relics of St. Stephen, Protom.	9	♎	5 57	7 12	48	11 2
4 S	Dominic, F. Aristarchus.	10	♏	5 67	6 1	46	11 43
31 Sunday. 9 Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel: The Destruction of Jerusalem. Luke xix. 41-47.							
5 S	Our Lady of the Snow. Oswald, K.	11	♐	5 77	5 3	4	Midn
6 M	Transfiguration of our Lord. Hystus, M.	12	♑	5 87	4 3	40	12 31
7 T	Cajetan, F. Donatus, B. M.	13	♒	5 97	3 4	32	1 28
8 W	Cyriacus, Largus, Smaragdus, M.	14	♓	5 97	1 5	22	2 30
9 T	Romanus, S. M. Domitian, B.	15	♐	5 107	0 6	4	3 39
10 F	Lawrence, Archdeacon. Deusdedit.	16	♑	5 116	59	6 41	4 51
11 S	Philomena, V. M. Susanna, M.	17	♒	5 126	58	7 19	6 4
32 Sunday. 10 Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel: The Pharisee and the Publican. Luke xviii. 9-14.							
12 S	Clare, V. F. Herculanius, B.	18	♓	5 136	57	7 53	7 18
13 M	John Berchmans. Hypp. Cassian, M.	19	♐	5 146	56	8 28	8 28
14 T	Eusebius. Ursicius, B. Vigil.	20	♑	5 156	55	9 3	9 42
15 W	Assumption B. V. M.	21	♒	5 156	53	9 41	10 52
16 T	Hyacinth. Roch. Serena.	22	♓	5 166	52	10 25	Noon
17 F	Liberatus, A. M. Myron, M.	23	♐	5 176	51	11 13	1 8
18 S	Helena, W. Empr. Agapitus, M.	24	♑	5 186	50	Midn	2 10
33 Sunday. 11 Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel: Jesus Cures a Deaf and Dumb Man. Mark vii. 31-37.							
19 S	Joachim, father of B. V. M. Louis of Toulouse.	25	♒	5 196	49	12 5	3 3
20 M	Bernard, A. D. Samuel, Pr.	26	♓	5 196	47	1 1	3 52
21 T	Jane Frances de Chantal. Ptolemy, A. F.	27	♐	5 206	46	2 0	4 33
22 W	Timothy, Symphorian, M.	28	♑	5 216	45	3 0	5 10
23 T	Philip Beniti. Luppus, M.	29	♒	5 226	43	3 59	5 40
24 F	Bartholomew, Ap. Owen, B.	1	♓	5 236	41	4 57	6 10
25 S	Louis, King of France. Genesius, M.	2	♐	5 246	40	5 56	6 37
34 Sunday. 12 Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel: The Good Samaritan. Luke x. 23-37.							
26 S	Most Pure Heart of Mary. Zephyrinus, P.	3	♑	5 256	39	6 52	7 3
27 M	Joseph Calasanctius, F. Rufus, B. M.	4	♒	5 266	37	7 48	7 38
28 T	Augustine, B. D. Hermes, M.	5	♓	5 276	36	8 44	7 58
29 W	Beheading of St. John Bap. Sabina, M.	6	♐	5 286	34	9 41	8 27
30 T	Rose of Lima. Felix, Adauctus, M.	7	♑	5 296	33	10 38	9 2
31 F	Raymond Nonnatus. Aiden, B.	8	♒	5 296	31	11 26	9 31

PLANETS, 1900.—AUGUST.

Mercury, δ $\odot$ on 1, morning star, greatest elongation on 19.
 Venus, morning star, greatest brilliancy on 14. δ $\odot$ on 21.
 Mars, morning star, δ $\odot$ on 7, δ $\odot$ on 20.
 Jupiter, evening star, δ $\odot$ on 5, $\square$ $\odot$ on 25.
 Saturn, evening star, invisible occultation on 6.
 Uranus, evening star, very close δ $\odot$ on 5.
 Neptune, morning star, δ $\odot$ on 7, close δ $\odot$ on 19.

MOON'S PHASES.

AUGUST, 1900.
 First Quarter, 3.....10:45 A. M.
 Full Moon, 10.....3:30 P. M.
 Last Quarter, 17.....5:46 A. M.
 New Moon 24.....9:52 P. M.
 Apogee, 27.
 Perigee, 12.

A good name is better than great riches, and good favor is above silver and gold.—*Prov.*

He that is inclined to mercy shall be blessed, for of his bread he has given to the poor.—*Prov.*



September, 1900.

Days.	SAINTS AND FESTIVALS.			Moon's		Sun		Moon	
				Age	Course	Rises	Sets	Rises	Sets
1 S	Giles, A.	Twelve Bros., M.	Anna, Pr.	9	↑	5 30	6 30	12 33	10 24
35 Sunday 13 Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel: The Ten Lepers. Luke xvii., 11-19.									
2 S	Stephen, King of Hungary.			10	↑	5 31	6 28	1 28	11 15
3 M	Serapia, V.	Mansuetus, B.		11	↗	5 32	6 26	2 20	Midn
4 T	Rose of Viterbo, V.	Rosalia, V.		12	↗	5 33	6 25	3 9	12 14
5 W	Lawrence Justinian, B.	Obdulia, V.		13	↗	5 34	6 24	3 53	1 17
6 T	Zachary, Pr.	Onesiphorus, M.		14	↗	5 34	6 22	4 33	2 26
7 F	Regina, V. M.	Cloud. Nemorius.		15	↗	5 35	6 21	5 11	3 37
8 S	Nativity B.V. M.	Adrian, M.		16	↗	5 36	6 19	5 48	4 51
36 Sunday 14 Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel: No one can Serve Two Masters. Matt. vi., 24-33.									
9 S	Holy Name of Mary.	Peter Claver.		17	↗	5 37	6 17	6 23	6 5
10 M	Nicolas of Tolentino.	Theodard, B. M.		18	↗	5 38	6 16	6 59	7 19
11 T	Protus and Hyazinth, M.	Patiens, B.		19	↗	5 39	6 14	7 38	8 33
12 W	Guido of Anderlecht.	Autonomus, B. M.		20	↗	5 40	6 12	8 21	9 46
13 T	Eulogius, B.	Amatus. Venerius.		21	↗	5 41	6 11	9 9	10 56
14 F	Exaltation of the Holy Cross.	Maternus, B.		22	↗	5 42	6 10	10 0	Noon
15 S	Nicomedes, M.	Porphyrius, M.		23	↗	5 43	6 8	10 57	12 24
37 Sunday 15 Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel: The Widow's Son at Naim. Luke vii., 11-17.									
16 S	Seven Dolors B.V. M.	Cornelius & Cyprian, M.		24	↗	5 44	6 6	11 59	1 50
17 M	Impr. Stigmata of St. Francis.			25	↗	5 44	6 4	Midn	2 32
18 T	Joseph of Cupertino.	Methodius, B.		26	↗	5 45	6 3	12 55	3 11
19 W	†Ember Day.	Januarius and comp., M.		27	↗	5 46	6 2	1 54	3 44
20 T	Eustace, M.	Fausta, V. M. Evilasius, M.		28	↗	5 47	6 0	2 52	4 13
21 F	†Matthew, Ap. Ev.	Iphigenia, V.		29	↗	5 48	5 58	3 50	4 41
22 S	†Thomas of Villanova.	Maurice, M.		30	↗	5 49	5 57	4 47	5 6
38 Sunday 16 Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel: The Man with the Dropsy. Luke xiv., 1-11.									
23 S	Linus, P. M.	Thecla, V. M.		1	↗	5 49	5 55	5 42	5 34
24 M	Our Lady of Mercy.	Rusticus, B.		2	↗	5 50	5 54	6 38	6 1
25 T	Cleophas, M.	Pacificus. Lupus, B.		3	↗	5 51	5 52	7 36	6 31
26 W	Cyprian and Justina, M.	Senator.		4	↗	5 52	5 50	8 33	7 3
27 T	Cosmas and Damian, M.	Hiltrude, V.		5	↗	5 53	5 49	9 29	7 39
28 F	Wenzeslaus, K. M.	Privatus, M.		6	↑	5 54	5 47	10 25	8 22
29 S	Michael, Archangel.	Fraternus, B.		7	↑	5 55	5 45	11 20	9 10
39 Sunday 17 Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel: The Greatest Commandment. Matt. xxii., 34-46.									
30 S	Jerome, D.	Sophia, W.		8	↑	5 56	5 44	12 12	10 2

PLANETS, 1900—SEPTEMBER.

Mercury, invisible, δ $\times$ $\odot$ on 13.
Venus, morning star, greatest elongation on 17, δ $\times$ $\odot$ on 19.
Mars, morning star, δ $\times$ $\odot$ on 18.
Jupiter, evening star, close δ $\times$ $\odot$ on 1 and 29.
Saturn, evening star, another invisible occultation on 3, δ $\times$ $\odot$ on 21, δ $\times$ $\odot$ on 30.
Uranus, eve., star, $\square$ $\times$ $\odot$ on 1, invis. occultat'n on 2 and 29.
Neptune, morning star, close δ $\times$ $\odot$ on 16, $\square$ $\times$ $\odot$ on 22.
 Autumn begins on 23, at 6 A. M.

MOON'S PHASES.

SEPTEMBER, 1900.

First Quarter, 2..... 1:56 A. M.
 Full Moon, 8..... 11:06 P. M.
 Last Quarter, 15..... 2:57 P. M.
 New Moon, 23..... 1:57 P. M.
 Perigee, 9.
 Apogee, 23.

He that keepeth his mouth and his tongue keepeth his soul from distress.—*Prov.*

He that stoppeth his ear against the cry of the poor shall also cry himself and shall not be heard.—*Prov.*



October, 1900.

Days.	SAINTS AND FESTIVALS.	Moon's		Sun		Moon	
		Age	Course	Rises	Sets	Rises	Sets
1 M	Remigius, B. Bavo. Aretus, M. ☾	9	♊	5 57	5 43	1 0	11 3
2 T	Holy Guardian Angels.	10	♊	5 58	5 41	1 45	Midn
3 W	Ewaldus, M. Candidus, M.	11	♋	5 59	5 39	2 26	12 7
4 T	Francis of Assisi, F. Petronius, B.	12	♋	6 0	5 38	3 4	1 14
5 F	Placidus, M. Charitina, V. M.	13	♌	6 0	5 36	3 39	2 25
6 S	Bruno, F. Magnus, B. Sagar, B.	14	♌	6 1	5 35	4 14	3 37
40 Sunday. 18 Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel: The Man Sick of the Palsy. Matt. ix. 1-8.							
7 S	Holy Rosary, B.V. M. Mark, Sergius, M. ☽	15	♍	6 2	5 34	4 51	4 50
8 M	Bridget, W. Simeon, Pr. ☺	16	♍	6 3	5 32	5 29	6 6
9 T	Denis and comp., M. Publia, A.	17	♎	6 4	5 30	6 11	7 20
10 W	Francis Borgia. Louis Bertrand.	18	♎	6 5	5 29	6 58	8 34
11 T	John Leonard. Kenny, A.	19	♏	6 6	5 27	7 50	9 44
12 F	Wilfrid, B. Maximilian, B.	20	♏	6 7	5 26	8 47	10 47
13 S	Edward, Kg. Chelidonia, V.	21	♐	6 8	5 24	9 50	Noon
41 Sunday. 19 Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel: The Wedding Garment. Matt. xxii. 1-14.							
14 S	Maternity B.V. M. Callistus, P. M.	22	♐	6 9	5 23	11 38	12 29
15 M	Theresa, V. Thecla, A. ☾	23	♐	6 10	5 22	11 55	1 10
16 T	Gall, A. Lullus, B. Maxima, V.	24	♑	6 11	5 20	Midn	1 44
17 W	Hedwigis, W. Marg. Mary Alacoque, V.	25	♑	6 12	5 18	12 47	2 15
18 T	Luke, Evang. Asclepiades, B. M.	26	♒	6 13	5 17	1 45	2 44
19 F	Peter of Alcantara. Ethbin, A.	27	♒	6 14	5 16	2 41	3 10
20 S	John Cantius. Caprasius, M.	28	♒	6 16	5 14	3 37	3 37
42 Sunday. 20 Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel: The Ruler's Son. John vi. 46-53.							
21 S	Purity B.V.M. Ursula, V. M. Hilarion.	29	♓	6 17	5 13	4 39	4 5
22 M	Mary Salome. Cordula, V. M.	30	♓	6 18	5 12	5 29	4 33
23 T	The Most Holy Redeemer. Verus, B. ☺	1	♑	6 19	5 10	6 25	5 6
24 W	Raphael, Archang'l. Evergistus, B. M.	2	♑	6 20	5 8	7 23	5 41
25 T	Chrysanthus and Daria, M. Mimas, M.	3	♑	6 21	5 7	8 19	6 21
26 F	Evaristus, P. M. Bernwald, B.	4	♒	6 22	5 6	9 16	7 9
27 S	Florentius, M. Elesbaan, K.	5	♒	6 23	5 5	10 9	7 59
43 Sunday. 21 Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel: The Unforgiving Servant. Matt. xviii. 23-35.							
28 S	Simon and Jude, Ap. Faro, B.	6	♊	6 24	5 4	10 58	8 56
29 M	Narcissus, B. Zenobius, M.	7	♊	6 25	5 3	Noon	9 58
30 T	Alphonsus Rodriguez. Eutropia, M.	8	♋	6 26	5 2	12 24	11 2
31 W	†Wolfgang, B. Vigil. ☾	9	♋	6 28	5 0	1 2	Midn

PLANETS, 1900—OCTOBER.

Mercury, evening star, greatest elongation on 29.
Venus, morning star, δ ♀ ☾ on 19.
Mars, morning star, δ ♂ ☾ on 16.
Jupiter, evening star, fine occultation by the moon on 26.
Saturn, evening star, δ ♄ ☾ on 28.
Uranus, evening star, visible occultation on 26, about sunset, δ ♅ ♄ on 19.
Neptune, morning star, δ ♆ ☾ on 13.

MOON'S PHASES.

OCTOBER, 1900.
 First Quarter, 1..... 3:10 P. M.
 Full Moon, 8..... 7:18 A. M.
 Last Quarter, 15..... 3:51 A. M.
 New Moon, 23..... 7:27 A. M.
 First Quarter, 31..... 2:17 A. M.
 Perigee, 7.
 Apogee, 21.

As cold water to a thirsty soul, so is good tidings from a far country.—Prov.

As the door turneth upon its hinges, so doth the slothful upon his bed.—Prov.



November, 1900.

Days.	SAINTS AND FESTIVALS.	Moon's		Sun		Moon	
		Age	Course	Rises	Sets	Rises	Sets
1 T	All Saints.	10	☾	6 29	4 59	1 37	12 9
2 F	All Souls.	11	☾	6 30	4 58	2 10	1 18
3 S	Hubert, B. Winifride, V.	12	☾	6 31	4 57	3 4	2 27
44 Sunday. 22 Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel: The Tribute to Cæsar. Matt. xxii., 15-21.							
4 S	Charles Borromeo, B. Vitalis, M.	13	☾	6 32	4 56	3 21	3 39
5 M	Frances de Ambois. Zach. Elisabeth.	14	☾	6 33	4 55	4 0	4 52
6 T	Leonard. Winoc, A. Atticus. ☺	15	☾	6 34	4 54	4 43	6 6
7 W	Engelbert, B. M. Willibrord, B.	16	☾	6 35	4 53	5 34	7 19
8 T	Four Saints Crowned. Willehad, B.	17	☾	6 36	4 52	6 30	8 27
9 F	Dedid. Basilica of our Saviour. Theodore.	18	☾	6 37	4 51	7 31	9 28
10 S	Andrew Avellini. Tryphon. Nympha, M.	19	☾	6 38	4 50	8 33	10 21
45 Sunday. 23 Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel: The Daughter of Jairus. Matt. ix., 18-26.							
11 S	Martin of Tours, B. Mennas, M.	20	☾	6 39	4 49	9 34	11 6
12 M	Martin, P. M. Livinus, B. M.	21	☾	6 40	4 48	10 37	11 44
13 T	Didacus. Homobonus. ☾	22	☾	6 41	4 47	11 35	Noon
14 W	Stanislaus Kostka. Jucundus, B.	23	☾	6 43	4 47	Midn	12 45
15 T	Gertrude, V. Leopold. Abibus, M.	24	☾	6 44	4 46	12 32	1 13
16 F	Josaphat, B. M. Edmund, B.	25	☾	6 45	4 45	1 30	1 40
17 S	Gregory the Wonderworker, B.	26	☾	6 46	4 44	2 25	2 7
46 Sunday. 24 Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel: The Grain of Mustard Seed. Matt. xiii., 31-53.							
18 S	Patronage B. V. M. Ded Bas, SS. P. and P.	27	☾	6 47	4 43	3 21	2 36
19 M	Elisabeth of Thuringia, W. Pontian, P. M.	28	☾	6 48	4 43	4 18	3 7
20 T	Felix of Valois. Edmund, K. M.	29	☾	6 49	4 42	5 15	3 41
21 W	Presentation B. V. M. Columban, A.	30	☾	6 50	4 42	6 13	4 20
22 T	Cecilia, V. M. Pragmatius, B. ☺	1	☾	6 51	4 41	7 10	5 5
23 F	Clement, P. M. Felicitas, M.	2	☾	6 52	4 41	8 5	5 55
24 S	John of the Cross. Chrysogonus, M.	3	☾	6 53	4 40	8 56	6 50
47 Sunday. 25 and last Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel: The End of the World. Matt. xxiv., 15-35.							
25 S	Catharine, V. M. Mercury, S. M.	4	☾	6 54	4 40	9 42	7 51
26 M	Sylvester, A. Leonard of Port Maurice.	5	☾	6 55	4 39	10 26	8 53
27 T	Barlaam and Josaphat. Virgilius, B.	6	☾	6 56	4 39	11 2	9 56
28 W	James of La Marca. Rufus, M.	7	☾	6 57	4 39	11 37	11 6
29 T	Saturninus, B. M. Illuminata, V. ☾	8	☾	6 58	4 38	Noon	Midn
30 F	Andrew, Ap. Constantius.	9	☾	6 59	4 38	12 42	12 13

PLANETS, 1900.—NOVEMBER.

Mercury, invisible, ☿ ☿ on 20.
 Venus, morning star, only 13' from Eta Virginis on 6.
 Mars, morning star, ☿ ☿ on 22.
 Jupiter, still evening star, ♃ ♃ on 23.
 Saturn, evening star, ♄ ♄ on 24.
 Uranus, invisible.
 Neptune, morning star, ♆ ♆ on 9.

MOON'S PHASES.

NOVEMBER, 1900.
 Full Moon, 6 5:00 P. M.
 Last Quarter, 13 8:37 P. M.
 New Moon, 22 1:17 A. M.
 First Quarter, 29 11:37 A. M.
 Perigee, 5.
 Apogee, 17.

In many things be as if thou wert ignorant, and hear in silence, and withal seeking.—*Ecdl.*

There is a wise man that is wise to his own soul, and the fruit of his understanding is commendable.—*Ecdl.*



December, 1900.

Days.	SAINTS AND FESTIVALS.				Moon's		Sun		Moon	
					Age	Course	Rises	Sets	Rises	Sets
1 S	Eligius, B.	Nahum, Pr.	Olympius, M.	10	☿	7	0 4	38	1 18	1 22
48 Sunday. 1 Sunday of Advent. Gospel: There shall be Signs. Luke xxi. 25-36.										
2 S	Bibiana, V. M.	Silvanus.		11	☿	7	1 4	38	1 54	2 32
3 M	Francis Xavier.	Lucius, K.		12	♄	7	2 4	37	2 35	3 43
4 T	Peter Chrysologus, B. D.	Barbara, V. M.		13	♄	7	3 4	37	3 20	4 54
5 W	Sabas, A.	Bassus, B. M.	Pelinus, B. M.	14	♄	7	4 4	37	4 13	6 5
6 T	Nicholas, B.	Asella, V.		15	♄	7	5 4	37	5 11	7 9
7 F	Ambrose, B. D.	Fara, V.		16	♄	7	6 4	37	6 17	8 7
8 S	Immaculate Conception, B. V. M.			17	♄	7	7 4	37	7 17	8 56
49 Sunday. 2 Sunday of Advent. Gospel: John in Prison. Matt. ii. 2-10.										
9 S	Leocadia, V. M.	Gorgonia.		18	♄	7	8 4	37	8 19	9 37
10 M	Transl. H. House of Loreto.	Melchisedes, P. M.		19	♄	7	9 4	37	9 21	10 13
11 T	Damasus, P.	Thrason, M.		20	♄	7	10 4	37	10 22	10 46
12 W	Synesius, M.	Epimachus, M.		21	♄	7	11 4	37	11 19	11 15
13 T	Lucy, V. M.	Othilia, A.		22	♄	7	11 4	37	Midn	11 41
14 F	Nicasius, B.	Pompey, B.		23	♄	7	12 4	38	12 15	Noon
15 S	Christiana, V.	Valerian, B.		24	♄	7	13 4	38	1 12	12 37
50 Sunday. 3 Sunday of Advent. Gospel: John's Testimony. John i. 19-28.										
16 S	Eusebius, B. M.	Beanus, B.		25	♄	7	14 4	38	2 8	1 6
17 M	Lazarus, B.	Vivina, V.		26	♄	7	14 4	38	3 4	1 39
18 T	Expectation B. V. M.	Gratian, B.		27	♄	7	15 4	39	4 2	2 16
19 W	†Ember Day.	Urban V., P.	Adjutus, A.	28	♄	7	15 4	39	5 0	2 58
20 T	Liberatus, Bajulus, M.			29	♄	7	16 4	40	5 57	3 47
21 F	†Thomas, Ap.	Themistocles, M.		1	♄	7	16 4	40	6 50	4 41
22 S	†Zeno, S. M.	Ischyron, M.		2	♄	7	17 4	41	7 38	5 43
51 Sunday. 4 Sunday of Advent. Gospel: The Mission of John. Luke iii. 1-6										
23 S	Victoria, V. M.	Servulus.		3	♄	7	17 4	41	8 23	6 46
24 M	†Tharsilla, V.		Vigil.	4	♄	7	18 4	42	9 3	7 51
25 T	Christmas.			5	♄	7	18 4	42	9 39	9 0
26 W	Stephen, Protomartyr.			6	♄	7	19 4	43	10 14	10 6
27 T	John, Ap. Evang.			7	♄	7	19 4	43	10 46	11 14
28 F	Holy Innocents, M.			8	☿	7	19 4	44	11 19	Midn
29 S	Thomas of Canterbury, B. M.	David, K. Pr.		9	☿	7	20 4	44	Noon	12 21
52 Sunday. Sunday after Christmas. Gospel: The Infant Jesus in the Temple. Luke ii. 33-40.										
30 S	Anysia, M.	Liberius, B.		10	♄	7	20 4	45	12 32	1 30
31 M	Sylvester, P.	Columba, V. M.		11	♄	7	20 4	46	1 14	2 40

God is set against evil, and life against death; so also is the sinner against a just man.—*Ecc.*

The heart of a fool is as the wheel of a cart: and his thoughts are like a rolling axle-tree.—*Ecc.*

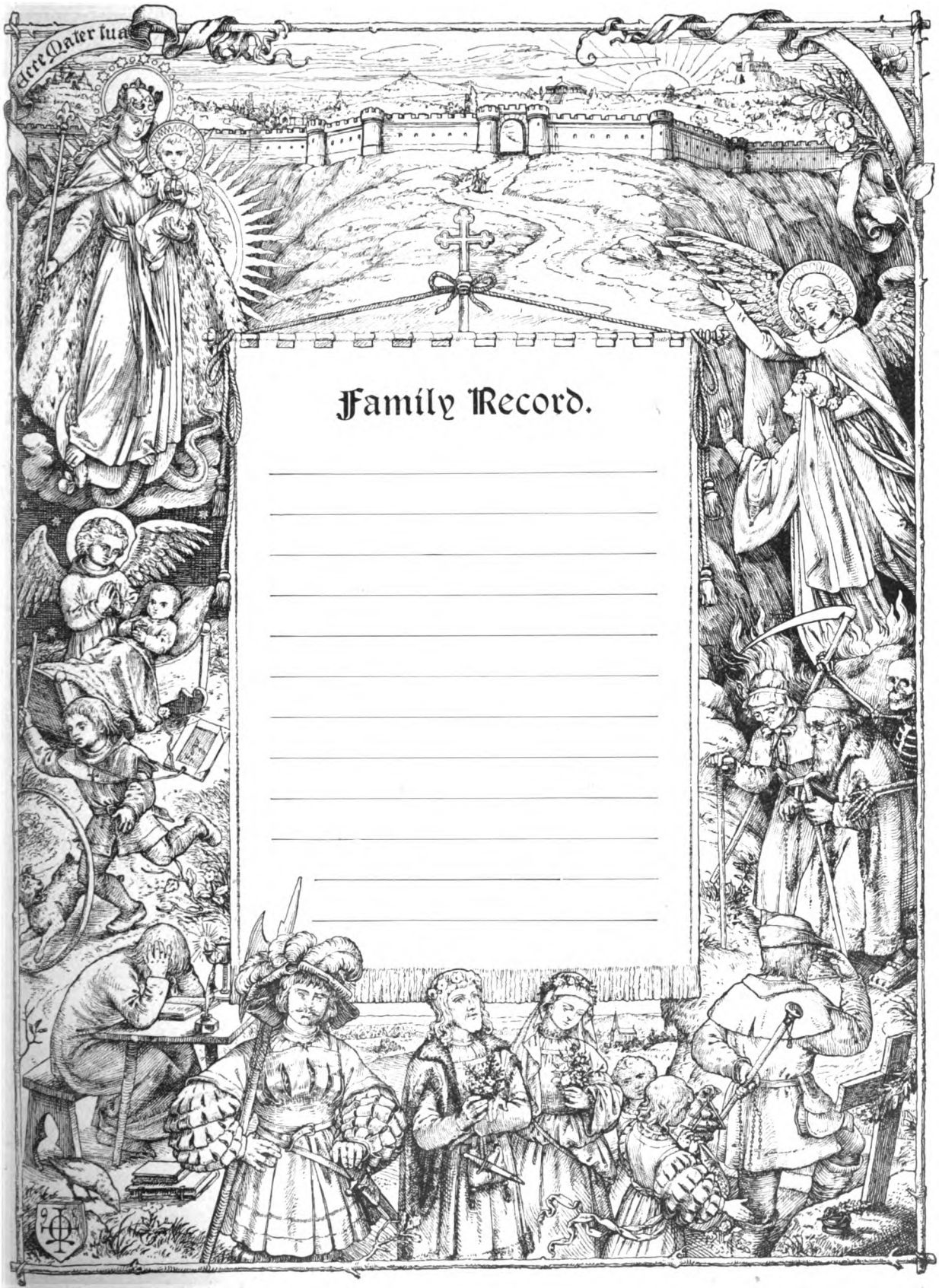
PLANETS, 1900—DECEMBER.

Mercury, morning star, greatest elongation on 7, δ ♄ on 30.
Venus, morning star, δ ♀ on 19.
Mars, morning star, only 6' from 1 Leonis on 16.
Jupiter, invisible, δ ♃ on 14.
Saturn, invisible, δ ♄ on 29.
Uranus, invisible, δ ♅ on 5.
Neptune, morning star, δ ♆ on 7, ♄ ♄ on 19.
 Winter begins on 21, at midnight.

MOON'S PHASES.

DECEMBER, 1900.

Full Moon, 6..... 4:38 A. M.
 Last Quarter, 13..... 4:42 P. M.
 New Moon, 21..... 6:01 P. M.
 First Quarter, 28..... 7:48 P. M.
 Perigee, 3, 30.
 Apogee, 15.





TO THE FRIENDS OF ST. MICHAEL'S ALMANAC.

THE old year is going to leave, and a new one is in sight. With the leaving year disappears its servant, the almanac; and the coming year needs another companion in its turn. The St. Michael's almanac will answer this want; and so, here he is; he will serve faithfully all the year round.

When the St. Michael's almanac set out on his first journey he went on rather timidly, for he didn't know how the people would like him, and if he would be welcomed to their dwellings. After having finished his first trip, it may be interesting to hear his story.

Some people shook their heads at his arrival, and without examining him, cried out: "What! St. Michael's almanac? I don't know that fellow. Get out here!" Our good solicitor begged very earnestly that they might take one; but in vain; their hearts were hard and cold as a stone.

Then the promoter of the poor despised fellow went to a house where she was certain they would take one. "O, no," said the lady; "we get one in the drug store. That will do for us." The intercessor pleaded for him and said: "Ah, my good lady, you ought to have a Catholic calendar in your house; and, besides this, you will support the poor missions."

But while still speaking, she was harshly interrupted by the unfriendly housewife with the words: "Stop that; we have to support more than we can afford; I won't do anything for you."

The rejected solicitor was nearly disheartened, and while getting off considered whether to make another trial or not. "Why!" she exclaimed, "I'm not a good missionary; the poor fathers among the heathens are so often despised, reviled and persecuted, and I feel disheartened so soon; no, I must not give it up." So she took courage again and called at another house. "O, yes," said the good lady; "I'll take one of those almanacs; everybody should get one and do a little for the poor missions. She got an almanac and it was read and reread by all the family.

In the next house an old, gentle lady, sitting in an easy chair, was trying to read in an old-fash-

ioned, big prayer book. Hearing of the St. Michael's almanac, she said: "Isn't it nice! Of course, I couldn't read it myself, for I am hardly able to make out the meaning of the book with the large types, even with my 'specks.' But my grandchildren will read it for me after school." She got one, and the assiduous solicitor hurried on.

In passing a dry goods store she met the busy merchant just at the entrance. "Mister B.," she accosted him, "to-day you will have to buy from me!" "What is it?" was the reply. "Almanacs, nice reading, and the money is for the poor missionaries," she said. "Well," he replied, "hardly time to read anything; but it is for a good purpose, anyway; there is a dollar just for four copies; one for my wife and the others for my married children. Please take 'm over to my wife," and with a smile on his bright face, he entered the store.

In the next house the humble almanac was turned off. "We don't want that kind of books," said the lady, haughtily, who was reading a yellow journal while rocking in her chair. The intimidated seller ventured to say: "Please ma'am, it's a nice calendar and would be good reading for your children; and it is very cheap, too. I beg you, have mercy on the poor missions!" "Don't bother me any more and leave me alone," was the fretful reply, and the humbled petitioner went to the next house, a little cottage.

"Money is scarce with us," said the poorly but neatly clad wife; "what do you think, pa?" "Of course, it is; but we shouldn't refuse, anyhow; me-thinks God will bless us for the little gift," was the answer of the good man. "Well, if you think, father, I'm quite satisfied," said the kind-hearted wife, and she gave her last quarter for the St. Michael's almanac.

A considerable number of the almanacs were sold by and by, to the poor people, as well as to the well-to-do, and almost every one was pleased with the new comer. Some well known Catholic newspapers and journals had the kindness to give him a good recommendation as a passport on his journey, and

many a good priest introduced him to his parishioners. Since the second edition of the almanac is greatly improved, I trust and hope, that the old friends will like him even better, and that he will find many new ones. He tried to meet all wishes, as far as possible, but he couldn't just correspond with all.

Some people made objections, saying: "Why, a quarter for such a book; that's too much!" Of course, they can get trash, which isn't worth the picking up, at a much cheaper price. As for the almanac, a quarter wouldn't be too much; but as we want to remove every obstacle which would hinder its propagation, we reduced the price to twenty cents.

"That's rather a strange title, 'St. Michael's almanac!'" uttered some; "why do you call it so?" In answer to this I beg leave to say that, in my opinion, this name is just right. We are recommended by our holy father, Pope Leo XIII., to invoke the help of St. Michael in the fearful battle which our holy church has to under-go, and so it seems justifiable to place the almanac—a means of strengthening and encouraging the soldiers who fight under this prince of the heavenly hosts—under his protection.

Some people gainsaid because the calendar pages had no pictures. Of course, one is accustomed to them; but they couldn't be obtained last year. The new edition has improved in this regard.

There were some wisecracks who didn't like the signs of Fridiac, and therefore rejected the almanac. That seems to be a trifling reason; a real sage wouldn't do that; he would think: "Well, I see there are other signs. Now, let me study; I must know them.

Others didn't like the cross which marks the days of abstinence; they wanted to have fishes placed there. As for me, a cross seems to be the most suitable sign which could be found. It reminds us of the cross of the Saviour with whose sufferings and fasts we should unite our fasts and all exercises of penance. A man who doesn't like to eat fish will not object to the cross, and he who likes them shouldn't either.

At some places the almanac was blamed for not having nice stories—they meant lovesick tales—and for being too religious. To this I have to reply: There are more than sufficient stories of that kind, of which some are so fond, in circulation. Life is not a sweet dream, but a hard struggle, and many a man on entering the arena sees his illusions vanish like mist before the sun; therefore, it is better to picture life as it is in reality, and not as it exists in a sickened or inexperienced imagination. The almanac has a higher aim than only to entertain the reader for a while. It should instruct and elevate him to be a true friend in life and a guide to heaven.

May all the readers of the St. Michael's almanac reach their destination; that is the earnest wish of your sincere friend.

ANGELUS.

I HAIL THEE, SWEET VIRGIN!

I hail thee, sweet Virgin,
Dispenser of grace;
I join with the angels
To sing thy sweet praise.
My life and my fortune
To thee I present;
My wish is to serve thee
Until my life's end.

I hail thee, sweet Virgin,
Bright star of the sea;
In joy and in sorrow
Thy child I will be.
My heart, O dear Mother,
Is burning with love,
It longs to be with thee
In Heaven above.

Dear Mother of Mercy,
Oh, hear thy child's pray'r;
Oh, take all thy children
Into thy kind care!
Unite all the nations
In one ample fold
And under one Shepherd,
As Jesus foretold.

—J. STOMMEL.



SANTA CLAUS.

THE HEROISM OF A BOY.

FROM THE GERMAN BY PETER E. DIETZ.

It was in the year 1693. A number of merry boys were at play in the public square of Prague; with a few exceptions they were students of the Jesuit College and the children of Christian parents, one of them, however, by his dark, curly hair, black eyes, and foreign cast of features, betrayed an oriental descent. Simon was the only son of the rich Hebrew merchant, Lazar Abeles, and in every way as well liked by his Christian playmates as by his Hebrew friends; yet his young heart was more in sympathy with those of his friends who did not profess the same creed as he did.

His predilection for Christianity was perhaps a legacy, bequeathed by a Christian nurse in his tenderest years. It was this nurse, who, besides guiding his first tottering steps, and teaching him the name of his parents, had taught him to utter the blessed name of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph. In addition to this he learned to make the sign of the cross, and placed about his neck a medal of the Bless'd Virgin, which the nurse had given him. His good mother, as truly devoted to the nurse as he himself, gladly permitted the girl to instruct him in the teachings of the Catholic Church. At length, Lazar Abeles, who was strictly orthodox, surprised his wife Lea reading a book of the New Testament. He flew into a violent passion, and immediately suspecting the cause, expelled the nurse from his house amid a flood of the foulest language. His wife, in fear of the tyrant's fury, had fled to the house of her parents, and Lazar, grasping the opportunity, obtained a legal separation from her on the ground of wilful abandonment. In this manner Simon became a twofold orphan. As great

as his affection had been for his mother and the kind tutor of his early years, so great was his sorrow at their loss; a secret and uncontrollable yearning for them soon seized his heart and perplexed him day and night. Within his heart an indefinite desire for something supernatural and sublime had taken root. By this feeling he was imperceptibly influenced in his choice rather of Christian than of Hebrew associates, and this especially when he accompanied them to their church, and there, with a soul full of anxiety, prayed to the God of the Christians. He

was obliged to keep his father in ignorance of these visits for fear of provoking him, but strange to say, this very secrecy had its charms which enticed him all the more. Perhaps he foresaw that he should find realized in the Catholic Church the vague conceptions which had so long been slumbering in his breast.

In the midst of their noisy play, the silvery notes of the Angelus bell broke upon their ears. The Christian boys immediately interrupted their game, pulled off their caps, and piously recited the Angelic Salutation before a statue of the Blessed Virgin erected in the center of the square.

Simon stood alone at a respectful distance and looked sadly upon the devout boys. "Why am I not a Christian? Why is it not my happy lot to enjoy the privilege of being a child of the Catholic Church?" The sensations which had thronged his soul on Christmas day, when in a Catholic Church, now vividly presented themselves to his mind. A little pal of his had taken him along to high mass, and the divine worship, which he could not as yet understand in its full meaning, had made a lasting impression upon his docile and tender heart. The



sweet and jubilant Christmas carols moved him to tears. He saw and understood that all this immense crowd had gathered to greet the new-born Saviour and to celebrate his gracious birth. "Why was it," thought he, "the Jews did not share this happiness and joy with them; why do they in their obstinacy refuse to accept the Messiah?"

A well-known Jesuit, Father Matthews, ascended the pulpit. With a peculiar eloquence and sweetness of his own, he spoke of the Saviour's love and devotion for poor, sinful mankind, which reached its climax when He took upon Himself our own human form, and lived amongst us. The hearts of his hearers were deeply touched. One passage from Scripture made an indelible impression upon Simon: "He came to claim His own, but His own would not receive Him." The Jews, too, were called to the faith of the Redeemer, but they offered in return nothing but ingratitude and humiliation. A ray of light illumined the doubtful soul of the boy, (and he) gained strength to abandon the faith of his fathers and turn to Christ.

The resolution to do this he concealed for the time being in his inmost heart, for he knew too well the character of his father. With fear and dread he looked forward to the time when his father should know his purpose, and he pictured to himself the struggles and sufferings which then awaited him. Now, as Simon saw his playmates obey the call of the Angelus bell, the old struggle in his soul was renewed with additional force; should he lay his youthful heart at the Virgin's feet, or should he, out of fear for his father, be untrue to his principles? Then it seemed to him as if an invisible hand drew him to the ground, and before he knew how or what

to think, he knelt at Mary's feet and exclaimed, "Oh, Mary! potent Virgin; Daughter of my own people, do Thou also be my Mother." Who can picture him, transported with joy, as a marvelously sweet voice audibly responded: "Be a Christian and I will be thy Mother."

Overcome with joy and wonder he dared to raise his eyes to the image before him. The dying rays of the parting sun bathed in gold the benevolent countenance of the Queen of Heaven, who, with a soft, encouraging smile, seemed to bend over the

little Hebrew. A thousand joyous and heroic sentiments arose in the breast of the heaven-favored boy. Now at last he was resolved; even at the sacrifice of his life, he would uphold his resolution to become a Christian.

His companions were witnesses of his ecstasy; but were alike ignorant of the cause; they asked him to tell what had happened and then advised him to take counsel with Father Matthews at the College, who would be worthy of his entire confidence, and certainly knew what was best.

CHAPTER II.

FATHER MATTHEWS, devoutly read-

ing his office, was promenading up and down beneath the rustling trees of the convent garden. The peaceful lineaments of the venerable priest's countenance gave evidence of a kind disposition and a benevolence which must necessarily open a way to all hearts. He heard a voice, and turning round, noticed a boy timidly approaching him and holding his cap in hand. He kindly advanced and asked his desire.

"Reverend Father," said Simon, "I desire very much to be a Christian, and for this purpose I come



to beg your assistance," and while he spoke he raised his dark, faithful eyes to Father Matthews' face as if he could there read the answer to his request.

Silent and in thought, Father Matthews looked at the boy. Simon felt the big eyes of the priest, so full of expression, penetrate into his very soul.

"What is your name, my child, and who is your father?" he inquired, after a short pause.

"My name is Simon, and that of my father, Lazar-Abeles," the lad answered, confidently.

Father Matthews was astonished. How did the only child of the rich orthodox Hebrew come to such a purpose?

Upon inquiry, Simon related his experiences, his suffering and secret struggles, and finally the wonderful call of the Mother of God; he concealed nothing, for Father Matthews had such a happy way of asking and answering that all hearts were quickly unlocked to him much like the friendly light of the sun which breaks the budding rose.

Although Father Matthews did not for a moment doubt Simon's sincerity, he wished to try the boy, and therefore subjected him to a short, but none the less severe, examination, without, however, being able to convict him of any contradictions.

"Just one question more," said the priest, wishing to put an end to the conversation; "have you already taken in consideration that as a Christian you will meet with many difficulties and hardships? You are the child of rich and respected parents; as soon as you adopt the Catholic faith your father will disinherit and cast you out. Are you ready to undergo poverty, privation, disgrace and persecution?"

"Everything, and even my life, if God so pleases, am I willing to sacrifice," exclaimed the boy with joyous enthusiasm.

Then, with a graceful gesture, he crossed both hands over his breast and said: "I shall be faith-

ful, and the Holy Virgin will be my champion in the cause of truth."

Father Matthews was moved, and tenderly laid his hand on the curly head of the boy, of whose religious zeal and sacrificing spirit he was now fully convinced. "May God bless your pious resolutions," he said, with emotion; "I see, my child, that you are honest, and I shall be the last to thwart you in the attainment of your ideal; follow me, I will introduce you to Reverend Father Rector."

Upon him, too, the boy made a favorable impression, and a definite hour was set apart for catechetical instruction, to prepare the boy for baptism.

Accompanied with the blessing of the two vener-

able priests he parted in happiness and peace. Henceforward he called at the College Clementinum almost every day. He studied his catechism with a wonderful zeal, and each additional lesson filled him with indescribable happiness. He hopefully looked forward to the day when he would be received into the Catholic Church. As once did the Fathers of the Old Law, so would he oftentimes sigh: "How long, O Lord, how long have I yet to wait."

His father was traveling abroad on matters of business, and so his secret was in no danger, still Simon could not but

with fear and dread entertain the thought of detection.

CHAPTER III.

IT was growing dark in the streets of Prague, when some one hurriedly pulled the door bell at the Jesuit College.

The brother at the porch opened quickly and saw to his surprise the small, trembling figure of a boy, who, in great excitement, cried out: "Oh, let me in, Brother; quick, quick, conceal me; if my father catches me it will be done with me, and I have not yet received baptism.



It was now only that Brother Pancratius recognized Simon. Brought before Father Matthews he explained in all haste that his father after his return had in some way or other heard of his frequent intercourse with the convent, and for this had given him a severe reprimand. Simon, not denying his father's accusations, excited his temper to such a degree that he even threatened death if the lad failed to sever all connections with the Christians.

"Then, Father, I fled the house in great fear, but do you now help me, Reverend Sir, and shield me from my father's wrath.

"Poor child," said Father Matthews compassionately; "the Lord has already required of you to suffer for your faith, but rest assured, no further harm shall be done to you."

"Oh, how gladly will I suffer persecution for justice sake if only I can thereby merit heaven," exclaimed Simon enthusiastically; and while he spoke something like holy fire flashed in his dark eyes, such as Father Matthews had seen in the eyes of martyrs, pictured by famous painters. He pressed the boy fervently to his bosom and said: "Calm yourself, dear boy, and be assured of our protection, if God so pleases, you shall obtain the grace of baptism in a few days."

As the boy's stay at the College did not seem sufficiently safe to the good fathers, they placed him in the custody of George Milek, a good Catholic, who lived at a short distance from the College. Here, in pious seclusion and prayer, Simon prepared himself for the long-desired reception of baptism.

On the morning of the second day he accompanied his guardian to mass. Entering the church he took notice of a Hebrew peddler by the name of Fanta, whom he had often seen at his father's house. He was kneeling amongst the Christians, seemingly wrapt in prayer.

Simon was much afraid and told Milek what he had seen. His fears, however, vanished, when he heard that Fanta was a recent convert to the faith.

On their way home they were suddenly met by the peddler, who made his congratulations to the boy on becoming a Christian. Apparently unconcerned, he elicited from him the day and the hour when the boy was to receive the Sacrament of Baptism. Here they shook hands and Fanta departed with the greeting, "Blessed be Jesus Christ."

The unsuspecting boy had no longer any reason to fear. His innocent mind could not conceive men

whom religion serves but as a mantle to conceal their wickedness, and who employ the same as a means to insure success in their plans of avarice and vile speculation.

Fanta, the contemptible hypocrite, did not hesitate a moment to carry out his treacherous plan, but hastened to reach the residence of Lazar Abeles. After a long dispute they came to an agreement. The baptized Jew promised to deliver up Simon that very evening for the sum of \$2,000. All that day he was prying about Milek's house, and when he saw Milek setting out for church attended by his wife only he knew that at last the favorable opportunity to carry out his despicable design was at hand.



He boldly approached the house and rang the bell. When admitted he easily deceived the unthinking servant by introducing himself as a delegate from the Archbishop and gave her to understand that that high dignitary wished to speak to the Hebrew boy before he received baptism, and kindly asked the boy to oblige by accompanying him.

Without the shadow of a suspicion the unfortunate lad went with the pretender. The latter held him tightly by the arm and hurried on so fast that the boy could hardly follow. Through roundabout streets and alleys they approached the Jewish district.

"Why, you are leading me in the direction of my home," cried Simon, with sudden horror.

A scornful laugh was the only answer. Without paying the least attention to the tears and lamentations of the boy he mercilessly dragged him into the house of his father. It was already dark and the light of the massive chandeliers streamed from the room of the Jew. The eve of the Sabbath had begun and Lazar Abeles stood in the center of the room, reciting, according to his custom, the prayers prescribed, but nothing of a peaceful Sabbath disposition could be traced in his countenance. His brow low and contracted, he stared at the figures in the carpet, when he heard quick steps approaching and something like the suppressed cries of a child.

He hastily opened the door and stood face to face with Fanta and his own boy.

With a beast-like ferocity he sprang at the boy, seized him roughly at the wrist and drew him into the room.

"Boy," he roared at him, "have you already been baptized?"

"No, father," answered Simon; "I shall receive that blessing of heaven to-morrow."

With a commanding gesture, Lazar motioned to Fanta:

"Miserable wretch," cried he; "take your gold, but see that you never cross my path again."

The treacherous Judas scarcely needed a second invitation. With an ape-like agility he approached the table where Lazar held in readiness the price set for the contemptible betrayal, greedily counted the money, thrust it into his pocket and quickly made his escape.

"Disobedient boy," bellowed Lazar, his voice trembling, half in wrath and half in pain, "what a disgrace you have brought upon my name."

The poor child hesitated. Two big tears glittered in his innocent eyes as he looked into the angry face of his father, and said: "Father, dear father, for-

give if I have offended, but truly, I could not do otherwise than obey the Holy Mother of God."

"What nonsense is that?" cried Lazar madly. "Oh, woe is me, when my own child blasphemes God; on this very spot you shall promise to give up your accursed intention, or by the God of my fathers I will destroy you."

"Father," answered Simon with marvelous firmness, "you may indeed deprive me of my life, but you cannot take my faith."

The storm which had long been impending now broke forth; in his senseless raving the Jew snatched up a heavy cane and beat the poor boy until he sank to the ground covered with blood. His cries for help attracted some neighbors, who when they heard the story of the obstinate boy went home, shrugging their shoulders and saying, "No amount of blows could suffice to punish the culprit."

Finally Simon's step-mother Eva (for Abeles had married again, though his divorced wife was still alive) stepped between the two, wrested the cane from her husband, saying: "Lazar, as you love me and shrink from the infamy of the gallows, do not murder the boy."

The senseless boy was then thrown into a damp basement by his cruel father, who swore that he would

keep him there until he should change his mind.

CHAPTER IV.

SOME time had elapsed since Abeles undertook to break the boy's obstinacy. With the heroism of a martyr the tender lad suffered all pangs inflicted upon him in his confinement—hunger, thirst, cold and every kind of abuse, yet he remained ever steadfast and cheerful. From the contemplation of Christ and his martyrs he gained the consolation, strength and perseverance which enabled him to endure gladly all tortures of body and of soul.



One day Lazar entered the dungeon with a tray of the choicest meats. At the entrance of his father Simon was on his knees, sunk in prayer; his pale, wasted countenance was radiant with angelic peace and submission to the divine will.

"Rise, my child, and eat," said Lazar in an ingratiating tone; "but do not wish to oppose my commands any longer. You have now learned that your stubbornness can avail you nothing. Come, and promise me that you will not carry out your foolish design, and you shall again be the dearly beloved son of former days; promise and you shall have this splendid meal."

"Oh, dear father," begged Simon, "cease to torment me. I will never prove untrue to my resolutions. Sooner would I die than offend my Lord and God."

"Then you shall die, obstinate boy," cried out Lazar angrily, and as he turned to leave the room he violently kicked the boy, who fell staggering to the floor.

Now at last the hard-hearted Jew was forced to see that these severe measures would never have the desired effect, and he gave the boy whatever food was necessary for the bare preservation of life without liberating him from his confinement.

On New Year's day, 1694, Lazar Abeles received a visit from his relative, Levy Baruch, who had come from the country to make preparation for his marriage, which was to take place in a short time. To him Lazar complained of the grief caused by the unfortunate infatuation of his only son.

"Evidently you have treated your boy from a false principle," interposed Levy. "By extreme severity you have only nourished his obstinacy. By patience and kind attentions alone is it possible to win back the boy. Let me have him and I shall convince you in a very short space of time of what hewdness and a prudent moderation can do."

Lazar gladly consented and Levy set to work in an exceedingly shrewd manner to win the affection of the boy. Ostensibly he was his kind benefactor and fatherly friend. The best room in the house was selected for his use and every day an excellent table was spread for him. Under such circumstances Simon soon recovered from his long suffering and privation. In the beginning Levy approached him in the kindest manner, so as to gain his confidence; then step by step he drew the conversation on religious topics. With all the arts of seduction he tried to win him for his old faith and weaken his fidelity to the one just adopted. He added much weight to his words by quoting freely from the prophets, but the boy, illumined from above, refuted all these wily attacks with such readiness and fervor that Baruch was at length obliged to confess his efforts useless. Then his true

character appeared to the boy. Finding his assumed kindness of no avail, he gave expression to his deep-rooted hate in the vilest threats and imprecations, which, however, were not at all suited to produce the wished for result. Despairing of success he finally gave up the spiritual struggle with a boy, whose quick perception and pure heart had baffled all his covered and open attacks.

CHAPTER V.

LAZAR ABELES and Levy Baruch sat gazing at each other in silence. The latter had just been telling the indignant father of his inability to influence Simon and concluded by calling him the disgrace of the family, as well as of all Israel.

"What can I do to wipe away this disgrace?" asked Lazar, much irritated.

Levy had risen from his chair; his eyes glowed with an unnatural fire. "It is written in the book of Ele Haddebarim," he said in a low voice, "if any man have an obstinate and impudent boy, who will not hear his father and his mother and refuses to obey after admonition and punishment, they should bring him before the elders of the city and before the court and say: 'This, our son, is obstinate and impudent and despises our commands and counsels; the people of the city shall stone him and he shall die, and the contamination will be removed from the eyes of the people and he will be an example for all men.'"

Lazar readily understood the meaning of these words. He looked significantly at Levy and said: "Then you advise me to"—

"Kill the boy," added the other. "Lazar, be determined and remove the evil before it makes greater ravages. The boy is a scandal to the whole congregation and therefore must be put aside. Luckily, I have a very powerful poison in my valise which I received from a chemist of my acquaintance for experimenting purposes. Dilute the powder and give it to the disobedient boy to drink."

Lazar resolved to take the criminal advice of his cousin and prepared himself to carry it out.

Tormented by thirst and fever the pitiable Simon begged for a glass of water. Lazar had prepared the poisoned draught, but in the fever of his excitement took no notice that his doings were well observed from the kitchen window. Simon's stepmother perceived with secret distrust how Lazar poured a powder into a glass of water and quickly stirred it. As he took it up and left the room he was confronted in the corridor by his wife. He grew pale and the hand which held the tray trembled violently.

"What ails you, Lazar," asked Eva, apparently at ease. "I fear you are not well. Go rest yourself and I'll attend to the boy."

"It is true," ejaculated he; "a sudden dizziness has overmastered me." But in his heart he persuaded himself how much safer it would be for him if he did not serve the envenomed cup to the boy. "Simon is suffering much from thirst; bring him this drink; in the meantime I will follow your advice."

As soon as he was gone Eva changed the liquid for a glass of good wine and this the boy drank with great relish.

In vain Lazar and Levy awaited the fatal effect of the poison. As the boy remained alive they finally believed that the chemist had been mistaken and given them a powder of a harmless nature.

Abeles determined upon a final attempt to convert him. He invited his divorced wife Lea to come and employ all her powers of persuasion on her son, over whom she formerly had considerable influence. At the same time he pictured to her the infatuation and caprice of the little apostate, loading her with reproaches that she by her predilection for Christianity had first led him on the path of error. He concluded his letter by threatening her every evil if she failed to induce Simon from his present course.

Immediately after Lea received the letter from her husband she set out for Prague, which she reached on the eve of Mardi Gras.

Lazar had been expecting her. Without much ado he explained the situation and insisted that she do just as he told her. Then he sent her the unexpected boy, without telling him of her presence in the house. In the interval he concealed himself with Levy in an adjoining apartment, where they could listen to the conversation of the boy and his mother.

When Lea saw Simon enter in such a deplorable condition, pale and worn out, she was unable to restrain her tears. "My son, my poor maltreated darling," cried she painfully; "what have they done to you!"

Simon was amazed. Did it not seem that he heard that beloved voice before? Did it not echo back memories of days long past? Fixing those deep, sorrowful eyes, which related such tales of woe upon the strange yet wonderfully familiar figure, he remained standing in curious expectation.

"Simon, Simon, do you not recognize your mother?" sobbed Lea, and hurried with outstretched arms to meet him.

Then, indeed, a sunny smile lighted his pale countenance. "Mother, dear mother," was all he could say, as he threw himself into her fervent embrace

and once again reclined in happiness on the bosom of his long lost mother.

"How good is God," said he in a low voice. "At last I have regained you, after whom I ever sighed with all the intensity of a loving heart."

Lea was beside herself with joy at this meeting. All the pet names at her disposal were lavished upon him, and to her fond caresses there was no end. Suddenly she recollected the purpose of her mission and began with kind and impressive words to induce her son to acquiesce to his father's wishes.

"Oh, dearest mother, your efforts are wasted if you would have me renounce the Catholic faith. Do you know what a great proof of His favor God has given me at the hands of His most Holy Mother?"

Lea listened attentively and was deeply moved by the story of Simon, nevertheless the fear of Lazar was greater than her love for Simon and seemingly had the ascendancy in her heart.

"Go, you can not be my son if you continue obstinate," she threatened with a sham severity.

Simon's eyes filled with tears at such words from his mother. The paleness of death grew on his cheek as he looked fully at her and faintly said: "God must be obeyed before men. Should you wish to withdraw from me your maternal love then nobody remains to love me except the ever faithful Mother in heaven."

"No, no," cried Lea in excessive anguish; "never shall I turn my affection from you," and as she spoke she drew him passionately to herself. Then glancing about as if in fear of detection she bent over him and whispered in his ear: "Simon, bear in mind, if you persevere in your resolution to become a Catholic they are bound to destroy your life and"

"They may take my life," interrupted Simon, "by that very act they will regenerate me in blood."

So far Lazar had controlled himself, but at these words he broke forth from his concealment like a madman. "Enough, boy, enough," he cried; "you have decreed your own death."

He tore the boy from the arms of his fearing mother, and answering her pleading for mercy with violence he even threatened to kill her if she uttered another word in behalf of Simon. Leaving her behind senseless he locked the door and with the aid of Baruch dragged the boy into the cellar.

There Lazar picked up a heavy cudgel and brought it to bear violently on the head of the little martyr, who fell over a huge coffer covered with blood: "Oh, Jesus, into Thy hands I commend my spirit," were the last words he muttered. Then his senses left him.

"He has blasphemed, he has called upon the Nazarene," cried Levy. Burning with rage he put



QUEEN OF THE MOST HOLY ROSARY.

his knee upon the breast of the senseless boy and hit his head so violently against the edge of the coffer that he broke his neck.

As the poor victim lay lifeless a quarrel arose between the murderers as to the manner of burial. Levy's plan was to bury him in the cellar, but Lazar wished to have him interred in the Jewish graveyard. Attracted by their loud voices Eva came to ascertain the cause. What she beheld deprived her of her senses. Upon her revival Lazar ordered her under pain of death to spread the news of the boy's death and that he succumbed to a sickness not unusual among children. Lea, though dangerously ill, was treated like a prisoner.

With the aid of Wolf Schweiles the murderers contrived to bribe the official undertakers of the cemetery connection with the congregation Jeruch Coranda to bury the corpse with all secrecy early on the following morning.

CHAPTER VI.

WHILE the martyr-boy suffered and died for his faith he was considered an apostate by the kind fathers of the Society of Jesus. When Simon failed to return to the house of his foster parents the awful truth began to dawn on the servant's mind. How, if what Fanta had advanced about the archbishop was a lie, to facilitate his plan of kidnapping the boy? As she thus reflected great fear came over her and instead of confessing the truth she had recourse to falsehood. She obstinately maintained that while engaged in the cellar Simon must have stolen from the house with the co-operation of the Jews. The Christians universally believed that, not being strong enough in his adherence to the Catholic faith, the boy returned to the faith of his fathers.

A short time elapsed and the news began to spread, first among the Jews and then slowly among the other inhabitants of Prague, that Simon had been murdered by his father. The Jesuit fathers were much afraid when the news reached them. They instituted a strict, secret search and learned from a neighbor of Lazar Abeles, a certain Joel Poss, that the boy had been cruelly treated by his father, and this necessarily drew after it the suspicion of guilt.

The rector of the Jesuit College addressed a note to the royal magistracy of Prague wherein Lazar Abeles was declared highly suspicious of the probable murder of his son Simon.

Lazar as well as Wolf Schweiles and the two accused undertakers were secretly arrested on the night of the 25th of February by the chief of police, Count of Gutterstein, and sent to prison.

On February 27 the corpse of Simon was exhumed in the presence of a great number of people. To the unbounded astonishment of all, the body, al-

though over a week in the grave, showed no trace of corruption whatever. The vast crowd was moved to tears when they beheld the little martyr, surrounded in death with rare angelic beauty. The body was borne in a grand procession to the courthouse, where the medical examination showed that Simon had not suffered a natural death, but that his neck had been broken.

Lazar was now formally accused of murder and the inquiry of the court, conducted with great circumspection and care, confirmed the guilt of Lazar Abeles and of Levy Baruch, although they continued to plead innocent. Many sworn witnesses deposed their knowledge of the case. Especially weighty were the testimonies of Eva and of Lea, who had in the meantime sufficiently recovered to appear in court. Very aggravating also was the testimony of Sarah Wares, a thirteen-year-old girl in the service of the wine dealer David Sturmes, who lived in the house of Lazar.

Lazar swore by the God of Israel that he was innocent, whereupon the judge, finding no other means to extort the truth, condemned him to be racked the following day. Next morning the jailer found him suspended from one of the iron window bars. In the absence of a rope he had torn his handkerchief into strips and hanged himself with it.

Levy Baruch, who had in the meantime fallen into the hands of the authorities, was condemned to death, and shortly after suffered the penalty of his crime.

Lea, who had always felt a strong inclination toward the Catholic religion, retired into the Convent of St. Mary Magdalen and there prepared herself for baptism. Surely, her son had obtained for her the grace of conversion at the throne of God.

The body of the glorious little martyr was exposed for public veneration in the chapel of St. Laurence, at the courthouse, from where it was translated to the Church of the Tine amid the ringing of the bells and the pious invocations of the people.

Solemn high mass was celebrated by the archbishop, after which the casket was deposited in its final resting place in the chapel of the Holy Cross. A marble slab bears the following inscription:

"Simon Abeles, twelve years old and of Jewish parentage, in obedience to the voice of God fled to the College Clementine in September, 1693, to obtain the grace of baptism. After a few days he was lured from his asylum by deceit and subsequently subjected to every kind of torment in the house of his own father, but his heroic spirit and faith triumphed over all obstacles. He was finally killed by his father, with the help of his uncle, February 21, 1694. The body, secretly buried by the murderers, was found and exhumed ten days after the burial and kept under the supervision of the local

authorities until the final interment. The little Saint had been wonderfully preserved from all corruption and retained his natural color. Amid great and imposing ceremonies the body was borne to its resting place in this church on the last day of March, 1694.

Even now the tablet indicates the resting place of the little martyr. May his heroic example induce many others to imitate his virtues, especially his fervor of faith and willingness to suffer for justice sake.

IN TIME OF NEED.

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BY MISS SARA TRAINER SMITH.

WHEN it came to me, as it comes to so many women now-a-days, to find myself orphaned and penniless in the sunny noon of life, I was helpless and hopeless.

I had been the happiest and most sheltered of daughters. We were never rich, but we had enough. Every comfort was ours, and by the practice of a little self-denial and a sensible economy, we could add, now and then, such luxuries as we thought worth the effort. To make a happy home for each other, to bear each other's burdens unquestioningly and sympathetically, to help those among whom our lot was cast—in short, to do our duty towards God and man in a simple, straightforward way, had been all my training, all my desire. With the deepest gratitude, I had looked to God all my life for the very peace and quiet of this life. Never once had I wished for "a wider sphere;" never once had it entered my mind—as it seems to possess every other woman's mind to the exclusion of all modesty and humility—that I had been specially gifted to instruct all my fellow beings in the proper use of time, the proper care of their health, and the proper expenditure of their income. Indeed, I often came in contact with both men and women who knew more than I did. Besides, I was too busy to think of anything of the kind, and while I always wished the whole world well, I was thankful that God, the Father, cared as much for other people as he did for me, would see that they were led into the right way and would never hold me responsible for their future. The way the women I see take on themselves the salvation of the world and the worryment of other people, whose affairs it is impudence for them to pry into and attempt to direct, grows more and more disgusting every day, and inclines me more and more to seek shelter in quiet corners until I am sought, and my help asked.

But all this—even this freedom of remark on such women—came to me much later than the time I am now writing of as my first days of darkness and loneliness. It is not worth my while to go into the history of my losses and my sorrow. They were irreparable and unforeseen, and, thank God! my dear ones never had to suffer. It was all mine, and I was better able to bear it than I seemed. I was not much helped. No one *said* much, and no one *did* any-

thing. I had to work it out alone in the few short weeks while the little I had left supplied me with food and shelter. Occasional words of advice or warning, one or two suggestions made in the timid, halting manner which evades all responsibility, were enough to give me an impetus. I took my heart in my hand and went forth to seek a situation. And I was fitted for none already in existence.

As last I went to the president of a great railway, a man my family had known from his birth, and of whom I had heard many good and noble things. I had a vague idea of certain duties somewhere within his sphere that women performed. They were connected with pen, ink and paper, and I could write a good hand, could spell, was neat and quick and systematic. It was my own idea to go to him, and I was so desperate by that time that I never thought what I should say or how I should say it. I was still a lady, to whom all men showed kindly deference—as, indeed, they have to this day—and I would trust to my impulses.

I never did a better thing. I found him all I could have asked in his reception of me, and I saw in his fine face a kindly interest from the first. I told him what had brought me in all its halting, aimless, fragmentary knowledge, and waited. He was silent, slowly turning in his strong white hand something he had taken from his desk, as evidently he turned the matter in his mind. Then, suddenly, he dropped the plaything and faced me with decision.

"We have no such position as those you mention to dispose of at present, Miss Kent, but an idea has just come to me of another, much better suited to you. Will you leave me your address and trust me with your cause for three days?"

He drew a pen and paper towards him, smiling at me in a way that lifted a weight from my heart. I knew he would do something for me, just as surely as I knew that he could. He was the first person I had met who gave me such a hope, and I gladly gave him my address and quickly relieved him of the interruption of my presence. I went home and *rested* for the first time in the weary days I had been going to and fro.

My trust was not in vain.

I have never known whether the idea that struck him while I faced him that morning was the one he

followed out, or whether, it proving impracticable, he determinedly evolved another suited to my needs. Certain it is he prepared for me a situation of which I had never dreamed. A note from him asked me if I could call a few mornings after our first interview, and with the utmost consideration he laid before me the duties, the disagreeables and the very ample remuneration of "lady chaperone."

I am used to it now. I have made myself a place in it, and I am quite content. But—well, it is no use now to say what I thought of it that morning in his office.

His evident desire to do something for me helped me to one view of it, and the certainty I had that it—and it alone—I could master, helped me to another. I left him with a much relieved expression on his heretofore uncertainly anxious countenance, and I think I helped my cause with him not a little by my ready acceptance of what we both saw to be "a good thing," if not *the best* I could have desired.

The first day of the next month I entered on my duties.

There was a large excursion on the railway of which he was president, which filled the whole twenty-four hours and gave the excursionists more than a hasty glimpse—quite a leisurely view, in fact—of some beautiful and renowned scenery, a famous cave, and a wonder of nature unequaled in any other land. I was the novel feature of the event. I was the lady chaperone.

Advertised far and wide, "on the bills," in mammoth type, offered as an inducement with every ticket sold, is it any wonder that I hardly believed in my own identity? But I did not indulge in any sentiment. I would not. I had put myself in the hands of God, and He had led me here. There was a reason for it, and there must be something for me to do that would better my own condition, if not that of others. I said my prayers very fervently in the early summer morning, dressed myself very carefully, and started out, calmly and bravely, if not gayly.

Well, it took me some time to find out what my duties were and to arrange for their fulfillment in an exact and faithful manner. But both things came in time. I was a feature of the excursions that found favor in the eyes of the public—and I did much for the pleasure and happiness of many, many young girls and their mothers and their grandmothers. What I did repaid me, too. I had as much kindness and consideration shown me and as much pretty, warm-hearted gratitude given me in return for small services, as ought to satisfy any woman, and more than enough to make a laughing matter of the disagreeables, such as the president had pointed out to me when we first discussed the matter.

I never recall any of the disagreeables. They are the best discipline of life, and God be thanked for them! They cut off from one's character the imperfections one lacks the courage to rend apart with relentless hand.

We traveled far that summer, and in many directions. We went up the Hudson and down the Shenandoah Valley, up to the Water Gap and to Niagara Falls; we saw Luray Cave and the Natural Bridge in Virginia; we redoubled our speed and the number of passengers. All sorts of people made up the "we," but, for the most part, they were a happy-hearted, genial, self-respecting people, and there was more than an average amount of intelligence among them. And I think the excursions helped to make them all—unconsciously—a better people in every way. The long days of rapid flight through such beauty and sunshine, the novelty of the breaks in the rides, the wonders of nature set before their bodily eyes, and appealing to their soul forever after—it could not help but produce an effect for nobleness upon them. Beauty fresh from the hand of God, beauty to which the attention is called emphatically by many in whose company we are for hours is one of His lesson books in the hands of unseen angels.

From the first I enjoyed the rides. I was never tired, or sick, or nervous, for my health was splendidly vigorous. I had eyes for everything, and I learned to know the people who would be glad to be told, and helped to make the most of, perhaps, the one outing of the year. Of all the trips, I liked the one down the Cumberland and Shenandoah valleys, with the visit to Luray Cave, and that other visit to the Natural Bridge. And it was on that trip—late in the season—I had an adventure which abides with me yet in its results.

The very first day we made that trip my attention was arrested by a house we passed as the afternoon began to wane. We had been flying along down the lovely valley in all the glory of the cloudless day, the silver ribbon of the river winding amid the varied tintings of a year of plenty on the east, and the hill-tops rising, rank on rank, into the golden sun-dust of the horizon on the west. The people were feeling the effects of the long-continued motion and the heat and light, and were quiet in their places, wanting nothing, not even watching for a possible want. I was feasting my eyes on the scenery, and this house flashed past. It remained photographed on my mental vision—as it is to this day.

It was a long, low, foreign-looking building, close to the track. A rude terraced bank raised it to the level of the car windows, and its white plastered walls were very near me. The sunken center had end wings at right angles, the space between enclosed in a glass gallery reaching from the ground



THE FIRST SOUP.

to the roof, and lined with luxuriant vine. In the wings long windows opened upon the terrace, without step or shelter. There was a curious air of neglect and decay over it all, and yet it did not seem unoccupied. The glasses of the gallery were broken in many places, and the windows were either curtainless and staring, or were closely barred, the shutters rust-stained at the hinges and apparently crumbling and weather-beaten, as were those never unbolted. But under the gallery there were several people seated at their ease, and some household implements were ranged around the door of one of the wings.

I cannot tell why it was that, instantaneous as was the glimpse I had of it, the house and all its peculiarities remained with me, connected with a feeling of loneliness and depression such as I could not set aside for hours. It was always the same, too. As I said, we made the trip many times that summer, and each time I could not help watching out for the forlorn place. Be the day brilliant or shady, stifling hot or breezy, it looked the same, and left me the same as we passed it. It "gave me the blues," most certainly. I asked many questions about it as I grew familiar with train officials of longer standing than my own, or of any passenger who seemed familiar with the road, as many of them were, but no one ever had anything to say of interest. No one knew who lived there, or what they did there, or what they sought to hide there, for I contended it had a story of some hidden deed of darkness linked with it and hovering over it. Jestingly, of course, I said it, for deeds of darkness had no reality in my life, and, like the old woman in the mountains who did not like to hear of trouble and suffering, I always "hoped they were not true" when I read them in the papers or listened to sensational stories.

We were making that trip for the last time that season. A perfect day, a small and select party, the absence of dust, of too much wind, and threatening clouds, left us nothing to desire. I had my hands full, for a dear old lady had sought me out as soon as the gates were opened and begged me to take care of her "every minute of the day," for she had never traveled any; and a very pleasant mother boarded the train some distance out of the city to leave two pretty young girls in my care, because she could not accompany them. "But they are safe with you, my dear," she said, "for I know your way and I am sure of you. They are good girls and will give you no trouble. It is really only a form, and because they will feel less shy and fear to enjoy themselves that I give you charge of them."

She was quite right. They were good, sweet girls, well brought up, and modest on their own account, because they knew the beauty and charm and strength of true refinement and womanly dignity.

Two young men, one a cousin, joined them at another station, and we had a little party of our own. The dear old lady "felt the motion," as she said, and I had to coddle her with aromatics and refresh her with iced tea for a while, but she was jolly with it all and came out as bright as possible in the end.

That afternoon, of all times in the world, instead of flying past my "skeleton at the feast," as I called it, the train came to a sudden halt directly before it. There was no apparent reason for the stop, and, of course, every one was on "the anxious bench" immediately. The men all got out of the cars to ask questions and the women all put their heads out of the windows to listen to the answers, and watch the men strolling up and down. The delay was lengthened to more than a comfortable wait, and every one grew restless, so that I beguiled the time with calling attention to the house, and telling humorously of my dislike to it, my suspicions of it, and the mystery I had found to envelope it. The two young men had come back to their seats with all the different reasons given them for the delay, and with all sorts of bright wit, made much of my story, made light of it, and drew us all into fanciful suggestions and possible and impossible histories of a past and future for the forlorn building. The old lady was as deeply interested as a child in a fairy tale, and some of her own ideas were delightfully quaint and comical.

We were all laughing heartily over one of them when the cousin of the two girls—George Millington, I had heard them call him—uttered a smothered exclamation, hurried from the car, and with one spring from the platform to the terrace of the house stood balancing himself for an instant on the edge, and then stepped forward on the green sward towards the gallery. The two girls looked startled and bewildered, and then cried under their breath: "Lucia Cresci!"

She was standing under the gallery, having just stepped from one of the long windows and looking as like as the reality to the beautiful and mournful Mignon so familiar to us in paintings, prints and photographs. An expression of frightened delight—if one may use such a descriptive term—flashed into her face, and after an instant's hesitation she stretched both hands to greet young Millington. The girls became greatly excited.

"Oh, what will he do? How pale she looks! But how pretty! What does it mean? Didn't you think she was in Italy? Miss Kent, did you ever see her before?"

They were both speaking at once, though, true to their good breeding, in tones subdued to a public place, and with strong efforts at self-control. The only answer possible to any of the questions or exclamations was mine. I assured them this was her first appearance, so far as I knew, and while in-



PAPA'S RETURN.

tently watching every change of her lovely face, the girls in their eager interest told me, brokenly and pityingly, the story of "poor George" in a way that made it quite clear to me. The other young fellow, whom they called Mr. Ellerslie, and who was older and quieter than George, had followed his friend to the platform of the car, leisurely and cautiously.

"Oh, she is such a sweet girl, Miss Kent! Poor George nearly broke his heart over her. We were all so sorry for him—and for her, too. They wouldn't let her have him, you know, and they said they sent her home to her aunt in Italy. How strange that he should find her here! She is just lovely in every way, and so good! Oh, Miss Kent!"

There was a little frightened scream, and the next instant there was a confused struggle of some kind on the terrace. A man, followed by two women, and a stout old fellow had appeared on the ground most unexpectedly. The man had seized the girl's arm with a burst of rage and a torrent of abuse, which appeared to be equally divided between her and the women, and the old fellow had threateningly addressed the amazed George. The broken English—they were Italians—the shrill voices, the thick utterances of passion, rendered all they said unintelligible, but it was impossible to mistake their meaning. Such terror and such determination I never saw as that in the girl's sweet young face. It made me shudder to think what she must have endured to create such fear. George stood like a statue of bewilderment for an instant. His cooler American nature was unprepared for the lawless exhibition in the presence of the observant crowd, who were "taking it" according to the American humor, as a huge joke.

Cries of encouragement and derision, comments more or less friendly, eager interest at every window—all had been evident in a moment, but, after all, the party that day was so largely of the quieter order that a reasonable sympathy and indignation on the girl's account prevailed very soon, and reached its height when, after a wilder burst than any which had preceded it, the man who held the girl struck her violently, and one of the women snatched at her with a gesture of such rage and hate as electrified the spectators.

"Here! None of that!" roared a great, good-natured looking giant, who had secretly made many a joke at our expense during the ride, as he seemed to sleep away his day of pleasure. "That's not the way we treat our women, and we don't allow any foreign customs of that kind. Let go that young lady! None of your ugliness to me! I'll pound some sense into you on the spot."

He was growing fiercer and fiercer as he thought of it, and backed by a considerable following, was coming closer to the party on the terrace when the

train whistle shrieked the signal for departure. An instant change took place. The crowd fell back upon the edge of the track and began to clamber up the high steps of the cars, with the exception of the giant, two of his young friends, young Ellerslie—who joined George—and a tall old man who looked like a clergyman of some kind, but hardly a priest. In the momentary pause which fell upon the group the girl made one step forward with outstretched hands and one entreating cry. The two girls at the windows on either side of me uttered in the same voice: "Come, Lucia! Come to us!"

She came. George and Ellerslie took firm and steady hold of her slight form, the giant and his friends fell into line between her assailants and her guard, and they had her down the terrace bank and up the steps of the car just as it began to move. All heads were turned and all eyes fixed on the passengers we were apparently leaving, and in the confusion the little foreigner was hurried into the welcoming embrace of the two girls, and so quickly and easily sheltered and veiled from sight by a circle of friends that her retreat from her unhomelike home was completely covered.

"Oh, Miss Kent!" they appealed to me, "indeed, indeed, it is all right! We went to school together at the convent—we know all about her—they might have killed her—they do beat her awfully!"

"Not at the convent!" cried the old lady indignantly.

"Oh, no, no! She was so happy there. But these people—her people."

"Nasty brutes!" cried the old lady again, just as indignantly. "Never mind, my dear, never mind! I will see that you are taken care of, and well taken care of, too. Thank fortune, there is not a soul in the world to interfere with me now! I can go where I please and help just whomever I please, and Miss Kent will help me. Won't you, Miss Kent? My dear, you seem just made for me to find comfort with. And you are as sorry as I am for this poor, pretty little thing. Now, ain't you?"

I surely was sorry for her, crying as if her heart would break, and yet, in such a frightened way, as if she dared not make noise enough to be heard. The two young men had gone off immediately, leaving her to us with great delicacy and dignity. The giant and his friends had scrambled on the last car, and soon came through the train, laughing and exchanging congratulations with everybody, but they only glanced shyly and kindly at our party, and retreated. The train got up speed and tore through the evening brightness, with no stoppages anywhere—we were to spend the night at one of the places to be visited early the next morning—so that no telegrams could distract us. When we came to think of it, it would give them some trouble to send a telegram, for there

was no stopping place near the house, and our halt had been caused by "a hot box," which stops where it pleases. This time it seemed to have been an interposition of heaven itself in behalf of a most innocent sufferer.

We quieted the poor little girl, and then her young friends' eager sympathy brought out the story of her trials and her sorrows since they had parted at the close of the school year. The old lady and I listened eagerly. It was most artlessly told. We went back in our occasional questions to the time of her arrival in America five years before, when her mother had been with her. Her father was dead many years, and her mother had left Italy, it seemed, to escape these very relatives.

"My mother became Catholic with my father," explained Lucia. "She was not of any faith, nor her brother nor her sister nor her uncle—there," pointing backward over her shoulder. "When my father died they were not kind, and they wanted more money. My father left her plenty. Then she came here, where, they told her, people could do as they were sure the dear Lord wished them to do. She bought that land and her uncle—another one; he is dead—built that house for her, and we lived there very happy and very good. But the others came here. My mother was so troubled she could not live. They worried her to death. My Uncle Tomaso took me away to the convent—away from them, and he stayed at the place and took care of all things and of my money. He was not afraid, and he was like my mother, a good Catholic. I was at the convent with Mary and Frances for two years, and I used not to go home to my home, but to theirs. Last year my uncle Tomaso died. Then my uncle Andrea came to the convent and told me I was to go home to Italy—that Tomaso had said so. But I only came here," with that backward movement of the hand, "and—they have been very cruel. They would not let me go to church. They said I should not be a Catholic. They would have killed me. But I am safe now? I must not go back? Oh, I can not go back! It is worse, now that I am away."

To tell the truth, we did not know what she would have to do, so we said nothing, and petted her, and talked of other things. A great many questions were put to me as I went about among the ladies who needed me, giving directions for the night—we were nearing the hotel on the mountain—and explaining and assisting to get all things straight and comfortable for the next morning's start at an early hour. But I could answer them without many particulars. The fact that the three girls were so recently schoolmates smoothed many difficulties. I am sure many people thought she had joined them for the excursion, and the rough skirmish on the

terrace became rather a confused remembrance of a possible jest misunderstood, to the passengers at a distance, or on the other side of the train.

I had a great deal to think of after I retired that night. There was something about the little Lucia—for she was a tiny creature—that interested me greatly, and I felt for her loneliness, her orphanhood. The old lady shared the same room with me, and she talked quite late, and very sensibly, about the lonely and neglected child. It was evident that she had recently become her own mistress and, at the same time, mistress of a fortune, for her delight in freedom of action, and in the expenditure of money was that of one to whom it was quite new. Yet, she was not one of the "newly rich;" she was rather one of the carefully guarded daughters of wealth and station, to whom had come the desire and the ability of utter independence late in life.

"I don't care what the law says, my dear. I've seen it set aside more than once, I can assure you. And it shall be done again, for I can pay for what I want. When you can do that you get it—always. Good night, my dear! You have taken the best care of me. I think I shall spend the rest of my days going up and down the earth with you."

And with the jolliest little laugh she turned on her pillow like a care-free baby, and was asleep in a minute.

But, as I said, I did not get to sleep so easily. Oh, the thoughts that came to me! I remembered everything, I reviewed everything, I foresaw everything. I grew timid as in the old days at home, and lonely and afraid of strangers—to whom I had become quite accustomed. I got up and sat at the window a long time, looking out upon the strange and solemn beauty of the mountain country, where one majestic peak lay like a couchant lion along the moonlit heavens. The depression of the hateful house was upon me, and I could not forget the poor child, shrinking under the cruel blow of that strong dark hand. It was nearly dawn when I finally crept to bed and slept.

But not for long. A light touch and a whispered word woke me to the knowledge that the sisters were bending over me, dressed and eager. As I started up, they cautioned me to silence, and then rapidly drew me into their room, which adjoined mine.

"We wanted to see you all alone," said the elder of the two, while the other joined the little stranger, whom they had contrived to make quite a traveler in appearance," for we think we had better take the early train from here, and go directly home with Lucia to Mother. I have been down to see George, and get all sorts of information, and the chambermaid got us a hat for her—Lucia, I mean—so that no one will notice. If we go at once there

s no fear of their coming after her until we are at home, and, there, George's father and my father can keep her if it is possible. They are both lawyers. And we thought, perhaps, it would be well for her to be near the convent where she was left by her mother and guardian. That may not be of any use, but it might. If you think it a good thing, Miss Kent, we will go. And if you will come to the train with us, and see us off, no one can see any impropriety in our returning home. George and Mr. Ellerslie, of course, will go on with the party."

She had so much good sense, and had thought out everything so thoroughly, that I agreed most heartily. Indeed, it was a weight off my mind to get Lucia safe in the hands of some men of honor and Christian principle, as I was sure the fathers of these girls and their cousins must be. I hurried to dress, and we went down to the platform to wait for the train. They charged me to tell "the old lady"—for we did not know her name—all there was to tell, and to ask her to let them hear if she wished to know more. The two young men came up to put them on the train, and before five o'clock they were slipping away from us on the homeward track.

The old lady awoke about an hour later, when I had had a long and peaceful time to think and to gather in strong thoughts and courage for the day. She heard all I had to tell with the deepest interest, and took down the address they had given me.

"I guess I do want to hear more!" she exclaimed. "I shall hear all there is to hear, and I shall never lose sight of that child while I have eyes. When things happen like that, right before you, and you are right there without intending it, you're meant to do your part. Don't you think so? And ain't I glad I can, too! A year ago—bless you, my dear, you don't know how they kept me tied down—As if I was a baby!"

Well, we finished the trip. We passed the house on the return in the night-time, but I saw it as we flashed past, drearier than ever in the moonlight, a dull taper burning—from its reflection—on the floor of an upstairs room. I half wished it might set fire to something that would sweep all before it. But I checked the silly thought before it became a full-fledged evil bird that might "come home to roost."

The old lady's carriage met her at the end of the journey, with a coachman and footman in livery outside, and a lady's maid inside, far finer than I have ever seen in my life. I had gone with her to see her on the car, as she said, and was all unprepared for such luxury.

"Well, I left word for them to meet me," she said, with all the unconcern in the world, but I did not know whether they would do it or not. They generally do as they please, you know, and I generally

let them. Now, get in, my dear, and if you won't go home with me and stay, let me take you wherever you are going to your own home."

I had to explain that I must go to the office, or have the additional trouble and fatigue of returning there in the course of the day. But she said she would just wait there until I was ready to go with her, and the sooner I started the sooner I could get back. Which was all so true that I was soon rolling away from the station in great haste, as comfortable as possible.

That was the beginning of my "good times." How often I think of it all! My shrinking from the only thing I could do at first; my struggle to overcome the shrinking, and simply and faithfully do what my hand found to do, as I had been taught in my dear, honest, upright home; the disagreeables of which I would not take notice, and the effort to keep looking on the people I met as fellow-beings whom I was obliged to help, whether I liked it or not; I think of them all. I was not left to wait for the sunshine of prosperity until I was heart-sick and fearful of the night, but I am sure it would have come later, if I had missed it on that day the old lady and the girls and the two young men made up the party that rescued Lucia and grew to know each other over a common bond of sympathy.

We had an exciting time over Lucia. There was such claiming and seizing and summons to court and suing and witnessing as I never was mixed up in and never expected to be. The giant was sought for far and wide, and found, to do good service. Train officials became of a little brief importance, and lost "lots of good time" in crowded court rooms. Opinions of learned judges became of the utmost importance, and testimony that moved the coldest hearts had its final effect. Those relatives had really treated Lucia with barbarous cruelty, and evidently because they wanted her money, to which they had not a shadow of a claim, and because they were moved by bitter animosity to her faith. They were truly the outcome of "free Italy"—as usual, free to do evil to their fellows, and free to better themselves at any cost to others. But it was all right in the end. She was freed, in her turn, from every claim upon her. Her property, a very fine one, was removed from their clutches and placed in good hands; her house was repaired, the grapvines carefully attended to, and a different face put upon the whole thing. The two girls were jubilant at the success of their "own brave deed," as they spoke of the rescue, and they were continually running into the city to talk it all over with the old lady and me—for we constantly met at her home, where she was always coaxing me to come to her. And when, at last, the whole business was decided, the old lady was as good as her word,



HOLY FAMILY ON THE FLIGHT TO EGYPT.

and obtained what she wanted—possession of Lucia during the few years of her minority. There could be no doubt, the court said, that such a guardian as one so well known and so highly esteemed as Miss Mary Biddle-Craig was a proper person to have charge of the young girl for whom they must provide, and for whom they did provide by appointing, at her own request, Miss Biddle-Craig her guardian, with whom she would make her home until she was of age.

It was months after her rescue before we were well out of the woods, and into the sunshine of the open country. The trips were over until next summer, unless we should "take a run South," as the president said, when we parted after our last business meeting—because he was a personal friend, I am sure, he was very careful as to my business training—and I said I would be ready at any time. But I made a mistake. When Miss Craig "got what she wanted," and prepared to take her charge home, she found that she wanted me, as well. She coaxed and grew plaintive, and pointed out so many and such good reasons for the coaxing and plaintiveness, that I could not see any reason for refusing her.

"Now, come and live with me, my dear! You know I will do all I can to make you happy, and I am sure that you can make me happy. You take care of me without bothering me. You are like a dear daughter without ever having given me the trouble of training you or the anxiety of looking to your future, here or hereafter. We are both good Catholics; we hope to go to heaven together some day. Why can't we start together here, sharing all things? If I have more money than you, you have more strength, more time—you are young, you know—and have more sense than I. Just come

to me and let us have a home for people that have none, and we can be so happy! There are all the old friends, and the Millingtons, and Lucia, and I don't know who all."

Well, I saw it with her eyes and with my own, I hope, in the light God cast upon it. I could do good in this place in my own plain and simple way. I could be patient, kind, and faithful to a good and gentle soul, innocent and helpless, and if it was not all roses in such a path, maybe I was not fit for the heavy crosses of the bleak upper way, and I had cause to give thanks for the sheltered paths with only pricks to try me.

I have been ten years with my dear old lady, as I call her and as she liked to be called, and the pricks have been from the dullest of thorns. I have never really felt a wound. We have had a happy, busy time. Lucia gave us five delightful years, with the Millingtons coming and going, and such a young girl atmosphere as kept Miss Craig always in a gay good humor. Dear soul! She does love her mild fun and frolic, which all came so late in life. Then Lucia married George Millington, and they go every summer to the house with the glass gallery, where we have all had many happy days together. Mary Millington has married Mr. Ellerslie. Frances does not seem to care for marriage yet, but she is not one of the awfully superior girls. She, too, sees some men and women as wise as herself.

As for the lady chaperone—well, the situation created for me has been the refuge of many another woman. They don't all seem to find it as pleasant as I did, but I think they look at it in a different light. You see, they all want "superior positions suited to their ability."

POEM TO ST. JOSEPH.

Oh, guard and protect me,
St. Joseph, each day,
As onward I journey
To heaven, I pray.

I ask, when I'm dying,
That thou wilt be there;
To cheer by thy presence,
To aid by thy prayer.

Now hear me, St. Joseph,
I count upon thee
To grant my petitions,
Whatever they be.

—F. D. NEW.



ARMED PEACE.

(PHOTO BY HECK, VIENNA.)

BABY NAMES.

Frowzle-Head and Slumber-Eyes,
 Little Light-o' Day;
 Sunny-Locks and Golden-Hair,
 'Lizabeth and May,
 Butter-Fly and Elfin-Heart,
 Will-o-Wisp and Gleam—
 Babies have a thousand names
 In a poet's dream.

Heart-of-Life and Azure-Eyes,
 Little Patter-Feet—
 Names that fill the happy day
 With a music sweet.
 Mamma's Little Fretfulness,
 Sister Baby-Blue,
 Butter-Cup, Forget-Me-Not,
 Little Love-Me-True.

Sugar-Plum and Honey-Cake,
 Little Tippy-Toe;
 Pitty-Pat and Dear-My-Soul,
 Little Never-Grow.
 Teeny-Weeny Little Wight,
 Happy Wander-Child;
 Shuffle-Shoon and Amber-Locks
 Tender-Heart and Mild.

Little All-Aloney and
 Funny-Little-Thing;
 Hush-a-By and Rock-a-By
 Little Gleam-o'-Spring,
 Luddy-Dud and Googly-Goo,
 Little Dearie-O;
 Nestle-Down and Dimple-Chin,
 Little Love-Me-So.

Thousand names a baby has
 In the sweetheart land,
 Where she leads the Dream-of-Life
 By her little hand.
 Rosy-Cheek and Chubby-Fist,
 Blinky-Wink and Nod.
 But the sweetest name of all—
 Angel-Gift-of-God !

THE SON OF VICTOR JEROME.

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By S. M. O'MALLEY.

The little Western village ceased to remember the wife of Victor Jerome, as she looked when she came, a bride, to the curious-minded settlement.

It had been a notion of Jerome's to live and die in the town that owed its existence to the encouragement of generation after generation of Jeromes. He was socialistic in spirit; his restless temperament found an outlet in small, unnecessary enterprises, intended for the public good, but ending, usually, in petty quarrels and blank failures. The people were too accustomed to him to call him an oracle, or believe in his ideas. Beyond doubt, the spirit having grown stronger through successive generations, had been embodied in Victor Jerome, but he was as out of place in the quiet country town as a powder magazine in a family room.

It had been an early idea of his to have a farm and home for persons, who, otherwise homeless, would be vagrants, social and civil outlaws. Part of his inheritance, the cream of his landed estate, went into the project, for which the villagers felt anything but admiration. He canvassed the town and surrounding country enthusiastically. Having donated the land he headed the list for money for the building with his name and one thousand dollars.

After the canvass was thoroughly made, five names stood in line below his own. And the amount of the five sums donated was three dollars and fifty cents.

Jerome felt angry, but not hindered.

"I'll have to build a small house, and, as matters improve, I can add to it. I can't spare more than a thousand, now that I must marry." Jerome stretched his foot along the horse's side and smiled ruefully.

"I suppose I may as well marry and get it over; women are half-crazy if you ask them to put off such a ceremony. She would never understand that I was considering a project to promote public welfare. One thing sure, I can give more of my time to this, for Claire is a good accountant and can see to the men being about their work."

The farm was started, and in time some fifteen forlorn specimens of the tramp variety were housed in the comfortable quarters. To these Jerome went one day every week with a few people invited from the village. There would be a delicious spread, a talk by Jerome on the higher education of man and its relations to the end of the world. The village music teacher would play some purely pathetic airs, and Lilian Banchesse would recite "The shades of night were falling fast," and "The Death of Little Nell."

It was Jerome's idea to get the inmates of the home interested in a higher sphere of life, but the few villagers who responded to Jerome's invitation noticed that the fires died, because the inhabitants of the "Home for the Friendless" were too lazy to rebuild them or keep them in fuel.

Jerome did some fine brainwork in planning a garden on artistic principles. The productions from this garden were to furnish food for the inmates of the home and the overplus was to be sold, the money therefrom to be applied to the expenses of the venture. Jerome spent a week in the city ordering fresh and pure seeds; also he visited the nurseries and bought large bills of fruit trees and grape vines. In his inner sense he had visions of a beautiful farm, a memorial of his able efforts and a crown to his earthly life.

The ground was prepared, the men given their tasks, the seed distributed and the fruit trees put into the hands of a man who made frequent allusions to the time when he owned a fruit farm in Kansas, having lost that fine property because he could never say "no" to a friend who needed his name to secure a note.

Just at this time Jerome was called to the county seat to attend to some law business. He expected to be kept from home for several days, but he assured the inmates of the home that he felt sure the work would be properly done, and so, bidding an almost paternal farewell to his wanderers, he departed. Claire Jerome felt embarrassed when she tried to follow along the lines of the husband's achievements. She could not like the persons at the home; nor did she have any admiration for the small industrial school organized to teach the village boys to experiment with trades and science in a manner both idle and insufficient.

She ventured to remark to her husband on his return from the city that she would need ten dollars by the end of the week.

For a moment Jerome's brow clouded and he asked quickly, "For what?"

"I need a fabric to make a house dress and I have not bought me a hat yet this season."

He smiled serenely.

"You needn't mind about that, Claire. Any old dress will do around home, and that bonnet you wore Sunday becomes you so much that I am sure you need no other. You see, I'm short of money, I've got to get the home people their spring outfits." He patted her on the cheek and went away smilingly.

"This is dreadful," thought Claire. "I have heard of such men, but—" she concluded with a sigh.

In the St. Ann's chapel the next Sabbath she noticed that the women from the home were more tastefully attired than she was and the sermon on "Love Thy Neighbor as Thyself," was not properly appreciated by Mrs. Jerome. The garden was never planted, and the trees withered for want of moisture, therefore philanthropist Jerome must needs make out a check to cover a year's provisions for fifteen idle, but hungry individuals.

He did not say that he was disappointed, but he became more rigid in his economy at home. Sugar was banished from the table, while eggs and butter were prohibited because they were of value in the market. Claire was reduced to a rusty woolen dress for church and a nondescript patchwork garment for the house. The black man who had attended to various duties had been dismissed, the cook went next, and finally Mr. Jerome wondered if the laundry work couldn't be managed until the home got fairly on its legs."

Claire said not a word, but day in day out she brushed and dusted, washed and ironed, until she waned and waned to the smallest shred of a woman. Then the young Victor Jerome wandered into the world, a puny, brown, lean, half-starved mite that caused your heart to ache of pity, but Claire gathered him to her breast, and the little brown head rested so confidently against a troubled heart that Claire smiled supremely happy.

Jerome stared at it moodily. He had never dreamed of any enterprise in which this part of himself had had a part.

He wondered if it could live. He really thought not. Such a weakling, thing of limb and body. He began to walk about and rub his hands.

"If he dies, I'll cremate him. He shall have a funeral never seen in these parts, and it will be a warning to the public for the public's good," he was muttering to himself; but Claire, hearing a word here and there, cried excitedly, "Will baby die?"

"Eh, no; I hope not, I'm sure," said Jerome. "I was just thinking of my new project, 'Cremation.'"

"Oh!" ejaculated Claire, turning her gaze on her baby and touching the brown head with her pale lips. But she grew weaker and her hands were almost transparent, when Doctor Watkins, the village doctor, told Jerome that Claire could never be a well woman again.

"Her constitution is already weak from unnecessary exposure," the old doctor put an emphasis on these two words. "She will not last more than a month under favorable circumstances, and when she dies the child will not long survive her. A little starved child!" The doctor made an impatient gesture, as if words were too idle in this case, and picking up his hat departed in a very cross state of mind.

"This is the third case," he muttered, "that I have lost in the month. Each one came from neglect, but the doctor bears the blame."

Jerome dutifully sent for Father Matthew, and thus the change was made known to Claire.

Late in the night she called for Jerome, and looking at him steadily said: "Is it true that I am about to die?"

Jerome nodded. In the stillness of the night the question perplexed him and something choked the words in his throat.

Claire's eyes were glowing, while her face was unearthly in its pallor.

She sighed heavily, while her eyes seemed to burn into Jerome's soul.

"The baby?"

He nodded.

"I dread to say," she said in a low voice, "that you may cremate *me* if I die, thinking it will help some of your enterprises as a precedent, but my baby, if it dies, you must not, you shall not."

"No, no!" exclaimed Jerome.

"I shall leave the farm father gave me to the little child; I want it done legally, so please arrange it for me, and if he dies," she went on, hesitatingly, "I would like it to return to my family."

Jerome's face whitened.

"Impossible!" he exclaimed, "for I have already made arrangements to annex it to the Home for the Friendless farm."

Claire's face changed bitterly.

"How dare you?" she whispered hoarsely. "I must not die, I will not die."

She closed her eyes and motioned Jerome away.

"It's a pity that she can't realize what a monument such a donation would make. I could call it the Claire memorial," he thought.

Weeks and months passed and Claire held to the brown-headed baby and prayed to grow well again, and that baby might live, and as she prayed she schemed.

Then there came a day when Claire walked about the yard, feeble and fragile, but well, and sometimes she had with her the baby, with soft brown curls about a dimpled face, for the wrinkles were filling out.

In this thin-faced and soberly-dressed woman one would not recognize the girl that came to Jerome as a bride. But she had resolved to begin over again, and to be as much interested in promoting schemes as her husband.

She announced that she intended to retain the colored woman, who had been her nurse, and her tone was so decisive that Jerome could not imagine what new manner Claire had assumed. One week, just as Jerome was thinking of speaking to Claire about running one continuous fence around the

Home farm and the one given to her by her father, he noticed with anxiety that the pretty house belonging to his wife was opened, while some fine, pretty furniture was being moved in.

He hastened home to see his wife about it.

"Some one is moving in on that farm of yours," he gasped.

"No, no," Claire assured him. "Some of us women are putting in a little furniture we bought from the recent sale at Delbinger. I have been studying the conditions of our village work-women and I find them not only broken down, but very ignorant of books and the proper way of accomplishing any real work. To-morrow our club opens and in the evening Father Matthew will address us on 'The Influence of the Toiling Woman on Religion.' After that the house will be open every day for women who can either read or sew, or even cook there, if they wish. We will furnish cheap but good bread to farmers' wives who will bring us the material, and to club members who are sick the club will be especially devoted. But you will see a full description in the Jerome *View Maker*, and you can attend the meeting of our club to-morrow evening; we will be glad to have you."

She paused, out of breath and subject. Jerome opened his mouth several times, snapping his lips together again, as if they were spring locked, but he did not promise to attend the meeting.

So the promoting scheme grew. Jerome's farm prospered one year and failed the next, owing to the kind of inmates that frequented the Home for the time being. His crematory was an unrealized dream, a nightmare possibility to the people; and the Industrial school building was occupied by a saddler, tinner and barber.

Mrs. Jerome was more successful, for, to many of the women this was the only means they could reach to throw off the exhaustion of a weary week. Many a mother brought her little bundle of under-clothing to be sewed, inwardly trembling, for fear some other member would think her lazy; but her work was taken up so heartily and finished so soon that the weary mother felt a new wonder in the glass of wild flowers near the window, and her heart said earnestly: "The world is not so dark. The sun is bright and earth a wonder of beauty." All women like a dash of austerity in their religion, and during the sewing or knitting hour some member read aloud the description of the last hours of our Divine Saviour, and the members were asked, even urged to discourse upon the subject. "I don't know why," said an old woman who was knitting rapidly, "but I do like that chapter that reads 'Hear the voice of one crying in the wilderness,' I used to read when I was a little child, and wonder what the words could mean; it seems a real pleasure to un-

derstand them now and know what all the promises Christ made to His people means to us worn-out mortals."

"The climax came to Claire's "tomfoolery," as Jerome designated her plan to aid the working woman, when she bought a second-hand piano and placed it in the hall of her little house.

To the women it was a pleasant surprise, affecting some of them to a point of melancholy, but there was not one who objected to its presence and many wanted to help pay for it.

One old lady, dressed in mourning, would sit on the stairs with her hands folded in her lap, listening to the music with tears running silently down her wrinkled cheeks.

"Dear me, Mrs. Wicklow! I must take the piano back if it makes you sad."

"No, no!" murmured the old lady, smiling through her tears, "it just made me think of Johnny and William." These were the names of two boys, who, having been loving and dutiful sons, made brave and resolute soldiers, dying at the front in the Seven Days' struggle.

Young Victor Jerome accompanied his mother everywhere and the love that Claire felt for her son was too much to please some of the wise women of the club.

"You must not set your heart on him so," remonstrated one of the fold. "It certainly brings bad luck. I used to worship Jimmy that way, and of all my children who had the diphtheria last year, Jimmy was the only one called to go."

Claire's face paled. "I think I could give him to God. If he should not be a good man I would pray that God would take him home while he is pure and innocent."

The other shook her head. "You think so, but you would not do it. The flesh is weak."

Jerome had taken a violent liking to the boy and had him with him as often as possible. Claire did not like her son to imbibe any of his father's unique opinions, and, on the other hand, Jerome was afraid that the boy would be an extravagant philanthropist.

To his mind Claire was spending her money foolishly. He did not realize that the beauty of Claire's farm was brought about by volunteer labor, repaid by small benefits not even put on the account book. The garden was a marvel and the small fruits plentiful, and yet Mrs. Jerome had not paid actual money for any work. Then came a time when young Victor must be sent away to be educated.

Claire consulted the father.

"He must be a university man, but not a crank. I should like," she paused, her face reddening, "if he did not have any fancies such as we have, I should feel supremely blessed."



DIVINE WISDOM.

Jerome's face brightened. "Is that your view?" he asked eagerly. "I was afraid you'd want him to go into that farm club of yours."

Claire answered candidly, "I was afraid you would raise him up for the industrial school, or teach him to believe in the crematory."

"No," said Jerome, emphatically. "I hope he will never give a thought to any of these."

Claire felt a glow about her heart and her mouth, usually compressed, yielded to a dimpling smile. "I infer that these ideas of yours have not made you happy."

"They have not," commenced Jerome, but checked himself to a calmer tone, "I suppose I am getting old, but these things seem to be failures, though I have tried to make them successes. If I could part with all this property without loss I would be glad."

Claire pondered awhile, and sighing, said: "I, too, am tired of my venture, but if I withdrew from it many a woman's life would be darker or drearier, and the life of the club depends on my farm, therefore I cannot rid myself of it at once."

Jerome frowned. "They are blood-suckers," he said. "You are losing money, and I am losing, too, for what? a mere fancy."

Claire shook her head.

"We have done good, too; there's no denying that."

They heard from their son often and wrote often, but at vacation they would not have him come home. They were possessed with a feverish desire to be free of the Home for the Friendless and the Club for Working Women before young Victor should visit home.

They were working together now, and it was Jerome's idea that Claire adopted, that of building a small house in the village and presenting it to the club, furnished with the furniture of the old club, while Jerome managed to dismiss many of the lazy inmates of the Home, placing a few who were feeble of age in the county poor house.

The buildings were cleaned and painted.

"I have thought, Jerome," said Claire one evening, as she put her hand on her husband's arm, "that we could make one farm of yours and mine

just as they stand, and as Victor's twenty-first birthday is near at hand, we could make him a present of the farm."

Jerome looked amazed.

"That is a noble idea," he choked over the words, "and it levels all our differences. Victor graduates this year, too."

There was a silence and the two looked at each other kindly. "Let us hope Victor will not have any public improvement ideas," ventured Claire.

"To that, Amen!" said Jerome.

There was a reception awaiting Victor when he arrived on the Southern Express. Tall and slim, with keen, intellectual eyes and a student's face, his mother's heart beat with pleasure to hear the admiring comments of her village friends.

At dinner, Jerome with some of his old manner made a speech and presented the deed of the farm to Victor, his voice failing as he did so, realizing all the old hopes and ambitions forever shut up in that official envelope.

Young Victor's face flushed and his eyes glowed.

"This is more than generous of you," he cried. "I hope I shall give you some return for it."

"You will not know just how to manage so large a tract," commented one of the guests.

"Indeed, I will!" exclaimed Victor, in his clear, ringing voice. "Nothing could have happened so opportunely. At the university a club of us united to discuss the possibilities opened to the educated and scientific farmer. I shall open correspondence with my friends at once, and we will make this an experimental station, with a weather clerk and other necessities. In two years you wise, old agriculturists will see such an improvement as will completely revolutionize farming in this vicinity." He helped himself to a pear. "That is what I advocate, and I know it will please father and mother! All good for the good of the people and equal division of property; that is a motto for you," and he laughed joyously.

But Jerome and Claire looked at each other sadly and their tightened lips seemed to complain, "*I told you so.*"

THE PRIEST'S BROTHER.

The priest went down the vestry stair,
He laid his vestments in their place
And turned—a pale ghost met him there,
With beads of pain upon his face.

"Brother," he said, "you have gained me peace,
But why so long did you know my tears
And say no Mass for my soul's release,
To save the torture of all those years?"

"God rest you, brother," the good priest said,
"No years have passed—but a single night.
He showed the body uncoffined
And the six wax candles still alight.

The living flower on the dead man's breast
Blew out a perfume sweet and strong.
The spirit paused ere he passed to rest—

"God save your soul from a night so long."

AN EXPRESS CONFESSION; OR A RAILROADER'S RECONCILIATION.

FATHER RIDSDALE, in the gathering darkness, walked up and down the country depot platform, waiting for the arrival of the train which was to take him to his own parish.

He had been away giving a mission in a parish whose pastor was an old class-mate in his long ago seminary days. The mission had been extraordinarily successful, and the meeting of old friends long parted had been an event in the somewhat uneventful life of a country pastor. Pleasant as had been this break in the rather monotonous career, the good priest was nevertheless anxious to get home and be once more among his own parishioners and his books.

"Is the train on time to-night?"

"No, Father. She's thirty-five minutes late. Since these heavy rains set in they have to be more careful for fear of washouts," and the operator and station master (for the speaker held both positions), turned to his instrument and became for the time oblivious of the presence of the priest, who then continued his walk up and down the platform. Several people had gathered on the platform, patiently waiting for the express train, among them a young Irishman, who immediately attracted the good priest's attention.

The glow and enthusiasm of the mission he had just finished was still with Father Ridsdale, and he immediately addressed the young man.

"Good evening, Pat."

"Good evening, sir — good evening, Father," said the person addressed.

"Going to travel?"

"Yes, Father; I'm going down the line."

"Been to confession lately, Pat," said the Father suddenly. With a priest's instinct he saw at once that his chance acquaintance was a Catholic.

"No, no, not lately, Father."

"How long since, Pat?"

"A good long time, Father."

"A bad long time rather, eh. But how long is it, Pat?"

"Oh, a long time, Father."

"But how long?"

"'Bout—seven—years," came the unwilling acknowledgment.

"Oh! Pat, and your old mother, every night, saying her beads for you, that you, her boy, may be

faithful to his God and his Church!"

The chance shot had struck home. Father Ridsdale knew human nature well, and Irish nature better. Pat Sweeney's warm heart was touched, and the priest saw he had struck the right chord. The young man hung his head, and there was something very like a tear on his cheek.

Just then the express came thundering into the depot and everybody made a rush for the cars.

"Come on, my son," said the Father, and Pat followed him, and they sat down together. The conductor looked surprised that a gentleman in black should prefer a seat in the workman's car rather than in a more luxurious compartment, but he said nothing as he took his ticket. When they were left alone, Father Ridsdale began again on the question of confession. He saw that the young man

beside him was of a naturally good position, and learned that as a section hand on the railway he was thrown into rough and frequently bad company. With an aspiration to the Sacred Heart he determined to make an effort to convert this soul.

Long and earnestly he talked to the young man, and tried to arouse him to a sense of the danger of his state, but with apparently little effect. Souls that have been dead for so long are not vivified all at once except in very special cases. Still the priest did not give up. He knew that there remained but three-quarters of an hour before their journey would come to an end.

"Look here, my son, promise me this, that for the love you bear your old mother you will turn over a new leaf and straighten out matters by a good confession."

The Father knew enough of the young man already to be sure that if he made a promise to the priest he would certainly carry it out, and he himself had great confidence in the promises of our divine Lord to the Blessed Margaret Mary that those priests who cultivated the devotion to the Sacred Heart should be able to move the most hardened sinners.

Pat would not give the required promise, and Father Ridsdale then took from his pocket a scapular of the Sacred Heart.

"If you will not promise to do this, you will at least do one thing for me, will you not, Pat?"



"What is that, Father?"

"Just to wear this scapular always in honor of the Sacred Heart."

Pat Sweeney's faith was not dead. He nodded assent, took the scapular, and with an almost mechanical motion put it to his lips, and then put it in his upper vest pocket.

After this the priest remained silent for several minutes, earnestly, mentally praying for the young man's conversion to a better life. In less than half an hour he would arrive at his destination, and Sweeney would get off five miles further down the line beyond the big Honey Creek bridge.

And Sweeney? Of what was he thinking? He was unwontedly silent, and now his thoughts flew back to the feast of the Sacred Heart years ago when he had made his first communion.

How good and pure and earnest he was then. And now! What a change! Then he remembered his going out to work, and his first glass of whiskey and the quickly acquired taste for that liquor. Oh! that was the cause of all his unfaithfulness to his religious duties. That had brought him his bad name, and lost him his first one good situation and then another, until at last he was fain to work as a section hand on the railroad.

Hard work and little pay and less respect, and what prospects he had at one time entertained! Oh! it was all too bad—too bad! Then there were the O'Rourke boys. They were section hands, too, and yet they kept up the practice of their religion. Then his mind reverted to his old mother. Well, at all events he had, every month, sent her a part of his wages. That was in his favor at all events.

"Father," said Pat, timidly, and with a certain shamefacedness, "do you think it likely that my old mother prays for me every night?"

The question was a simple one, but there was a pathetic earnestness in the voice that at once told Father Ridsdale that there was a change of disposition.

"Why, Pat, there is a moral certainty that she does."

"And do you think those prayers do me any good?"

"Do you any good! Of course they do."

"Well, I've just been thinking that I'm a pretty hard case. I haven't been to mass or confession for seven years, and—"

"Is not God's mercy infinite. One word, one sigh up to heaven and the evil can be all undone."

"If I thought—if I could—if I were in church now—I'd—confession," mumbled poor Pat.

Father Ridsdale saw there was no time to lose.

Beckoning the conductor, he slipped a dollar into his hand. "Give me the key of a state room, for half an hour—be quick," he said.

The conductor looked at first surprised, and then noticing the Roman collar of the priest, a look of intelligence stole over his face.

"This way, sir," he said.

"Come, Pat," said Father Ridsdale.

Pat Sweeney followed in a dazed sort of way, half reluctantly, half willingly.

Locking the door of the state room and drawing the curtains, Father Ridsdale said, "Now, my son, kneel down at that chair, and I will sit here, and I will help you make your confession."

And Pat, with the help of the zealous priest, made his confession with tears of compunction and gratitude. When it was over, the priest, with his watch in his hand, said the penance with his penitent, and after this and a few brief acts of thanksgiving were over, he found that he had four minutes to spare. It was an express confession, but none the less earnest and sincere for the unusual circumstances in which it was made. With a hearty hand-shake and a blessing, the priest stepped off the train a minute later, leaving Pat on the steps of the car with a bright face and a lighter heart. It had been a blessed journey for him.

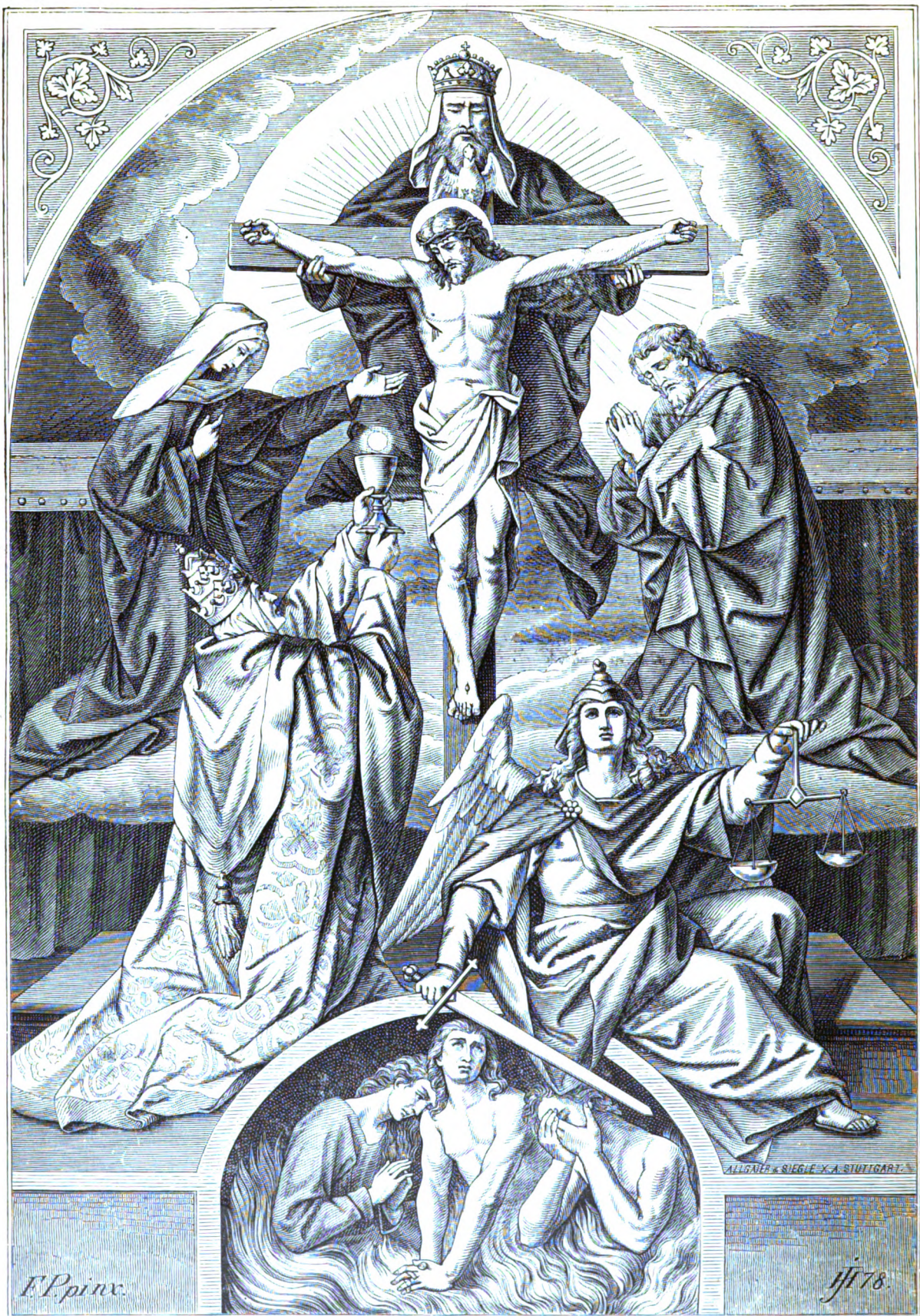
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Father Ridsdale had scarcely divested himself of his traveling clothes, and donned his cassock, and had sat down to his tea-table with a sigh of comfort at being home again, when a heavy and rapid knocking was heard at the front door.

"Come, Father, come quick."

"What's the matter," said the priest, as he ran to the door.

"The express is down the bank at Honey Creek bridge—at least the engine and one car. There has been a washout there this afternoon, and the first span gave away. Hurry, Father. Take the first hand-car. The men will pull you up there. It's only three miles. I'm going for the doctor," and the messenger started off at a run. The priest took the holy oils and ran to the railroad track and was soon rushing into the blackness of the night. In a few minutes the hand-car had brought the priest to the scene of the disaster, which was one of the greatest confusion. The moving lanterns and torches showed blanched faces and trembling figures. The through coaches were at the end of the train and were not derailed, but many of the passengers were bruised and cut by broken glass. A hurried glance told the priest that there was nothing of immediate importance to be done there, and he ran to the front of the train. Here there were many broken limbs and much moaning and shrieking. The engineer lay dead under his engine at the brinks of the creek. The fireman had escaped with a broken leg. He had jumped in time to save his life. The priest gave



CHURCH—MILITANT, SUFFERING AND TRIUMPHANT.

general conditional absolution to all and immediately looked to the more serious cases.

Father Ridsdale looked anxiously among the stricken crowd for his recent companion of the journey. Pat Sweeney could not be seen in the vicinity of the upturned coach.

"Pat Sweeney, is it, Father? The boy ye took to the state-room awhile ago. Ye needn't mind about him, Father, for if he's killed he's all right, and if not, why it's about the same, for he be all right, for whatever ye did to him in the state-room of the next car, he came to his seat the happiest man in the train. Ah! sure there he is, pinned down by the car roof. Sure he must be past the help ye can now give him."

Taking a light, the priest went to poor Pat. He was seriously injured and pinioned down by the car.

"Lave me, lave me, Father, and see to the others first. Thank God I don't need ye as bad as they, thanks be to your reverence."

All saw that death was only a matter of minutes and Father Ridsdale immediately administered extreme unction. The sufferer's face was sadly contorted by the agony he was undergoing, yet there was on it a look of joy and peace.

"God—sent—you, Father,— to hear—my confession," said the dying boy.

"And doubt not, my son, that he sent me on this train especially for this purpose in answer to the prayers of your old mother."

"Yes—yes. Thy kingdom come. Into Thy hands—my spirit," were the last words that Pat Sweeney uttered. In a minute more he was dead.

When the old widow Sweeney arrived soon after at the scene of the accident and saw that the life had been crushed out of her son, she was almost frantic and unconsolable.

"Oh! my boy, my boy, and he away from his duties for seven years. Oh Pat, Pat, were my prayers all in vain for ye," and she rocked herself on the wet ground near the dead body of her boy.

"Are you the mother of Pat Sweeney," said Fr. Ridsdale, as he came up to the sorrowing woman.

"I am that same, your reverence, and its lost. I'm afraid he is."

"In that you are happily mistaken, mother," and in a few rapid words he told her all that happened on the night down express.

"Oh! Glory be to God for this goodness! Shure it's a happy woman I am now. Its a full heart I have now. Let me help you, Father dear, to attend to the sick and them that's dying. My boy is dead, but he's in the grace of God, and we can attend to the burying to-morrow. And so Pat made a 73 down express confession after all. Well, glory be to God for all his goodness, and its a contented woman I am this night."—And there was no kinder hand nor softer touch all that dreary night of horrors to bind the bruised or wash the cut and torn limbs of the suffering passengers. And when they learned that she was the mother of the man who was lying crushed to death under the overturned car, their thankfulness and gratitude turned almost to veneration; and when some would attempt to console with her for her loss she would answer, while maternal tears rolled down her cheeks, tears nature exacted, but which heroic faith tried to hold back. —"But Patsey's safe, Patsey's safe. He died in the grace. Glory be to God."

And those who knew not her old Irish faith marvelled at her fortitude.

She is now Father Ridsdale's house-keeper, and to this day blessed the day when her Pat made the No 73 down express confession.—Cuthbert.

THE ARAB'S RACE FOR LIFE.

By Miss C. M. E. Twynam.

AT the termination of the Persian War in 1857, my father, the late Captain T. S. H. Twynam, being then a lieutenant in the Indian Navy, was employed in transport duty on the River Tigris, and he commanded the river steamer Assyria. One day in looking over some of my father's old journals I came across the following entry:

"May 20th, 1857.—Took on board Lord Kerr's two horses.

"May 28th.—Lost Lord Kerr's bay horse; picked up on river bank again some time afterward, after a lion had chased him; very exciting."

This seemed to me a very interesting and curiously true story, and I made it my business to look up the details, partly from other papers and partly from the narrative of an eye-witness. It seems that the valuable horse referred to in the latter part of my father's note was a thoroughbred Arab, much prized by his noble owner. On the above date the horse was being sent up the River Tigris from Mohumrah to Baghdad, under the charge of two grooms. Of course, he was taken on board with very great care, and every precaution was taken for his safety. The grooms almost lived at the side of the beautiful



THE DREADED MONARCH OF THE JUNGLE.

creature because they were by no means sure how he would take his confinement. At first, however, the horse was perfectly quiet, and as the hours wore on the grooms naturally began to find things very dull, and in due time they considered they were justified in leaving the horse altogether and beguile the time in their own way. That very evening an extraordinary thing happened. Twilight was coming down upon the famous river, and everyone on board the steamer was quite unsuspecting of anything, when, without a moment's warning, a tremendous splash burst upon the soft evening air. Everyone rushed to the side of the Assyria, and you can judge for yourself of the general amazement that possessed everyone when Lord Kerr's matchless Arab bay was seen swimming vigorously toward the river bank. How he had unfastened his halter and made a dash for the side without being heard not a man on board was able to answer. There was the erect and shapely head gliding swiftly through the smooth water toward the rich and picturesque shore. The captain at once ordered his engineer to slacken speed, in order that he might watch what the animal would do. At this time the ship was gliding past the beautiful, grassy plain with dense jungle immediately at the back of it. Presently the Arab struggled up the bank, and it was then noticed that his nosebag was still attached to his head. Suddenly he stood still and began to shake his head violently, evidently in the hope of getting rid of his disagreeable incubus. Of course, he could not get rid of it altogether, but at length his series of wild tosses succeeded in so loosening the bag that it slid off his head and hung about his graceful neck. Thus released, he gave a loud neigh, and then after a preliminary canter, sufficient to make him realize his absolute freedom, he stopped to enjoy the tender grass at his leisure, oblivious of the commotion caused by his extraordinary escape.

On board the steamer the captain and his officers were communing together, to decide what should be done to recapture the horse. There was no time to be lost, for night was fast coming on, and indications were already visible of the rise of a glorious tropical moon. As the great white disc rose over the jungle a terrific and unmistakable roar seemed to shake the very heavens. Everyone, startled by the sound, turned toward the spot, and there, in the brilliant moonlight, was seen an enormous lion, with his head thrown back and his fore-paws stretched resolutely out.

Amazing to relate, the beautiful Arab stood still, in no wise discomposed, but went on calmly eating his supper. The lion quickly changed his posture, stretched himself out almost upon his belly, and commenced to creep with a curious, writhing motion toward the horse. As the brute crept on in

this manner, one of the men on board the Assyria asked to be allowed to try a shot, but before he could get his rifle the lion's tactics had changed again, and he made a series of great bounds forward until within a few yards of his prey. Every detail of the extraordinary spectacle that ensued was distinctly visible to all on board the steamer. The Tigris here is not very broad, and the moonlight was perfectly dazzling in its intensity. Suddenly the Arab realized his danger. He seemed to stiffen, his limbs and prick up his small ears. Next moment he sprang forward like an arrow, closely pursued by the lion, who, though he growled horribly at first, presently became absolutely silent. Then began one of the most astonishing races ever recorded, the competitors being two of the most beautiful creatures in creation. Pursuer and pursued raced along the plain by the side of the river, and just as the surprising chase commenced the steamer, too, surged forward to keep up with the race on shore. The captain now resolved not to lose a moment in shooting the lion. He would, of course, have allowed this before, but events occurred with such surprising rapidity that all ordinary action was out of the question. Every moment the lion seemed to gain on the horse, and although at first he seemed to fly like the wind, he was obviously hampered by the irregularities of the ground. By this time the steamer, too, was plunging through the water at racing speed. Nearer and nearer came the lion, and just when he was about to drag down his prey a shot rang out from the steamer, and the lion fell back badly wounded. The brute at once retreated into the long grass behind, leaving the horse in possession of the field. Not for long, however. It soon appeared that the lion had not been so badly hit, as was at first supposed; at any rate, he crept out of the jungle a few minutes later and recommenced the pursuit. Once more both horse and lion galloped over the plain, and again the lion seemed to gain at every stride. It was noticed that the Arab had a curious, anxious method of feeling with his feet over the rough ground, and this, of course, considerably reduced his speed. It goes without saying that, under ordinary circumstances, and over an even track, the horse could easily have out-distanced his vengeful pursuer. The lion was again almost upon its prey, when a perfectly astonishing thing happened. The Arab was fairly stretched out in his long stride when he suddenly pulled up like lightning and kicked behind him with tremendous force. He caught the lion fairly under the jaw and rolled him backward. No sooner had the slender and shapely legs flashed out than the horse flew on again, with his mane streaming in the air. For the second time the lion crept crest-fallen into the jungle. Presently the horse stood still and actually

commenced grazing, as if under the most ordinary circumstances. In about seven minutes' time the lion emerged once more from the jungle and crept swiftly and resolutely toward the horse. With a toss of his head and a sharp neigh, the Arab again prepared for flight. The captain of the steamer ordered full speed ahead to watch the race, which recommenced with astounding vigor, in the brilliant moonlight. By this time the excitement of those on board had fairly reached fever heat, as it seemed absolutely impossible that the Arab could escape the third time.

As everyone watched the horse and the lion, not a sound was heard save the ring of the horse's hoofs and the thud of the steamer's paddles. Which will win? The Arab is by this time showing signs of undoubted fatigue, whilst the lion seems none the worse for the chase. The end must come soon, for the poor horse reels slightly in his gait. The lion seems to know that the moment of his triumph is at hand, and he commences to growl and rumble in

a very curious manner. Suddenly a second shot startles the night air, and almost simultaneously with it comes a mighty roar as the lion leaps into the air, then falls to the ground dead.

But now, what is to be done to get the horse on board? Orders are given to steam slowly close inshore, and to keep the animal in view for the remainder of the night. This is accordingly done.

Next morning at daybreak the Arab was seen rather nearer to the bank of the river and quietly grazing. One of the grooms leaned over the side of the steamer and called his name softly. At the sound of the familiar voice the horse walked quickly in the direction of the steamer. The captain now gave the order that the steamer was to be brought still closer to the bank of the river. A few moments after this the horse trotted down to the water's edge. The ship was stopped, a plank was let down, and the Arab walked steadily up to it on to the deck of the Assyria, to the great relief of the captain, and the joy and surprise of every one on board.



REGINA SACRATISSIMI ROSARII.

We will make thee chains of gold inlaid with silver.—Canticle of Canticles, i. 10.

We would make thee chains, sweet Lady, chains of worth untold,

All of a lustrous ore the ages may never dim;
Glittering link upon link of silver and of gold,
The gold of thy Son's own prayer, the silver of Gabriel's hymn.

But made and offered by us—how unmeet for thee, Mother most fair!

Gold with its brightness dulled by hands not wholly pure;
And yet, for the love of a wayward son thou, Mother, wilt care,
And the all but worthless gift thy pitying love may secure.

For a touch of thy virginal hand will remove the stain and the rust,

And our gifts become holy and pure if of prayer thou breathest a breath;

Ah, pitiful Mother! thou knowest thy children are ashes and dust,

Dust and ashes, and doomed from our birth to the darkness of death.

So take those Rosaries, Mother, and with them bind us fast;
Make of these beads firm fetters for linking us closer to thee;
Loving, obedient sons, we never have been in the past,
But now thy dutiful sons and slaves we are longing to be.

Prisoners of holy Hope, wearing thy beautiful bond—
Glorious slavery, sweeter than all the false freedom of sin!
Lightsome the shackles fast locked on our limbs by a Mother so fond,
Pledge of a lasting liberty thou wilt help us to win!

Fetters that melody make as we move thro' this desert of fear,
Golden tone of the Pater, the Ave's silver chime,
With ever the cadence of *ora pro nobis*, until we hear
The peal of the heavenly bells ringing Eternal Prime.

DAVID BEARNE, S. J., in *English Messenger*.

A FATAL VENTURE.

A STORY OF THE ALPS.

Dark night lay over the valley of Chamouni, the summits of the surrounding mountains were still invisible. On the highest pinnacle of Mt. Blanc, the grandest peak in the Alpine world, appeared in the gleaming a rosy dawn. At its foot slumbered peacefully the hamlets of the valley. No human sound interrupted the monotonous murmur of the mountain stream. Petro, the bold huntsman, now arose from his nocturnal couch. After putting on his leather breeches and iron shod shoes he filled his belt with powder and shot, shouldered his trusty gun, which often killed the fleeing Alpine goat. Seizing his Alpine stick, the trusted protector against the perils of the mountains, he left his hut bright and cheerful, singing one of his savoyard melodies. Like many of these Alpine songs it described the life of the Alpine hunter, "Who does not fear death, bravely and devotedly trusting in the protection of the Almighty, defies the perils of the mountains, and who, cheerful, though serious even when love and joy beckon him, never forgets his eternal Father. He does not like the valleys. Untiringly he climbs up the winding mountains. Others may call him foolhardy, let them talk, he minds them not, this son of the chase. The first streak of dawn finds him ready for the chase, and neither the tears of his good wife, or the entreaties of his children, who tremble for their father's life, can retain him. Consoling them with the promise of a speedy return, he tears himself away from their embrace. There where other men fear and tremble, where they turn back, overcome with dizziness, where the bitterly cold winds, blowing from the glaciers, and yawning precipices threaten him on all sides, the bold Alpine hunter strides courageously along. Trusting in the protection of God, he braves the never ending winter, which reigns there supreme on its icy throne. Neither the cold nor the barriers which the snow erects around him are able to hinder his progress. Never resting he pursues the fleeing chamois until his prey lies stretched dead at his feet. More than one who has ventured high up in these regions has found a snow covered grave deep down in the abyss. In vain has many a wife awaited the return of her husband and his welcome prey. "God comfort thee, thou poor woman, a day will come when the sun will melt the glazier which has become the grave of thy dear one. Thou wilt see him again never more to be parted from him."

Fain would Petro have stopped his melancholy song before the last lines, for a young, sweet face appeared round the side of the Alpine hut. He knew well that his sweetheart Bettly could never

hear the ending of this well known hunting song without bursting into tears.

"How early you have risen to-day, dear Bettly," he said gayly to the sad looking girl. "It is not good for you to be about at so early an hour."

"You have come out very early yourself, Petro," replied Bettly, looking troubled and serious, "may be you intend to reach a very distant point to-day?"

"Well, yes, rather far and high up," he laughingly said.

"Where do you intend to go, pray tell me, Petro?"

"It will be early enough to tell you when I return, Bettly!"

"No, not then, you must tell me now, Petro!"

"Very well, as you have consented to become the wife of an Alpine hunter, you shall learn the names of these mountains, and so learn not to fear them. Know, then, that I intend to climb the Buet with Neighbor Jacob Balmat, and to penetrate as far as the cave of Tenevert."

Petro laid particular emphasis on the name of his companion, as it was considered a great honor in the valley of Chamouni to take part in the expeditions of this, the oldest of the Alpine guides. It was said of him that he was the first man to step upon the highest summit of Mt. Blanc and to have taken possession of it in the name of mankind. For this reason they had given him the nickname of "Montblanc."

Poor Bettly did not appreciate at all the honor of seeing her beloved Petro chosen as a companion of the daring old hunter. She knew only too well that the old man, though seventy-two years old, had retained all his courage and the indomitable spirit of adventure of his younger days, and that for him no mountain was too high, no abyss too deep, when he meant to bring down his game. "You want to go as far as the cave of Tenevert with old Montblanc? My dream then has come true which the Blessed Virgin sent me as a warning." It was not without reason, then, that I felt anxious about you all through the sleepless night, and heard the rumbling of the avalanche which threatened to hurl you down into the unfathomable abyss! O, listen to me while there is yet time; do not go Petro! Is it not tempting Providence to venture to places which were not meant to be trodden by the foot of man?

"Nonsense, Bettly! Is such language becoming for a daughter of the mountains? Has not God created the whole world for man? Trust in Him, my love; pray for me, and ask the protection of the Blessed Virgin! So God wills I shall be back in two days and bring you a fine chamois, or perhaps even



CHASED BY WOLVES.

more precious game. They say that there are Steinboeke* to be found up there in the eternal snows."

With a hearty handshake Petro hurried away, while Bettly looked after him with tearful eyes. But she sobbed aloud as she saw her sweetheart in the company of old Montblanc disappear in the shadow of the dark fir trees which border the banks of the stormy Arbeyron. The old man had also met with opposition and he did not find it easier to overcome the entreaties of his sons than Petro had to appear hard and untouched by Bettly's prayers.

Firmly but carefully the two men went on their way, so as to save their strength for the difficulties which they knew they would have to encounter.

A fiery energy shone from Jacob Balmat's eyes. One would have thought him the younger of the two, while his companion often turned his glance backward. Bettly's warning had affected him.

The two now walked along the forest glacier, which serves as a foundation for the terrible "Ice sea," from whose bluish gleaming edge the waters of the wild Arbeyron rush forth. They passed the glacier of Argentiere, and leaving behind them the last chalets they entered the path which connects Chamonni with Valorsmie. Such a magnificent spectacle as offers itself to the astonished wanderer's gaze on his descent from Valorsmie to Chamonni is hardly to be equalled anywhere else on earth. After passing through the awful caves of the Blackhead mountain, through whose thicket of larch trees the rays of the sun never penetrate, the way leads through immense walls of rock, which are overhung by whole forests of uprooted trees. Three hundred feet below a black stream rushes past, bearing along huge pieces of rock and immense trunks of trees. After passing these the wayfarer reaches the valley of Valorsmie, in which bushes of Alpine rhododendrons overgrows all other vegetation. Surrounded here by the dark masses of rock of the Blackhead mountain, the Buet, and the mountain chain which reaches up to the path of Tenevert, the wanderer is overpowered by an unspeakable feeling of oppression. Irresolutely he stops and involuntarily longs to be back again amongst human habitations. But suddenly there appears before him at the end of the valley a dazzling white rock formation, crowned with thousands of pinnacles, extending as far as the eye can see. And behold, there stands before him Mt. Blanc, the grand giant dome, with its snow summit, its icy walls and its wonderful spires of granite, fifty times higher than the church of Notre Dame in Paris. It soars up an imperishable temple erected by God Almighty when He raised the lowest parts of the earth and built the grandeur of the Alps. The sight of this grand masterpiece of the surrounding mountain world

produces a sense of awe in the breast of the astonished traveler. A dark carpet of fir trees and larches covers its base, while the head and shoulders are clad in snow. Glittering in colors of a thousand hues the four glaciers of Tour, Argentiere, of Bossons and Tacconnas glide down to the Anvers mountains, in whose shadow rests the ice sea, like a queen of the glaciers. It lies there like an arm of the ocean, suddenly petrified and caught in fetters. Whoever has been favored by bright sunshine when this sight bursts upon his eyes and has observed how the azure blue of the sky vies with the dazzling white of the mountain in gorgeous splendor, will feel an indescribable sensation steal over him and will imagine himself transplanted into another world.

The two wayfarers continued their journey. They had penetrated as far as the terrible Buet and had left behind them all paths known to the Alpine shepherds. Like warriors storming the ramparts they scaled the mountain slopes where none but hunters had ever planted their feet. Petro, whose glance was as keen as an eagle's scanned the distant mountain plateaus, where vegetation offers no food to home animals. No cleft of rock was left unexplored, no curve, no corner escaped his searching glance. Balmat in the meantime gave his whole attention to the condition and formation of those rocks which are rich in minerals and ores. Whenever he found a layer of quartz or mica or any other crystallization in beautiful geometrical form he broke little pieces off with his hammer and examined them, only to throw them away again, disappointed. In this way each one following his own pursuit, Petro suddenly seized the arm of his companion and stopped him just as he was about to loosen a piece of rock containing iron ore. Balmat, directing his glance towards the spot indicated by Petro, who stood ready for an attack, his Alpine stick in one hand and his gun in the other, saw from the highest point of a mountain peak a slender animal looking down upon them. By the frowsy hide, slender neck, and coal black horns they soon recognized the chamois. It seemed to act as a sentinel to a flock of chamois which were browsing further down the hill side. The little herd regaled itself frugally with the moss and stunted herbs which grew here solely for them and which even the Savoyards shepherd's goats do not envy them. Petro signalled to Balmat to remain quiet, while he chameleon-like glided through the rocky slope, passed places where a single misstep would have sent him to certain death in the bottomless abyss. Anxiously avoiding all noise he described a semi-circle, so as to surprise the unsuspecting chamois. But the instinct of the sentinel could not be deceived. With



UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

an alertness which is characteristic of all Alpine animals it had perceived the approaching danger.

A shrill whistle was heard! In a moment the heads of the browsing animals were raised, and quicker than the wind they disappeared in one of the numerous rocky clefts. For a few seconds both men listened to the fast diminishing sound of the escaping animals, then a shot resounded from Petro's gun and the trusty sentinel, mortally wounded, fell down. It had not been able to come up with its fast fleeing companions and had jumped down into the meadow from its post on the summit; hardly ten feet from a little promontory, behind which it wanted to hide, it met its death.

But Petro's joy was changed only too soon to anger and terror. The fleet-footed animal had, turning over in its fall, raised itself once more, dragged itself with tottering steps to the very edge of the precipice, and after a vain attempt to regain its feet fell crashing into the abyss below. Only a hollow sound from the deep told Petro of the fate of the poor chamois. Sadly he left the dangerous spot and returned to his companion. "A nice shot that, and a sorry one for the homestead I am soon to call my own," he moodily remarked.

"Well, don't lose courage all at once," smilingly said Balmat, "All's well that ends well." You will soon find compensation for the loss of that poor little chamois."

"And what do you offer me for it?" doubtfully replied Petro.

"We shall see, and now onwards to our destination."

"I have a good mind to stay right here. Fate has declared itself against me to-day and I don't expect to be more fortunate later on."

"Petro, where is thy wonted courage. I don't know you any more; forward, forward; up there you will find some 'Steinboecke' and a much more valuable game awaits you up there."

"And yet I would rather return, Father Balmat, but to please you, let us go on.

They wandered on. The paths led through eternal snow along the mighty glaciers, which grew more dangerous and uncertain at every step. They had just climbed down a snow covered slope on to an icy plain, when Petro discovered an impression in the snow which proved clearly that a "Steinboeck" was near by. He quickly turned his head and looked around, but at the same moment he felt the snow give way under his feet. He lost his footing and was soon up to his waist in the snow. Help! help! Balmat! he cried, trying at the same time to regain a hold with the help of his Alpine stick. He would undoubtedly have been lost had not the old man with incredible celerity gained the edge of the abyss and threw to him a rope with which these

hunters are provided for just such emergencies. To seize the rope throw it round his left arm, while firmly grasping with his right hand the stick, occupied but a moment and brought him to safety.

"Thanks be to God," exclaimed Balmat, lifting his young friend with all his strength a few feet higher up, where he could drive the sharp point of his stick into the firm snow and work himself up to his rescuer.

If at the decisive moment the old man's strength had failed him in the slightest degree they would have both perished.

"Thanks be to God, and to you," exclaimed Petro, "what a close call I had this time. They would have said of me, 'Softly he rests deep down amid the snow.'"

"This is not a good place for us to tarry," said Balmat, "let us hasten away, the sun is already low in the horizon."

They had hardly, however, reached the summit of the glacier when they heard a peculiar noise amongst the surrounding hills. A much larger animal than the first chamois appeared from amongst the icy mounds and rushed at the same moment between the two hunters, throwing them to the ground, more by the impetuosity of its flight than by the strength of its horns.

They scrambled to their feet quickly and obtained a good view of the fleeing animal. Its uncommonly large horns, its thin but muscular neck, its long body, covered with hair of a reddish hue, its legs, which seem strong as iron, and its wiry muscles combine to make it a formidable type of strength and swiftness.

Yes, it was a "Steinboeck" they saw before them. This rare animal, whose lair is high above that of any other four-footed beast, and near the eagle's nest, only descends to the rocks to browse upon the moss.

The hunters were now greatly excited. A huge block of granite and a rocky wall more than one hundred feet high prevented the animal from reaching the other side of the glacier. With a wild leap it reached the granite block and tried to climb the rocky wall. Struck with admiration the two men stood still for a few moments. But then a crash came from Petro's gun and the noble animal dropped down mortally wounded. After a few weak attempts to get a foothold in the rocks with its strong hoofs, it rolled 150 feet further down the glacier and disappeared amongst the mounds.

A cold sweat broke out on Petro's forehead in his great anxiety to recover his precious game. He approached the spot where the "Steinboeck" had disappeared.

"Careful, careful, Petro!" warned Balmat, for he saw that with the last rallying of its strength the

animal, though wounded to death, had raised itself at the approach of its enemy and tried to butt him in his dying agony. But at this moment Balmat's Alpine stick flew through the air and hit the enraged animal with full force in the side. A blow from the butt of Petro's gun soon ended its life.

"Again a thousand thanks, Balmat, you were right. I am richly rewarded. How delighted Bettly will be with this precious gift. But now let us return that we may find a shelter for the night further down, and to-morrow we will again ascend."

"There is plenty of time for that yet, Petro."

"Indeed, Balmat, after what you have done for me to-day I would follow you to the end of the earth, but nevertheless I consider it folly to push further on to-day."

"Listen, then, I will confide in thee," replied the old man with flashing eyes, "don't think that I have led thee as far as this to hunt merely the Alpine goat."

"I know well that thou art greatly interested in the minerals which are found here."

"Indeed, my young friend, and particularly the ones which are found at this height. There are whole mountain peaks which shine with a reddish hue from the rust of these iron ores, and there are whole layers of yellow sulphur gleaming far beneath their dark bed. But I am looking for a different yellow matter than sulphur."

"What do you mean by this, Father Balmat?"

"Well, I mean a cave full of gold which lies in the paths to Tenevert, which I have discovered by unmistakable signs. But I want to convince others by giving them a proof of its existence. Besides, there is a great price offered to any one who can discover a gold cave. There is enough to be of great help to more than one family. Petro, you are the strongest and most intrepid of all the Alpine hunters, and therefore the most fitting person for this dangerous undertaking. You and your whole family are poor, and your sweetheart, too, therefore you shall share this sum with my sons, as for myself it will be sufficient to have the honor of benefiting my country, and of having discovered the greatest secret of these mountains."

Petro silently pressed the old man's hand.

On the following morning they both wended their way towards the dangerous goal. The forest of Brevant and Anvers were full of vapor from early dawn and the fir and larch trees exhaled towards the sky a humidity which the sultry heat of summer extracted from their leaves. Distant thunder resounded and the summit of Mt. Blanc was veiled in a dense fog. Dark clouds appeared, and mountain and valley reverberated with terrific claps of thunder. A heavy snow fell on the peaks, whilst the lower regions were deluged with rain. The

thunderstorm lasted the whole day. Deep down in the valley there was one heart that trembled in anxiety at every peal of thunder. But when at last the storm abated poor Bettly began again to hope, but the night passed and neither Balmat nor Petro returned. At early dawn Bettly arose, said her morning prayers, took the Alpine stick and went forth to look for Petro. A few paces from her hut she met Balmat's sons, who were on a similar errand. They were prepared at all risks to find their father. In vain they tried to persuade Bettly to remain behind, but she answered: "As I have neither father nor mother, I have no one but God to render an account to of what I do," and finally they took her with them.

Full of courage, she started forth, this daughter of the mountains; her hardy frame did not easily succumb to fatigue; her muscular arm knew full well how to wield the Alpine stick, and she trod the stony ways firmly. She did not hesitate to follow her companions wherever they ventured, although none of her sex had yet dared to explore these regions. After incredible dangers they reached, towards evening, the edge of an almost impassable glacier, without having discovered the least trace of their missing loved ones. But suddenly a heart-rending cry escaped Bettly. She had discovered traces of blood between the icy hillocks. With faltering steps she went nearer and examined a bloody track which was plainly visible amid the snow which had fallen on the previous day. "You have found your grave here," she murmured to herself, but the next moment she slipped and fell into one of the clefts furrowed by the glacier. The opening was not deep, and about thirty feet down it narrowed more and more, and broke Bettly's fall. With a loud cry some one hurriedly jumped towards the edge of the opening. She soon recovered consciousness.

"Oh, why did you not let me die with my Petro? What is life to me without him?"

"But you are with me, Bettly," replied softly a well known voice, and her head sunk upon his loving heart.

It was Petro himself who had saved her.

"Is this our father's blood?" exclaimed Balmat's sons, in deep emotion.

"No," said the hunter; "this is the blood of an animal."

"He lives then; where is he?"

"He stands before his God."

"He is dead then, and you could have saved him and would not help him!"

"I would willingly have given my life for him who saved mine twice, but it was impossible. Surprised in a lonely spot by a thunderstorm, we took refuge under a steep rock, which we hoped would

shelter us from a tremendous avalanche of snow which threatened to engulf us. When, after the danger had passed, I looked around for my companion, I found that the rock under which he had hidden had disappeared. The terrific noise of the avalanche had been augmented by a second one near by and great boulders of rock had been loosened and had rolled down. The whole day I have roved around from chasm to chasm without having discovered the least trace of our lost friend."

"God be merciful to him," then replied the sons, deeply moved.

His body was never recovered. Besides our Heavenly Father, only the wild "Steinbock" and the lonely eagle and vulture know the place where Balmat Montblanc lies buried.

Petro and Bettly were soon after happily united. Many a pretty gift has the bold hunter brought home to his pretty wife, but never again did he venture into regions which were not intended to be trodden by the foot of man.

*"Steinbock" is a species of wild Alpine goat, inhabiting the wildest regions of the Alps. It is seldom met with by even the most daring hunters.

AN ANGEL IN SHAPE OF A WOMAN.

It was in one of the filthiest quarters of Paris, generally known as suffering quarter, that a priest prepared an old ragpicker for death. This was a good, pious and sincere man, who long since already longed ardently to receive the last sacraments of the church, but his only room was furnished with nothing but rags.

When returning home, the priest thoughtful of the dreadful misery in which he found the sick man just passed a splendid palace in which he knew a very rich lady was living, and looking at the flower-adorned staircase he felt like impelled to ascend. Admitted and showed into the parlor he simply told the lady his recent experience. "But how can you dare to bring our Lord to such a God forsaken spot," objected the young lady. I will take interest in this matter myself. Shall I take my waitress along?"

"It cannot hurt, for there is ample work for two."

"But it came just into my mind," the lady went on, "that such like works have to be done voluntarily, wherefore my six years' old boy shall accompany me. He being very clever so it will do him very much good to become acquainted in time with miseries of man. Poor child! He needs, indeed, God's blessing. No doubt this will bring him blessing."

"Madam," pursued the priest, "the poor man is severely sick and I promised him to see him again to-morrow morning at eight o'clock; pretty early, indeed, and a very great distance to be traversed at that."

"O, don't be troubled about that, I shall be over long before your coming."

When the priest next morning brought the Blessed Sacrament he found the poorly room inverted into a beautiful chapel of the Blessed Virgin, draped in white, the bed covered with a white

spread, on the table stand a crucifix, two candlesticks, two real candles put in, holy water font and evergreen sprinkler.

The young lady, wearing a broad apron over her dress, whilst her hat lay in a corner, was completely surprised by the priest. In sight of the Blessed Sacrament mother and son fell on their knees by the man's bedside, both reciting the Confiteor. The old man smiled quiet, content, his hair well combed, perhaps the first time since long, his clothes neat and well arranged. When the priest approached his bedside to explain to him shortly what this Blessed Sacrament was, the man replied with proud confidence: "All that I do know since the good lady kneeling here did explain me everything and prayed together with her baby. Oh, Father, how happy I am!"

Deeply touched, he received the last Sacraments. Poor man! Why not should he have had confidence and belief in God's kindness and providence.

Scarcely had the priest said the last prayers when the lady seized the man's hand, laying it upon her beautiful head, that she bowed to him, whilst she moved her child's head under the other hand. Then she said: "Dear man, you are reconciliated to God and have received Holy Communion, now give us, please, your blessing, for surely it will cause us happiness."

"Oh, madam, replied the man, deeply moved, what do you ask of me. I am only a poor man, but yet I will pray to God that He might bless you, and be assured he will not fail to do so, for none but the angels are as good as you have been to me. God bless you, He may bless both you and your child."

At these words he wept and out of the priest's eyes rushed a flood of tears, the sweetest he ever shed before.



MOTHER'S HAPPINESS.

"THE QUALITY OF MERCY."

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The sheriff halted his men in the shadow of a wide spreading elm. The day was warm and the sun now directly overhead called for a cessation of hostilities.

"I hain't a-carin' for myself," remarked the sheriff as he dismounted, "but you fellows hain't as used to the saddle as I am and the horses need water and rest. There's a bit of grass along the creek, there, and while the horses browse you fellows can take a brief siesta, as our friends, the Mexicans, would say."

One of the deputies, a lean, wiry man, with a complexion like a school girl and eyes like sword-points, looked about the surroundings suspiciously.

"What if there'd be some kind of interruption?" he queried.

The sheriff shook his head. "Caution is all right," he said, approvingly, "but they hain't no ways near here."

The deputy shifted his revolvers on his belt until they rested within easy reach. As he did so he looked at the other deputies and a gleam came into the blue-gray eyes.

"They do not look sleepy, do they?" he asked the sheriff.

That official shrugged his shoulders. "I could sleep on a log-wagon, but I won't," he said laconically. "I feel a kind of warning running in my brain that says solemnlike, 'Be on your guard.' It's been a-worrying me ever since we left Osetoma behind the ridge."

The sheriff looked at his deputy anxiously. "Now, Ed, don't you weaken like that."

The other took a step forward and brought his right hand to his side.

"Hold, I never said it," cried the sheriff in mock alarm. "To tell the truth, I feel mighty camp-meetin'-like myself. I've been a-thinkin' of Mandy and the boys. I kinder wish I'd 'a' took time to make my will before I started out, but there's no use a-cryin' now. There's bound to be some dust-eatin' for some of us, and I can't say I'd like to shift that duty on any of you."

The deputy assented gravely.

"We knew just what to expect from the first, and we are in to see it through. I've been out with you before on some tough rides, but I never had this feeling before. If superstition ran in our family, I'd say I was going to pass in my checks this time."

The sheriff put his hand in his vest, pulled out a flask and looked at his friend inquiringly.

"I never drink any time," said the other, "and I won't now, when I feel like praying."

"It's good for the nerves," said the sheriff, "whisky is. This here came from ole Pap Reavis, Bowling Green, Kentucky, and I reckon there hain't nothin' equal to it. After a glass or two you feel like a whole regiment."

"So I reckon," smiled the deputy, "but I believe I'll see what the boys are up to."

The sheriff sat down under the elm and studied the flask with a philosophical air. In reality his thoughts were far away, with his wife, the patient, sad-faced "Mandy," and his three boys, nearing an age when they would need a father's care.

"I don't see just what they would do if it happened that I should die. I can't tell why I stick to this business; it's the money, I suppose. Four or five thousand dollars can't be made every day, and when I reads 'dead or alive,' why"—he drew in his breath with a low whistle, "it's easier sometimes to bring them in dead than alive." He pulled his gray, broad-brimmed hat over his eyes and sighed heavily.

"The law's the law, and I've got the law on my side, but—I'd rather never know it, if one of the boys took to my profession. Four men! They're not so many; but to-day I wish I could quit thinking of them. 'Dead or alive'—that is the way the paper reads." He brought his hand down on his knee fiercely.

"This won't do." He stood up and took a long drink. "There! I feel more like myself. Sure, I'm getting to be an old woman in my prime."

The deputy, who had been talking to him, sat near his horse, with his knees drawn up and a small book open upon them. He was reading intently.

The sheriff's eye widened, "What's he up to?" He tipped softly over the grassy plot and peeped cautiously over the deputy's shoulder, a grim smile wrinkling his leather-like face.

But when he made out the subject of his friend's reading he was terribly embarrassed, and in trying to move quietly backwards he became tangled in the points of his huge spurs and the noise he made aroused the deputy.

He turned calmly and put the book in his pocket. "Are you ready to move on?" he asked.

"Not yet," answered the sheriff confusedly, "I thought you was a-readin' or somethin'."

The keen eyes grew piercing.

"Oh! I was. I recommend my subject to your consideration. It was '*Some prayers for persons who stand in danger of a violent death.*'" Then he walked away.

The sheriff pondered.

"Ed's a queer chap. Sometimes you'd think he had a heap of book learnin', and again he don't

know beans from bacon. Prayer! Prayer!" derisively. "A good clean gun stands me in hand when a violent death's around for me or the other fellow."

Four of the deputies were playing cards and talking carelessly on indifferent subjects, but, as one of them remarked, "he had one eye on the prospect and his pistols handy." The buck-bushes rimmed the edge of the little creek and the hazel-scrub to the left presented an impenetrable front.

Above it trees of heavy growth lifted their swaying boughs and shut off the view in that direction, but on in front, for miles, they could see down the valley between the lift of the rocky ridges and wooded summits.

"I suppose we are getting right into the heart of their stronghold?" said one of the deputies, an athletic young fellow with a smooth, boyish face and a deep cleft in his handsome chin.

"Mighty near, Charley, mighty near," answered a grizzled, gaunt man, who could have been either forty years old or sixty, but whose massive bones and great height had led him to figure in more than one page of the history of the United States. "I could, if I could fly, put my hand on their old home in five minutes. It's yonder where the line against the sky dips and that tall tree is like a spike in the sky. That's a Lombardy tree and it's in their front yard. The back of the house juts out over the Monegaw. It's a ticklish place to tackle, don't you forget. I've been there many a time."

Charley Boyer looked at him with interest. "What were you a-doing there, Uncle Cape, and when were you so friendly as to visit there?"

The man's eyes closed to a line and he laughed. "I was there because I was one of them durin' the war. It was only bush-whackin' then, but after the war I had to quit 'em. They got too bad for your Uncle Cape, yet they had extenuatin' circumstances, as the lawyers say."

"I suppose you know the ground round here pretty thoroughly, then?" went on the younger man.

"Yes, I do. The ground's more overgrown with scrub and buck-bush, but if I hain't crazy I could show you the very hollow over there," waving his hand toward the left, "where the boys and me stayed hidden for a week, with soldiers a-flyin' by, lookin' for us every day. Cole's wife brought us things to eat; a tall young thing that could run like a deer. Hem! but those days were excitin'! But she got killed; somebody shot her in her own house. Some sinner who has got his deserts long ago, I think."

He looked at the dense buck-bush and hazel with eyes that suddenly widened into a look of horror.

"Oh, pshaw, Charley, you just try to get me a-talkin' of old times; I reckon I never can forget 'em; but come on, I want to touch the sheriff's flask.

He's mighty exclusive with it, and, maybe, a touch of liquor might help your backbone."

The hand that he laid on the young man's arm was a touch of command and the gray look about his cheeks added to his sincerity.

"Get up from there, loafers," he said to the card-players, adding in a loud, hearty voice, "We're going to ask the sheriff for a thimbleful. Come on, right now, for we will be gettin' in the saddle in a minute or so."

As he spoke he looked into their eyes with a gaze that amounted to a threat or a prayer, and they arose from the ground laughing at "Uncle Cape's" desire to reach the sheriff.

"Boss," said the old man, putting his hand on the sheriff's shoulder, "pass around that bottled lightnin'." Then, in a hurried undertone, "*We are in a trap. The men we want are in the bush to the left. Say, why don't you hurry that flask along, Jerome, you're gettin' more than your share. I don't know how many of them may be on the right side! Right this way with it, Boyer. Tell the men to mount and let each man bring his gun ready as we face the bush and fire. There's no use a-waitin'. We're bound to have the fight right here or be killed like sheep.*"

The sheriff paused and his face turned white, but the chief deputy stepped across, saying carelessly: "Boys, we will mount and take our time a-ridin' down the valley. I reckon your guns are all right?" As he spoke they were in their saddles with a bound and every man's gun was in place, excepting the sheriff, who, with his foot in the stirrup, was vainly hopping about on the ground in an endeavor to mount his spirited horse.

"Want a crutch, Boss?" asked Uncle Cape suavely. But he finally reached the saddle and with laughter and careless talk they cantered their horses toward the road that lay along the hazel thicket. But just where it would be supposed that they would turn in single file down the steep hill side they straightened to face to front, the guns were between the horses' ears; the sheriff cried, "fire, low!" and the carbines snapped viciously.

"Pistols!" cried the sheriff, his eyes swimming in tears, a habit that bespoke he was fighting to kill.

There was a sharp cry in the bush, a scattering fire, a crashing and tearing of bushes, a rally and an organized volley from the hidden foe, and then there was absolute silence. The deputies reined their horses back until they were on their haunches.

Two riderless horses were snorting near the elm. The first deputy swore viciously.

"The sheriff's gone, boys—poor fellow!" he said briefly, "and Jim's down."

Uncle Cape's gaze was fixed on the woody shade before him.

"Look!" cried Boyer. "Look down the valley."

Out of a cleft in the hills nine or ten horsemen dashed into the road, carrying across their saddles, something, evidently wounded or dead companions.

A yell went up from the deputies, savage and relentless. Sinking their spurs into their horses' sides they dashed away in pursuit. They tried to reach them, but the bullets fell short and they trusted to their horses to give them the advantage needed.

Presently a little swell in the ground hid them from view and as the pursuers gained the top of the little hill the scene was peaceful; not a fleeing foe in sight, not even a cloud of dust to tell that they had ever touched that road.

"Hurry!" gasped Uncle Cape, "the White Sulphur spring! They will make a good fight there."

As the pursuers dashed into the glade before the spring they were met with so murderous a fire that three men fell headlong from the galloping horses.

"And Charley!" muttered Uncle Cape, his eyes blazing, "Cap will suffer for to-day's work."

The remaining deputies were cool and steady. Each shot told, and after a minute's fighting the outlaws met them on the green plat and the battle went on hand-to-hand.

"Get that tall fellow, Ed!" shouted Uncle Cape. "He's the chief."

But the four foemen remaining began a retreat, fighting stubbornly until a swell in the face of the bluff protected them momentarily. Here they parted company, every one riding in different directions. They were on superb horses and were soon out of reach of the deputies.

"No use," said Uncle Cape. "Let us see to the boys."

There was nothing to do; they were dead. Reverently, with sober, sad thoughts, the deputies straightened the limbs and spoke disconsolately of their friends at home.

"There will be somebody a-cryin' in Osetoma soon," said Uncle Cape. "I don't know what my sister will say when I carry Charley home dead. He was a good boy and the only son she had."

"There's the sheriff, too, right in the first of the fight. Sure this is an unlucky trip for us!"

"Boys," said the first deputy, called Ed, "I've got a notion that they'll all meet at the old house up there on the Monegaw bluffs. I'm just a-going to spy round there a little. We can't let three brave fellows go without anyone to avenge their murder. Uncle Cape and you boys stay with them and I'll be back in two hours; if I'm not, carry these poor fellows to Osetoma and bring a crowd to look for me."

Uncle Cape studied him. "Be careful, Ed; we've got badly punished already."

The deputy smiled sadly and shook the old man's hand. The earth was grassy and yielding, and while he traveled swiftly his horse's feet made no noise but a soft thudding, and very soon he reached the banks of the little river that foamed along its channel below the house that clung like a nest to the rugged cliff.

The sun was half-way down the clear western sky, and the windows of the little house were glowing redly out of the shadows gathering in the trailing vines and evergreens. The deputy followed the narrow trail that wound unevenly around the face of the bluff, stumbling over rocky ascents or picking his way down sudden declines. But wherever his horse put a sure and steady foot his rider saw with a deep exultation that another horse had passed along there in haste, without care; his feet had beat against the red sand rock and broken away fragments; the dust in the level places was pounded into heaps.

"Rode at a gallop, and along this place!" muttered the deputy.

Soon he and his trusty horse reached the level top of the bluff and he came into the road that led to the home of the outlaw.

The approach was made cautiously, with his weapons ready for instant use. "There can be but one here, for but one horseman came up before me, and surely I can take my chances; if I capture him alive—or dead—" He paused and sighed. What happiness that large reward, that price of blood would bring him!

There was no noise about the house; some hens were cackling in a rude stable near the road, and somewhere close by a horse was rolling ears of corn in a wooden trough. The house door was closed and the window so draped in a tangle of wild roses that nothing could be seen of the interior.

The keen eyes narrowed. "There's too much quiet," he thought, "it looks too possible."

He fastened his rein loosely to the gate-post and entered the yard, where he paused again. Hearing nothing he slipped along the path and moved across to the rose-covered window; he brought his gun up and inch by inch leaned forward, until he could see in the room.

His face underwent a curious change; his eyes grew dark and amazement took the place of determined crime. Inside the room, on a low, rude bed, a girl, young and frail, was dying. Too often had the deputy looked on death to doubt that the grim angel had entered the outlaw's home. A great fear crept into the deputy's heart when he saw that blood had stained the white sheets and clothing about the girl's side. Beside the bed in an attitude of prayer a woman knelt, her sobs choking the words she tried to say.



FLIGHT TOWARDS HEAVEN.

"Father," gasped the dying girl, "mother! they did not know—forgive them! I'm not afraid to die."

The outlaw's face was gray with agony and he tossed his arms aloft saying aloud, over and over, "Oh, God! My sins are punished, Oh God! Have mercy!" And then remembering, he would vow swift vengeance on her murderers, only ceasing when he would see again the agony such words gave her.

The deputy turned and crept away, mounted his horse and retraced his way down the bluff. When he reached the level along the stream below the house he checked the horse and looked up at the

little window.

"He asked for mercy," he mused.

He noticed that a window had been opened and he thought of the soul taking flight. He crossed himself and sighed, "God give her rest." The sun, now just above the rim of the horizon, fell full upon his straight and sombre figure.

There was a sharp sping in the air, a puff of white smoke from the window above and the deputy fell face down in the dust along the trail of the Mone-gaw.

His horse galloped, riderless, to the desolate home with a message in red upon bridle and saddle.

SALLIE M. O'MALLEY.

NEW YEAR'S GREETING FROM SOUTH SHAN-TONG.

Dear Friends and Benefactors:

Probably none of the numerous mission reports which I have transmitted to our friends in our distant native country together with our heart-felt thanks, has presented an outlook on events so full of significance as the present one. The past year will ever denote one of the most important pages in the annals of the Chinese missions. From the poor mission chapel of Shang-tjatschuan, where two of my missionaries died under the blows of fanatical members of secret societies, on the 1st of November, 1897, excitement spread throughout the immense empire, and it grew into a mighty force, sweeping away ideas and institutions of a thousand years. I am sure, my friends, it will not be uninteresting to you at the close of the year to cast a retrospective glance at these events and the circumstances connected with them.

Already a year ago I devoted a brief memorial to my co-laborers who fell in the battle; still I cannot refrain from again laying an ivy branch of remembrance on the graves of these heroes, the more so because we can now better understand that murderous assault in its causes and effects.

The two missionaries, Francis Nies, a native of Westphalia, and Richard Henle, from Hohenzollern, labored in South Shantung for a number of years. Whilst F. Nies was active in Itshoufu, Jangku, and finally in Wenshang, in the modest and quiet way peculiar to him, and laid the foundations of Christianity in many flourishing congregations, F. Henle,

with his splendid talents and ardent zeal, became the real founder of Christianity in Northern Zautshoufu. The traces of their activity survive in the hearts of the great number of Chinese who received from the hands of these noble priests the inestimable gifts of faith and interior peace.

The veil of mystery that rested on this horrible murder a year ago has begun to lift more and more, and the chain of evidence substantiates more and more clearly that the deed was committed by members of the



MSGR. J. B. VON ANZER, BISHOP OF TELEFTE, I. P. I., VICAR APOSTOLIC OF SOUTH SHAN-TONG.

sect called the "Big Knife," the same that originated the persecutions in Kiangnan and Shenhien, two years ago. The poor people that were arrested by the mandarins were found to be innocent, and the real murderers escaped again this time, as is quite frequently the case in China, the country par excellence of blind justice. Only recently the news come

from Kiangnan, that at last the chief head of this secret organization, a certain Tshau-tien-tji, for whose capture a prize of 1,000 taels had been offered, was apprehended. Thus at least the chief instigator of the murder met the deserved punishment.

The murder of the missionaries was not one of those ordinary robberies that are daily occurrences in Zautshoufu, but it was an outbreak of the hatred against foreigners and Christians that animates the entire sect of the "Big Knife." How violent the fury of these fanatics was is shown by the great number of cruel wounds with which the bodies were covered. A member of the band that pushed into the dwelling of the priests together with the murderers, told us himself, that it took them quite a while to force open the door. F. Henle had meanwhile jumped from his bed, and as he stood in front of it, the first of the band ran his lance through his body. A stream of blood gushed forth and overflowed the murderer, and he dropped down fainting. During the bloody scene that followed this fellow lay thus unconscious and he was carried away by his companions. From this the story originated that one of the assailants was wounded by the missionaries. The truth is, the Fathers did not fight for their lives, but they yielded them willingly and without resistance, as a sacrifice to fanaticism, and in the exercise of their vocation.

F. Nies succumbed at once to his injuries, and F. Henle smilingly received extreme unction from the hands of a beloved confrere. With a cheerful smile these noble priestly souls entered into their

eternal home. They were buried temporarily in our garden at Tae-tja-tshuang, where their graves are shaded by evergreen bamboo bushes, the emblem of the country, to which they had consecrated their love, their life, and their blood.

According to human calculations it appeared to be a severe blow to the mission to lose two of its best men by murderous hands in the prime of their vigor and usefulness, but it pleased Divine Providence to use their death as a means to produce effects so far-reaching as a hundred zealous missionaries could not have attained by lifelong activity.

I was advised by telegraph of the murder of the missionaries while attending the general chapter at the mother-house at Steyl. I first turned to God to tell him of the calamity that fell upon me and my mission, and to recommend to Him the lives of my beloved missionaries. Then I went to our august protector, His Majesty, the German Emperor. I asked for vigorous protection for my co-laborers and my flock. The answer you know—it was Kiautshou.

The valiant general, Tschang, who complacently beheld the German soldiers marching into his parade grounds at Tsing-tau, did not



J. B. von ANZER.

dream that this was the beginning of a new chapter in Chinese history. But before we consider the occupation of Kiautshou as an event of historic importance, I would like to draw your attention to its direct consequences for South Shantung and the events that sprang from it during the present year. The first consequence was the splendid atonement for the death of the missionaries. Let me enumerate the single points of the agreement:

1. The government promises to apprehend and severely punish the real murderers. This is decidedly the weakest point in the whole affair. True, the mandarins exerted an almost feverish activity after the murder in arresting a great number of persons, but the real criminals slipped through the loose meshes of the police net. It is difficult to decide whether this is to be attributed to the bad intentions of the mandarins, or to incapability on their part. Only very recently the police seem gradually to find correct clues.

2. The government pays the sum of 3,000 taels as indemnification for the goods that were robbed or damaged.

3. Those mandarins that fostered the bitter feeling against Europeans by their hostile attitude are removed from office. Among the first and most prominent is Li-ping-heng, the governor (viceroy, so-called) of Shantung. In order to understand the significance of the removal of this, the highest official in the province, we must take note of the truly royal honors and well-nigh unlimited power that these satraps enjoy here in China. The entire caste of mandarins took it as a personal blow; the well known viceroy, Shang-she-tung, implored the throne, rather to permit anything, yea, rather to fight to the death, than to sacrifice this high official for the sake of the foreigners. It was of no avail, Li-ping-heng, the incarnate enemy of foreigners, who made the missionaries suffer so much, had to go, and with him a host of minor officials that were his faithful henchmen in persecuting the foreigners. This acted like a flash of lightning for the whole army of officials, who in China control everything; they perceived that they could be just towards Europeans and Christians and still retain their offices. This explains the remarkable change of feeling in the upper regions. Where we formerly found only closed doors, or at best a frigid toleration, we now meet with good friends, cordial advances and delicate consideration. The oriental kisses the hand that strikes him.

4. The government grants for the protection of the missionaries in the disturbed districts of Zautshoufou the erection of seven smaller settlements, and as an atonement for the victims, three larger churches of expiation. These will be built in the cities of Jentshoufu, Zautshoufu and Zining, and for their special protection they will be marked with the imperial superscription: "Erected by the emperor." This superscription will be a valuable talisman for the new churches, that has been granted so far only to two Catholic churches in Peking. A building furnished with such an inscription may not be destroyed as long as the present dynasty reigns. It may happen, as it did in Peking, and what we hope God will not permit again, that the missionaries are expelled,

but such a church may not be desecrated. Thus the cross stands under the special protection of the emperor in the three largest cities of South Shantung, where it was so often attacked by the fiercest storms.

5. We will not here expatiate on the concessions made to German commerce and industries, although these interests are also dear to our hearts, because in foreign countries the merchant, the engineer and the missionary should go hand in hand.

All these incisive conditions were accepted by the Chinese government after more or less struggling, and thanks to our excellent ambassador at Peking, Baron Heyking, a case of litigation was scarcely ever adjusted so smoothly in China. He was the right man in the right place and at the right time, and he is entitled to the special thanks of the mission, which I am glad to express hereby in a public manner.

The next effect of this brilliant expiation was the wonderful development of the mission. "Sanguis martyrum semen Christianorum." This adage, verified by the experience of two centuries, also came true in South Shantung, for it was the bloody death of our confreres that led the German eagle to the eastern coast of China, whereupon he then with his mighty talons pointed out new ways to the Chinese dragon. In one instant the mission thus became an object of public interest, and attracted the attention of many who hitherto gave it little or no thought. A movement towards Christianity, as a safe harbor for time and eternity in the tide of daily events, seized the minds of many, and it increases day by day. From every district the missionaries report unanimously that so many apply to be catechumens that it is impossible for them to receive them all. They all clamor for new missionaries, more catechists, male and female. Many congregations that earnestly begged for catechists could not be accommodated for want of proper material. The traces of this movement are distinguishable in this year's report, taken about Easter, 1898. At that time there were in South Shantung:

1. Baptized Christians, still living, 10,940 (from 1882 until Easter, 1898, 3,141 Christians died, hence the total number of baptisms is 14,081).

2. Catechumens, 27,868.

3. In the past year there were baptized: (a) Pagans, 1,694; (b) children of Christians, 227; (c) pagan children in danger of death, 5,853.

4. Confirmations, 64.

5. Confessions, 17,852.

6. Communions, 17,260.

7. Extreme unctions, 155.

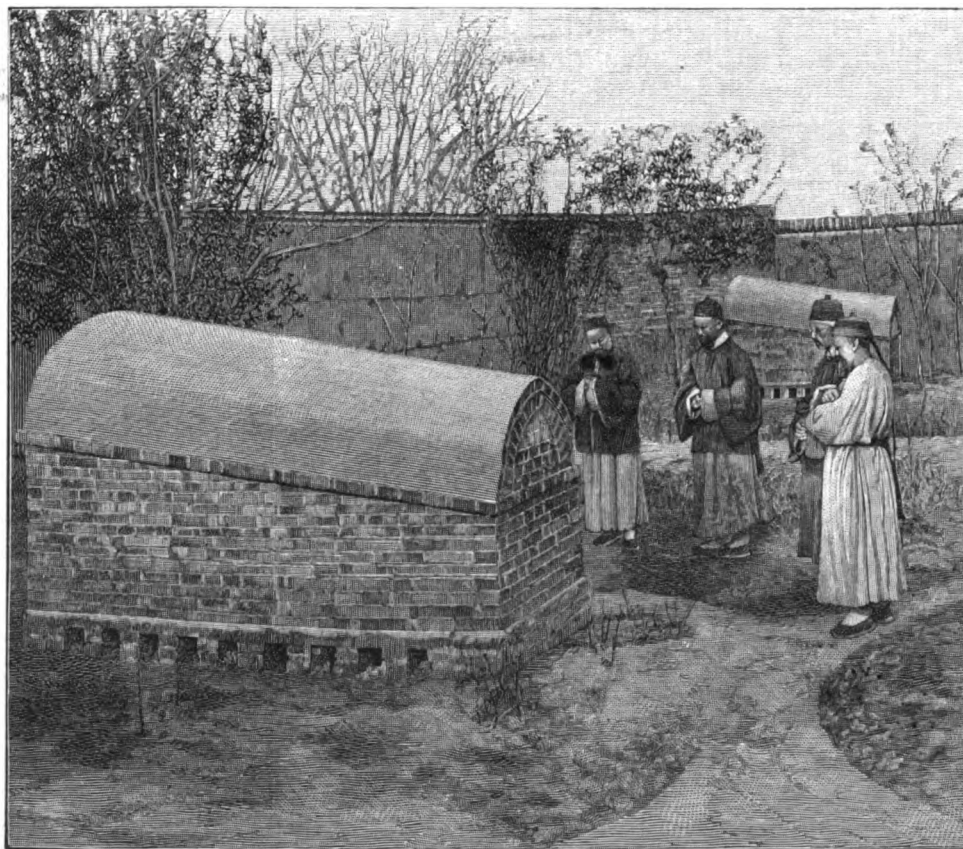
8. Burials, 389.

9. Marriages, 108.

10. Churches in European style, 3; chapels, 72; prayer halls, 225.

11. Advanced Chinese schools, 20; pupils, 283.
12. Christian elementary schools, 121; pupils, 1,545.
13. Orphan asylums, 4; orphans, 387.
14. Seminaries, 2; (a) theological seminary at Zining, 11 students; (b) preparatory seminary at Puoly; students, 20.
15. Homes for the aged, 3; inmates, 80.
16. European missionaries, 30; Chinese priests, 5; European lay-brothers, 9.
17. Chinese physicians and pharmacists, 59.
18. Catechists and teachers, male and female, 260.

this mission. This district probably contains a population of two million souls, and we thus obtain a new and extensive field for our activity, but the new German China will also afford us protection. The foremost German Protestants have issued an enthusiastic appeal to their co-religionists, exhorting them all to contribute to the mission of Kiautshou, reminding them that it is the duty of Christian Germany to win for Christianity the territory conquered by German arms. We are not jealous of these efforts, but we are deeply impressed by the conviction that Catholic Germany must also take part in this spiritual campaign, for this is to be a contest



TEMPORARY GRAVES OF FF. NIES AND HENLE.

In this connection we must bear in mind that these statistics were collected about Easter time, at a period, therefore, at which the mission just about began to recuperate from the serious reverses of the last few years, and when the new germs scarcely commenced to work. How incomparably more could we not achieve at this juncture if the necessary men and means were at our command!

While growing thus interiorly, South Shantung's ecclesiastical territory was augmented by a decree of the Propaganda, dated July 14th, which united the new German territory, besides the subprefectures of Kiautshou, Tshutshong, **Kaumi** and **Zimi** with

so noble and grand as was ever waged under the canopy of heaven. For my part, I will do all in my power. I have already sent experienced missionaries to those districts. May Catholic Germany, so often tried in strife and victory, now do its full duty.

If I here unconsciously adopt a beggar's tone, something people are accustomed to from missionaries, I have a special reason this year, for the hollow-eyed spectre of famine is appearing on the thresholds of South Shantung. In June half of the wheat crop was harvested when the flood-gates of heaven were opened, and this kept on all summer. Scarcely did the condition of the fall crop give a little

hope to the poor farmer when the floods again set in. The Yellow River, the Grand Canal and the other rivers burst through their dams, and all Western Shantung was transformed into a vast lagoon. The greater part of the year's harvest is flooded by the water. The governor of Zinanfu assured me personally that the official reports show that this was the greatest flood for forty years. No less than thirty-nine subprefectures, i. e., the third and most fertile part of the province, are more or less inundated. Entire villages, and among them many Christian settlements, were simply washed away from the face of the earth. The poor creatures, who saved only their bare lives, squat freezing and starving on little elevations or on the projecting remnants of the demolished dams. Many of our churches are destroyed. Every day I receive heart-rending letters from some of my missionaries; the good Fathers literally have no shelter, much less a church. And we are only at the beginning. The destitution will become much greater in winter and spring, because in many places the winter's sowing cannot be done. The Chinese, with the apathy peculiar to them, stoically say: "This year many people must die of starvation." These terrible scenes are familiar to me from former years of scarcity; these emaciated, skeleton-like forms dying by the wayside; these pale faces of the children, with eyes enlarged by hunger; these poor families, driven by dire necessity from village to village, through rain and snow, nowhere finding shelter or a place to warm themselves, or even a piece of bread!

"They are only Chinese," some will say, but are they not human beings, endowed with feeling hearts and immortal souls? Some of them are Neo-Christians that just learned the gospel of Christian charity. Should the missionary then be obliged to drive these people from his door? Should he allow them to die in the streets, because he has not the bit of bread to save them? Pardon me, my friends, if I appear to speak with undue warmth; the distress that surrounds us on all sides gives us eloquence. If this distress could speak to you in my place, it would certainly touch your hearts, as it moved mine.

As much as such conditions are apt to oppress our hearts and restrict our view, it behooves us to be on the alert at present, for, as I remarked above, just now there are historic changes of the greatest importance transpiring in China. What none of the former wars, what not even the ignominious war with Japan could effect, was accomplished by the occupation of Kiautshou, viz.: China has arisen from its lethargy and has begun to inaugurate decided reforms. Hardly had Kiautshou been occupied by our troops when the papers of Eastern Asia cried out: "Kiautshou, the beginning of the end!" And this seems to be an actual fact. The Western powers

came one after another, and stretched out their eager hands for strips of China's seacoast, and China, formerly so grandiloquent, becomes mute as a corpse. It seemed as if the dissecting knife had already been drawn to dismember the vast empire, but the sentence has not yet been spoken, and the superannuated giant will be allowed to live a while longer, to try to fill his old and dried-out arteries with new blood. The poor emperor, Kiangsiu, who had already determined to flee to the interior before the "barbarians of the West," changed his mind and remained in Peking, to start on a new tack. Old Wung-tung-ho, the prime minister, who could not reconcile his hyper-conservative views with the new ideas, was dismissed, and the young reform party gained the ascendancy. Reform decrees followed each other in rapid succession, and important changes were instituted, of which no one would have dared to dream a year ago. In the very first decrees the axe was put to the root, namely, to the department of education and instruction.

I have previously pointed out that the study of the classics, and particularly of Confucius, was the foundation of Chinese culture, and of the entire organism of the State, as well as of the State examinations. On these examinations all offices and dignities depend; from the storehouses of these wise men the statesmen derive their principles of government. This explains the great reverence for these classics; the Chinese are practical politicians, and estimate things according to their tangible value.

This absolute dominion of Confucius and his followers is now shattered. An imperial decree ordains that from now on the examinations are to be based not only on the classics, but also on other branches of science, especially on the "Western Sciences." The Wenshang, i. e., the artificial and stilted form of Chinese composition, that was in vogue for centuries, is likewise abolished, and the free essay takes its place.

Another decree ordains that in every province high schools be erected for the purpose of acquiring these sciences. In every provincial capital there is to be a kind of university, in every prefecture a high school of the second class, and in every subprefecture one of the third class.

Finally, another decree determines, that for the maintenance of these schools the pagan temples, with the lands pertaining to them, in so far as they are not designated in the Peking catalogue, should be appropriated, and thus the male and female bonzes are secularized. In fact, many have already taken up other pursuits to gain a livelihood.

These are very incisive measures, and we doubt very much that the ancient political edifice will be able to bear them. At present there is great confusion; the bonzes are cursing and the learned are help-

less. The newspapers now contain examples in algebra, botanical descriptions, treatises on zoology, etc., instead of tiresome reports from mandarins, as formerly. Everybody is looking for a guiding star, for a leader out of the confusion. For the first time in 4,000 years China acts the part of a scholar in quest of instruction; the mass that has been torpid so long has begun to flow, and the hand that gives it form now will determine its future.

What a gigantic task is thus offered to the Catholic Church, the privileged teacher of nations! Will she be able to save the most populous nation in the world, these four hundred millions, for Christian civilization, and thus for time and eternity?

I have told my missionaries: "We are very fortunate in having an opportunity to participate in this, the grandest task that ever fell to the Catholic Church!" But I would raise my voice, so that it

could be heard at the utmost limits of the earth: "Come ye, one and all, and help us to gain China for the Catholic religion!"

It is our duty at this juncture to make extraordinary efforts, therefore, my friends, my benefactors, yea, all Catholics, as a Catholic bishop, as a missionary, I implore your assistance. Let us organize a prayer association in order to obtain from God all necessary graces, but assist us also in a substantial manner. One sentiment should pervade all of us, viz., "We will conquer the immense Chinese empire for religion, for civilization, and for heaven!"

With cordial respects and hearty thanks, I am,

Your obedient servant,

J. B. ANZER,

Bishop of Telepte, Vicar Apostolic of South Shan-tong.

Zining, October 20, 1898.



INTRODUCTION TO THE MANDARIN.

THE MARTYRED MISSIONARIES.

REV. RICHARD HENLE AND REV. FRANCIS XAVIER NIES, OF THE SOCIETY OF THE DIVINE WORD, MASSACRED
IN SOUTH SHAN-TUNG, CHINA, NOVEMBER 1, 1897.

I.

UPON the Vigil of the Holy Dead,
When darkness lay upon the Shan-tung land,
The pious priests, beside their lowly bed,
Rehearsed the *Requiem*, and sang the grand
Old *Miseremini*: "Have pity ye,
My friends, upon my helpless misery!"

II.

ALAS! they chanted there (yet knew it not),
Their own sweet *Requiem*! At dead of night,
A mob of fierce assassins filled the spot,
And slew the gentle singers—left the blight
Of martyr-blood upon their murd'rous heads—
A curse that even heathen China dreads!



REV. FRANZ NIES, S. V. D.

REV. RICH. HENLE, S. V. D.

III.

YET is that blood of future saints the seed;
And from its scarlet roses shall arise
The perfume of our fair, immortal Creed,
That lures the souls of men to Paradise.
Heroic **Henle**, apostolic **Nies**,
Still preach in death God's sacred mysteries!

IV.

FOR one*, upon the midnight of his death,
Came to the bedside of his sleeping sire,
In far-off Germany. With bated breath,
The old man saw the son of his desire,
As in a dream, yet like a vision bright,
Cloth'd in a garment of celestial white!

V.

"WHEREFORE this habit white, my son?" he
said;
Then, felt his heart sweet-smitten to its core,
As, gently smiling, spake the martyred Dead:
"Henceforth, I shall wear white forevermore!"
When passed the wraith. The good house-father
lay,
Pond'ring its mystic words till dawn of day.

VI.

LET us, too, muse upon that message calm,
And follow in the foot-prints of the Just,
Who, in the precious Blood of Christ the Lamb,
Have washed their robes from all Time's dross and
dust.
They follow Jesus, wheresoe'er He goes.
In garments whiter than earth's purest snows.

*Father Henle.

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

RENEWED ATTEMPT AT MURDER OF THE REV. P. G. STENZ.

Report of Rev. H. W. Fritzen, Missionary in Tsintau (South Shan-Tong).

I. General Remarks; Origin of the Riot.

THE painful intelligence of the bloody massacre in Tschantjatschuang, Nov. 1, 1897, which P.

Stenz escaped almost miraculously, is still in vivid remembrance, and already the message of a renewed attempt of murder reached us, the manner and details of which are more cruel and frightful than the foregoing. As P. Stenz was sought after by the detectives three times during the last year, and to

protect him from farther danger, the Rt. Rev. Bishop An-

zer removed him to the more quiet East not far distant from the German possession, Ki-autschou. About the middle of October he traveled with the Rev. Provicar P. Freinademetz from Zining to Tsintau (the principal station of the German district), where they arrived on the 29th of October. On the 30th, our missionaries, P. P. Fritzen, Bellmann, Dostert and Brother Rudolph, who departed from Steyl in September, landed there. P. Stenz was the first to welcome them. On the following day, the anniversary of the massacre of our missionaries, he already traveled to the district for which he was appointed. "When I escorted him to the dschonke," writes P. Fritzen, "and bade farewell to him once more, I felt so sad, as if I should never see him again. At the time I attributed this to a peculiar disposition, but perhaps it was more than an uncertain, anxious feeling." P. Stenz had arrived only a few days in his new sphere of labor, when alarming information about him reached Tsintau. P. Fritzen himself relates the particulars thus:

"Tsintau, November 12, 1898.

"This noon, about eleven o'clock, two messengers came with the intelligence that P. Stenz and his Chinese priest were taken prisoners. He had come only a few days into his new district, and that very evening into the place of action itself, which is

located about thirty leagues from here. A revolution had broken out, such as we have many to dread on account of the floods and the famine.

"November 13.—This noon, about twelve o'clock, a second messenger came and announced: 'P. Stenz terribly ill-treated. Beard and braid torn away violently; the arms, face and body bloodily beaten and bruised.'

"November 14.—This afternoon, about half past two, another messenger came with a letter from P. Stenz, with the following contents: 'Now I am happily released. I am in the residence of the mandarin; have about ten stab-wounds; legs and arms beaten.'

"November 18.—After receiving these messages, Rev. P. Provicar, who was staying in the vicinity, came to us at half past six in the evening of November 14th to make arrangements for the release of P. Stenz and to go to him on the following day by means of a dschonke. The strong, contrary wind made this impossible. We, therefore, applied to the vice-gerent, Major v. Duerr, and received a small steamer, belonging to a local firm, for forty dollars a day. Then P. Provicar sailed away from here with Brother Herman, who served as interpreter for the German captain, at eight o'clock Wednesday morning, Novem-

ber 16th. With pleasure I accepted his invitation to accompany him, so that P. Stenz would not be alone on the returning tour. About half past five o'clock in the evening we arrived in the harbor of Schedjischuo, which is eighteen Li (two leagues) distant from Schedschou, the residence of the respective mandarin. P. Provicar went there directly with a Christian. Not to give offense to the Chinese by my European dress, I remained. About half past ten o'clock the next morning we saw a row-boat approaching, in which were several Chi-



REV. P. G. STENZ.

nese soldiers and some other persons. I instantly recognized P. Provicar. Arrived at our ship, the good P. Stenz arose from his crouching position in company with the mandarin and the P. P. Wewel and Froewis.

"How P. Stenz had changed since we parted in Tsintau, sixteen days ago! P. Provicar immediately came to me and said, with a doleful face: 'Oh, they maltreated him terribly.' Tears involuntarily rushed into my eyes at sight of P. Stenz. His head, with the healing wounds, and the pale, hollow, sunken features; his fine, long beard entirely disappeared! He had to be lifted from the boat into the ship with the greatest caution, because every spot of his body still pained him and he was not able to make a step alone. Taking leave from P. Stenz in the most friendly (!) manner, the mandarin and his attendants, after a quarter of an hour, returned to the shore, likewise Rev. P. Provicar, who will try to set things in order there and then come to Tsintau after a few days.

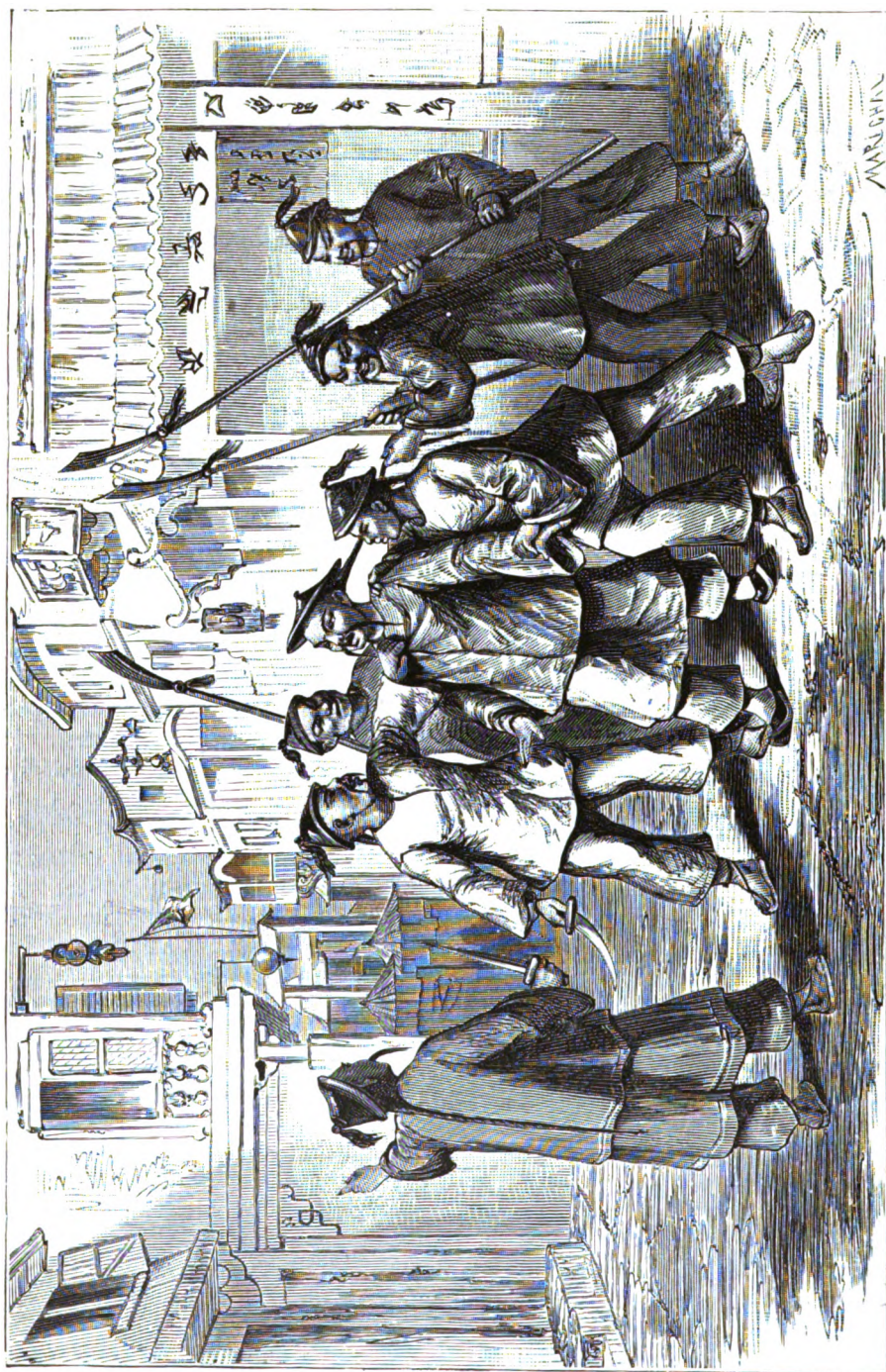
"About eleven o'clock we set sail for our station, Tsintau, which we reached toward evening, at half past five, the anniversary day of the burial of our martyred missionaries. P. Stenz related the whole occurrence to me; I was also present while he gave the report, which he was obliged to make here. This morning I asked him once more for exact information, and I write it down immediately, to give you the account of facts as true as possible," and it runs as follows:

P. Stenz left his chief station, Tuschen, Monday, November 7th, and arrived in the village of Djaetou Wednesday noon. On his way thither he had to pass a large market, and thereby his presence became known in the neighborhood. The Christians told him directly of an uproar in the place. P. Stenz, however, noticed nothing, although it really existed. The cause of the uproar was this: Three months ago catechumens were received in the village and thereby the Catholic mission labor was commenced. In consequence an uproar arose directly for the purpose to prevent the introduction of the Christian religion. Our catechist of the place desired an edict from the mandarin as protection for the Christian religion. This was given and posted in the respective market place. Soon after the catechist passed this market and saw mutton (sheep is an ugly, abusive word for Europeans) hung above the edict. He insisted upon having it removed, but was beaten by the owner of the meat and some other persons, and was driven from the place. The catechist related the occurrence to P. Buecker, the residing priest, who sued seven participants, and as atonement required the return of the catechist. The mandarin captured only four men, and the other three—the worst of all—sought

revenge and conspired the plot. That these proceedings had caused some commotion in the district, P. Stenz had learned before, but had no idea that it had already ripened so far. He therefore requested an escort of soldiers from the mandarin, as he wished to ride into the village himself to settle the affair peaceably. The mandarin gave him four soldiers, who were deprived of all arms, and sent four others of the same kind, with one of his chief servants, into the place to invite the head men to negotiations of peace. The latter, however, made no appearance by P. Stenz, nor the chief servant, who was sent in advance by the mandarin. In the evening, P. Stenz sent for him, but he only came after he was threatened that the mandarin would be notified of his negligence. He excused himself with Chinese craftiness, asserting that the place was tranquil. The Christians, however, would not be calmed, as they apprehended the worst. P. Stenz tried his utmost to allay their fears and to quiet them, and even forbade any one to awake with him during the night."

II. Captivation and Maltreatment of P. Stenz.

The next morning (Wednesday, November 9th), just as P. Stenz had prepared to continue his journey, children came with the message that the environs were beset by a multitude of people. He was advised to flee, but this was already impossible. He sent to the servant of the mandarin, who, with his soldiers, went to meet the people, pretending to attempt peaceful arrangements. The proceedings lasted from two to three hours. They demanded of P. Stenz the deliverance of the four heathen prisoners, and till this was done, six Christians as hostages. When the latter were in the hands of the rioters, shots were fired from the mountains, and people ran in announcing to P. Stenz that they intended to capture him also. He fled through a little alley into the corner of a small hut. He was scarcely there when he was already discovered. With diabolical rage one seized his long beard and another his braid, and both tore him violently to the ground; others pulled him up again, and in a moment his clothes were torn in pieces from his body. (He wore a coat of our martyred P. Henle.) Entirely bare he stood before a shameless band, about thirty in number. They were armed with swords, lances and sticks, and in the filthiest expressions amused themselves at this spectacle. This was not enough. They beat him with savage fury; not a spot of his body was spared; tore out his hair-plait; others, with satanic malice, wound a portion of his long beard around his own hand and pulled it out in parts. Then they struck him again, uttering the most abusive language; some yelled he should be killed, other screamed the contrary. He was tossed from one corner to the other, then to the ground,



A CHINESE CRIMINAL ON THE WAY TO JAIL.

then pulled him up again; they even threw him into a cess-pool. After that his hands were fastened together on his back, and P. Stenz, covered entirely with blood, fell to the ground. He was ordered to arise, but this was impossible for him; then, to force him to stand up, one placed a lance on his left eye to put it out. P. Stenz gave a jerk, but was not able to get up. Thereafter another struck out with his sabre to cut off his toes. P. Stenz once more made every effort, and fortunately succeeded in getting up, and at the same time he saw the sabre pierce the ground at the very place his feet had lain. One then kicked him violently against the abdomen. Three struck him with the back of their sabre upon the head, and P. Stenz broke down, unconscious.

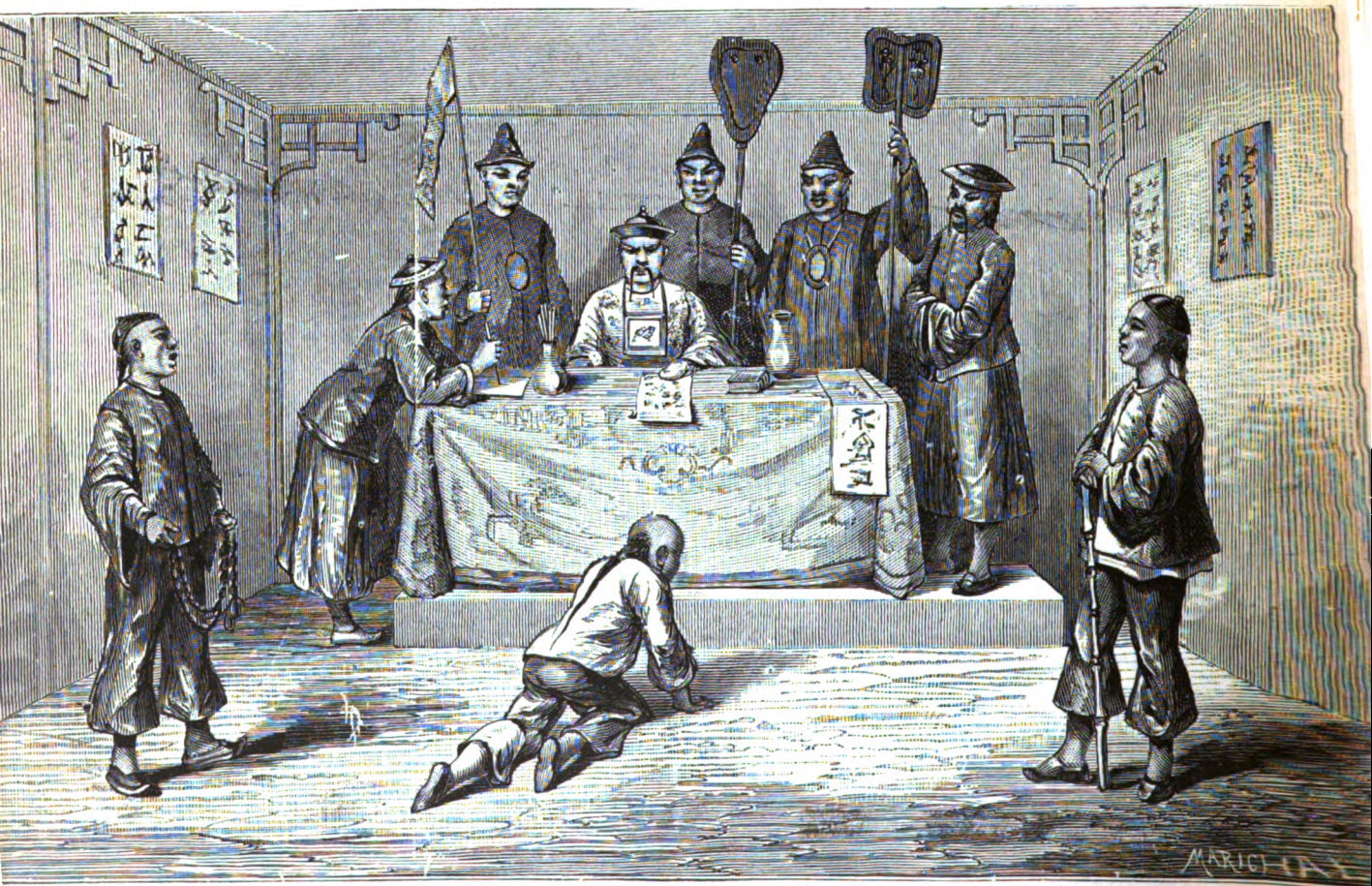
When he recovered his senses he was to be taken back to the village and hanged. On the way they finally gave him, after many urgent requests, a pair of trousers to cover himself. At the end of the village, fifty men with lances formed in files and he was forced to run the gauntlet. Arrived outside the village, preparations for hanging were made. The ropes were fastened to the tree and the knives brought forth, because they intended to torture him in the familiar, cruel Chinese manner, before the hanging. A consultation followed, which parts of his body should be torn out first; one demanded this, the other that part. The thus arising disunion among the tormentors was the cause that he escaped the tortures and death by hanging this time. During the consultation a messenger arrived with the tidings that P. Stenz should not be hanged. He was therefore led away into a sand field, a noose was thrown around his feet and immediately he fell on his breast upon the ground. Now they took the noose around his feet and pulled it up to the bonds of his hands and tied hands and feet together on his back into a knot, which they fastened tighter by kicking him against his shin-bones. In this position, P. Stenz lay over an hour, while the crowd, now numbering thousands, mocked and laughed at him. Some whet their knives above him, scraped the skin off his back and legs and pretended they would flay him alive. The latter, however, did not happen. The rope, which fastened his hands and feet into a knot, was cut, and he was set upon his feet, but P. Stenz, staggering from side to side, again fell down unconscious.

When he regained consciousness, and before his spirit passed all that he had just experienced, the endured death agony, the furious wickedness in its most hideous form, then, as P. Stenz told me, he involuntarily burst into tears to afford his sore heart some relief. He could scarcely repress his tears, but his tormentors were not touched in the least. They pulled him up again and led him at a rope—barefoot, clothed only with a pair of trousers, which

were also only given to him after humble entreaties (the first one he received on his way going out of the village, he was deprived of already before he reached the end of it), over one and a half leagues through several villages and brooks over stony, mountainous country to the pagoda of Franzenli. One can comprehend what he endured on this way if we consider the exhaustion that was caused by the terrible tortures and the pains of his wounds; moreover the unaccustomed walking with bare feet and the mockery he suffered the entire distance. Women, and even quite small children, formed ranks along the road-side and with every imaginable malice and the ugliest expressions calumniated poor P. Stenz.

Arrived at the pagoda he was tied to a pillar and forced to stand two hours in this position before a sneering and tormenting crowd. He begged to loosen the rope and permit him to rest somewhat, but all in vain; he asked for a coat, this was also refused; he implored them to give him a drink and with the greatest scorn a few children brought a bucket of water and to the amusement of the gazing multitude, said: "Here, sheep, drink!" P. Stenz now ceased to ask for anything else. Finally, after two hours, he was released and led into the pagoda, and as a wrapping they gave him a thin blanket, which only reached to his knees. He was then laid down on the cold, dirty loam floor, but here he had no rest yet. The burning wounds, which made it impossible for him to lie on either side, the tied hands upon his back, the cold floor, which added to the inflammation of the wounds, a chilliness of the whole body, the annoying insects, the sneering multitude, that was still standing around, and especially a madman, who sat before him for hours with a sharp knife, given to him by the tormentors to stab P. Stenz, and consequently the constant pangs of death. All this made rest impossible. However, he escaped with this fright.

At last the break of Thursday morning (November 10th) ended the long, sleepless night, yet it did not bring deliverance from the already endured torments, but only gave time for new tortures. They handed him a shirt, and even a pair of shoes, and led him a league distant to the summit of a very steep mountain, where he swooned away. During this time the Christians who were captured with him were also tortured in every imaginable manner. The servant of P. Stenz was bound firmly and exposed to the rays of the noon sun, which are still scorching hot here about this time. After P. Stenz revived again, his arms were drawn very tightly from the back over a beam. It appeared as if they would dislocate them. He exerted himself as well as he was able to raise the arms above the beam. Finally, with ineffable pains, he only touched the



COURT SCENES IN CHINA.

ground yet with the tips of his toes. Here again he was preserved from the worst. In this extreme distress a messenger arrived again with the news that peace was proclaimed. P. Stenz was therefore released, and as he was unable to walk, even carried down the mountain. Half way, however, halt was made and he was forced to sit there for hours as the peace negotiations were again prolonged. Toward evening he was finally led down the mountain. His servant and the Christians, however, were taken up to the summit again. The remainder of this Thursday and the following night he spent in the kitchen of the pagoda at Fanzenli on a heap of filth beside the hearth. Although freed from his fetters he found no repose. During the whole night thousands of people passed to and fro, enjoying themselves, with a malicious look at his wretched condition. Some prominent persons, however, came also and expressed their sympathy. Whether this compassion was real or affected, all the same, P. Stenz said, he was very much moved. The mandarin likewise sent an eminent heathen to him with a cover.

III. Negotiations of Peace and Liberation.

The dawn of Friday (November 11th) was to bring P. Stenz a certain liberty, but they were still unwilling to set him free entirely. The one side dreaded in this case the revenge of the Germans, the other side demanded on this account the death of P. Stenz. In short, the disunion was so great and violent that the two parties drew their knives. At length they were calmed and agreed so far that they proposed the following conditions of peace, which were granted by P. Stenz: The four heathen prisoners should be released and no lawsuit carried on; the captured Christians should be conducted to the city. Even hereafter they would not consent to set him at liberty. At last, a few of the chief ring-leaders, gigantic statures, who were formerly robbers, took him out of the kitchen of the pagoda to conduct him to the mandarin. On the road they unexpectedly met a band of men armed with lances that refused to let him pass, and intended to kill him. Now his former tormentors became his defendants. They had begged his pardon (!) on the road already for causing him so many pains. Toward noon he arrived in Djaetou, the place where he was captured, and here he met the mandarin of Schedschou, with whom they entered into new negotiations. They required, as the only means for P. Stenz to be entirely released, the permission to beat the captured Christians. This unjust claim the mandarin granted, under the restriction that the Christians suffered the punishment only proforma, thereby giving the Chinese the desired satisfaction.

Meanwhile, night drew near, and as the mandarin feared P. Stenz was not wholly secure yet, he started

that very evening for his city, Schedschou, and P. Stenz was carried seven leagues during the dark night. They arrived there Saturday morning (November 12th). During the following days the mandarin paid P. Stenz every possible attention. He washed and bandaged his wounds, endeavored to remove the swellings of his body by applying, rubbing and baths. He appointed him as teacher of his sons. In short, if not feigned, the greatest proofs of friendship were tendered him. The good P. Stenz, however, only began to feel better on Tuesday (November 15th), when P. Wewel and P. Froewis, who heard what had happened, came to see him. His joy was still enhanced on the following day, when late in the evening the Rev. Provicar P. Freinademetz made his appearance in Schedschou. In the morning of the 17th they all set out for the harbor, accompanied by the mandarin and his soldiers, and came there, as I wrote above, about half past ten o'clock. We departed directly and arrived at Tsintau toward evening.

Now the good P. Stenz is here in Tsintau to await his complete recovery. If he is not one wound from top to toe, he has, nevertheless, wounds, stripes and boils from head to foot. He has more than fifteen thrust wounds, and it is really astonishing that none proved mortal. The deep wounds at the legs and feet, which touch the very bone, and the kick against the abdomen, cause the most pain. In spite of all these sufferings P. Stenz is always in good spirits, and although he cannot walk, nor even say holy mass, still he is very glad since the physician of the brigade assured him that he would be able to be up and around in several weeks, as he is not seriously hurt inwardly. Now P. Stenz escaped certain death for the third time—perhaps the last time, too. I really wish for him the full martyr's crown.

Here in the German colony this terrible occurrence caused great excitement. When the first message arrived, some proposed to hasten with soldiers to the place of persecution. This, however, could not be done without further orders, and it was the fortune of P. Stenz, otherwise surely his life would not have been spared. The place of the act can be reached from here in eighteen hours, but although the German cannons are so near, still they could not detract the fury of the mob. Even now P. Stenz thinks with horror at the barbarous cruelties which he endured. He said in his former district, Zaudschofu, a place feared by all, were wild people, but he never experienced such a fury there as here in the East. In Zaudschofu even the worst listen to kind words, but here he learned that the more kind words he used the more furiously he was beaten. All his entreaties, all his assurances that he was their best friend, and his inquiries as to what evil he had done to them, as he had never been there

before, were responded only with an ugly, scornful laughter and new outbreaks of infernal fury.

One question is still to be answered: How shall these events be explained? Until now nothing is ascertained about the matter, but these are only some confirmed conjectures. The exterior shock for the riot is mentioned in the above narrated incidents, but what caused the disunion among the leaders? Was not a person of higher authority in the league? For the last ten years there has been trouble in this district on account of the Christian religion. The Rt. Rev. Bishop was already forced to make his escape, and likewise P. P. Bartels and Gebhardt. The mandarin could not officially declare himself against the introduction of the Christian religion without violating the laws, therefore he sent letters with the direction that the people did not wish the Christian religion to be introduced. But this, of course, did not deter our missionaries from further activity, although, as remarked above, they were often forced to flee. Now, it appears as if the authorities tried to frighten the missionaries by corporal maltreatment. This accounts for the sending of different messengers, with the command not to kill P. Stenz, consequently the prevention of every fatal wound, therefore at last the interference of the mandarin for the release of P. Stenz. This circumstance would give sufficient evidence by the viceroy that he did not agree with the transgressions of the mob; on the contrary, did all in his power to save the European. The Chinese shrewdness makes this appear very probable. P. Stenz, however, is inclined to accept that the mandarin is really innocent, and the porter of the mandarin, the first secretary, caused the whole affair. P. Stenz, of course, was robbed of everything; the Christian congregations there are all destroyed. We hope the energetic German protection will justly punish the guilty persons, give the case a close trial and receive a corresponding satisfaction for such unheard cruelties.

The latter was done already according to the latest news. The Chinese government expressed their regret over the events, and the foreign magistracy in Peking, without hesitation, granted the demands of the representatives of the German government: Reinstallment of the missionary in the circuit of his activity, assistance from the Chinese government for the erection of a mission station in the place of action, and severe punishment of the malefactors. Besides, a special agreement was made between Mgr. v. Anzer and the provincial magistrates for further indemnities.



On account of the interesting details in regard to the maltreatment we give another report, from a different source, which reads as follows:

REV. PATER STENZ, whose name has become a familiar one since the attack upon the village of Tschantjaschuan, November 1 and 2, 1897, has again been subjected to atrocious cruelties at the hands of the natives.

The scene of the revolting incident is Tjeton, a small village in the district of Gishau. This last outrage has no connection with that of the previous year, but was brought about by the machinations of the mandarins (magistrates) and literati (schoolmen) of Gishau. It was owing to these same mandarins and literati that, ten years ago, the first Christians of that district were put to death, and that Pater Barels and Pater Gebhardt were obliged to seek safety in flight.

Pater Stenz is now under treatment at the Catholic mission here in Tsintau, and from his lips we have the following recital of the torments and indignities to which he has anew been a victim. These outrages call for expiatory measures of a severity consistent with the increasing frequency of their recurrence.

On November 1st Rev. P. Stenz sailed from Tsintau for the Gishau district, where the Christian religion has been established for years, and a large congregation formed at Tusheng. This station was visited by P. Stenz November 4th. He left on the 7th to visit several new parishes to the north. On the 8th he arrived at Tjeton, a small village in the immediate vicinity of the large market town of the same name. The market season had brought together a large gathering of natives. Pater Stenz, having been told that a few days previously one of the catechumens of the American mission had been maltreated in the vicinity of Tjeton, had demanded a body guard, consisting of four soldiers, from the mandarin. These were furnished by the official, who also sent ahead four police sentinels without the knowledge of the missionary.

In the village the latter was informed by the Christians that they had many foes in that region who were not willing to tolerate the Christian religion, and who had often threatened its adherents.

P. Stenz urged his people to practice forbearance, and invited the inhabitants of the village and the learned men of the neighborhood to a conference, in order that he might explain to them the fundamental teachings of the Catholic religion, and might exhort them to live in peace with those professing it. To the great astonishment of the missionary not one of those invited came to hear him. To a request of P. Stenz that a servant of the mandarin appear before him answer was made "that he

had no time." Again P. Stenz made a positive demand that the attendant call on him. This time the call was answered, and upon inquiry the Reverend Father was informed that all was quiet in that section.

In the early morning of November 9th, the missionary was about to return to Tusheng. His luggage had been attended to and everything prepared for the journey when a number of children rushed in with the alarm that the surrounding hills were covered with people.

Pater Stenz went to the outskirts of the village and was there enabled to verify the report of the children. The hills were swarming with natives.

The soldiers and the attendant of the mandarin were summoned at once and sent out with instructions to meet the assemblage and ascertain their wishes. The mob demanded that the Christians be delivered over to them and that Pater Stenz return to Tsientau. The Christians of the village, eager to confer with their persecutors, had no sooner approached them than they were bound and made prisoners. The hostile horde now entered the village shouting and brandishing their weapons. Pater Stenz, owing to the capture of the Christians, had been deprived of all protection. Flight was out of the question. He made an effort to conceal himself in a small hut, but scarcely had he reached it when he was pounced upon by a band of thirty or more of his pursuers.

Without permitting their victim to utter a word the fiends seized him by his beard and hair, dragged him prostrate, and, tearing off all his garments, operated upon him with knives, spears and canes. After tossing him from one corner of the hut to the other he was finally bound.

The beard of the poor sufferer had been torn out piecemeal. Blood flowed from every part of his body, and two heavy blows on his head had caused him to swoon for a time.

At last some semblance of quiet was restored. The gravely maltreated man was asked whence he came and to what country he belonged. The statement that he came from Tsientau and was a native of Germany was followed by a second brutal attack with clubs and canes. The natives asked why he came to their country to rob and plunder.

Led by a rope, with which his wrists were tied behind his back, Pater Stenz was taken to the entrance of the village, and there forced to run the gauntlet of about fifty spears in the hands of an equal number of men. Preparations were also made for hanging the victim. A messenger arrived, however, and through his interference the worst was averted. Rev. P. Stenz is still in ignorance as to where the messenger came from or by whom he was sent.

After running the gauntlet a noose was flung unexpectedly around the feet of the prisoner, so that he was thrown face forward to the ground.

The miscreants now whetted their knives on his body, as though about to flay him alive, but stopped short of this inhuman act.

Suddenly his bonds were severed and, freed from them, the victim reeled senselessly about. From a further indignity, the removal of his nether garments, he was saved only by supplication on bent knees and through the intercession of an aged Chinaman. And yet the terrible sufferings were not ended. For an hour and a half the missionary was hounded over stick and stone into a tumble-down pagoda half way up the side of a mountain. In front of this pagoda he was fastened to a pillar and forced to stand for two hours under the broiling sun. To his piteous appeals for water and a covering for his body, scorn and derision were the only answer. About four o'clock he was taken into the temple, laid on the ground and again securely bound. Here he remained the entire night. On the morning of the 10th, owing to a consuming fever, Pater Stenz was supplied with a shirt and a pair of shoes, and then conducted toward the mountain summit—a trip of an hour—at the end of which time he fell over unconscious.

Upon recovery his arms were bound still tighter behind his body, a long rope was fastened to his wrists and the other end of the rope thrown over a projecting timber. The evident design of the wretches being to suspend the martyr by the arms and thus to wrench them from their sockets.

At this point a messenger of the mandarin, accompanied by one of the leaders of the gang, appeared upon the scene and the victim was cut loose. He was again taken down the side of the mountain and thrust into the pagoda, where he was kept a prisoner till the afternoon of the following day, November 11th. At last he was set free.

A written document, later to be provided with the mandarin's seal, was placed before him, in which, over his signature, he made the promise never to return to the district. Pater Stenz signed the document, but in spite of the terrible sufferings to which he had been subjected, he retained sufficient presence of mind to add to his name the word "coerced." On being reminded that he was to write but one name he answered that his name was a very long one. During the night the mandarin had him conveyed a distance of seven leagues to the city.

Rev. Pater Stenz remained there till November 17th. On the morning of that day the mandarin conducted him to the seaport town of Schedjiu-schuo, from which place he was brought by steamer to Tsientau, through the kindness of the shipping firm of Schartzkopf & Co., located here.



NOONDAY REST.

A PECK OF TROUBLE.

OR, THE MISADVENTURES OF HENRY SWANBURG.



AM a bachelor and expect to remain a bachelor for the rest of my life. I cannot say, though, that I arrived at this heroic decision without having made, at least once, a mighty effort to obtain the affections of a better half, but the colossal misfortune which I met with while making this one effort has preserved me from the danger of being subjected perhaps all my life to the stern

rule of a fair but firm representative of the weaker sex. I will now tell you, dear reader, how all this happened, and if you are one of the aforesaid representatives of the fair sex, give you an opportunity to laugh over my misfortunes, for, believe me, I do not tell you this sad but true story to arouse your compassion.

At that time I was twenty-eight years old and a drummer. My travels brought me quite often to the little town of Sillenburgh, where I had made the acquaintance of a family named Rumbleton. The head of the house was a well-to-do dry goods merchant, while his wife, the daughter of a late major in the army, was commander-in-chief. He was as lively and as jolly as she was stern and unbending. You might have compared him to a squirrel in a cage, while she was as stiff and as straight as a lamp-post. He was always smiling and singing, while she would have considered it a crime to unbend her pompous dignity even so far as to allow the least little smile to brighten her stern countenance. Their union was blessed with two children. Effie, the oldest, was twenty-one, and Mildred nineteen. If Effie was the image of her father, Mildred was the

exact counterpart of her mother. Can you understand, dear reader, how indescribably stupid I must have been at that time to fall in love with proud and stern Mildred instead of bestowing my affection upon smiling little Effie? Was it fate which made me make this ridiculous mistake? Be that as it may, I cannot help but admit that she was handsome and accomplished, and through the manipulation of some mischievous cupid I had fallen in love with Mildred, or Millie, as her father used to call her, to her own and her dear mamma's disgust. Of course, I sought and found frequent opportunity to call upon this interesting family, and soon found out that I was heartily welcome to the old gentleman and that the others also were not unfavorable to my attentions. During the summer they lived in a country villa not very far from my place of business, and my frequent visits were looked upon as bringing a welcome change in their somewhat monotonous country life. My chances of success were therefore not so bad. Mr. Rumbleton had the kindness to invite me specially to the celebration of the anniversary of his birthday, which was to take place in three weeks, at the same time as the county fair, which was to be held in the vicinity. With the greatest delight I accepted the invitation and decided that on that very day I would know my fate and ask my proud and lovely Mildred for her hand and heart. It took about an hour by train from my place to Sillenburgh and from there it was about half an hour's drive to their country residence. As luck, or, better, ill-luck, would have it, I overslept myself that very morning; but I would still be in time for the train if I hurried up. Quickly I slipped into my new Sunday suit, but, oh horror, my new patent leathers, congress shoes, which I had specially ordered, to be as snug and tight-fitting as possible, would not "go on." In all possible ways, but there was evidently no redress for my heel; it would not go in. Red from vexation and anger, I rested a few minutes to perspiration, which was rolling off my face, because it was summer and I was the same ready for one more supreme effort. As I raised my fingers in each loop, I raised Mose, that's dead mighty pull, when—crack—

I fell backwards, like a shag to do under the striking the back of my head assistance, out of my shoes and found myself lying on the grass merrily along, for I was from the shock. Luckily ever to carry out my washstand, upset the water. Its contents right over my head would be against me, I'd say the means of revival and contemplating the

terror seized my heart on our way to Sillenburgh while a place in the bushes evidently some disturbance

a bad omen. It seemed to me the broken pieces of the pitcher were a sign that my fondly cherished plan of conquering my loved one to-day would go to pieces in a like manner. This thought so worried me that I was on the point of taking my suit off again and writing to Mr. Rumbleton to excuse me for the day.

But there arose before my mind's eyes the lovely face and form of my beloved Mildred, and all hesitation vanished. I was again ready to go forth to conquer. Contenting myself with a pair of old shoes, which went easily on my feet, I completed my toilet, took a hasty breakfast, and ran in hot haste to the station, where I just arrived in time—to hear the whistle of my train, as it slowly moved out towards Sillenburgh.

But any little mishap like that has never been able to discourage me; on the contrary, it only made me all the more determined to fulfill my purpose. With head erect I left the station, taking no notice of the sniggering railway officials, who had noticed my frantic efforts to catch the train, and, official-like, enjoyed my discomfiture. I went straight to the nearest livery stable, consoling myself with the thought it would make a better impression on Mildred and her people when they heard that I had come all the way in a fine two-



the carriage, instead of the hot and dusty train.

"How do you do, Mr. Swanburg?" the stable-boy greeted me kindly. "Glad to see you; what can I do for you?"

"I want a carriage at once," I replied. "Let me have some carriage and team without delay."

"Can't do it," he said, rubbing his head, "I'm enjoying my disappointment; I was to go out—at the county fair, you know."

"I'm sorry," I said, "but I must have a carriage, but not enough yet to pay for it."

"To fool me," I said: "but I must have a carriage."

I went to the stable door and saw to my surprise that the stalls were empty. The other; not a horse in sight. I entered my despair-

ing soul. Quite in the back of the shed I saw something like a horse's head, a peculiar looking one, but unmistakably a horse's head. With that I suddenly remembered that that must be old "Moses," well known in that whole neighborhood by its remarkable likeness to the pronounced type of Jewish peddlers. "Old Moses" had done many a daring deed in his younger days, but was now retired and allowed to end his days in peace and quiet.

"Say, man, you have got a horse over there after all," I called out excitedly.

"'Tis old Moses, you mean?" he replied, smiling. "Why, my dear sir, he is no use at all; you wouldn't get there in three days. The poor old thing can hardly carry his own weight, not talking of you and the driver and the carriage."

But I would not take any refusal and induced the man at last to bring out the horse, whose bones were sticking out all over him, like the knobs of a hat-

rack, and harness him to a rickety old buggy. Looking at the rig-out when the man had finished, I could not help thinking that I would not make a very great impression on my friends when I drew up before their house in that old thing. But necessity knows no law. I had to get there, and, after all, I could leave horse and buggy at some little distance from the house and arrive

on foot, without being seen in this antediluvian conveyance.

Old Moses didn't behave so badly, and to make the old geezer feel good I had the driver put some whisky in the water they gave him before the start. Sure enough, we had hardly left the last houses behind us and were fairly started on the broad country road, when the whisky began to put in its work. Moses raised his head high up in the air, let fly his heels, made his tail go like a windmill, neighed as loud as he could, and emitted all sorts of other sounds, which were not edifying to hear.

"Whoa, there!" shouted Pat, the driver. "Whoa there, old Moses; you ain't going to the synagogue; hold on there."

But Moses got more excited at every step, to my great enjoyment, but to the discomfort of the rickety old buggy, which squeaked and groaned as if it had pains in every one of its old bones. We had in

this manner covered quite a good deal of ground, when all of a sudden the old horse jumped to one side and stopped short. In the unexpected movement Pat's head and mine had an awful collision, which made me see all the stars in the universe, and made Pat's nose bleed copiously.

"Oh, the murdering idiot!" Pat swore; "phat the devil has got into the old Jew!"

There was the cause of our trouble in the road, a piece of newspaper, probably anti-semitic, and there stood old Moses, stock still, as immovable as a safe, the fore-legs spread out and firmly planted on the ground, like a couple of old broomsticks, eyeing suspiciously the offending newspaper, his tail stuck out as straight as a sign-post, and neighing for fear.

Pat thundered and swore at him and used the whip freely, but all to no purpose. Moses would not move. I then remembered that I had once seen a blacksmith getting the better of such a stubborn beast like Moses by running a needle into that part of the horse which is at the end of the backbone. I remembered it made him go like wildfire. Having no needle at hand, I took my gold pen, which I always carry with me, out of my pocket and ran it suddenly as deep as I could into old Moses' hind-quarters. He no sooner felt this ticklish reminder when he took a mighty jump forward, so that poor Pat fell

head over heels backwards out of the buggy, and even I, who had fully expected the jump and held firmly on to the seat, could not prevent my hat from following in Pat's wake. Of course, I had no time to turn round, but could well hear some choice remarks in Pat's best style. Moses was running now for his life at the top of his speed and I could not hold him, as Pat had naturally let go of the reins when making a somersault out of the buggy, and they were dangling now by the side of the horse in the road. Luckily, one of the reins got entangled in the spokes of one of the wheels, which pulled Moses' head to one side in such a manner that he swerved from the road, and, running frantically between two trees, got both wheels torn off the buggy,

while I, following Pat's example, bounded like a ball high into the air, only forward instead of backwards. Moses, dragging the front part of the buggy after him in his mad flight, soon disappeared, while I landed on the top of a haystack, which seemed to have been put there by kind Providence on purpose to receive me. Without suffering much damage, I sank into the hay almost to my neck. At first a little confused by my flight through the air, I soon collected my thoughts and looked over the scene of the disaster. Moses had gone, but to my greatest delight I saw Pat, who did not seem to have been hurt, come running along the roadway, and I noticed that while running he tried to rub the dirt off my hat. In his eagerness he nearly ran past without seeing me, but I called him from my hiding place.

"Heh! heh! Pat, I am here."

"An shure an' where are ye, sir?" Pat replied, looking all around without noticing me, and discovering me at last. "An shure an' I thought ye was calling out of the grave. An' whar is that devil av a horse?"

"That's more than I can say."

"Say, phat will the auld nian say? If I only knew where that beast has run to."

"And if I was only in Sillenburgh I wouldn't care a continental what become of your old horse. What's to be done now?"

"You can't do nothing but just walk, an' as you want to go the same direction as the auld hoss has taken, we may as well walk together. I got to find old Mose, that's dead sure."

As this seemed the only thing to do under the circumstances, I got, with Pat's assistance, out of the haystack and we trudged merrily along, for I was more determined than ever to carry out my purpose.

Though all the world should be against me, I'd persevere to gain my love!

* * * * *

Walking thus briskly along on our way to Sillenburgh, Pat spied after a while a place in the bushes by the roadside, where evidently some disturbance





OUR SONGSTER.

Photo by Hanfstängl, Munich.

had taken place recently, and examining the destruction of bushes and young trees more closely, we found pieces of reins hanging on the branches of a sturdy young oak, and the covering from our miserable old buggy.

"An' shure an' no mistake," exclaimed Pat; "it was here where the old beast broke through the woods. An' I'm goin' to be after him; I guess he ain't got very far. Ta! ta!"

With this he jumped into the breach and disappeared, hardly giving me time to call a "good luck to you" after him.

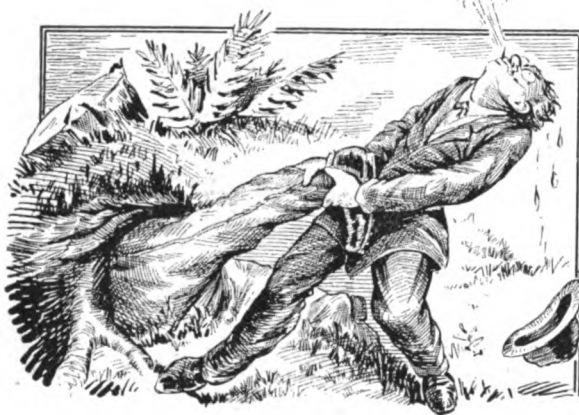
Being now alone I hastened on, and, leaving the main road, took a cross-country path which, according to my calculation, would bring me in a little less than an hour—say about half past twelve—to the residence of my beloved, and therefore in very good time. But, alas! "Man proposes and his bad luck disposes," as I soon found out to my utter undoing. I had walked along about half an hour thinking of my future plans, not noticing that my footpath had become narrower and less and less marked, and as I now perceived was losing itself altogether in the meadow. Not knowing which way to turn, I tried to retrace my steps, but in vain. I was lost in the wilderness, tired out, hungry, and dying of thirst. I don't know but that at that moment I would not have given up all my future plans, the lovely Mildred included, for a glass of beer. But far and wide there was not a trace of humanity to be seen, and my heart sank within me.

"But, hark! What was that? I am sure it is the faint sound of a human voice in the distance," I exclaimed joyfully, and hastened away in the direction of the sounds. Soon they became more distinct and I could distinguish the croaky voice of some old Irish woman trying to keep her memory of the ould counthry green to the tune of "The Wearing of the Green." But all the same this was heavenly music to my ears and showed me a way of deliverance from my desperate position. Soon after I reached a clearing and found myself opposite a small farm. The door was open, and hastening through it I ran full tilt against a sturdy peasant woman, who, with the cry, "Oh, holy saints!" stumbled and fell into the muddy ditch which joined the house in the rear.

"Oh, father, father," I heard her shouting, but before I had a chance to look after her a big bulldog with wide-open mouth came running furiously towards me, ready to take bloody revenge for the

harm done to his mistress. Though almost exhausted and prepared for anything rather than such an attack, I hastily jumped on a near-by bench, and from that on to the roof of what seemed to be a big dog kennel. Hardly had I reached it when, oh, horror! the roof gave way and I disappeared with a rumble and a noise, as if the earth had swallowed me. The dog, which had already seized me by the leg, now let go, too astonished by the sudden disappearance of his prey to follow up his advantage, and sinking into the abyss I saw the fiery eyes and glistening teeth of my persecutor plainly against the blue sky, when suddenly I found my descent arrested by a bed of straw, into which I gratefully sank. But where was I? At first I could not make out anything clearly in the semi-darkness, but soon made out that I had landed between two fiendish creatures with great big horns, which were tearing around the place with great noise and excitement. One of the creatures, a great big goat, came right up to me and rising on its hind legs gave me,

before I could get out of the way, such a butt into my stomach with its great big horns that all the bones of my body seemed to be crushed to little pieces. But to prevent further attacks of this kind by that lively goat, I seized it by the horns, bending down over his head with the whole weight of my body, never thinking that by doing so I gave the other creature,



probably a near relation of my enemy, the welcome opportunity of getting in her fine work by giving me such a butt on the rear end of my anatomy that I had to let go of the head I was holding down. With one tremendous spring I put myself out of harm's way and made for a door which seemed to lead into the house. In this way I got free from my ill-smelling companions, and shutting the door hastily behind me I could just see that the big fellow was just getting ready to receive the bulldog, which was appearing on the scene in pursuit of my innocent person.

At the same time I still heard a voice crying "Oh, father, father," and a deep voice calling "Maggie, Maggie, where are you?" and there was a banging and a running in and out of doors and a great noise. In the confusion I suddenly found myself in a good-sized, neatly furnished room, and thank heaven, on the table in the middle of the room a glass and a bottle, still uncorked, and full to the brim. Almost crazy with thirst and all the mishaps I had encoun-

tered, I madly seized the bottle, put it in my pocket, and opening the back door ran at top speed back into the woods, hearing Maggie cry out to her father that the goat was fighting with the dog, while the two animals were making a terrific din and the deep voice was calling out: "Have all the devils below broke loose?"

It was indeed an indescribable tumult I had just escaped from, and glad to have got out of it at last I ran as far as my breath would let me and then sank thoroughly exhausted and soaking with perspiration into the grass, saying to myself in despair, "Will these troubles never end?" Having rested for a while, I thought of my bottle and fetched it out of my pocket, and with the idea I could pay for it some other day, or, better still, take it as a small compensation for my troubles with their dog and their goat. I examined its contents. With tears of joy I found it filled with delicious, cool beer. I had soon finished it and felt thoroughly refreshed. Picking up courage again I examined, after a further short rest, my appearance and found that, thanks to the fresh layer of straw I had landed on in the goat's stable, I still looked presentable, and started with new courage on my way.

Carefully looking round me from time to time, whether I could not discover some sign which would tell me where I was and whither I was going, I got to a place where I heard some sounds which seemed strange and out of place in the woods, a sort of muffled groaning and calling from under the earth. That I had not made a mistake was proved to me directly, when I heard a more distinct moan and shout. Naturally I went in the direction of these peculiar sounds. At first I could not discover anything, but heard still more distinctly a human voice calling for help. Carefully examining the ground, I found to my greatest surprise two struggling legs, with the upper part of the body to which they belonged stuck firmly in a hole. I seized the legs and pulled with all my might, and after great efforts succeeded in pulling the man out.

"Pat," I exclaimed, nearly falling on my back, "how on earth did you get here—trying to bury yourself alive?"

Pat was a sight, lying there sneezing and coughing and rubbing his face, which was scratched all over.

"Oh, dear, Mr. Swanburg, an' it's you to be shure; the Lord be praised!" he exclaimed at last. "An' shure an' I was nearly buried alive, and all for that beast here," and with that he lifted up his hand and showed me a strangled fox.

This was what had happened. Like myself, Pat had, on leaving the main road to look for his horse, lost his way, and seeing a fox prowling along, had pounced upon him suddenly and caught him by the tail. But Brother Fox was strong enough to drag himself to his hole, even with Pat hanging on to his tail and had managed to crawl into it quite a distance. Pat would not let him escape and was dragged into the hole, only his legs remaining above ground.

After a hard struggle he managed to strangle the fox, but found to his horror that he could not get out again backwards and would certainly have perished miserably if I had not arrived in time and pulled him out.

"And did you find any trace of old Moses?" I asked.

"Shure," he replied; there he is beyant there, tied to a tree."

Sure, there he stood, the old sinner, the cause of all our trouble, as if nothing had happened, perfectly contented, and as quiet as a lamb.

I lifted the fox up, which was a splendid specimen, and was just going to lay it on the horse's back when a harsh voice called out: "Stop! you are arrested!"

A great, burly fellow, as tall as a tree, with red hair, red whiskers, and nose to match, stood suddenly before us, looked at us insolently and stretched out his hand to seize the fox.

"You go to the devil with your arrest and keep your hands off that," shouted Pat. With this he threw the fox on the horse's back and put himself in a fighting attitude between it and the aggressor.

"Who are you, if I may ask?" I turned to the giant.

"I am the gamekeeper's helper, Dobbins," he replied, "and I'm going to take you all in, horse and fox and all."

"You jist take yerself in, you spalpeen," thun-



dered Pat, "an' kape yer hands off my property, or I'll knock all the teeth out o' yer ugly head."

I saw Dobbins was getting mad and that the two big fellows would soon come to blows.

"Yer name," shouted Dobbins, "or, by thunder, I'll arrest the three of you."

"Oh! yer will, will yer? yer dog-face!" Pat replied. "You júst keep cool an' don't get excited; yer nose is red enough."

This was too much for the minion of the law. He raised his arm and landed a tremendous blow, not on Pat, for whom it was intended, but who had stepped nimbly on one side, but on poor old Moses, who had stood by quietly and had in disgust at the shouting turned around, with the tailend nearest the fighters. Pat, thinking his turn had come now, raised his arm to return the blow with interest, but found he was not needed, for when Moses caught that tremendous blow, and, worse yet, right over the place where I had stuck my pen into him, he let his heels fly with all his force and gave Dobbins such a kick that he measured his whole length on the ground and lay there like one dead.

"Now," exclaimed Pat, "let's get out of this; you go that way and I this way," and with that he swung himself on Moses' back, pressed his heels into his sides, and had soon disappeared in the woods.

Not liking to leave the man lying there without help, I lifted him up and found that apart from the shock he had not sustained any injury. Sure enough, he soon opened his eyes and looked at me half stupefied. Suddenly recovering his memory he jumped up quickly and shouted: "Where is that thief? Where is the horse?"

"Don't excite yourself, Dobbins," I replied; "that fellow is gone long ago, and it's no use, you can't catch him now."

He was mad all through, and murmured to himself: "If I only knew the fellow's name I'd soon find him. Don't you know his name, sir?"

"I did not ask him for his name," I replied. "I

just met him accidentally a little while ago, trying to find his way, same as myself. But come, come," I added, "don't worry over him, but show me the nearest way to Sillenburgh."

After a good deal of hemming and hawing, which I cut short by offering him a quarter, he consented at last to show me the direction in which Sillenburgh was, but he would not consent to come along, pretending he had to remain in the neighborhood. Of course, I saw he hoped to find poor Pat and get a chance to arrest him.

It was now one o'clock, and I was desperately hungry, but having nothing to appease the hunger, I took a cigar from my pocket and puffed away vigorously, going in the direction he had pointed out to me.

After a considerable time I reached at last the edge of the woods and saw before me a large meadow, with grazing cows, to the right of which was a farmer's dwelling. The path I had followed ended here, and not knowing which way to turn I was just going to approach the little house when two little children stepped out of the woods. I asked them the way to Sillenburgh. But like all country children, when they meet strangers, they were bashful, put their fingers in their mouths and said nothing.

"Well," I called out impatiently, "tell me quick; why don't you answer?"

Of course, this was the wrong way. On the instant they turned and disappeared amongst the trees without saying a single word. But one of them, before disappearing, pointed in the direction of the meadow, and casting a scrutinizing look all around, I noticed something glittering not far away, something which looked like a weathercock, and just such a vane surmounted the villa of my friend Rumpleton. Should I after all be so near my destination as to be able to get there in time! This thought made my heart beat quicker, and with new courage I stepped into the meadow, making straight for the glittering point, and took no notice of one of the children crying after me, "The bull is in the field." I had taken about fifty steps when I noticed the



cows, which had been grazing quietly, getting restless. They commenced to roam around and finally made off in full gallop straight towards me, and now I noticed to my greatest horror that a tremendous bull was at the head of them, bellowing with rage.

"Dear, oh dear," thought I despairingly; "that's worse than the goat," and formulating my ideas in rhyme, as I always do when I am in trouble, I said to myself:

"Oh, Swanburg, thy measure is full;

After all this trouble, a raging bull."

But courage, courage, I thought, and ran like the wind to a little shepherd's hut not far away and luckily reached it in time. I had just shut the door behind me when Mr. Bull ran his head with full force against it, showing that the furious beast was close behind me. And crack, crack, he went at it again and again, all the time bellowing furiously. "All right, old fellow," I thought, sinking exhausted on a moss-covered seat, which took up a whole side of the hut. "I guess that door is strong enough and I can stay here till you are tired out." At the same time I looked around for a chance to escape in case of necessity and noticed with great satisfaction a window, or rather a hole in the back wall, because there was no glass in it.

Here I was, then, a prisoner, because I dared not escape through this hole for fear the bull would spy me again and I had no inclination for another chase for life. So to sit here patiently and think over all my misfortunes was all I could do until Mr. Bull would be tired out and return to his female relations.

Yes, but what was that? There was a sudden buzzing around my head, louder than any big fly could make, and looking around I saw not only one, but several of those horrible big wasps, seven of which, they say, can kill a horse, and I found that the nest was right there in that mossy bank on which I was sitting, and the hole through which they came was right beside me. What was I to do now? Luckily, I bethought myself of my pocket knife, which had an unusually broad blade in it, and this I drove into the bank right before the hole, in that way preventing their further exit, for a time, at least. The few which buzzed around my head I had soon caught and killed. But, oh horror, through the jumping around and the noise I made, the bull was getting mad again and renewed his attacks upon the door with increased vigor. It would certainly not hold out much longer against this continual onslaught and on the other side the buzzing of the imprisoned wasps grew louder every moment. They were sure to come out of some other opening directly, and then woe betide my face and hands. The door was just beginning to give way and the mossy bank behind

me was moving suspiciously, when a happy thought struck me, which I carried out instantaneously.

Pulling my knife out of the wasps' nest, just when the door was breaking down, I jumped like lightning through the window and sped away as if a whole army of demons was behind me. A deafening roar and stampede reached my ear, because what I had intended happened. Just as the raging beast was breaking into the hut, the imprisoned wasps made their escape by the hundreds and fell with rage upon the maddened bull to take their revenge. Against these fiends and their burning stings he was powerless, and maddened with pain and blind with rage he made for the opening in the back wall through which I had escaped with such a force that the whole wall came down with a crash. No sooner had he broken through than he caught sight of me again.

Fortunately, I had gained considerably upon him and I kept on running at full speed. But as an enraged bull can run even faster than a horse, he would certainly have caught me if I had not suddenly fallen into a muddy ditch which separated two meadows. Thus suddenly disappearing and sinking up to the neck into the mud, I heard the bull rapidly approaching and saw him with one jump clear the ditch, pursued and surrounded on all sides by legions of buzzing wasps, sticking their stings into his hide unceasingly. Working my way over to the side of the ditch, I managed to crawl out by the help of the roots and branches of trees. But what did I look like? From top to toe, full of slimy, reeking, ill-smelling filth. Crawling higher. I just saw my pursuer disappear in the woods surrounded by swarms of enraged insects taking bloody revenge for having been driven out of their nest. Here I was then! But what was I to do? I looked more like a reptile just crawled out of the mud than a human being. But all the worrying and complaining could not free me from the foul mess which was slowly trickling from my coat, my pants, my arms, and an ice-cold down my back. Like a drowned rat I turned towards the farmer's house, where my adventure had been seen, and where the children had no doubt told of my presence. Luckily they were good-natured people and when I explained it all to them they laughed heartily. Their merriment over, they showed great sympathy for me, and after a short time I made my reappearance in the farmer's best Sunday suit. Pants very wide, but far too short for me, a coat three times the size I usually wore, boots as big as canoes, and all this set off by a hat of the most ancient style, which I vainly tried to balance on the top of my head. In short, my own mirror would not have known me. "So," said my new friend, "that will do any way until your own things are dry again, but where did you really intend to go to? When I mentioned Mr. Rumbleton's villa

to him he said, "Well, well, that's all right; he lives no five minutes from here, right behind those trees over there."

When I heard this the idea came to me to send him a note and explain that unforeseen circumstances prevented my coming. This would save my honor and leave me hope for the future. I carried my idea out at once. I did not like to trust my letter to one of the farmer's family, fearing they would blabb and bring the whole Rumbleton family down on me to admire my new appearance. I decided therefore to run over myself and smuggle my mission into the hands of one of the servants. And this was what caused my last and most disastrous mishap of all.

Crawling slowly on all fours as near the villa as I dared and making signs to a servant, who was just coming out, but without succeeding to attract his attention, my shoulder was suddenly seized by a strong hand and a harsh voice called out: "Now I've caught you, you thief!"

I jumped up and looked thunderstruck into the no less astonished face of Mr. Rumbleton himself, his eyes and mouth wide open in surprise. After assuring himself that it was really me he had caught he broke out into such an uproarious fit of laughter that I thought he would burst. He tried to speak, but was unable to utter a word, his laughing fit breaking out again and again.

"Well, yes, it is I, Friend Rumbleton," said I, at last, "but please let me run away quickly."

"Sw-a-a-nburg, is it really you? Where on earth do you come from, and in this rig-out? Ha! ha! ha!"

And again he started to roar with laughing. I was mortally afraid the others would hear him and come to see what was the matter, and tried to escape.

"No, no, my man," he said, "you don't get away like that; this is too good a joke. Where did you

get that beautiful coat and those tremendous pants? And above all, where did you get that hat? Oh! they must see you! Effie! Millie! come here quick! Oh! I will die of laughing," exclaimed my tormentor, while tears were running down his fat cheeks.

"Please, dear Mr. Rumbleton, please let me get away," I begged.

"Let you get away? Not at all. They must see you."

With that I saw already the white dresses of the ladies fluttering amongst the trees, and in a moment poor me would be standing before merry Effie and stately Mildred.

"Effie, Millie, look what I have caught here," shouted my captor, forcing me to turn round and face the young ladies. Then the laughing commenced again, and, whether I would or no, I had to go into the house with them. I was too much subdued by my numerous adventures to resist any longer, though I could see in the haughty mien and cold looks of my Mildred that all hopes in that quarter had vanished.

Rumbleton good-naturedly asked me soon, whether I had dined, and on my straightforward answer that I was famishing, ordered a good, square meal to be brought in, and a good supply of delicious wine.

I soon felt better, and amid the general sympathy, accompanied by shouts of laughter, I gave a full account of my experiences.

Naturally, all chances to conquer my proud Mildred were gone, and I soon left the villa to get my own suit in the farmer's house, saying to myself, in misery, while dressing:

"Mildred, thou hast gone forever.

I'll never be again a lover."

--- CLEVER ADVERTISING.

At a certain large public library there is a rule which ought not to be necessary, that men and boys must remove their hats on entering. One Saturday afternoon when the room devoted to the circulating department was crowded, a man of middle age came in and took his place in line, as if for the purpose of making an exchange, but he did not remove his hat. On the contrary he had it jammed down well on his head, and there was a determined expression on his face that seemed to betoken a firm purpose not to take it off. An attendant stepped up to him and quietly asked him to remove his head-gear. "No, sir!" he responded, in a loud voice. "You have no right to make a man take his hat off. This is a free country." "Certainly

it is," rejoined the attendant, "but you can't get books at this library if you don't observe its rules." "I'd like to know why not!" "Because its the rule; that is sufficient." "You insist on my taking off this hat?" asked the man in a still louder voice. "Yes, sir, I do." By this time the attention of everybody in the room had been drawn to the obstinate visitor. "Well," he vociferated, "I'll take it off, if you insist, but I want you to understand I do it under protest!" He removed the offending hat, disclosing a head as bald as a billiard ball, with this inscription painted upon it in black letters that could be read twenty feet away: "Use Smithly's Shaving Soap." And he was the observed of all observers for the next half hour.—*Weekly Bouquet.*



THE FIRST STEPS.

O God, who wert my childhood's love,
My boyhood's pure delight;
A presence felt the livelong day,
A welcome fear at night.

O let me speak to Thee, dear God!
Of those old mercies past,
O'er which new mercies day by day,
Such lengthening shadows cast.

They bade me call Thee Father, Lord!
Sweet was the freedom deemed;
And yet more like a mother's ways,
Thy quiet mercies seemed.

I lived two lives that seemed distinct,
Yet which did intertwine;
One was my mother's—it is gone—
The other, Lord! was Thine.

With gentle swiftness lead me on,
Dear God! to see Thy face;
And meanwhile, in my narrow heart,
Oh make Thyself more space!

P. W. FABER.

IN THE COILS OF A COBRA.

A True Story from India.

WE had played whist the whole evening. Mascey, with his usual luck, had won five rubbers in succession, and looked pleased in consequence, while we, the losers, felt, naturally, a little upset and cross.

All at once we saw him turn white and stop playing. After a few moments, Churchill, impatient, as usual, exclaimed:

"Why don't you play, Mascey? What are you thinking about?"

"Sh!" said Mascey, with peculiar emphasis, while a deathly pallor spread over his face.

"Don't you feel well?" replied another, who was just about to rise to be ready to assist Mascey, who seemed near fainting, when the latter said, with a voice which betrayed a most abject terror: "For heaven's sake, keep your seat and don't move. If you want to save my life, keep perfectly still." With that he let the cards glide out of his hands.

"What is the matter with him? Has he gone crazy?" remarked Churchill, turning to me.

"For God's sake, don't get up and don't move," called out Mascey, in a voice full of horror. "If you make the least movement I am lost. Remain perfectly still and I may be saved. I feel a cobra coiling itself round my leg."

Our first impulse was to move the chairs back, but the piteous and despairing look of the poor victim made us motionless, though we knew that if the reptile attacked any one of us, he was lost.

The bite from this snake is certain death. The unfortunate Mascey wore, like most residents of India, short knee-breeches and silk stockings, and could feel every movement of the snake. Deathly pale, his eyes were immovably staring at a fixed point, his whole body rigidly still, as the least trembling would certainly be followed by the fatal bite.

On our part, we were struck with mortal terror, hardly less than his own.

"It is coiling round me," murmured Mascey, with parched throat and dry lips. "I feel it—cold—icy-cold—gliding up my leg. It is tightening. For heaven's sake let somebody bring milk near—I don't dare to raise my voice—put the milk close to me—pour some on the floor!"

Churchill gave the order with caution, and a servant glided noiselessly from the room.

"Don't make the least noise, Northcote; you have moved your head! By all that is holy, I implore

you, be perfectly motionless.—My fate will soon be settled.—I leave a wife and two children in Europe. Tell them that I died, blessing them—that my last thought was of them—my last words speaking of them.—Oh, God, to have to die like this!"

At this moment the milk was noiselessly brought in and some of it poured on the floor. The cup, with the rest of it, was put, with the greatest precaution, near Mascey, after which the servant withdrew filled with terror.

Now Mascey whispered: "No! No! It has no effect! On the contrary, it is tightening the coils. Now it is loosening the coil round my knee. I don't dare to look down. I'm sure it is preparing to

strike its fangs into me. Oh, God! Have mercy on me! My last hour has come!"

For a moment he kept silent, and then commenced again:

"I hope I shall die quickly. Oh, this deadly fear is terrible! I cannot stand it any longer! Ah! the second coil is loosening—perhaps it will leave—oh, God!—perhaps only to strike another."

*Most snakes are fond of milk, and it was to be hoped, that the cobra, seeing the milk on the floor, would leave its victim.



None of us could help shuddering and trembling at these words.

"For God's sake, don't make the least noise, or I am lost. Wait! It's unwinding—perhaps only to strike now—don't move—keep perfectly still—Oh, this fear is too much—I cannot stand it any longer—the last coil is opening, and I am free!—no, not yet!—now it is gone!"

The unfortunate Mascey now ventured to look down at his feet. The terrible reptile had glided down, undid the last coil, which it had tied round his foot, and crawled slowly towards the milk. Our unfortunate friend was soon carried to his bed, more dead than alive.

I shall never forget this terrible scene; it will be forever imprinted upon my memory. Poor Mascey

seemed from that day on to suffer from a kind of melancholia, and died after a short time, in consequence of this terrible affair.

With this little story in our mind, we can understand how urgent the appeal is, when the Holy Ghost says to us:

"Flee from sin as from the face of a serpent." For the serpent brings death only to the body, but sin brings death to the soul, and, if the Lord does not forgive us, in His infinite mercy, eternal death, infinitely more terrible than any mortal anguish. And what leads to it more frequently than the same sin, repeated again and again, the vicious habit. Each new sin is a fresh coil round your soul, till at last comes the serpent's bite, death in sin.

MOUNT VESUVIUS.

VESUVIUS is a volcano of southern Italy, on the east shore of the bay of Naples. Viewed from Naples, this volcano appears to have two peaks, Somma and Vesuvius. Being the most celebrated volcano among the 350 active great volcanoes of the globe, it is most uncertain, and has been since the earliest times. Since 1841 it has been under constant observation by scientists, and for that purpose an observatory was established, in order to put a watch upon the volcano and to give warning to the surrounding country of impending dangerous eruptions. By notice from this observatory to the inhabitants, in time to flee, many lives have been saved. Here, in the fearful outbreak of 1872, Director Palmiere Cravely faced almost certain death to take note of an awful phenomena, when fiery streams threatened to engulf his station.

Vesuvius is eight miles from Naples, whose bay it overlooks, at the eastern extremity of a chain extending to the Island of Ischia. It is believed that the whole Gulf of Naples was once an immense crater, the northern end of a great rent in the earth's crust, Aetna being the southern end and Stromboli about the middle.

At its base Vesuvius is thirty miles in circumference. Its height varies after its eruptions, but the average is about 4,000 feet. Its great crater is some 2,000 feet in diameter and about 500 feet deep.

It consists of two distinct parts. The north side is a lofty, semi-circular cliff, called Monte Somma, which has a prehistoric crater. It is separated from the active volcano by a deep valley several hundred feet wide.

The Vesuvius of the ancients was a truncated cone with a base of eight or nine miles, and a height of 4,000 feet. At its summit was a depressed plain,

three miles in diameter. On this plain Spartacus, the gladiator, fought Claudius Pulcher.

There is no record of an eruption of Vesuvius prior to A. D. 79, although the latter-day scientists have proved that it must have been active before that time. At the beginning of the Christian era the sides of Vesuvius were covered with fields and vines, and its crater was overgrown with wild grapes.

It is certain that the people living near it at that time had not the slightest idea that it was an active volcano, for the writings of Pliny the Younger and Tacitus show that it gave warning for thirteen years before the great eruption. There were a series of earthquakes and tremendous seismic disturbances.

The great historic eruption took place in August. The steam was condensed and poured down in torrents of rain, making the lava dust a pasty substance that poured down the mountain side and buried Herculaneum, at the west base; Pompeii, on the southeast side; Stabiae, on the south side, and Castellamare, which was beyond Stabiae. These cities were inundated and forgotten, so that centuries after, when the remains were dug up, moderns could gain a perfect insight into the manners and customs of the time of the great eruption.

For centuries Vesuvius was quiet. People who lived about it forgot that it had once buried cities and killed thousands. Again did vines cover the crater and its sides were cultivated fields. There had been six months of earthquakes, but these were not accepted as a warning.

Vesuvius burst forth in mighty fury on Dec. 16, 1631, suddenly and unexpectedly. It continued until February, 1632. There was a tremendous flow

of lava, mingled with water, resulting from the melting of the snow and mud. Torre Annunziata, Torre del Greco, Resina and Portia were almost wholly destroyed, and it is estimated that 18,000 people lost their lives. There was another eruption in 1660, but only ashes and steam, which formed mud torrents, came forth.

One of the very grand eruptions occurred in 1779, which is described by Sir W. Hamilton:

Vesuvius was quiet for a few years, but in 1794 it burst forth again. Torre del Greco was again destroyed by lava, which flowed down in a fiery stream nearly a quarter of a mile wide at its base and fifteen feet thick.

White smoke, like heaps of cotton, rose four times as high as the mountain, and spread about it to a proportional extent. Into these clouds, stones, scoriae and ashes were projected at least 10,000 feet high. On subsequent days columns of fire shot forth three times as high as the mountain, and large masses of rock were thrown out, one of which was 108 feet in circumference.

The outbreak which began in October, 1822, lasted nearly a month, rupturing the top of the cone and making a crater three miles in circumference and 1,000 feet deep. From that time Vesuvius has never been wholly quiet.

In 1841 Ferdinand II. established an observatory on the volcano for the purpose of giving warning of probable eruptions. When the eruption of May, 1855, came, the people had fled in time. The cone was again rent asunder and the flow of lava continued for twenty-seven days, destroying miles of cultivated fields and many houses.

In 1858 there was another eruption, when lava poured from the crater. But it was slow-moving, progressing only a few inches a day.

The eruption of 1861 was violent for seven hours, and Torre del Greco was overwhelmed for the third time. The intense cold, which rapidly cooled the lava was of immense advantage in protecting property.

In the middle of November, 1867, a cone seventy feet in diameter, which had been forming in the crater during the preceding two years, poured forth a great amount of lava. Besides the main stream from the great crater there was a flow from an outside orifice twenty feet in diameter, which formed a stream twenty-five feet wide. The two streams poured down the mountain side in a fiery torrent. Above the crater was a great cloud of white vapor,

into which were projected huge stones, with a mighty roar. This eruption continued until June, 1868.

The eruption of 1872 was preceded by slight premonitory symptoms. Early in 1871 the seismograph became unquiet, and Prof. Palmieri prophesied an outburst, which gradually increased in intensity until April 24, 1872. Two days later there was a rent in the cone 1,000 feet wide. Molten rocks, lava and ashes gushed forth from the crater. Two fiery torrents rushed down the mountain on either side of the observatory, joining at the base with a third stream. In the words of Prof. Palmieri, the volcano "sweated fire."

The atmosphere was white with crystals. The streams of lava gave forth dense clouds of steam and formed miniature volcanoes as they sped downward. The earth trembled and heaved like the ocean in a storm. There was vivid lightning from the intense electrical excitement, and a heavy downpour of rain. The streets of Naples were covered inches deep with a black sand. The flow of lava was three-fifths of a mile wide.

There have been other eruptions since that time which have done more or less damage, but none of great importance.

Frightful misery and immense damage was feared to be caused by the eruption of Mount Vesuvius when it began, on a threatening scale, to pour out the violent and belching fire and smoke, September last. Out of nine craters the lava flowed in huge streams, accompanied by fearful subterranean noises, as deep rumblings and thunderous subterranean explosions, threatening death and destruction to a rich district; so much so were the fresh lava streams moving down the mountain side that by its encroaching more and more on the cultivated regions, one of the most thickly populated districts in the world was endangered.

The spectacle at night was one of indescribable grandeur, attracting travelers from all parts of Europe. The faint, palpitating glow that normally marks the great crater, was exchanged for a vivid tongue of light, colored at times almost like rainbow, illuminating the heavens and reflecting with exquisite effect in the waters of the bay.

Though very dreadful in its threatening appearance, the recent eruptions did not cause damages to any extent, in comparison with those of a previous date.





MOUNT VESUVIUS.

HOLLAND'S LITTLE QUEEN.

Wilhelmina — "our little Queen" as the Dutchmen affectionately call her—became of age last September and now rules over Holland and her possessions. The coronation ceremonies took place September 5, ceremonies which had been looked forward to with great interest throughout the quaint land of dykes and ditches, and these will be followed by national celebrations and general rejoicings. Queer old Amsterdam, with its busy canals is the centre, for although the Queen resides most of the time at The Hague, which is the city of the diplomats and the Embassies, Amsterdam remains the official capital, and from the somewhat dingy palace there she passed to the Nieuwe Kirk—the so-called New Church—to take the oath of fidelity to her people.

Very happy is little Holland in her conditions and surroundings. "May our country become great in everything in which a small nation can be great," is the fervent prayer breathed by the Queen Regent in her proclamation turning over the government to her daughter.

Wilhelmina is fortunate. She is not troubled with those great questions of State which distract the European powers, for Holland is not a power. Wars may be fought all around her, but they will not involve her, her country or her countrymen. She covets no land, unless it be that which lies at the bottom of the Zuyder Zee, and the only fighting that Holland is called upon to do is to fight the waves of the ocean, which sometimes show an inclination to encroach. Her fields are fertile, her canals are busy with traffic, her ports are filled with shipping and her colonies pour riches into her lap. Happy Holland! Happy Queen! May they live and prosper!



EMPRESS ELIZABETH OF AUSTRIA.

Who was assassinated at Geneva by Luigi Lucchesi, a native of Paris and an Italian anarchist and soldier.

The Empress had been for several days a guest at Beauvage and was walking from the Hotel at 1 o'clock in the afternoon of September 10, last year, when the murderer committed his atrocious crime, that shocked the civilized world. The hand of the assassin had struck down an unoffending woman, the consort of an emperor of vast and historic regions.

The foul crime was an outcome of an anarchistic conspiracy, which comprehended the murder of other sovereigns, including the emperor of Austria. The desperado wielded a pointed file and inflicted at one blow a mortal wound, the keen blade piercing the breast of the unfortunate victim just above the heart.

After having been stabbed, the empress arose and walked on board the steamer, where she fell fainting. The captain did not wish to put off from the quay, but did so at the request of the Empress and her suite, there being no apprehension that she was seriously hurt. The steamer was turned back before reaching the open lake and the Empress, unconscious, was carried to the hotel on a stretcher. Internal bleeding ensued and a priest was hastily summoned, who administered her extreme unction. Shortly after the administration she expired in great agony.

1875—WITHIN, TWENTY-FIVE YEARS!—1900

This year being the twenty-fifth anniversary of the society of the Divine Word, we think it of great interest to all friends of foreign missions to hear of some facts concerning the origin and development of this association. It was founded by Rev. Arn. Janssen, a priest of the diocese of Muenster, in Germany, in the year 1875. His earlier career as a high school professor at Bocholt was one marked with success, but eventually this sphere of activity became too limited for his zealous aspirations. He saw that destitute state of the heathens and he longed to devote himself to their conversion and intellectual advancement. It was not as yet his intention to establish a mission house or to be the founder of a religious society. Only after his meeting with Bishop Raimondi, of Hong Kong, in China, did this thought begin to occupy his mind. In the course of his conversation with the Bishop, who was an Italian, the talk turned to the scenes of missionary labor in Asia. The Bishop expressed his regret that there was no German establishment for the purpose of educating young men for the foreign missions, and said: "I know by experience that the Germans make good missionaries."

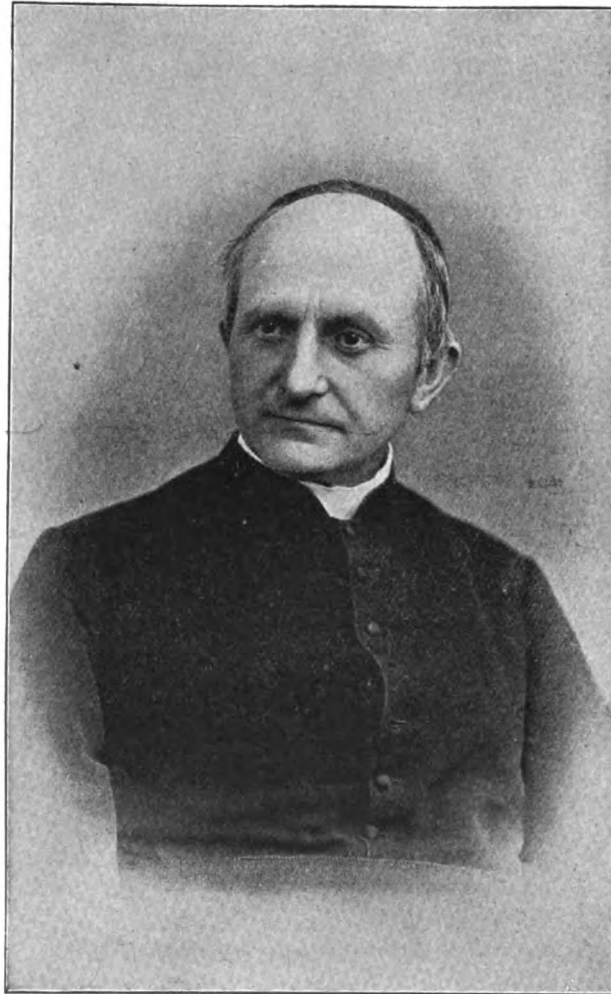
Then Rev. Jensen acknowledged this deplorable want, and in answer to the Bishop's insinuation that he himself might undertake this task, he said: "I'm not the right man to enter upon such an enterprise." The good Bishop, however, insisted upon Rev. Janssen's devoting himself to this noble work, and after two subsequent visits he prevailed upon him to acquiesce.

The obstacles that had to be overcome were many and great. First of all, the institution could not be planted upon German soil on account of the persecutions of the Kultur-Kampf, then at its height, and then from the very nature of the undertaking it was necessary that the institution be not far from the German boundary since he had to rely mainly on the German people for support. Thanks to his unfaltering confidence in the divine assistance, he succeeded in establishing himself at Steyl, a small town of Holland, near the Prussian boundary.

The society of the Divine Word had forged so rapidly to the front as a new association—its interior and exterior labors and works had increased to such an extent—that it was impossible to grow further in the limited houses at Steyl. Accordingly, in 1889, St. Gabriel Seminary was built near Vienna. Here the more advanced students complete the higher studies of philosophy and theology. After graduating from St. Gabriel's a part of the newly ordained priests go to St. Raphael's College at Rome, where they spend an indefinite period of time in the pursuit of additional learning.

In the year 1892 we witness the erection of another mission house, that of Holy Cross, near Neisse, Silesia, and in the spring of 1899 the corner stone to a fifth house was laid at St. Wendel, near Treves.

The society of the Divine Word numbers at present 190 priests and 513 lay-brothers, with 732



REV. ARNOLD JANSSEN,
Founder and present Superior-General of the Society of the Divine Word.

students under their care, who are preparing themselves expressly for the society.

At St. Michael's, Steyl, are forty-one priests, most of whom are engaged as professors to the 306 students, and there are 288 brothers leading a religious life. At the same time, however, they are employed at almost every kind of trade. The chief employment is that of printing and publishing books, periodicals and almanacs.

St. Gabriel's numbers thirty-six priests, eighty-six brothers, and 192 students of philosophy and theology.

St. Raphael's, five priests and one brother.

Holy Cross has twenty priests, sixty-seven lay-brothers, and 225 students.

Rev. Arnold Janssen, the present Superior General of his order, has also given life to a congregation of Sisters, in which are now united by the bonds of charity about 166 pious women. It is their part

to furnish the missionaries and the missions with the common necessities of life and to school the heathen children of the different missions.

From the first foundation of the order all available missionaries were sent to the foreign missions and to-day the statistics show that the province of *South Shantung*, China,

numbers thirty-three priests from Steyl, ten native priests and ten lay-brothers. One of these missionaries, now Bishop Anzer, was distinguished a few years ago by the Chinese emperor, who created him mandarin of the second degree. Two of his missionaries, F. Henle and Father Nies, were murdered in 1897, and as appears from the report of Bishop Anzer, Rev. Father Stenz has been maltreated in November last year. In the Australian mission, *Kaiser Wilhelm's land*, six priests and seven lay-brothers are laboring among one of the most barbarous races on the earth. In the fever-stricken climate of the *Togolands*, in Africa, there are nine priests, six brothers, and five sisters, constantly hazarding their lives in the interests of the poor negro race. South America is also a field of active labor. *Argentine Republic*, twenty-three priests, nineteen brothers and fourteen sisters; *Brazil*, twelve priests, five brothers. Thus every part of the

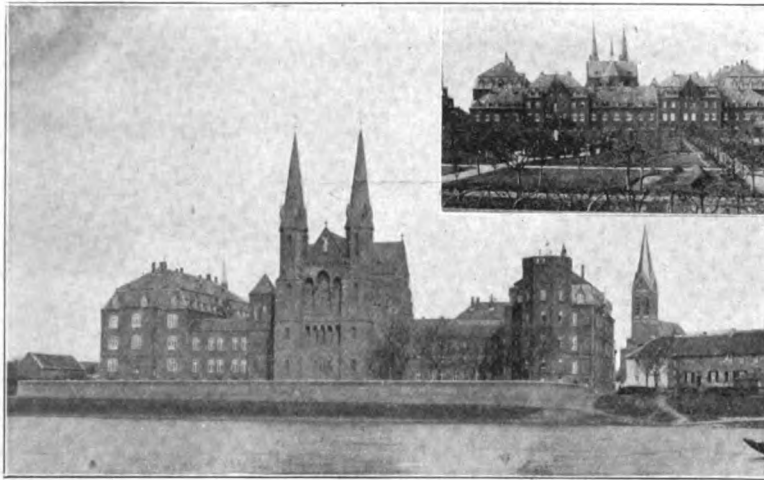
world has a share in the missionary labors of this society.

Lately it established itself in *North America*, since the Archbishop of Chicago acceded to the request of the German priests in our behalf to take charge of an industrial school to be erected on a farm near Chicago. In order to interest the readers of this almanac for our charitable institution, which depends in its support on the liberality of the good-hearted American people, we publish on pages 101-102, an appeal of our Rev. Sup. Peil, addressed to all friends and patrons of the undertaking.

PARTITION OF CHINA.

It was not until after the close of the war between China and Japan that the celestial empire attracted

the aggressive cupidity of the colonizing nations of Europe. At the close of the so-called opium war in 1841 Hong-kong, an island in the mouth of the Canton river, was ceded to Great Britain, and is now one of the strongest naval and military stations of the British empire in Asia, being known as



MISSION HOUSE AT STEYL (FROM DIFFERENT VIEWS).

the "Eastern Gibraltar." With this exception the Chinese empire remained practically untouched. The weakness displayed by the Chinese in the war with its insular neighbor and the total want of national coherency among the Chinese people themselves were simply an invitation to the stronger powers of Europe to enrich themselves at the expense of the Chinese empire.

At the close of the war with Japan a treaty was negotiated between the two by virtue of which China surrendered to Japan Shashih, in the province of Hupeh; Chungking, in the province of Sze-chuen; Suchow, in the province of Kiangsu; Hang-Chow, in the province of Chehkiang; the Liau-Tong peninsula, besides the temporary possession of Wei-Hai-Wei, in the province of Shang-tung.



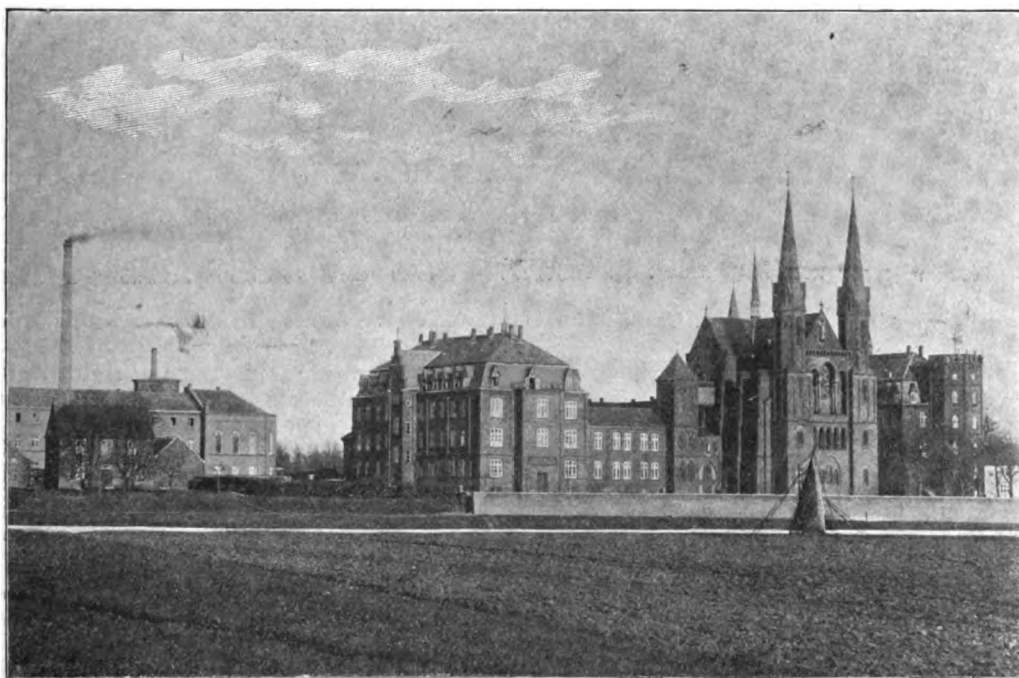
MOST REV. P. A. FEEHAN, D. D., Archbishop of Chicago.

Who, in his wonted kindness, acceded to the request of REV. ALOYSIUS THIELE, Rector of St. Aloysius and President of the Orphan Board, to incorporate the Society of the Divine Word in the Archdiocese of Chicago.

Russia, joined by France and Germany, at once interfered to prevent the Japanese occupancy of the Liau-Tong peninsula. Russia took this course for the purpose of keeping open for herself a road through Manchuria and Liau-Tong to an open port on the Pacific, which she might convert into a great military and naval depot, giving her an outlet for the commerce of Siberia, which is becoming of vast size and importance. For centuries Russia has been making an attempt to reach an ice-free port on the Pacific, being blocked from progress for that purpose toward the Atlantic by England, France and Turkey. Russia lost no time in raising

of the boundaries of Tonquin which were of substantial benefit to her.

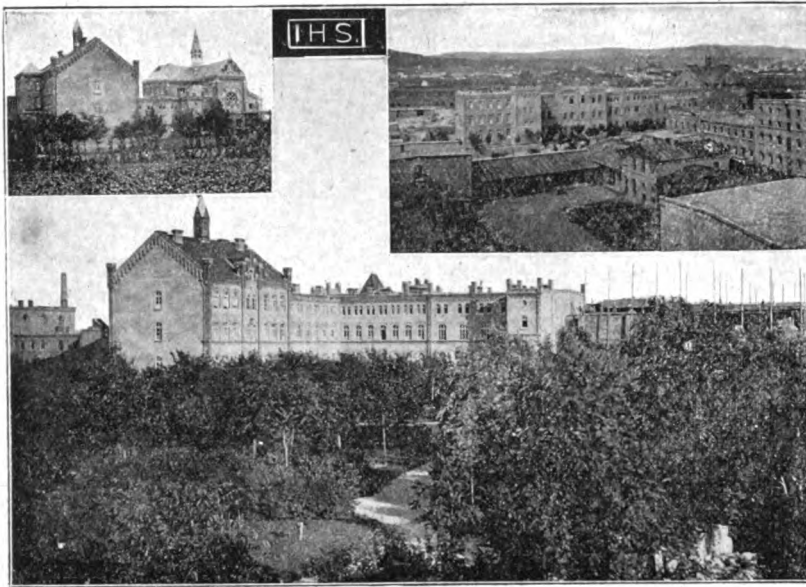
Germany, on the other hand, found that, while she was a party to the dual alliance, she had received little or no recognition from a division of the spoils which followed the breaking of the Japanese treaty. The incident at Yen-Chu-Fu furnished Germany an excuse for seizing a large area of territory. In November, 1897, at the above-named place, in the southern part of the province of Shangtung, a mission established by the German Roman Catholics was attacked by a mob of Chinese, and two missionaries were killed and one was dis-



MISSION HOUSE AT STEYL, VIEWED FROM THE WEST SIDE.

her flag at Port Arthur, in the province of Liau-Tong, and on the 27th of March, 1898, she secured from China the cession of that port. It was announced from St. Petersburg that the lease from China under which Port Arthur was held would not injure any foreign nation, but when the compact between Russia and China was published in full it was found that no such construction could be put upon the transaction, for the ports of Talien-Wan and Port Arthur were to be reserved for the exclusive use of Russian and Chinese war vessels, and that the remainder of the territory named in the cession, while open to merchant vessels, was closed to the war vessels of every other nation. France also received concessions in the re-forming

posed of in a way yet unknown, while the mission buildings were destroyed. A few days later, on the 6th of November, 1897, a Chinese mob in the city of Wuchung, in the province of Hoo-Pee, made an attack upon the German minister to China and upon the commander of a German gunboat, insulting the German flag as well. Germany was prompt to resent this action, and on the 18th of November, 1897, a German fleet of four war vessels appeared at Kiao-Chau, a strongly fortified port in the province of Shangtung. A force of marines was landed and took a position which commanded the harbor. A demand for the surrender of the harbor was made and the Chinese garrison fled in haste. This was followed by a



ST. GABRIEL'S (UNFINISHED), NEAR VIENNA, FROM DIFFERENT VIEWS.

A blind man on several occasions met a widow, who was not, however, like himself, blind, and finally concluded that she would make him a good wife. He resolved that he would "pop the question" without loss of time. Accordingly, one evening found him in the widow's house for that purpose, when his suit was entirely successful. But so elated was he with his success that, on leaving her door, he forgot he was up a flight of stairs. The staircase window being very low, and happening to be open, he felt the air on his heated brow, and at once stepped out and fell into the court below. The widow, hearing the noise, ran down, greatly alarmed but was fully reassured that no bones were broken by his remark: "Maggie, you have a big step to your door."

MARY.

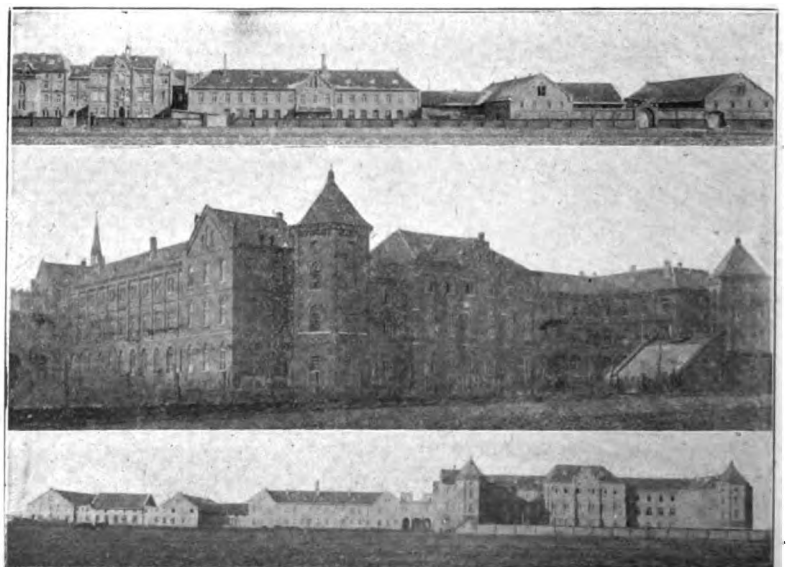
As the moon in her beauty reigns queen of the night,
And envelops each object in silvery light,
Or beholds herself mirrored in fairy-like lake,
O'er whose bosom of purity bright ripples break;
So e'en Mary, thou reignest the queen of my soul,
'Tis thysweetness and beauty its passions control,
And as ripples which moonlight on water doth trace—
Are the thoughts of my heart when I muse on thy face.

Like the moon's bright reflections, sweet Queen of all love,
Are thy mild inspirations sent down from above,
Which in hearts full of purity glisten and shine
Like the gems that are seen in some Indian mine;
And as these seem more bright from the darkness around,
So thy beauties shine brighter where sin doth abound,
Dear Mistress of heaven, sweet Lady, O deign,
That mine eyes may behold thy celestial reign!

WHAT A KNOT IS.

Probably there is no nautical term more frequently used than the word "knot." The word is synonymous with the nautical mile or 6,080.27 ft., while, as every one knows, the geographical mile is 5,280 feet. This would make the knot equal to $1\frac{1}{10}\%$ of geographical miles, and therefore, in order to compare the speed of a boat expressed in knots with a railroad train, it is necessary to multiply the speed in knots by $1\frac{1}{10}\%$.

Another point to be remembered is that speed means a distance traveled in unit time, so when one speaks of a boat having a speed of 20 knots it is not necessary or proper to add per hour, as the word itself when employed as a unit of speed signifies nautical miles per hour. A cruiser that makes 21 knots travels 24.15 geographical miles per hour.



HOLY CROSS' (UNFINISHED), NEISSE, SILESIA, FROM DIFFERENT VIEWS.

demand upon the Pekin government for compensation for the previous outrages on the missions and the German minister and officer. The German government demanded the punishment of the persons implicated in the murder of the priests, the rebuilding of the destroyed mission houses, the payment of an indemnity of \$450,000 to the families of the murdered men, together with the payment of a very large sum to meet the expenses of the naval expedition and for the support of a military force at Kiao-Chau.

The Chinese government demanded the evacuation of Kiao-Chau before it would consent to negotiations, which demand the Germans refused to consider. The dispute was finally settled the very last of December, 1897, by China yielding all Germany demanded, giving a lease, in March, 1898, for ninety-nine years, of the territory that Germany had seized.

These movements produced a profound sensation in Europe, and at one time there was every appearance that a general war would follow. Great Britain felt that she had been "tricked" by Russia in the cessions that had been secured from China and in the wider influence the czar had acquired at Pekin; Russia herself did not approve of the transfer of Kiao-Chau to Germany, being desirous of securing that port for her own purposes; Japan felt sorely disappointed at being deprived of nearly all she had gained by her costly war with and complete victory over China, while European nations stepped in and took nearly everything that Japan coveted and had won; Germany, while satisfied with what she had seized, was suspicious that Russia had used her to further the schemes of the czar, while France was fearful of the strenuous opposition of Great Britain to the demands the republic was making in the southern portion of China bordering on Tonquin. Both Russia and France were using all their influence to prevent the loan of \$80,000,000 which China had negotiated in London. Great Britain, which controlled two-thirds of the entire trade of China, felt that she was being deprived of it by means that were unfair even in European diplomacy. Russia was the country that Great Britain was most disposed to criticise for the securing of Port Arthur as the southern terminal of the Siberian railway system, while the transforming of that port into a Gibraltar was calculated to give the czar a dominating influence both in China and Korea, which was a menace to Great Britain's most important commercial interests in Asia. The feeling in Great

Britain was still further intensified by the removal of an Englishman, Mr. Brown, who had been employed to supervise Korean finances, and the appointment of a Russian, Mr. Alexieff, in his place, against the protest of Great Britain. Such an appointment would have placed Korea in the hands of Russia. Great Britain followed up her protest against this change by sending a strong fleet to Chemulpo, and the result was that a compromise was effected under which the Korean customs were administered by a joint commission of British and Russian officials. The seizure of the island of Ha nan by the French in December, 1897, brought a protest from the British foreign office and a declaration by France that permanent occupation was not designed.

With her enormous interests involved in China, Great Britain could not remain passive to Russia's occupation of Port Arthur, which commanded the Gulf of Pe-chi-li, and, incidentally, the Chinese capital itself. So strongly opposed was the British government to the Russian occupancy that every effort was made to dissuade the czar from his purpose, the government pledging itself not to occupy any port in the gulf if Russia would abandon the Port Arthur scheme. Russia flatly refused to consider the British proposal, and in self-defense a demand was made upon China by the British government for a lease of the port of Wei-Hai-Wei, after it had been evacuated by Japan, which then held it as security for the unpaid war indemnity, and demanded it of China upon the same terms granted to Russia in the cession of Port Arthur. The demand of Great Britain was acknowledged, the indemnity was paid to Japan in May, 1898, and on the 20th of that month the British forces occupied the port.

By this movement Great Britain more than matched Russia, for the port of Wei-Hai-Wei is a more commanding position than Port Arthur. While the latter commands Pekin, the former commands the Chinese capital by commanding the Gulf of Pe-chi-li and Port Arthur itself. While Port Arthur is of no value as a commercial point, Wei-Hai-Wei is of importance as a mercantile harbor and is capable of better defense than the Russian naval entrepot. It cannot be denied that in the Gulf of Pe-chi-li Great Britain holds a far stronger naval and commercial position than Russia does.

While these scrambles were going on in northern China, France was strengthening herself along the Tonquin frontier in the south. She acquired the

lease of a large bay on the southern coast of China; the right to build a railroad between Tonquin and Yunnan-Fu, in the province of Yunnan, an important point on the road from Kwei-Yung-Fu to the western frontier of China; a promise from China not to alienate any of the territory in the four southern provinces of the empire, which comprise about one-eighth of the entire domain; an agreement not to transfer to any other power the island of Hainan, which lies off the coast of the French possessions in Tonquin and commands the entire coast, besides some voice in the administration of the Chinese postal service, then under English control. The important part of this agreement to France is the railroad concession to Yunnan-Fu, in the center of that province, which is one of the richest in the Chinese empire. This road ending in French territory will be of inestimable value to France from a commercial point of view.

Of course Great Britain must have concessions in the south to equal those of France, as she had in the north to offset such as had been granted to Russia and Germany. The result was that China leased to Great Britain, for ninety-nine years, about 200 square miles of territory on the mainland north of Hongkong, taking in parts of Mirs Bay on the east and Deep Bay on the west, as well as the island of Lantau.

While the partition of China is yet in its infancy, it is plainly to be seen that so far British diplomacy and influence have been more than a match for

Russian ambition, German greed and French aggression, much as those nations have already secured from China. No nation in Europe has been more fully aware of the inherent weakness of China than Great Britain, and the main desire she has had has been to strengthen her hold on the trade of the fabulously rich valley of the Yang-tse-Kiang, which embraces nearly one-half of the valuable area of the empire. The river is 3,350 miles in length, and drains, with its tributaries, nearly 800,000 square miles of territory, while they together furnish a system of inland waterways about 12,000 miles in length. The eastern portion of this rich valley, the province of Szechuen, borders British Burma. This entire valley is under British influence, while the footholds Great Britain has at Wei-Hai-Wei and Hongkong give her practically the control of the mouth of that mighty stream. With railroads entering this open back door of China, Szechuen, Great Britain can control the trade of the entire Yang-tse basin for its whole distance. In the northern provinces of Shansi and Honan there are immense deposits of coal, and these are controlled by an Anglo-Italian syndicate which has railroad concessions of great value and importance. This, with the financial obligations of China to Great Britain, gives the latter an influence that cannot be overlooked in the discussion of any plan proposed for the dismemberment of the Chinese empire.



SOCIETY OF THE DIVINE WORD.

INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL AT SHERMERVILLE, ILL.

We beg of all our dear and esteemed friends kindly to take notice of the following:

As we announced in the fall of 1897, we had intended to erect an Orphan Asylum in the Diocese of Harrisburg, in the State of Pennsylvania. The plan, however, was discarded for several reasons, especially because Divine Providence seems to have assigned to us a different and larger field of work.

His Grace, Archbishop Feehan, has most willingly given his consent to our settling in the immediate vicinity of Chicago.

Since the place chosen is very favorably located, both on account of the proximity of the metropolis and the numerous railroad connections, we hope to be favored as instruments in the hand of God to add our share from that spot to the growth and extension of the Catholic Church in the United States of America, as well as to the eternal and temporal welfare of many of its inhabitants, and to an ever increasing recognition, worship and glorification of the Holy Trinity.

At first we intend to erect an educational and industrial school for destitute boys, who are so numer-

ous and helpless, especially in large cities, and to offer them a home where they are brought up to be good Catholics and useful members of society. Besides this we shall attempt to further the cause of

God and of His Holy Church in the United States by the dissemination of instructive and truly Catholic literature, as also by lending our assistance to the Reverend Clergy wherever desired in their pastoral work.

We have already purchased a tract of land suitable to our purpose in the vicinity of Chicago, and intend to commence the erection of requisite buildings as soon as possible.

As members of a missionary community we shall not seek our own material advantage in our labors, but we rather intend to devote all our energy and strength at all times to the service of Christian charity, without hope of earthly gain.

For this reason we trust to God, under whose providential care we completely place

ourselves, that He will not withhold from us the required means to pay for the land and to erect the needed buildings, as also the means for sustenance and a prosperous development of the institution. We



ST. VINCENT OF PAUL.



THE THIRSTY BABY.

THE CAPE VERDE FLEET HAS HAD AN EXCITING TIME DURING THE WAR.

Recognizing the fact that a very large number of persons do not have the time to read all that is printed in the daily papers about the war, we deem it a public service to summarize the leading events and duly set them forth. Perhaps the feature of the war, barring the naval battle at Manila, that has created the most interest, is the whereabouts of the Spanish squadron popularly known as the Cape Verde fleet. While we may or may not know about the real position of the fleet, yet we have closely read all the reports of its movements published in many of our valued and trustworthy contemporaries. It is from these sources we have condensed the following information:

The Cape Verde fleet is so called because it runs between the Cape Verde islands and some other points. On May 1 it left these islands and arrived at Porto Rico that afternoon after an exciting trip. When the quiet little village awoke the following morning, the fleet was gone and not until noon did the Porto

Ricans know that it was riding at anchor in Cadiz.

The next move was to Port au Prince and then back to Port de Cadiz for water. From Port de Cadiz it sailed for Rico de Verde, but was caught in the doldrums and had to put into Havana del Murio. Noting the appearance of the American fleet, the Cape Verde fleet put to sea for Port du Skowhegan, but a stiff northeaster landed it off South Boston.

In a few minutes the fleet, now thoroughly aroused to the spirit of the occasion, passed Cape Macey and ran into a small Haytien port. While resting here it sailed toward the South American coast to intercept the Oregon, but changed its mind and hurried to Cadiz in time for lunch. From there to the Canaries, thence to the Barbadoes, thither to Pino del Snort by way of Rhino del Whoop, thence overland to Barcelona. The fleet is now, we are happy to inform our readers, *en voyage* to the north star and will be back in a week.—*Chicago News*.

do not doubt that the Lord will awaken unto us friends, strong in sympathy and joyful in sacrifice, who will help with heart and hand to found and further our undertaking, which, though difficult, is yet full of promise and blessing.

In the coming fall we hope, with the aid of God, to open the institution, and to receive the first boys. On May 1st, we shall take up our abode at the place above indicated, and we, therefore, beg that all further communications be addressed as follows:

SOCIETY OF THE DIVINE WORD, Shermerville, Cook Co., Ill.

And, whilst we desire to use this opportunity to give expression to our heartfelt gratitude towards all our friends who have in the past aided us in our work, we would also for the future commend our-

selves and our work to them and to all who have a heart for poor children cast upon the world, and for the growth of the Catholic Church in the United States. More especially do we beg of all to aid us by their pious prayers and to ask upon this institution the blessing of the Holy Spirit, to whom it is to be dedicated, that the work, thus begun, may be crowned with success.

All of our priests, as well as all members of our Society and their wards, pray every day at Holy mass and their other spiritual exercises for our benefactors.

We remain, very respectfully,

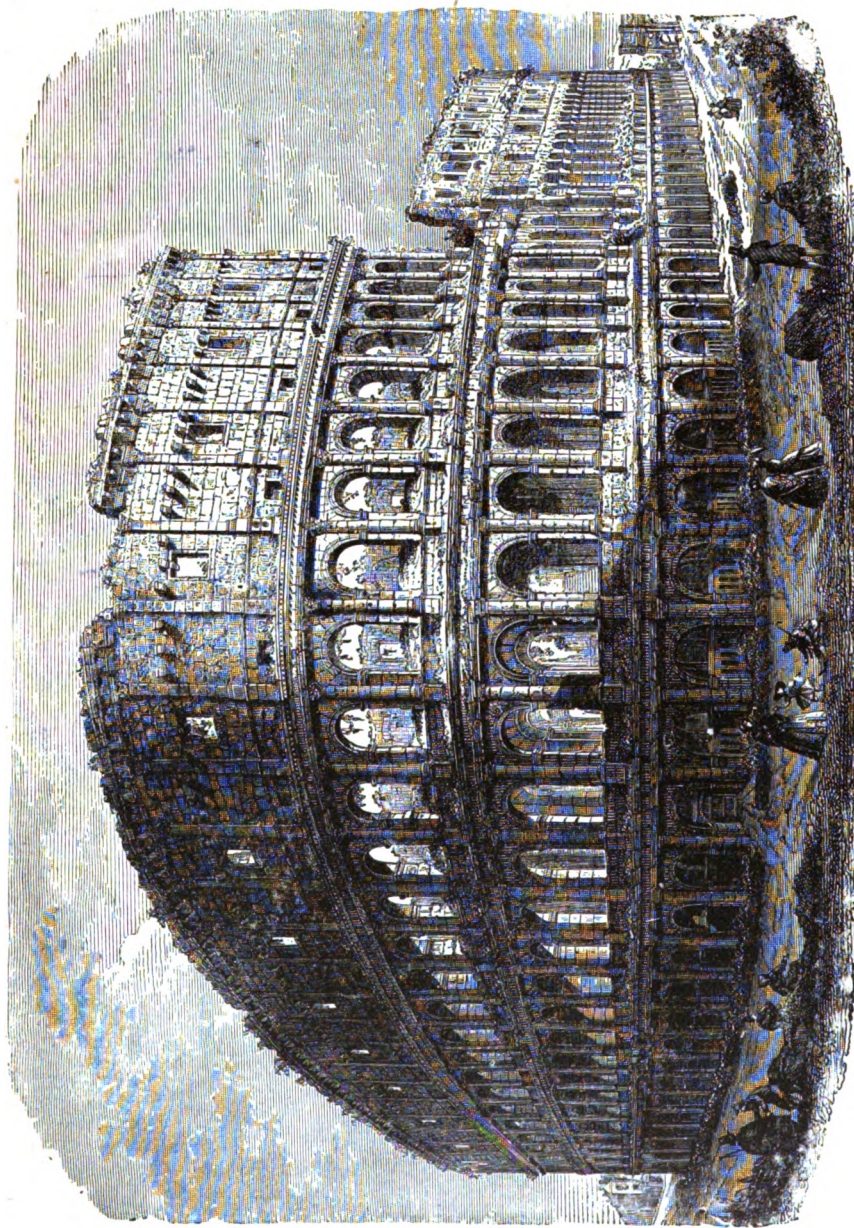
THE SOCIETY OF THE DIVINE WORD,

THE COLONY IN THE UNITED STATES:

Rev. John Peil, S. V. D., Superior.



I'LL CATCH YOU.



THE COLOSSEUM.

The name of this vast amphitheatre at Rome is variously spelled, but the most correct orthography is as here given. The external elevation consisted of four stages, each adorned with engaged columns of the three orders of Greek architecture. The lowest three were arcaded, having each eighty columns and as many arches. Those of the basement story served as entrances, seventy-six being numbered and allotted to the general body of spectators, while four, at the extremities of the axes of the ellipse, were the principal entrances.

The higher arcades had a low parapet with a statue in each arch, and gave light and air to the passages which surrounded the building.

The arena was the portion assigned to the combatants, and derived its name from the sand with which it was strewn, to absorb the blood and prevent it from becoming

slippery. Some of the emperors showed their prodigality by substituting precious powders, and even gold dust, for sand.

The height of the Colosseum is given as from 160 to 180 feet. It has been calculated that it would seat 87,000 spectators, and 15,000 more could find standing room. The greatest length is 612 feet, and the length of the shortest axis of the ellipse 515 feet. During the Middle Ages many of the stones were carried away for building purposes, and among the vandals was the great Michael Angelo, who used a great many of the stones to build a palace for a noble Roman family.

Benedict XIV. consecrated the interior by the erection of crosses and oratories, which preserved it from further depredations.

ST. DOROTHY (MARTYR), A. D. 303.

MARGARET M. HALVEY.

IN THE City of Cæsarea, the pride of Syriac coast,
That lay like exiled beauty on kindly foreign breast—
(Ah! well-a-day, it had been once proud Herod's proudest
boast)—

Here, at his bidding, Grecian art had thought and wrought
its best.

In beautiful Cæsarea was none so fair as she,
Who boldly served the Christian God—the maiden Dorothy!

Fabricius the terrible, his hand was raised to slay;
His dreaded fiat had gone forth as edict of the crown;
The gods of Herod, here at least, must hold unquestioned sway,
And gold and honors were for them who tracked the Chris-
tians down.

They brought her in his presence, whose word for death
sufficed—

"Thy name?" "I am a servant of the dear Lord JESUS
CHRIST."

"But thou must die or serve our gods." She answered, "Be
it so,

For I have hungered to behold that land of Paradise,
Where in the gardens of my LORD the fruits celestial grow
And fadeless roses ever bloom to glad his servants' eyes "
There were, who listening to her words, grew strong again in
Faith
And prayed the virgin Dorothy to stay by them to death.

And such were bound to cruel stake, while Dorothy beside—
The while her tender woman-heart was for their anguish
riven—

Spake still of HIM who for their sake in far Judea died:

"My sisters! for those transient pang: His endless joys are
given."

Calista and Christeta! in Heaven today are ye
As living witness to her power—the gentle Dorothy.

For her were days of torture willed and nights of lonely pain;
So fair she was Fabricius was fain her life to spare.

His hand would twine the votary's wreath for pagan feast again,
To deck the braided beauty of the maiden's sunny hair.

"So fair thou art, yet at my word foul death shall blight thy
bloom."

"Nay, *welcome* death, that speeds the bride to meet the Mystic
Groom."

At length the fated morn dawned. Fabricius might not stay

The sentence longer lest she die within the torture cell.

Where none could mark her agonies and make high holiday

And none be near thro' coming years the grewsome tale to
tell.

And so they led her forth to die—Cæsarea's fairest maid—
With cheek aglow, with eyes alight—exultant, unafraid.

As thro' the pitiless she passed, one tauntingly drew near—

One unto whom her beauty once had been as heart's desire.

The tongue that softest greeting spake was ready now to jeer;

The heart that glowed with timid love was now with scorn
afire.

Theophilus the Courtier!—his voice called mockingly:

"Ha! goest thou to bridal feast, O beauteous Dorothy?"

"Then when thy Bridegroom gifteth thee, wilt send to me, I
pray,

(That I may taste and so proclaim the wisdom of thy choice)
Some of the wondrous fruits and flowers that maketh fair and
gay

That garden thou hast told us of?" Loud rang the well-
known voice.

The maiden heard, and smilingly inclined her gentle head—

"I grant this last request of thine, Theophilus," she said.

Loudly he laughed—Theophilus—who once had wept for fear
That aught of harm should threaten her, his strong hand
might not stay,

While calmly toward the place of death she moved, and draw-
ing near

The fearsome scaffold, knelt awhile to meditate and pray.

Out from the sunshine—'twas as tho' a beam had borne him
there—

A bright-haired boy stood at her side in answer to that prayer.

A boy with radiant, smiling face—with golden curls outflow—

With azure eyes repeating the sweet mouth's happy smile—
With roseleaf skin, in loveliness as perfect as her own,

And brow as beautiful as babe, all innocent of guile.

Within his cherub hands he bore a basket weighted down

With fairest fruit, and roses meet for Queen's inaugural crown.

Into his smiling eyes she smiled for sympathy and joy—

The martyr on her glorious way to realms whence he had
come—

"Bear those unto Theophilus," she told the radiant boy;

"Say 'tis the gift of Dorothy, who this day hasteth home;

Thou mayest add, I go before to gardens whence they came,
And there await *his* coming through the ways of sword and
flame."

Her latest words. The death stroke fell. While wondering
pagans gazed

The angel courier had sped to do her last behest.

Fair as in life was that young head, ensanguined fingers raised;

Each feature with the impress of happiness and rest.

The angel sought Theophilus—in jesting mood he saie

And light pretense of lingering, his promised gift to wait

Before him fruit and flowers were set, and bright-haired mes-
senger

Looked in his startled face with air of gentlest courtesy.

"The gift of Dorothy," he said, "and I am come from her;

Even now she tarrieth whence these came and there awaiteth
thee."

He vanished, and Theophilus, tasting that fruit, became
Like to the martyr maiden—with Heavenly Love aflame.

A confessor of Christ, he stood where she of late had been;

For him the chains and torture-cell, the scaffold and the tomb.

A little space until for him, garnered again I ween,

Celestial fruit and roses bright with more than earthly bloom.

And who shall paint his greeting from Cæsarea's martyred
three—

Calista, and Christeta, and the maiden Dorothy?



IS PUSSY PROUD?

The sister of a philosopher asked her brother, "What is mind?" "No matter," was his response. She then asked, "What is matter?" "Never mind," he replied.

"My little man, aren't you pleased to have a new baby brother, or did you want a little sister?" "If it's all the same to the Lord, I preferred a goat."

SENDING "A CLUB."—"Tommy, my son, what are you going to do with that club?" "Send it to the editor, of course." "But why are you going to send it to the editor?" "'Cause he says if anyone will send him a club he will send them a copy of his paper." "But, Tommy, dear, what do you suppose he wants with a club?" "Well, I don't know," replied the hopeful urchin, "unless to knock down subscribers as don't pay for their paper."

A little girl returning from church, where she saw for the first time a collection taken up, said: "A man passed around a plate that had some money on it, but I didn't take any."

Little Lord Charles—"Oh, I am going to be an omnibus conductor when I grow up." Fair American—"But your brother is going to be a duke, isn't he?" L. L. C.—"Ah, yes; but that's about all he's fit for, you know."

"Pat, you have been married three times, I believe?" "Yes, sir; my first wife was too good for me and the Lord took her; my second wife was a bad woman and the devil took her, but my third wife is so much worse that neither the Lord nor the devil would have her, so I have to keep her myself."

"I will bet you a new hat," said a gentleman to his friend, "that you will come down out of that chair before I ask you twice." "Done," replied his friend. "Come down," cried the other. "I will not," said his friend with much obstinacy. "Then stop till I ask you a second time," said the other. Perceiving that he would never be asked a second time, the gentleman in the chair came down in a double sense.

Creditor (roughly)—"Say, when are you going to pay me that bill?" Debtor (genially)—"My friend, you put me in mind of a little child." Creditor—"I do, do I? Why?" Debtor—"Because a little child can ask questions that the wisest men cannot answer."

Wife—"I can remember the time when you followed me wherever I went; now you do not care to go anywhere with me. I never thought that your love would so soon grow cold." "Nonsense! A man doesn't run for a street car after he has caught it."

LITTLE DURELLE'S FORTUNE.

The harvest moon that is so yellow and so round glimmered on the misty eastern horizon like the beginning of a new world.

Slowly the mists settled along the prairies and the moon rising higher turned them into mystical bays and inlets, silvery, trembling.

From horizon to horizon the great ranch was silent, save from some far distant rise the sharp bark of the gopher sounded faintly, and nearer water trickling thinly chattered into some depression.

Little Durelle slept soundly. All day he had followed the plough, breaking sod for the late corn planting; all day he had clicked his tongue against the roof of his mouth to hurry his immovable, unknowing mules.

"Beasts!" muttered little Durelle "The devil is their father."

But he was not angry long—he could not be—and before night he was whistling gayly little snatches of airs he had learned in Auvignon.

He liked to sit outside the cabin door and watch the sky changing from one beauteous view to another, as is often the way of sunsets in southwestern Missouri. Tonight he waited until the moon rising drove the shadows away, when he smiled and drew a leather sack from his pocket.

"Good money," he whispered, "then I shall see home again. I can go back an honorable man." He slipped the gold and silver through his fingers, smiling and whispering. Then his head nodded, his hands drooped languidly, and little Durelle was sound asleep.

One of the herders passing, saw him asleep there, and shaking him, cried: "What, do you trust perfect strangers? Wake up and put your gold away. I accumulate money when so easy to get, myself."

Durelle sat up uneasily. "Money," he muttered, "I haint got a cent. Go to the boss."

"I don't want any money, stingy. It's your money. I want to save it."

Durelle jumped up hurriedly. "Thanks, good friend, I am var' sleepy. I work hard all day, but I can't lose this money, it is so little, so not much."

"It's enough to make me hungry, anyway, and I am no shining example of honesty; you'd better not carry it about all the time."

"Ah!" sighed Durelle, "where could I hide it to know it was safe?"

"On your life, don't ask me. Bury it, twenty feet deep, if necessary, but never tell yourself where it is."

"Good, I will to be sure," cried Durelle, gayly, "I know a place just behind——"

The herder put his hands over his ears and shook his head in protest, as he ran away rapidly.

Before the sun came up Durelle was away following the plough, smiling and calculating, urging his mules and bestowing blessings upon them. At night he slipped away toward the mists, beneath the moon, and sat down, smiling, on the grass near a little upturned earth.

"Little fool," muttered the herder. "He might as well shout where he has put his gold." And he mused as he went on, why Durelle dressed so shabby and hoarded each penny so carefully. "He's got a story, of course; so have most of us, and they're not often told."

One night the moon, fast waning, came up as red and ominous as the storm it foretold. The air, heavy and sultry, swayed desolately over the fringed grasses and the few trees against the ridge to the left.

The horses were restless in their stalls, stamping and neighing angrily.

Everywhere and nowhere there was a tremor, an almost unheard roar that seemed all-pervading. The overseer came out looking about with a troubled air. "I am afraid trouble is coming. I don't like that moon. The wheat will suffer if a wind comes on."

"Storm not be much, I think," ventured Durelle, consolingly. "All wake up all right in the morning."

"May that be true," answered the ranchman. "But not with that sky unchanged."

Some of the men stretched out on the grass, the night was so warm and smothering; but Durelle went back to the little room he slept in and sat in the doorway. He was pondering over the loss that would attend the destruction of the wheat. "That would ruin us all. Our boss would be ruined and all his money gone. We'd have to leave and find some other place. Bad, bad."

He drew his beads from his pocket and murmured his prayers rapidly without kneeling, his knees were so stiff with the day's hard work. Presently it occurred to him to pray for the safety of the ranchman's possessions on which so much depended.



FOURTH COMMANDMENT.

From the original painting by Rud. Epp.

Very solemnly he crept to the rude bed and, groaning, bended his creaking knees.

"Dear Lord," he said simply, "Have mercy on Mr. Bartelle and spare his wheat, if it be Thy will. It would lose him much and put us all without any work or wages. That would be hard on Jerry, whose wife and children are sick, and worse on young Brentano, who must support his mother and sisters. Be merciful and direct the storm away from us miserable sinners. I ask this favor in the name of God, the Father Almighty, of Jesus, his only Son, and his holy Mother, the Blessed Virgin Mary." He paused and added as an afterthought, "If it is Thy will and the offer is well, if any must suffer, let me suffer and spare the others; for there is no one to care for me and I have not much to be glad of. So be it Thy will, in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Amen." He crossed himself devoutly, seeking his bed afterward with a perfect reliance in the will of the Lord.

Through the night there was a wild cry and, awakening, the men hurried out half-dressed to quiet the horses and mules, while the women, who with their husbands lived in little cabins here and there on the ranch, were already hurrying in to the stronger main building.

The darkness of the night was lighted with terrible frequency by red glares of electricity, and the sullen roar of the thunder was continuous. As the wind increased the ranchman collected them in the long, low building, least exposed, calling on them to be calm, to ask God to help them and, in case of the worst, he solemnly prayed God to have mercy on them. These things he said, but they were only heard by a few who were crowded immediately around him.

All lights were extinguished to prevent a possible torture by burning if the building gave way.

The storm increased in violence until the building creaked and swayed, the walls bulging in, while a noise like the whirr of innumerable machines swept under the house and filled the listeners with the solemnity of an awful and a near death.

For a second the ranchman stood irresolute, then yielding to a momentary fear, he turned the door

knob and would have fled into the storm outside, but the door was warped out of position, the house was yielding and they were inside. His face white and tortured bowed to the door and in that moment of weakness he was glad that his men could not see him. But even as he thought destruction at hand, the thunder, reverberating, echoed at a greater distance, the lightning seemed less vivid, the wind less tempestuous. His heart rebounded and in the sudden lull he exclaimed loudly: "If I lose all, yet I am happy, seeing that we are all saved." And the women began to cry softly.

Before the storm was altogether past the day was well advanced, breakfast was hurried through and a tour of the ranch made to know the extent of loss. By a marvellous mercy only a small portion of the wheat was injured, the cyclone confining itself to a narrow belt. Fences were gone, a few fruit trees uprooted and nearly all the cabins were more or less wrecked. Even the horses were uninjured and Mr. Bartelle and his men were loud in their joy and happy over the prospects of the wheat.

But when night came there was an exclaiming about Durelle. "Where was he?" He was not at supper. One man said his mule team had been idle all day in the sod ground, and wonder changed to apprehension.

The herder started up hastily. "I think I can find him. Come with me, Vellet."

He walked toward the east through the mist and the dim light of the stars.

There he was, face down, in the center of the belt where the storm passed. Just there the storm had been most severe, the pivot of the cyclone ploughing a deep gully in the earth; it had passed over Durelle's treasury and Durelle was dead, face downward in the mud.

"Poor feller," choked the herder, "He was a good little feller. I don't know his story, but I'll bet he wasn't much to blame. It was tough on him to lose all, money and life too."

They carried him in and the next day he was buried simply, without ceremony, only a wooden cross put over him and a footboard with "Little Durelle" upon it.

S. M. O'MALLEY.





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THE FAITHFUL SERVANT.

The intolerance of the Protestants against Catholics in this country was much greater some years ago than it is now, and many persons in want of servants added to their advertisements the remark, "No Catholics need apply." One day a similar advertisement appeared in one of the New York dailies, and a poor Irish girl applied for the position. She had the necessary recommendations and handed them to the lady of the house.

"Before we go any farther," said the lady, "I must ask you, are you a Catholic?"

"Yes, madam; thank the Lord, I am."

"You are? Didn't you read my advertisement?"

"Yes, madam, I did; but I thought you might be willing to try me, and if I do my work honestly and well you won't mind my religion. Won't you please give me a trial? If I don't please you and don't do my work to your satisfaction you can send me away again."

The lady, pleased at the frankness and respectable appearance of the girl, hesitated a few moments and then said: "Very well, you may stay. I will make an exception this time and see whether you will suit."

For many weeks Delia had a difficult position in her new place. The members of the family, as well as the servants, laughed at her religious practices and used every opportunity to ridicule them. But the simple, faithful girl did not waver in her faith and took it all patiently. The persecution which she had to suffer did not make her lose her temper, and she continued faithfully in the pious practices she had brought with her from Ireland. Nothing daunted, she made the sign of the cross before and after each meal, though it called forth invariably some derisive remarks. Every night she said her rosary and threw holy water over her bed, while her Protestant companions laughed at her.

Some months later an epidemic of scarlet fever broke out in the city. Two children of this family were seized by the dread disease, whereupon all the servants left immediately, without giving notice,

for fear of infection. Only the Catholic girl remained at her post, nursed the sick children faithfully day and night, and took motherly care of them until they were fully restored to health. A few years afterwards a new misfortune befell the family. The father failed in his business and died soon after, leaving his family destitute. The beautiful house had to be vacated and all its contents sold, and they had to move into a small place with no furniture but what was absolutely necessary.

Among the treasures of their former home there was a picture representing their whole family, which had been painted while they were in prosperous circumstances. It was too valuable to be taken along, as they were only allowed to remove what they absolutely needed. This painting was so precious to the mother of the family that she felt it harder to leave that behind than anything else. Did it not depict the faces of all her loved ones who were among the living, and besides the sweet little face of her darling who slumbered under the sod of the cemetery? Our Irish girl felt what her mistress was suffering and determined to save her that pain. Though it took nearly all her savings, she bought the picture and had it brought to their new home.

When the mother saw her priceless treasure again, whose loss she had so bitterly bemoaned, she almost fainted with surprise and exclaimed: "Is it possible? Does the picture really belong to me again?"

"Yes, madam, it is yours. I had money enough to buy it and am happy to be able to make you a present of it."

Tears of joy fell from the mother's eyes and falling on Delia's neck she exclaimed: "My dear Delia, how wonderful is your religion. I will also become a Catholic. Your heroic devotion to my children opened my eyes at first and now this magnanimity—I will hesitate no longer—I will at once embrace a religion which teaches such sublime virtues!"



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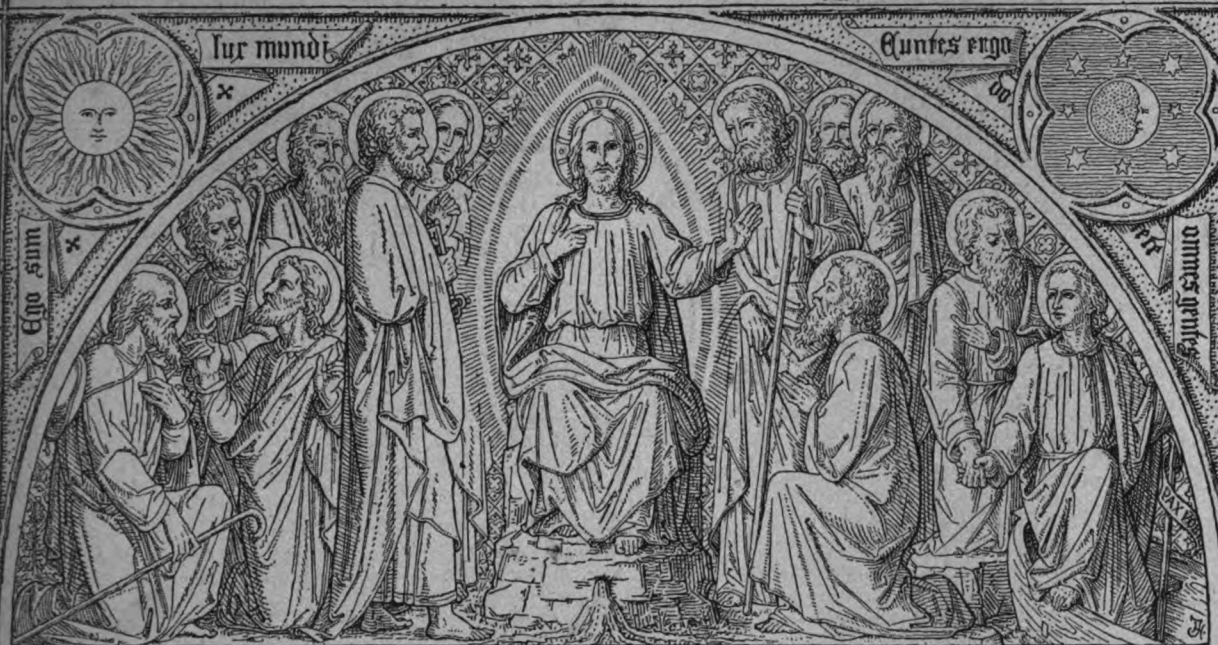
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St. Joseph's Home.	Cover



ST. MICHAEL'S ALMANAC



FOR THE YEAR OF OUR LORD

1901



PUBLISHED BY THE

SOCIETY OF THE DIVINE WORD

FOR THE BENEFIT OF

ST. JOSEPH'S HOME

SHERMENVILLE, COOK COUNTY, ILLINOIS



*With the Approval of the Most Rev.
P. A. Feehan, D.D., Archbishop
of Chicago.*

Third Year

Price, 20 Cents

The Fall Year, 18. Gray 1908

CHRONOLOGICAL CYCLES.

Epact 10, Golden Number 2, Solar Cycle 6, Roman Indiction 14, Dominical Letter F.

ECLIPSES 1901.

In this year there will be two eclipses of the sun and one of the moon, all three being invisible in the United States.

1. A total eclipse of the sun will occur on May 17. The track of totality extends from the southern end of Madagascar across the Indian Ocean, through Sumatra, Borneo, Celebes and Papua or New Guinea. The maximum duration of totality will be 6 minutes, 27 seconds. As a partial eclipse it will be visible in the southeastern portion of Africa, in Hindustan, Siam, the Philippines, Australia and the intervening islands, and in the entire Indian Ocean.

2. A partial eclipse of the moon will occur on October 27. It will be visible in Asia, Australia and the Pacific and Indian Oceans. Less than one-fourth (0.228) of the moon's diameter will be obscured.

3. An annular (ring) eclipse of the sun will occur on November 10, and will be visible as such on a line drawn from Sicily through Cairo, Arabia, Ceylon, Siam and Japan, the maximum duration being 11 minutes, 2 seconds. As a partial eclipse it will be visible in almost all Europe and Asia, and in the northern half of Africa and the Indian Ocean.

On May 3, at 12:31 p. m., the moon almost grazes the earth's shadow, but does not enter it. This also is invisible in the United States.

SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC.

Aries ♈	Cancer ♋	Libra ♎	Capricorn ♐
Taurus ♉	Leo ♌	Scorpio ♏	Aquarius ♒
Gemini ♊	Virgo ♍	Sagittarius ♐	Pisces ♓

PLANETS.

Mercury ☿	Venus ♀	Earth ☁	Mars ♂
Jupiter ♃	Saturn ♄	Uranus ♅	Neptune ♆
Sun ☼	Moon ☾		

OTHER SYMBOLS.

♌ Conjunction, or nearest approach of the heavenly bodies to one another.

☐ Quadrature, or at right angles.

♌ Opposition, or 180° or 12 hours apart.

Morning and Evening Stars. A planet is morning star when it is above the horizon at the time of sunrise; it is evening star when above the horizon at sunset.

MOVABLE FEASTS.

Septuagesima	Feb. 3	Pentecost	May 26
Shrove Tuesday	Feb. 19	Holy Trinity	Jun. 2
Ash Wednesday	Feb. 20	Corpus Christi	Jun. 6
Palm Sunday	Mar. 31	Sacred Heart	Jun. 14
Good Friday	Apr. 5	1st Sun. of Advent	Dec. 1
Easter Sunday	Apr. 7		
Low Sunday	Apr. 14	3 Sundays after Epiphany.	
Ascension Day	May 16	26 Sundays after Pentecost.	

HOLY DAYS OF OBLIGATION.

ON WHICH MASS IS OF PRECEPT.

Every Sunday throughout the year.

1. New Year's Day, Tuesday, January 1.
2. Ascension Day, Thursday, May 16.
3. Assumption B. V., Thursday, August 15.
4. All Saints, Friday, November 1.
5. Immac. Conception B. V., Sunday, December 8.
6. Christmas, Wednesday, December 25.

DAYS OF FAST.

UPON WHICH ONLY ONE FULL MEAL IS ALLOWED.

1. The 40 days of Lent.
2. Wednesday, Friday and Saturday in the four Ember weeks.
3. The vigils of Christmas, Easter, Pentecost, Assumption B. V. M., and All Saints.
4. In some dioceses the Fridays of Advent.

EMBER DAYS.

First Week of Lent, February 27, March 1, 2.
Pentecost Week, May 29, 31, June 1.
Third week in September, September 18, 20, 21.
Third week in December, December 18, 20, 21.

DAYS OF ABSTINENCE.

UPON WHICH FLESH MEAT IS NOT ALLOWED.

1. Every Friday in the year.
2. Every fast day in the year, except Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday (except the second and last Saturday) in Lent, upon which flesh-meat may be eaten once.

DATES OF EASTER DURING THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

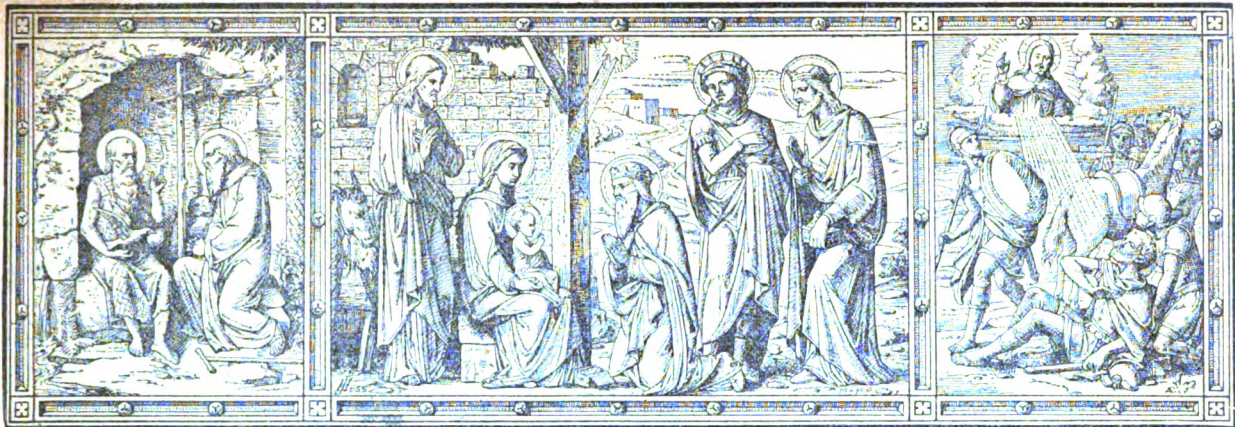
MARCH.										APRIL.																											
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25			
D	E	F	G	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	A	B	C			
..	13	40	51	67	10	37	59	2	7	23	61	4	15	31	47	1	17	39	55	9	3	41	63	6	11	27	54	8	19	35	62	5	..	43			
..	..	..	..	78	21	48	64	75	18	34	72	83	20	42	58	12	28	44	66	71	14	52	68	79	22	38	65	81	24	46	73	16	..	..			
..	..	..	..	89	32	..	70	86	29	45	..	88	26	53	69	85	..	50	77	82	25	..	74	90	33	49	76	87	30	57	84	00	..	..			
..	..	..	..	..	..	..	97	91	50	..	..	94	99	..	80	96	..	..	93	36	..	..	..	95	60	..	92	..	..	..	..	..	..	..			
..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	98	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..			

In the first line, 22, 23, 31, 1, 2, 25, under the words March and April, are the dates of those months upon which Easter may fall. In the second line, D, E, F, G, A, B, C are the dominical letters of the years. Below these are the years of this century under their respective dates, thus: 13 means that in 1913 Easter falls on March 23 and the dominical letter is E. 43 means that in 1943 Easter falls on April 25 and the dominical letter is C: 00 that in 2000 Easter falls on April 23 and the dominical letter is A.

EXCEPTIONS TO FAST AND ABSTINENCE.

1. Sunday is never a day of fast or abstinence.
2. All persons that are not obliged to fast may eat meat as often as they like on those days on which meat is allowed.
3. Working people are allowed to eat meat on all days of the year except all Fridays, Ash Wednesday, Wednesday and Saturday of Holy Week, and the vigil of Christmas. When any member of such a family lawfully uses this privilege, all the other members may avail themselves of the same privilege, but those who are bound to fast cannot eat meat more than once a day.
4. United States soldiers in field or in garrison may eat meat every

day of the year, except Ash Wednesday, Good Friday, Holy Saturday and the vigils of Assumption B. V. and Christmas.
5. Persons under 21 or over 60 years of age are not obliged to fast. All those that perform severe and exhausting labor, the sick, nursing women, and all those whose health would be injured thereby, are exempt from fasting.
6. Fish and flesh are never allowed at the same meal on days of fast throughout the year, nor on Sundays in Lent. They are allowed on days of abstinence, such as Fridays, to those who are not bound to abstain. This rule does not apply to the sick.



JANUARY, 1901.

Days.		SAINTS AND FESTIVALS.	Moon's		Sun		Moon	
			Age	Course	Rises	Sets	Rises	Sets
1	T	Circumcision of Our Lord.	12	☾	7 20	4 47	2 4	3 48
2	W	Macarius, A. Martinian, B.	13	☾	7 20	4 48	2 56	4 52
3	T	Genevieve, V. M. Florentius, B. M.	14	☾	7 21	4 49	3 56	5 53
4	F	Rigobertus, B. Mavilus, M.	15	☾	7 21	4 50	4 58	6 41
5	S	Telesphorus, P. Simon Stylites.	16	☾	7 21	4 51	6 3	7 32
1 Sunday. Epiphany of Our Lord. Gospel: The Three Magi. Matth. ii., 1-12.								
6	S	Epiphany of Our Lord.	17	☾	7 21	4 52	7 7	8 10
7	M	Crispin, B. Clerus, M. Lucian, M.	18	☾	7 21	4 53	8 5	8 43
8	T	Severin, A. Patiens, B.	19	☾	7 21	4 54	9 6	9 13
9	W	Julian and Basilissa, M.	20	☾	7 20	4 55	10 4	9 43
10	T	Agatho, P. John the Good, B.	21	☾	7 20	4 56	11 0	10 10
11	F	Hyginus, P. M. Honorata, V.	22	☾	7 20	4 57	11 56	10 38
12	S	Satyrus, M. Tatiana, M.	23	☾	7 20	4 58	Midn	11 7
2 Sunday. 1 Sunday after Epiphany. Gospel: The Child Jesus in the Temple. Luke ii., 42-52.								
13	S	Veronica, V. Agritius, B. Potitus, M.	24	☾	7 19	4 59	12 52	11 36
14	M	Hilary, B. D. Malachy, Pr.	25	☾	7 19	5 0	1 49	Noon
15	T	Paul, First Hermit. Maurus, A.	26	☾	7 19	5 1	2 37	12 42
16	W	Marcellus, P. M. Berard, M.	27	☾	7 18	5 2	3 44	1 38
17	T	Antony, A. Sulpicius Pius.	28	☾	7 18	5 3	4 37	2 29
18	F	Peter's Chair at Rome. Prisca, V. M.	29	☾	7 17	5 4	5 49	3 28
19	S	Canute, K. M. Wulstan, B.	30	☾	7 17	5 5	6 16	4 30
3 Sunday. 2 Sunday after Epiphany. Gospel: The Wedding Feast at Cana. John ii., 1-11.								
20	S	The Holy Name of Jesus. Fab. Seb., M.	1	☾	7 16	5 6	6 59	5 37
21	M	Agnes, V. M. Meinrad, A.	2	☾	7 16	5 8	7 37	6 45
22	T	Vincent and Anastasius, M.	3	☾	7 15	5 9	8 15	7 55
23	W	Espousals, B. V. M. Emerentiana, V. M.	4	☾	7 14	5 10	8 48	9 4
24	T	Timothy, B. M. Felician, B.	5	☾	7 13	5 11	9 24	10 13
25	F	Conversion of St. Paul. Ananias.	6	☾	7 13	5 12	9 50	11 22
26	S	Polycarp, B. M. Paula, W.	7	☾	7 12	5 13	10 34	Midn
4 Sunday. 3 Sunday after Epiphany. Gospel: Jesus Heals a Leper. Matthew viii., 1-13.								
27	S	Holy Family. John Chrysostom, B. D.	8	☾	7 12	5 14	11 14	12 32
28	M	Cyril of Alexandria, B. D. Julian, B.	9	☾	7 11	5 15	Noon	1 39
29	T	Francis de Sales, B. D. Aquilinus, M.	10	☾	7 10	5 16	12 50	2 45
30	W	Martina, V. M. Hyacintha Mariscotti, V.	11	☾	7 10	5 18	1 46	3 42
31	T	Peter Nolasco. Louisa Albertonia.	12	☾	7 9	5 19	2 55	4 38

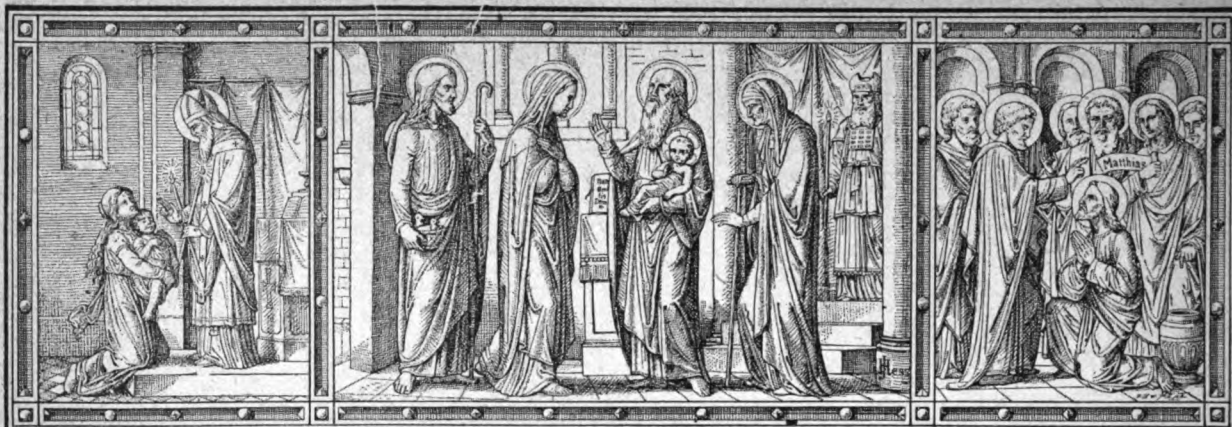
PLANETS, 1901—January.

Mercury, morning star, δ δ on 7. δ δ on 21.
Venus, evening star only 22' north of γ on 15, δ δ on 18, only 20' south of δ on 24.
Mars, morning star δ δ on 19, south at 3 a. m. on 20.
Jupiter, m. st. δ γ on 15, δ γ on 18, rises at 6 a. m. on 7.
Saturn, m. st. δ δ on 18, δ δ on 24, rises at 6 a. m. on 20.
Uranus, morning star, δ δ on 3, δ δ on 16.
Neptune, evening star, δ δ on 3 and 30.

MOON'S PHASES.

JANUARY, 1901.

Full Moon, 4.....6:13 P. M.
 Last Quarter, 12.....2:38 P. M.
 New Moon, 20.....8:36 A. M.
 First Quarter, 27.....3:52 A. M.
 Apogee, 12.
 Perigee, 24.



FEBRUARY, 1901.

Days.	SAINTS AND FESTIVALS.	Moon's		Sun		Moon	
		Age	Course	Rises	Sets	Rises	Sets
1 F	Ignatius, B. M. Bridget, W. Ephrem.	13	♄	7 8 5	20	3 47	5 25
2 S	Candlemas. Cornelius, B.	14	♌	7 7 5	21	4 50	6 6

5 Sunday. Septuagesima Sunday. Gospel: The Laborers in the Vineyard. Matthew xx., 1-16.

3 S	Blase, B. M. Anscharius, B.	15	♏	7 6 5	22	5 53	6 42
4 M	Andrew Corsini, B. Joanna of Valois, W.	16	♐	7 5 5	23	6 51	7 14
5 T	Prayer of Christ. Philip of Jesus, M.	17	♐	7 4 5	24	7 49	7 43
6 W	Titus, B. Dorothy, V. Guarinus, B.	18	♐	7 2 5	26	8 48	8 10
7 T	Romuald, A. Richard, K.	19	♐	7 1 5	27	9 45	8 39
8 F	John of Matha. Cointha, M.	20	♐	7 0 5	28	10 41	9 9
9 S	Apollonia, V. M. Ansbert, B.	21	♐	6 59 5	29	11 37	9 38

6 Sunday. Sexagesima Sunday. Gospel: The Sower. Luke viii., 4-15.

10 S	Scholastica, V. Austreberta, V.	22	♐	6 58 5	30	Midn	10 11
11 M	Seven Founders of Servants, B. V. M.	23	♐	6 57 5	31	12 38	10 46
12 T	Passion of Christ. Agatha, V. M.	24	♐	6 56 5	32	1 29	11 29
13 W	Raymond of Pennafort. Cath. Ricci, V.	25	♐	6 55 5	33	2 24	Noon
14 T	Valentine, B. M. Eleuchadius, B.	26	♐	6 54 5	34	3 17	1 11
15 F	Faustinus and Jovita, M. Georgia, V.	27	♐	6 52 5	36	4 4	2 11
16 S	Juliana, V. M. Onesimus, B. M.	28	♐	6 51 5	37	4 49	3 14

7 Sunday. Quinquagesima Sunday. Gospel: Jesus Cures a Blind Man. Luke xviii., 31-43.

17 S	Theodulus, M. Fintan. Silvinus, B.	29	♐	6 50 5	38	5 31	4 24
18 M	Simeon, B. M. Helladius, B.	1	♐	6 49 5	39	6 10	5 33
19 T	Shrove Tuesday. Conrad of Placentia.	2	♐	6 48 5	40	6 44	6 44
20 W	†Ash Wednesday. Eucherius, B.	3	♐	6 47 5	41	7 21	7 20
21 T	Paterius, B. Felix, B. Severianus, B. M.	4	♐	6 45 5	43	7 57	9 8
22 F	†Crown of Thorns. Peter's Chair at Antioch.	5	♐	6 44 5	44	8 31	10 20
23 S	Peter Damien, B. D. Milburge, V.	6	♐	6 42 5	45	9 13	11 29

8 Sunday. 1 Sunday in Lent. Gospel: Jesus is Tempted in the Desert. Matthew iv., 1-11.

24 S	Matthias, Ap. Ethelbert, K.	7	♐	6 40 5	46	9 58	Midn
25 M	Tharadius, B. Caesarius. Felix, P.	8	♐	6 39 5	47	10 48	12 37
26 T	Margaret of Cortona, Pen. Nestor, B.	9	♐	6 38 5	48	Noon	1 38
27 W	†Ember Day. Julian, M. Baldomer.	10	♐	6 37 5	49	12 44	2 35
28 T	Romanus, A. Rufinus, M.	11	♐	6 36 5	50	1 41	3 22

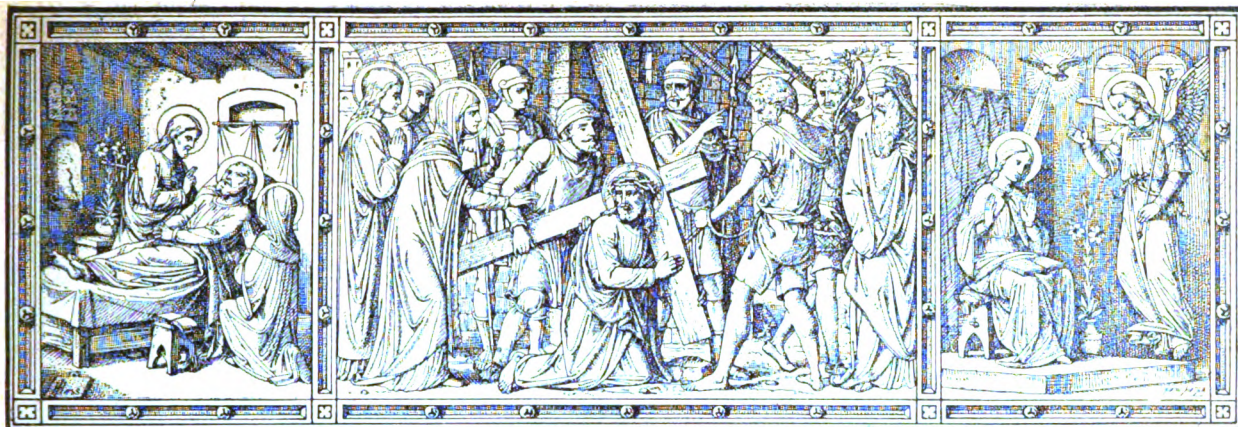
PLANETS, 1901—February.

Mercury, evening star, 18° E. of ☉ on 19, ☌ ☌ on 20.
 Venus, morning star, ☌ ☌ on 17.
 Mars, m. st., ☌ ☌ on 5, ☌ ☌ on 21, souths at Midn. on 25.
 Jupiter, morning star, ☌ ☌ on 14, rises at 4 a. m. on 15.
 Saturn, morning star, ☌ ☌ on 15, rises at 4 a. m. on 23.
 Uranus, morning star, ☌ ☌ on 13.
 Neptune, evening star, ☌ ☌ on 26.

MOON'S PHASES.

FEBRUARY, 1901.

Full Moon, 3..... 9:30 A. M.
 Last Quarter, 11..... 12:12 P. M.
 New Moon, 18..... 8:45 P. M.
 First Quarter, 25..... 12:38 P. M.
 Apogee, 9.
 Perigee, 20.



MARCH, 1901.

Days.	SAINTS AND FESTIVALS.		Moon's		Sun		Moon	
			Age	Course	Rises	Sets	Rises	Sets
1 F	†Ember Day.	Lance and Nails.	12	♋	6 34	5 51	2 43	4 5
2 S	†Ember Day.	Jovinus, M. Chad, B.	13	♋	6 32	5 52	3 43	4 43
9 Sunday. 2 Sunday in Lent. Gospel: The Transfiguration. Matthew xvii., 1-9.								
3 S	Cunigundes, V. E.	Asterius, M.	14	♋	6 31	5 53	4 42	5 10
4 M	Casimir, K.	Photius, M. Caius, M.	15	♌	6 30	5 54	5 42	5 45
5 T	John Joseph of the Cross.	Phocas, M.	16	♌	6 28	5 55	6 39	6 14
6 W	†Colette, V.	Ollegarius, B. Conon, M.	17	♌	6 26	5 56	7 36	6 41
7 T	Thomas Aquinas, D.	Perpetua, M.	18	♌	6 25	5 57	8 32	7 10
8 F	†Holy Shroud.	John of God.	19	♌	6 24	5 58	9 27	7 41
9 S	Frances of Rome, W.	Cath. Bologna, W.	20	♍	6 22	5 59	10 24	8 11
10 Sunday. 3 Sunday in Lent. Gospel: Jesus Expels a Devil. Luke xi., 14-28.								
10 S	40 Martyrs of Sebaste.	Macarius, B.	21	♍	6 20	6 0	11 19	8 47
11 M	Sophronius, B.	Firmin, A.	22	♎	6 19	6 1	Midn	9 26
12 T	Gregory the Great, P.	Egdonus, M.	23	♎	6 18	6 2	12 13	10 10
13 W	†Ansovinus, B.	Nicephorus, B.	24	♎	6 16	6 3	1 6	11 0
14 T	Eutychius, M.	Mathilda, Emp.	25	♏	6 14	6 4	1 55	Noon
15 F	†Holy Five Wounds.	Longinus, S.	26	♏	6 13	6 5	2 41	12 59
16 S	Agapitus, B.	Heribert, B. Julian, M.	27	♏	6 12	6 6	3 22	2 1
11 Sunday. 4 Sunday in Lent. Gospel: The Multiplication of Loaves. John vi., 1-15.								
17 S	Patrick, B.	Joseph of Arimathea.	28	♐	6 10	6 7	4 1	3 10
18 M	Gabriel, Archangel.	Alexander, B.	29	♐	6 8	6 8	4 38	4 19
19 T	Joseph, Spouse B. V. M.	Amantius.	30	♐	6 7	6 9	5 15	5 31
20 W	†Cyril of Jerusalem, B. D.	Cuthbert.	1	♑	6 6	6 10	5 51	6 44
21 T	Benedict, A. F.	Nicolas de Flue	2	♑	6 4	6 11	6 28	7 58
22 F	†Most Precious Blood.	Cath. of Sw.	3	♑	6 2	6 12	7 9	9 9
23 S	Nicon, M	Fidelis, M. Victorian, M	4	♑	6 0	6 13	7 52	10 23
12 Sunday. 5 Sunday in Lent. Gospel: The Testimony of Christ. John viii., 46-59.								
24 S	Passion Sunday.	Child Simeon, M.	5	♒	5 58	6 14	8 44	11 31
25 M	Annunciation, B. V. M.	The Good Thief.	6	♒	5 57	6 15	9 36	Midn
26 T	Braulio, B.	Ludger, B.	7	♒	5 56	6 16	10 37	12 28
27 W	†John Damascene, D.	Rupert, B.	8	♒	5 54	6 17	Noon	1 21
28 T	John of Capistran.	Gontram, K.	9	♒	5 52	6 18	12 37	2 4
29 F	†Seven Dolors B. V. M.	Secundus, M.	10	♒	5 51	6 19	1 38	2 50
30 S	John Climacus, A.	Quirinus, M.	11	♒	5 50	6 20	2 37	3 17
13 Sunday. Palm Sunday. Gospel: Entry of Jesus into Jerusalem. Matthew xxi., 1-9.								
31 S	Palm Sunday.	Balbina, V. Amos, Pr.	12	♒	5 48	6 20	3 35	3 48

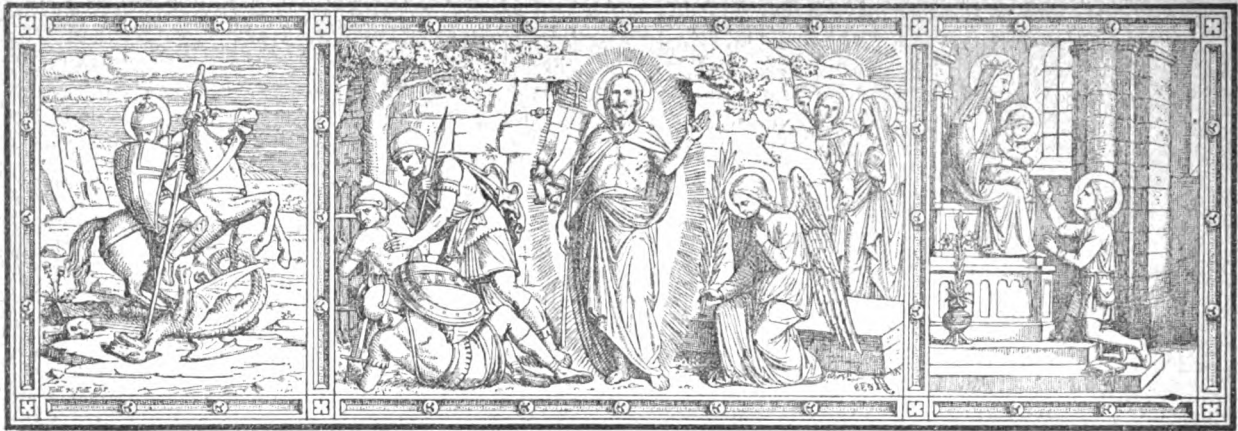
PLANETS, 1901—March.

Mercury, morning star on 7, δ 8 ♀ on 13, δ 8 ♀ on 19.
 Venus, morning star, δ 9 ♀ on 19.
 Mars, evening star, δ 3 ♀ on 4 and 30, souths 10 p. m. on 20.
 Jupiter, morning star, δ 2 ♀ on 14, rises at 3 a. m. on 6.
 Saturn, morning star, δ 2 ♀ on 15.
 Uranus, morning star, δ 4 ♀ on 7, δ 4 ♀ on 12.
 Neptune, evening star, δ 4 ♀ on 17, δ 4 ♀ on 26.
 Spring begins at 1 a. m. on 21.

MOON'S PHASES.

MARCH, 1901.

Full Moon, 5.....2:04 A. M.
 Last Quarter, 13.....7:06 A. M.
 New Moon, 20.....6:53 A. M.
 First Quarter, 26.....10:39 P. M.
 Apogee, 8.
 Perigee, 21.



APRIL, 1901.

Days.	SAINTS AND FESTIVALS.		Moon's		Sun		Moon	
			Age	Course	Rises	Sets	Rises	Sets
1 M	Theodora, M.	Hugh, B.	13	☾	5 47	6 21	4 33	4 16
2 T	Francis of Paula.	Mary of Egypt, Pen.	14	☾	5 45	6 22	5 29	4 44
3 W	†Benedict the Moor.	Richard B.	15	☾	5 43	6 23	6 25	5 13
4 T	Holy Thursday.		16	☾	5 42	6 24	7 21	5 42
5 F	†Good Friday.		17	☾	5 40	6 25	8 17	6 14
6 S	†Holy Saturday.		18	☾	5 38	6 26	9 13	6 47

14 Sunday. Easter Sunday. Gospel: Resurrection of Our Lord. Mark xvi., 1-7.

7	S	Easter Sunday.	19	1	5 37	6 27	10 7	7 26
8	M	Easter Monday.	20	1	5 36	6 28	10 59	8 7
9	T	Easter Tuesday.	21	1	5 35	6 29	11 49	8 55
10	W	Ezechiel, Pr Apollonius, M.	22	W	5 33	6 30	Midn	9 47
11	T	Leo the Great, P. D. Antipas.	23	W	5 31	6 31	12 35	10 45
12	F	Zeno, B. Vissia, V. M. Julius, P.	24	W	5 30	6 32	1 37	Noon
13	S	Hermenegild, K. M. Justin Philos. M.	25	W	5 29	6 33	1 56	12 50

15 Sunday. 1 Sunday after Easter. Gospel: Jesus Appears to His Apostles. John xx., 19-31.

14 S	Low Sunday.	Justinus, Tiburt. Valer.	26	☾	5 27	6 34	2 32	1 57
15 M	Anastasia, Basilissa, Crescens, M.		27	☾	5 25	6 35	3 8	3 6
16 T	Benedict Joseph Labre.	Lambert M.	28	☾	5 24	6 36	3 42	4 16
17 W	Anicetus, P.	Hermogenes, M.	29	☾	5 23	6 37	4 18	5 30
18 T	Amadeus, M.	Anthia, M.	1	☾	5 21	6 38	4 58	6 45
19 F	Elphege, B. M.	Timon, M.	2	☾	5 20	6 39	5 41	7 58
20 S	Sulpicius and Servilian, M.	Marcellin.	3	☾	5 19	6 39	6 29	9 9

16 Sunday. 2 Sunday after Easter. Gospel: The Good Shepherd. John x., 11-16.

21 S	Anselm, B. D.	Arator, M.	Simeon, B. M.	4	☾	5 17	6 40	7 22	10 14
22 M	Soter and Caius, P.	Leonides, M.		5	☾	5 15	6 41	8 23	11 13
23 T	George, M.	Adalbert, B. M.	Marolus, B.	6	☾	5 14	6 42	9 26	12 0
24 W	Fidelis of Sigmaringa, M.	Egbert.		7	☾	5 13	6 43	10 28	Midn
25 T	Mark, Evang.	The Great Litanies.		8	☾	5 12	6 44	Noon	12 49
26 F	Mary of Good Counsel.	Cletus, Marc, M.		9	☾	5 11	6 45	12 39	1 19
27 S	Turibius, B.	Zita, V.		10	☾	5 10	6 46	1 30	1 50

17 Sunday. 3 Sunday after Easter. Gospel: In a Little While. John xvi., 16-22.

28 S	Patronage of S. Joseph.			11	☾	5 8	6 47	2 27	2 19
29 M	Peter of Verona, M.	Paulinus, B.		12	☾	5 6	6 48	3 24	2 48
30 T	Catharine of Siena, V.	Sophia, V. M.		13	☾	5 5	6 49	4 20	3 15

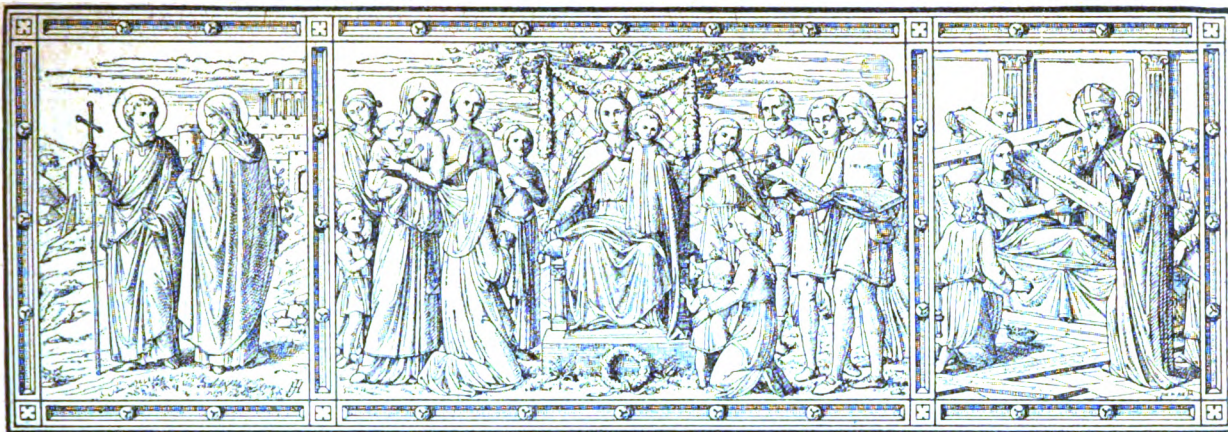
PLANETS, 1901—April.

Mercury, morning star, 28° W. of ☾ on 4, δ 8° on 17.
 Venus, morning star, δ 9° on 18, δ 9° on 30.
 Mars, evening star, δ 3° on 27, souths at 8 p. m. on 19.
 Jupiter, morning star, ☐ 24° on 1, δ 24° on 11.
 Saturn, morning star, ☐ 5° on 5, δ 5° on 11.
 Uranus, morning star, δ 4° on 9.
 Neptune, evening star, δ 4° on 22.

MOON'S PHASES.

APRIL, 1901.

Full Moon, 3. 7:20 P. M.
 Last Quarter, 11. 9:57 P. M.
 New Moon, 18. 3:37 P. M.
 First Quarter, 25. 10:15 A. M.
 Apogee, 5.
 Perigee, 18.



MAY, 1901.

Days.	SAINTS AND FESTIVALS.		Moon's		Sun		Moon	
			Age	Course	Rises	Sets	Rises	Sets
1 W	Philip and James, Ap.	Jeremias, Pr.	14	☾	5 46	50	5 15	3 45
2 T	Athanasius, B. D.	Vindemial, B.	15	☾	5 36	51	6 11	4 16
3 F	Finding of the Holy Cross.	Juvenal, B.	16	☾	5 26	52	7 7	4 48
4 S	Monica, W.	Antonia, M. Godard, B.	17	☾	5 16	53	8 2	5 26

18 Sunday. 4 Sunday after Easter. Gospel: Christ Goeth to the Father. John xvi., 5-15.

5 S	Pius, V. P.	Nicetus, B.	18	☾	5 06	54	8 56	6 6
6 M	John Before the Latin Gate.	Lucius, B.	19	☾	4 58	54	9 45	6 52
7 T	Stanislaus, B. M.	Flavia Domitilla, V. M.	20	☾	4 57	55	10 32	7 43
8 W	Apparition of Michael, Archangel.	Wiro, B.	21	☾	4 56	56	11 15	8 38
9 T	Gregory of Nazianzen, D.	Hermas.	22	☾	4 55	57	11 55	9 38
10 F	Antoninus, B.	Job, Pr.	23	☾	4 54	58	Midn	10 38
11 S	Francis de Hieronymo.	Anthimus.	24	☾	4 53	59	12 31	Noon

19 Sunday. 5 Sunday after Easter. Gospel: Ask in My Name. John xvi., 23-30.

12 S	Nereus and Achilleus, M.	Pancratius.	25	☾	4 52	7 0	1 4	12 48
13 M	Rogation Days.	Peter Regalati.	26	☾	4 51	7 1	1 39	1 57
14 T		Servatius, B.	27	☾	4 50	7 2	2 14	3 5
15 W		Boniface, M.	28	☾	4 49	7 3	2 49	4 19
16 T		Henedina, M.	29	☾	4 48	7 4	3 30	5 31
17 F	Ascension of Our Lord.	Isidore, Dympha, V.	1	☾	4 48	7 4	4 15	6 45
18 S	Paschal Baylon.	Restituta, V. M.	2	☾	4 47	7 5	5 7	7 51
	Venantius, M.	Eric, K. M.						

20 Sunday. 6 Sunday after Easter. Gospel: When the Paraclete shall Come. John xv., 26.

19 S	Peter Celestin, V. P.	Pudentiana, V.	3	☾	4 46	7 6	6 4	8 56
20 M	Bernardin of Siena.	Aquila, M.	4	☾	4 45	7 7	7 6	9 51
21 T	Felix of Cantalicio.	Valens, B.	5	☾	4 45	7 7	8 12	10 37
22 W	John Nepomucen, M.	Rita, W.	6	☾	4 44	7 8	9 16	11 17
23 T	John Bapt. de Rossi.	Andr. Bobola, M.	7	☾	4 44	7 9	10 20	11 51
24 F	Mary Help of Christians.		8	☾	4 43	7 10	11 21	Midn
25 S	†Gregory VII., P.	Urbanus, P. M.	9	☾	4 42	7 11	Noon	12 22

21 Sunday. Pentecost Sunday. Gospel: The Paraclete will Teach You All Things. John xiv., 23-31.

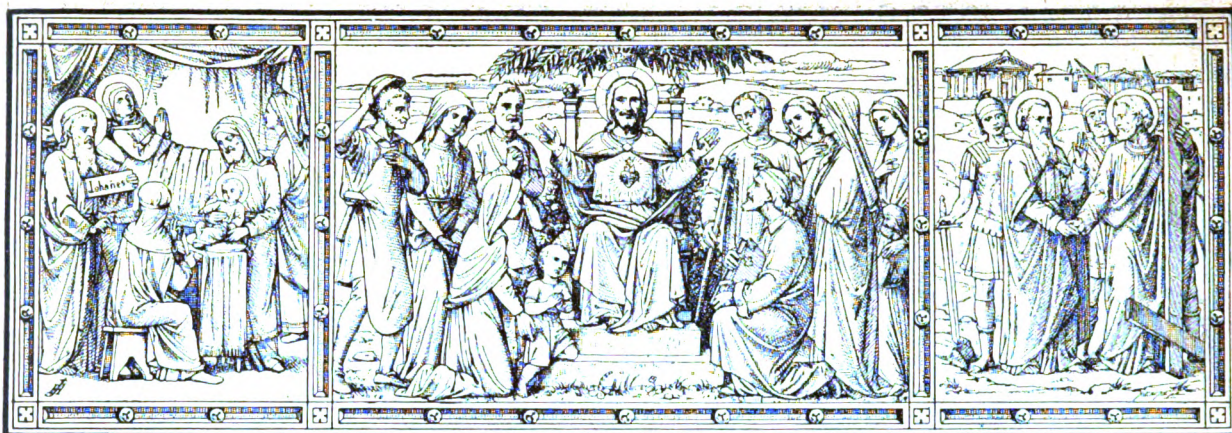
26 S	Pentecost Sunday.		10	☾	4 42	7 12	1 17	12 53
27 M	Pentecost Monday.		11	☾	4 41	7 13	2 13	1 19
28 T	Pentecost Tuesday.		12	☾	4 41	7 13	3 9	1 47
29 W	†Ember Day.	Restitutut, M.	13	☾	4 40	7 14	4 5	2 18
30 T	Ferdinand, K.	Emmelia, Basil.	14	☾	4 40	7 15	5 0	2 50
31 F	†Ember Day.	Angela Merici, V.	15	☾	4 39	7 16	5 56	3 24

PLANETS, 1901—May.
 Mercury, evening star on 14, ☿ ☾ on 18, ☿ ☿ ☾ on 18.
 Venus, evening star, close ☿ ☾ on 18.
 Mars, evening star, ☿ ☾ on 25, ☿ ☾ on 28, souths at 7 p. m. on 9.
 Jupiter, morning star, ☿ ☾ on 8, souths at 3 a. m. on 20.
 Saturn, morning star, ☿ ☾ on 8, souths at 3 a. m. on 24.
 Uranus, morning star, ☿ ☾ on 6.
 Neptune, evening star, ☿ ☾ on 20, ☿ ☿ ☾ on 31.

MOON'S PHASES.

MAY, 1901.

3	Full Moon,	12.19 P. M.
11	Last Quarter,	10.38 A. M.
17	New Moon,	11.38 P. M.
24	First Quarter,	11.40 P. M.
2 and 29.	Apogee,	
17.	Perigee,	



JUNE, 1901.

Days.		SAINTS AND FESTIVALS.		Moon's		Sun		Moon	
				Age	Course	Rises	Sets	Rises	Sets
1	S	†Ember Day. Fortunatus. Thespesius, M.	16	f	4 39	7 17	6 58	4 5	
22 Sunday. 1 Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel: Go, Teach all Nations. Matthew xxviii., 18-20.									
2	S	Trinity Sunday.	17	f	4 39	7 17	7 43	4 50	
3	M	Clotilda, Q. Oliva, V. Liphardus.	18	v	4 38	7 18	8 31	5 39	
4	T	Francis Carraciolo. Clateus, B. M.	19	v	4 38	7 18	9 16	6 33	
5	W	Boniface, B. Sancius, M.	20	v	4 38	7 19	9 56	7 32	
6	T	Corpus Christi. Norbert, B.	21	w	4 37	7 19	10 33	8 33	
7	F	Robert, A. Paul, B. M. Licarion, M.	22	w	4 37	7 20	11 8	9 35	
8	S	Medard and Gildard, B. William, B.	23	x	4 37	7 21	11 41	10 39	
23 Sunday. 2 Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel: The Great Supper. Luke xiv. 16-24.									
9	S	Primus and Felician, M. Columba.	24	x	4 37	7 21	Midn	Noon	
10	M	Margaret, Q. Censurinus, B.	25	y	4 36	7 22	12 14	12 50	
11	T	Barnabas, Ap. Parisius, Felix, M.	26	y	4 36	7 22	12 47	2 1	
12	W	John of S. Facundus. Nazarius, M.	27	8	4 36	7 23	1 25	3 13	
13	T	Antony of Padua. Felicula, V. M.	28	8	4 36	7 23	2 6	4 21	
14	F	Sacred Heart of Jesus. Basil, B. D.	29	□	4 36	7 23	2 53	5 32	
15	S	Vitus, Modestus, Crescentia, M.	30	□	4 36	7 24	3 46	6 36	
24 Sunday. 3 Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel: The Lost Sheep. Luke xv., 1-10.									
16	S	John Francis Regis. Lutgard, V.	1	☾	4 36	7 24	4 47	7 37	
17	M	Bessarion. Himerius, B. Gundulphus, B.	2	☾	4 37	7 24	5 51	8 27	
18	T	Mark and Marcellian, M. Leontius, M.	3	☾	4 37	7 25	6 56	9 11	
19	W	Juliana Falconieri, V. Gerv. and Prot.	4	☾	4 37	7 25	8 2	9 48	
20	T	Silverius, P. M. Florentina, V.	5	☾	4 37	7 25	9 5	10 22	
21	F	Aloysius Gonzaga. Demetria, V.	6	☾	4 37	7 25	10 7	10 52	
22	S	Paulinus, B. Alban, M. Consortia, V.	7	☾	4 38	7 26	11 6	11 21	
25 Sunday. 4 Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel: The Miraculous Draught of Fishes. Luke v., 1-11.									
23	S	Audry, Q. Agrippina, V. M.	8	☾	4 38	7 26	Noon	11 41	
24	M	Birth of John the Baptist.	9	☾	4 38	7 26	1 0	Midn	
25	T	William, A. F. Lucy, V. M. Adelbert.	10	☾	4 38	7 26	1 57	12 18	
26	W	John and Paul, M. Perseveranda, V.	11	☾	4 39	7 27	2 52	12 50	
27	T	Ladislaus, K. Sampson. Cresceus, B. M.	12	☾	4 39	7 27	3 48	1 24	
28	F	Papius, M. Benignus, B. M. Irenaeus, B. M.	13	f	4 39	7 27	4 44	2 1	
29	S	Peter and Paul, Ap.	14	f	4 40	7 27	5 36	2 45	
26 Sunday. 5 Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel: True Justice. Matthew v., 20-24.									
30	S	Comm. of S. Paul. Martial, B. Ostian.	15	v	4 40	7 27	6 27	3 32	

PLANETS, 1901—June.

Mercury, evening star, 25° E. of ☉ on 15, ☌ ☌ on 18.
 Venus, evening star, ☌ ☌ on 17.
 Mars, evening star, ☌ ☌ on 22, souths at 6 p. m. on 3.
 Jupiter, morning star, ☌ ☌ on 4, ☌ ☌ on 30.
 Saturn, morning star, ☌ ☌ on 4, rises at 9 p. m. on 11.
 Uranus, morning star, ☌ ☌ on 2 and 29, ☌ ☌ on 6.
 Neptune, invisible, ☌ ☌ on 20.
 Summer begins at 9 p. m. on 21.

MOON'S PHASES.

JUNE, 1901.

Full Moon, 2..... 3:53 A. M.
 Last Quarter, 9..... 4:00 P. M.
 New Moon, 16..... 7:33 A. M.
 First Quarter, 23..... 2:59 P. M.
 Perigee, 14.
 Apogee, 26.



JULY, 1901.

Days.	SAINTS AND FESTIVALS.			Moon's		Sun		Moon	
				Age	Course	Rises	Sets	Rises	Sets
1 M	Rumold, M.	Theobald.	Aaron.	16	☾	4 41	7 27	7 14	4 27
2 T	Visitation B. V. M.	Proc.	Martin, M.	17	☾	4 41	7 27	7 55	5 24
3 W	Leo II., P.	Dathus, B.	Hyacinthus, M.	18	☾	4 42	7 26	8 34	6 25
4 T	Independence Day.			19	☾	4 42	7 26	9 11	7 29
5 F	Cyril and Methodius, B.	Numerian, B.		20	☾	4 43	7 26	9 43	8 42
6 S	Tranquillinus, M.	Isaias, Pr.	Goar.	21	☾	4 43	7 26	10 17	9 38

27 Sunday. 6 Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel: The Multiplication of Loaves. Mark viii., 1-9.

7 S	Most Precious Blood.	Pulcheria, E.	22	☾	4 44	7 26	10 50	10 43	
8 M	Elisabeth of Port.	Kilian, B. M.	23	☾	4 44	7 25	11 25	Noon	
9 T	Martyrs of Gorcom.	Veronica, Jul. V.	24	☾	4 45	7 25	Midn	12 59	
10 W	7 Brothers, M.	Rufinus and Secunda, M.	25	☾	4 45	7 25	12 3	2 8	
11 T	Pius I, P. M.	Sabinus. Abundus, M.	26	☾	4 46	7 24	12 47	3 17	
12 F	John Gualbert, A.	Nabor and Felix, M.	27	☾	4 47	7 24	1 45	4 32	
13 S	Anacletus, P. M.	Silas, Turian, B.	28	☾	4 47	7 23	2 31	5 23	

28 Sunday. 7 Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel: False Prophets. Matthew vii., 15-21.

14 S	Bonaventura, B. D.	Cyrus, B.	29	☾	4 48	7 23	3 32	6 17	
15 M	Henry I, E.	Catulinus.	1	☾	4 49	7 23	4 41	7 4	
16 T	Our Lady of Mt. Carmel.	Hilarinus, M.	2	☾	4 50	7 22	5 51	7 44	
17 W	Alexius. Theodota, M.	Generosus, M.	3	☾	4 50	7 22	6 49	8 20	
18 T	Camillus of Lellis.	Symphorosa, M.	4	☾	4 51	7 21	7 51	8 52	
19 F	Vincent de Paul.	Aurea, V. M.	5	☾	4 52	7 20	8 52	9 21	
20 S	Jerome Emiliani, F.	Margaret, V. M.	6	☾	4 52	7 19	9 51	9 50	

29 Sunday. 8 Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel: The Unjust Steward. Luke xvi., 1-9.

21 S	Praxedes, V.	Arbogastes. Daniel, Pr.	7	☾	4 53	7 18	10 49	10 22	
22 M	Mary Magdalen.	Meneleus, A.	8	☾	4 53	7 17	Noon	10 51	
23 T	Apollinaris, B. M.	Liborius, B.	9	☾	4 54	7 17	12 42	11 23	
24 W	Christina, V. M.	Lawrence of Brundisium.	10	☾	4 55	7 16	1 38	11 59	
25 T	James the Greater, Ap.	Christopher, M.	11	☾	4 56	7 16	2 33	Midn	
26 F	Ann, mother B. V. M.	Erastus, B. M.	12	☾	4 57	7 15	3 27	12 40	
27 S	Pantaleon, M.	Anthusa, V.	13	☾	4 58	7 14	4 18	1 25	

30 Sunday. 9 Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel: The Destruction of Jerusalem. Luke xix., 41-47.

28 S	Nazarius and Celsus, M.	Victor, P. M.	14	☾	4 59	7 13	5 17	2 16	
29 M	Martha, V.	Felix, Beatrice, M.	15	☾	5 0	7 12	5 51	3 12	
30 T	Abdon and Sennen, M.	Ursus, B.	16	☾	5 1	7 11	6 32	5 13	
31 W	Ignatius of Loyola, F.	John Columbini, F.	17	☾	5 2	7 10	7 11	5 17	

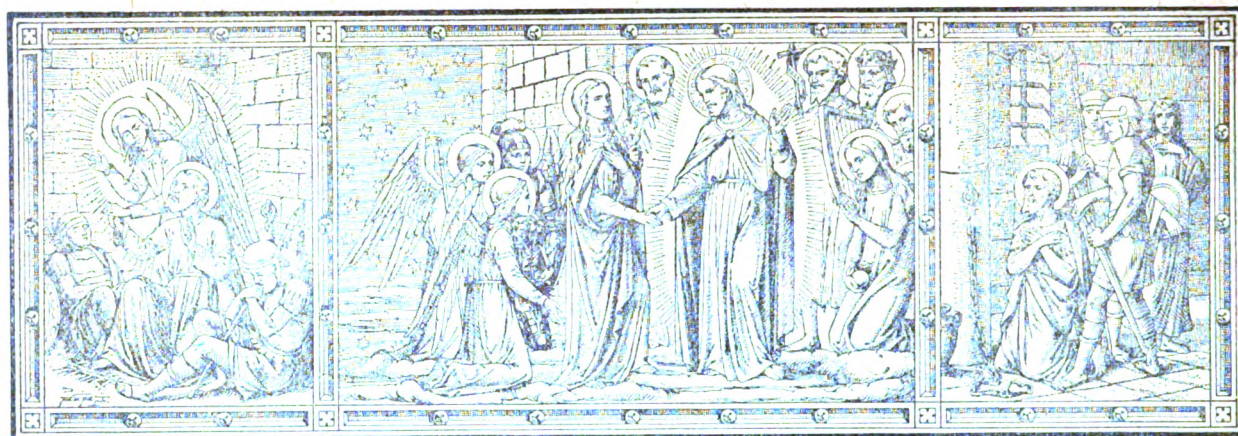
PLANETS, 1901—July.

Mercury, ☿ ☿ on 1, morning star on 13, ☿ ☿ on 15.
Venus, evening star, ☿ ☿ on 17.
Mars, evening star, ☿ ☿ on 21.
Jupiter, evening star, ♃ ☿ on 1 and 28, rises at 6 p. m. on 18.
Saturn, ♄ ☿ on 2 and 29, evening star on 5, rises 7 p. m. on 9.
Uranus, evening star, ♅ ☿ on 26.
Neptune, morning star, ♆ ☿ on 14.
 At 10 a. m. on the 3d the earth is in aphelion, farthest from the sun, at a distance of 93,938,000 miles.

MOON'S PHASES.

JULY, 1901.

Full Moon, 1..... 5:18 P. M.
 Last Quarter, 8..... 9:20 P. M.
 New Moon, 15..... 4:10 P. M.
 First Quarter, 23..... 7:58 A. M.
 Full Moon, 31..... 4:34 A. M.
 Perigee, 11. Apogee, 23.



AUGUST, 1901.

Days.		SAINTS AND FESTIVALS.	Moon's		Sun		Moon	
			Age	Course	Rises	Sets	Rises	Sets
1	T	St. Peter's Chains. Machabees Bros., M.	18	♊	5 37	9 7	45 6	21
2	F	Alphonsus Liguori, B. D. Stephen, P. M.	19	♋	5 47	8 8	29 7	28
3	S	Find. Relics of St. Stephen, Protomartyr.	20	♌	5 57	7 8	54 8	34

31 Sunday. 10 Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel: The Pharisee and the Publican. Luke xviii., 9-14.

4	S	Dominic, F. Aristarchus.	21	♍	5 67	6 9	28 9	42
5	M	Our Lady of the Snow. Oswal, K.	22	♎	5 77	5 10	6 10	50
6	T	Transfiguration of Our Lord. Xystus.	23	♏	5 87	4 10	47 Noon	
7	W	Cajetan, F. Donatus, B. M.	24	♐	5 97	3 11	33 1	7
8	T	Cyriacus, M. Largus, Smaragdus, M.	25	♑	5 97	1 Midn	2 13	
9	F	Romanus, S. M. Domitian, B.	26	♒	5 107	0 12	25 3	13
10	S	Lawrence. Deusdedit.	27	♓	5 116	59 1	24 4	10

32 Sunday. 11 Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel: Jesus Cures a Deaf and Dumb Man. Mark vii., 31-37.

11	S	Philomena, V. M. Tiburtius, Susanna.	28	♊	5 126	58 2	30 4	57
12	M	Clare, V. F. Herculanius, B.	29	♋	5 136	57 3	29 5	39
13	T	John Berchmans. Cassian, M.	30	♌	5 146	56 4	34 6	17
14	W	†Eusebius. Ursiclus, M.	1	♍	5 156	55 5	36 6	51
15	T	Assumption, B. V. M.	2	♎	5 156	53 6	38 7	21
16	F	Hyacinth. Roch. Serena.	3	♏	5 166	52 7	28 7	51
17	S	Liberatus, A. M. Myron, M. Mamas, M.	4	♐	5 176	51 8	38 8	20

33 Sunday. 12 Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel: The Good Samaritan. Luke x., 23-37.

18	S	Joachim, Father B. V. M. Helena, W. E.	5	♑	5 186	50 9	35 8	51
19	M	Louis of Toulouse, B. Urban, II., P.	6	♒	5 196	49 10	31 9	23
20	T	Bernard, A. D. Samuel, Pr.	7	♓	5 196	47 11	26 9	58
21	W	Jane Frances de Chantal, F. Ptolemy.	8	♊	5 206	46 Noon	10 36	
22	T	Timothy, Simphorian, M.	9	♋	5 216	45 1	16 11	18
23	F	Philip Beniti. Sidonius, B.	10	♌	5 226	43 2	8 Midn	
24	S	Bartholomew, Ap. Owen, B.	11	♍	5 236	41 2	57 12	06

34 Sunday. 13 Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel: The Ten Lepers. Luke xvii., 11-19.

25	S	Most Pure Heart of Mary. Louis, K.	12	♎	5 246	40 3	43 12	59
26	M	Zephyrinus, P. M. Rufinus, B.	13	♏	5 256	39 4	25 1	58
27	T	Joseph Calasancius, F. Rufus, B. M.	14	♐	5 266	37 5	6 2	59
28	W	Augustine, B. D. Hermes, M.	15	♑	5 276	36 5	42 3	58
29	T	Beheading of St. John Baptist.	16	♒	5 286	34 6	16 5	11
30	F	Rose of Lima, V. Felix, Adactus.	17	♓	5 296	33 6	52 6	18
31	S	Raymond Nonnatus. Amatus, B.	18	♊	5 296	31 7	28 7	28

PLANETS, 1901—August.

Mercury, m. st., 20° W. of ☉ on 2. ☿ ☿ ☉ on 13. ☿ ☿ ☉ on 27.
 Venus, evening star, ☿ ☿ ☉ on 16.
 Mars, evening star, ☿ ☿ ☉ on 19, sets at 8:15 p. m. on 2.
 Jupiter, evening star, ☿ ☿ ☉ on 24, souths at 8 p. m. on 25.
 Saturn, evening star, ☿ ☿ ☉ on 25, souths at 9 p. m. on 17.
 Uranus, evening star, ☿ ☿ ☉ on 23.
 Neptune, morning star, ☿ ☿ ☉ on 10.

MOON'S PHASES.

AUGUST, 1901.

Last Quarter, 7 2:02 A. M.
 New Moon, 14 2:27 A. M.
 First Quarter, 22 1:52 A. M.
 Full Moon, 29 2:21 P. M.
 Perigee, 6.
 Apogee, 20.



SEPTEMBER, 1901.

Days.	SAINTS AND FESTIVALS.	Moon's		Sun		Moon	
		Age	Course	Rises	Sets	Rises	Sets
35 Sunday. 14 Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel: No One Can Serve Two Masters. Matt vi., 24-33							
1 S	Giles, A. Twelve Brothers, M. Anna, Pr.	19	☾	5 30 6 30	8 6	8 38	
2 M	Stephen, K. Nonnosus, A.	20	☾	5 31 6 28	8 46	9 49	
3 T	Phœbe. Mansuetus, B. Serapia, V.	21	☾	5 32 6 26	9 32	10 57	
4 W	Rose, V. Rosalia, V. Moses, L.	22	☾	5 33 6 25	10 23	Noon	
5 T	Lawrence Justinian, B. Obdulia, V.	23	☾	5 34 6 24	11 19	1 9	
6 F	Zachary, Pr. Onesiphorus, M.	24	☾	5 34 6 22	Midn	2 5	
7 S	Regina, V. M. Cloud. Nemorius.	25	☾	5 35 6 21	12 19	2 55	
36 Sunday. 15 Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel: The Young Man at Nain. Luke vii., 11-17.							
8 S	Nativity, B. V. M. Adrian, M.	26	☾	5 36 6 19	1 31	3 48	
9 M	Peter Claver. Gorgonius, M.	27	☾	5 37 6 17	2 30	4 16	
10 T	Nicolas Tolentino. Theodard, B. M.	28	☾	5 38 6 16	3 26	4 50	
11 W	Protus and Hyacinth, M. Patiens, B.	29	☾	5 39 6 14	4 27	5 22	
12 T	Guido Anderlecht. Autonomus, B. M.	1	☾	5 40 6 12	5 28	5 52	
13 F	Eulogius, B. Venerius. Amatus.	2	☾	5 41 6 11	6 26	6 22	
14 S	Exaltation of the Holy Cross. Maternus, B.	3	☾	5 42 6 10	7 25	6 52	
37 Sunday. 16 Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel: The Man with the Dropsy. Luke xiv., 1-11.							
15 S	Holy Name B. V. M. Nicomedes, M.	4	☾	5 43 6 8	8 21	7 24	
16 M	Cornelius and Cyprian, M. Editha, V.	5	☾	5 44 6 6	9 17	7 57	
17 T	Impr. Stigmata S. Francis. Hildegardes.	6	☾	5 44 6 4	10 12	8 34	
18 W	†Ember Day. Joseph Cupertino. Methodius.	7	☾	5 45 6 3	11 10	9 16	
19 T	Januarius, B. Desiderius. Festus, M.	8	☾	5 46 6 2	Noon	9 59	
20 F	†Ember Day. Eustace, M. Fausta, V.	9	☾	5 47 6 0	12 49	10 49	
21 S	†Ember Day. Matthew, Ap., Ev. Iphegenia, V.	10	☾	5 48 5 58	1 35	11 44	
38 Sunday. 17 Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel: The Greatest Commandment. Matt. xxii., 34-46							
22 S	Seven Dolors, B. V. M. Thomas Villanova.	11	☾	5 49 5 57	2 18	Midn	
23 M	Linus, P. M. Thecla, V. M.	12	☾	5 49 5 55	2 58	12 41	
24 T	Our Lady of Mercy. Rusticus, B.	13	☾	5 50 5 54	3 35	1 45	
25 W	Cleophas, M. Lupus, B. Pacificus.	14	☾	5 51 5 52	4 12	2 49	
26 T	Cyprian and Justina, M. Senator.	15	☾	5 52 5 50	4 47	3 57	
27 F	Cosmas and Damian, M. Hiltrude, V.	16	☾	5 53 5 49	5 23	5 7	
28 S	Wenceslaus, K. M. Privatus, M.	17	☾	5 54 5 47	6 1	6 18	
39 Sunday. 18 Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel: The Man Sick of the Palsy. Matt. ix., 1-8.							
29 S	Michael, Archangel. Fraternus, B.	18	☾	5 55 5 45	6 42	7 29	
30 M	Jerome, D. Sophia, W.	19	☾	5 56 5 44	7 27	8 42	

PLANETS, 1901—September.

Mercury, evening star, δ $\times$ $\subset$ on 14.
Venus, evening star, δ $\times$ $\subset$ on 15.
Mars, evening star, close δ $\times$ $\subset$ on 16.
Jupiter, evening star, δ $\times$ $\subset$ on 21, $\square$ $\times$ $\subset$ on 27, south at 6 p. m. on 26.
Saturn, evening star, δ $\times$ $\subset$ on 21, sets at 11 p. m. on 27.
Uranus, evening star, $\square$ $\times$ $\subset$ on 5, δ $\times$ $\subset$ on 19.
Neptune, morning star, δ $\times$ $\subset$ on 6, $\square$ $\times$ $\subset$ on 25.
 Autumn begins at noon on 23.

MOON'S PHASES.

SEPTEMBER, 1901.

Last Quarter, 5 7:27 A. M.
 New Moon, 12 3:18 P. M.
 First Quarter, 20 7:33 P. M.
 Full Moon, 27 11:36 P. M.
 Perigee, 1 and 29.
 Apogee, 17.



OCTOBER, 1901.

Days.		SAINTS AND FESTIVALS.	Moon's		Sun		Moon	
			Age	Course	Rises	Sets	Rises	Sets
1	T	Remigius, B. Aretas, M. Bavo.	20	☾	5 57	5 43	8 18	9 52
2	W	Holy Guardian Angels	21	☾	5 58	5 41	9 13	11 1
3	T	Candidus, M. Ewaldus, M. Gerard, A.	22	☾	5 59	5 39	10 13	Noon
4	F	Francis of Assisi, F. Petronius, B.	23	☾	6 0	5 38	11 21	12 52
5	S	Placidus, M. Charitina, V. M.	24	☾	6 0	5 36	Midn	1 38

40 Sunday. 19 Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel: The Wedding Garment. Matthew xxii., 1-14.

6	S	Holy Rosary, B. V. M. Bruno, F.	25	☾	6 1	5 35	12 18	2 17
7	M	Mark, P. Apuleus. Marcellus, M.	26	☾	6 2	5 34	1 21	2 53
8	T	Bridget, W. Simeon, Pr. Nestor, M.	27	☾	6 3	5 32	2 20	3 24
9	W	Denis, M. Publia, A. Abraham.	28	☾	6 4	5 30	3 22	3 54
10	T	Francis Borgia. Louis Bertrand.	29	☾	6 5	5 29	4 18	4 25
11	F	John Leonard. Kenny, A. Gummarus.	30	☾	6 6	5 27	5 17	4 53
12	S	Wilfrid, B. Maximilian, B.	1	☾	6 7	5 26	6 12	5 24

41 Sunday. 20 Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel: The Ruler's Son. John iv., 46-53.

13	S	Maternity, B. V. M. Edward, K.	2	☾	6 8	5 24	7 10	5 58
14	M	Callistus, P. M. Donatian, B. Burchard.	3	☾	6 9	5 23	8 6	6 34
15	T	Theresa, V. Thecla, A. Severus, B.	4	☾	6 10	5 22	8 59	7 12
16	W	Gall, A. Maxima, V. Lullus, B.	5	☾	6 11	5 20	9 52	7 56
17	T	Hedwiges, W. Marg. Mary Alacoque, V.	6	☾	6 12	5 18	10 42	8 44
18	F	Luke, Ev. Asclepiades, B. M.	7	☾	6 13	5 17	11 29	9 35
19	S	Peter of Alcantara. Ethbin, A.	8	☾	6 14	5 16	Noon	10 31

42 Sunday. 21 Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel: The Unforgiving Servant. Matt. xviii., 23-35.

20	S	Purity, B. V. M. John Cantius.	9	☾	6 16	5 14	12 53	11 29
21	M	Ursula, V. M. Hilarion, A.	10	☾	6 17	5 13	1 30	Midn
22	T	Mary Salome. Cordula, V. M. Mark, B.	11	☾	6 18	5 12	2 6	12 32
23	W	The Most Holy Redeemer. Verus, B.	12	☾	6 19	5 10	2 40	1 35
24	T	Raphael, Archangel. Evergistus, B. M.	13	☾	6 20	5 8	3 15	2 41
25	F	Crysanthus and Daria, M. Minias, M.	14	☾	6 21	5 7	3 53	3 50
26	S	Evaristus, P. M. Bernwald, B. Fulk, B.	15	☾	6 22	5 6	4 33	5 3

43 Sunday. 22 Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel: The Tribute to Cæsar. Matt. xxii., 15-21.

27	S	Sabina, M. Florentius, M. Elesbaan, K.	16	☾	6 23	5 5	5 15	6 17
28	M	Simon and Jude, Ap. Cyrilla, V. M.	17	☾	6 24	5 4	6 4	7 30
29	T	Zenobius, M. Narcissus, B.	18	☾	6 25	5 3	6 58	8 40
30	W	Alphonsus Rodriguez. Theonestus, B. M.	19	☾	6 26	5 2	7 59	9 44
31	T	†Wolfgang, B. Ampliatius, M.	20	☾	6 28	5 0	9 4	10 43

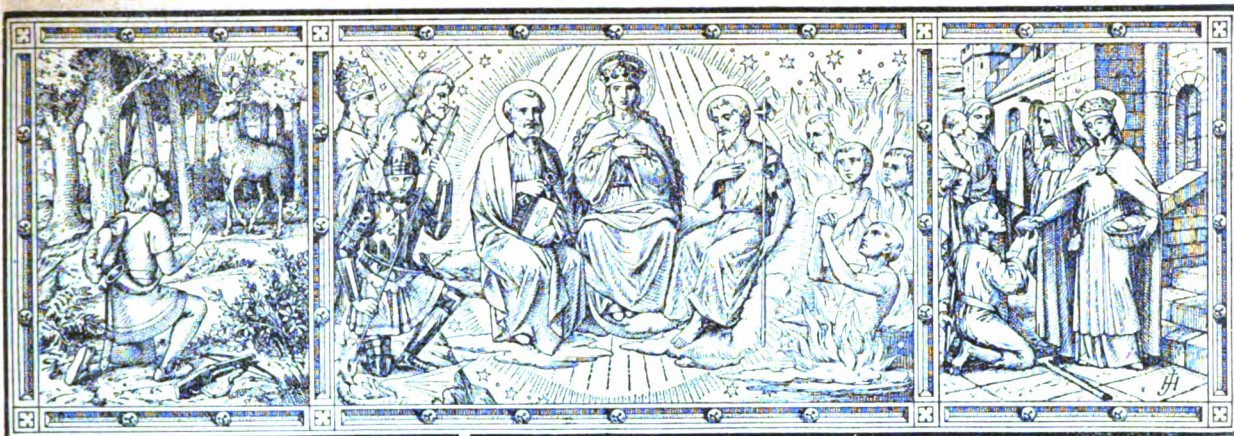
PLANETS, 1901—October.

Mercury, evening star 25° E of ☉ on 12, ☌ ☌ on 14.
Venus, evening star, 55' south of ☌ on 10, ☌ ☌ on 16.
Mars, evening star, ☌ ☌ on 15.
Jupiter, evening star, ☌ ☌ on 18, sets at 9 p. m. on 25.
Saturn, evening star, ☌ ☌ on 3, ☌ ☌ on 19.
Uranus, evening star, ☌ ☌ on 16, ☌ ☌ on 25.
Neptune, morning star, ☌ ☌ on 3 and 31.

MOON'S PHASES.

OCTOBER, 1901.

Last Quarter, 4..... 2:52 P. M.
 New Moon, 12..... 7:11 A. M.
 First Quarter, 20..... 11:58 A. M.
 Full Moon, 27..... 9:06 A. M.
 Apogee, 15.
 Perigee, 27.



NOVEMBER, 1901.

Days.		SAINTS AND FESTIVALS.	Moon's		Sun		Moon	
			Age	Course	Rises	Sets	Rises	Sets
1	F	All Saints.	21	☾	6 29 4	59 10	9 11	34
2	S	All Souls.	22	☾	6 30 4	58 11	13	Noon

44 Sunday. 23 Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel: The Daughter of Jairus. Matthew ix., 18-26.

3	S	Malachy, B. Winifride, V. Hubert, B.	23	☾	6 31 4	57 Midn	12	54
4	M	Charles Borromeo, B. Vitalis, Agricola, M.	24	☾	6 32 4	56 12 15	1	28
5	T	Frances de Ambois, W. Zachary and Eliza.	25	☾	6 33 4	55 1 15	1	58
6	W	Leonard, Atticus. Winoc, A.	26	☾	6 34 4	54 2 11	2	28
7	T	Englebert, B. M. Willibrord, B.	27	☾	6 35 4	53 3 11	2	56
8	F	Four Saints Crowned. Willehad, B.	28	☾	6 36 4	52 4 8	3	27
9	S	Dedic. Basilica of our Saviour. Theodore.	29	☾	6 37 4	51 5 3	3	48

45 Sunday. 24 Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel: The Wheat and the Cockle. Matt. xiii., 24-30.

10	S	Andrew Avellini. Nympha. Tryphon.	30	☾	6 38 4	50 5 59	4	33
11	M	Martin of Tours, B. Mennas, M.	1	☾	6 39 4	49 6 54	5	12
12	T	Martin, P. M. Livinus, B. M.	2	☾	6 40 4	48 7 48	5	54
13	W	Didacus. Homobonus.	3	☾	6 41 4	47 8 38	6	40
14	T	Stanislaus Kostka. Jucundus, B.	4	☾	6 43 4	47 9 26	7	30
15	F	Gertrude, V. Leopold. Abibus, M.	5	☾	6 44 4	46 10 11	8	24
16	S	Josaphat, B. M. Edmund, B.	6	☾	6 45 4	45 10 51	9	21

46 Sunday. 25 Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel: The Grain of Mustard Seed. Matt. xiii., 31-35.

17	S	Patronage B V. M. Gregory the Wonderw.	7	☾	6 46 4	44 11 30	10	00
18	M	Dedic. Basilicas SS. Peter and Paul.	8	☾	6 47 4	43 Noon	11	22
19	T	Elizabeth of Thuringia, W. Pontian, P. M.	9	☾	6 48 4	43 12 38	Midn	
20	W	Felix of Valois. Edmund, K. M.	10	☾	6 49 4	42 1 12	12	24
21	T	Presentation B. V. M. Columban, A.	11	☾	6 50 4	42 1 45	1	30
22	F	Cecilia, V. M. Pragmatius, B.	12	☾	6 51 4	41 2 22	2	37
23	S	Clement, P. M. Felicitas, M.	13	☾	6 52 4	41 3 3	3	48

47 Sunday. 26 and last Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel: The End of the World. Matt. xxiv., 15-35.

24	S	John of the Cross. Chrysogonus, M.	14	☾	6 53 4	40 3 49	5	1
25	M	Catherine, V. M. Mercury, S. M.	15	☾	6 54 4	40 4 39	6	9
26	T	Silvester, A. Peter Alexand., B. M.	16	☾	6 55 4	39 5 39	7	23
27	W	Barlaam and Josaphat. Virgilius, B.	17	☾	6 56 4	39 6 46	8	29
28	T	Sosthenes. James La Marca. Rufus	18	☾	6 57 4	39 7 51	9	23
29	F	Saturninus, B. M. Illuminata, V.	19	☾	6 58 4	38 8 59	10	11
30	S	Andrew, Ap. Zozimus, Constantius.	20	☾	6 59 4	38 10 4	10	53

PLANETS, 1901—November.

Mercury, morn. star on 4, δ ζ on 10, 20° W of ζ on 20.
 Venus, eve. star δ ζ on 15, δ ζ on 17, δ ζ on 18.
 Mars, evening star δ ζ on 13, δ ζ on 4.
 Jupiter, eve. st., sets at 8 P. M. on 13, δ ζ on 15, δ ζ on 17, 27° south of ζ on 27.
 Saturn, eve. star, δ ζ on 15, δ ζ on 19, grand conjunction with Jupiter on 27.
 Uranus, evening star, 54° north of ζ on 4, δ ζ on 13.
 Neptune, m. st., δ ψ ζ on 27.

MOON'S PHASES.

NOVEMBER, 1901.

3.....1:24 A. M.
 11.....1:34 A. M.
 19.....2:23 A. M.
 25.....7:17 P. M.
 11.
 25.
 Last Quarter, ζ
 New Moon, ζ
 First Quarter, ζ
 Full Moon, ζ
 Apogee, ζ
 Perigee, ζ



DECEMBER, 1901.

Days.	SAINTS AND FESTIVALS.	Moon's Age Course	Sun Rises Sets	Moon Rises Sets
48 Sunday.	1 Sunday of Advent. Gospel: There shall be Signs. Luke xxi., 25-36.			
1 S	Olympius, M. Nahum, Pr. Eligius, B.	21 ☾	7 04 38	11 5 11 28
2 M	Bibiana, V. M. Silvanus.	22 ☿	7 14 38	Midn Noon
3 T	Francis Xavier. Sophonias, Pr.	23 ☿	7 24 37	12 6 12 30
4 W	Peter Chrysologus, B. D. Barbara, V. M.	24 ☿	7 34 37	1 5 12 59
5 T	Sabas, A. Pelinus, B. M. Bassus, B. M.	25 ☿	7 44 37	2 1 1 29
6 F	Nicholas, B. Majoricus, M. Asella, V.	26 ☿	7 54 37	2 57 2 0
7 S	Ambrose, B. D. Agatho, S. M. Fara, V.	27 ☿	7 64 37	3 54 2 34
49 Sunday.	2 Sunday of Advent. Gospel: John in Prison. Matt. xi., 2-10.			
8 S	Immaculate Conception, B. V. M.	28 ☿	7 74 37	4 49 3 12
9 M	Gorgonia. Leocadia, V. M.	29 ☿	7 84 37	5 42 3 52
10 T	Transl. H. House of Loreto.	1 ☿	7 94 37	6 35 4 37
11 W	Damasus, P. Barsabas, M. Thrason, M.	2 ☿	7 104 37	7 24 5 26
12 T	Epimachus, M. Synesius, M.	3 ☿	7 114 37	8 9 6 19
13 F	Lucia, V. M. Othilia, A. Aubertus, B.	4 ☿	7 114 37	8 52 7 15
14 S	Eutopia, V. M. Pompey, B. Nicasius, B. M.	5 ☿	7 124 38	9 31 8 14
50 Sunday.	3 Sunday of Advent. Gospel: John's Testimony. John i., 19-28.			
15 S	Valerian, B. Christiana, V. Maximus.	6 ☿	7 134 38	10 6 9 15
16 M	Eusebius, B. M. Beanus, B. Ado, B.	7 ☿	7 144 38	10 40 10 16
17 T	Lazarus, B. Vivina, V. Sturmius, A.	8 ☿	7 144 38	11 13 11 17
18 W	†Ember Day. Expectation B. V. M.	9 ☿	7 154 39	Noon Midn
19 T	Adjutus, A. Urban, V. P. Nemesius, M.	10 ☿	7 154 39	12 19 12 22
20 F	†Ember Day. Dominis de Sylos, A. Bajulus.	11 ☿	7 164 40	12 56 1 28
21 S	†Ember Day. Thomas Ap. Themistocles, M.	12 ☿	7 164 40	1 37 2 38
51 Sunday.	4 Sunday of Advent. Gospel: The Mission of John. Luke iii., 1-6.			
22 S	Ischyrius, M. Zeno, S. M.	13 ☿	7 174 41	2 21 3 48
23 M	Servulus. Victoria, V. M.	14 ☿	7 174 41	3 19 4 55
24 T	†Irmia, V. Tharsilla, V.	15 ☿	7 184 42	4 20 6 4
25 W	Christmas.	16 ☿	7 184 42	5 26 7 6
26 T	Stephen, Protomartyr.	17 ☿	7 194 43	6 34 7 59
27 F	John, Apostle and Evangelist.	18 ☿	7 194 43	7 43 8 45
28 S	Holy Innocents, M.	19 ☿	7 194 44	8 49 9 24
52 Sunday.	Sunday after Christmas. Gospel: The Child Jesus in the Temple. Luke ii., 33-40.			
29 S	Thomas of Canterbury, B. M.	20 ☿	7 204 44	9 42 9 58
30 M	Anysia, M. Eugenius, B. Liberius, B.	21 ☿	7 204 45	10 53 10 31
31 T	Silvester, P. Hermes. Columba, V. M.	22 ☿	7 204 46	11 51 11 1

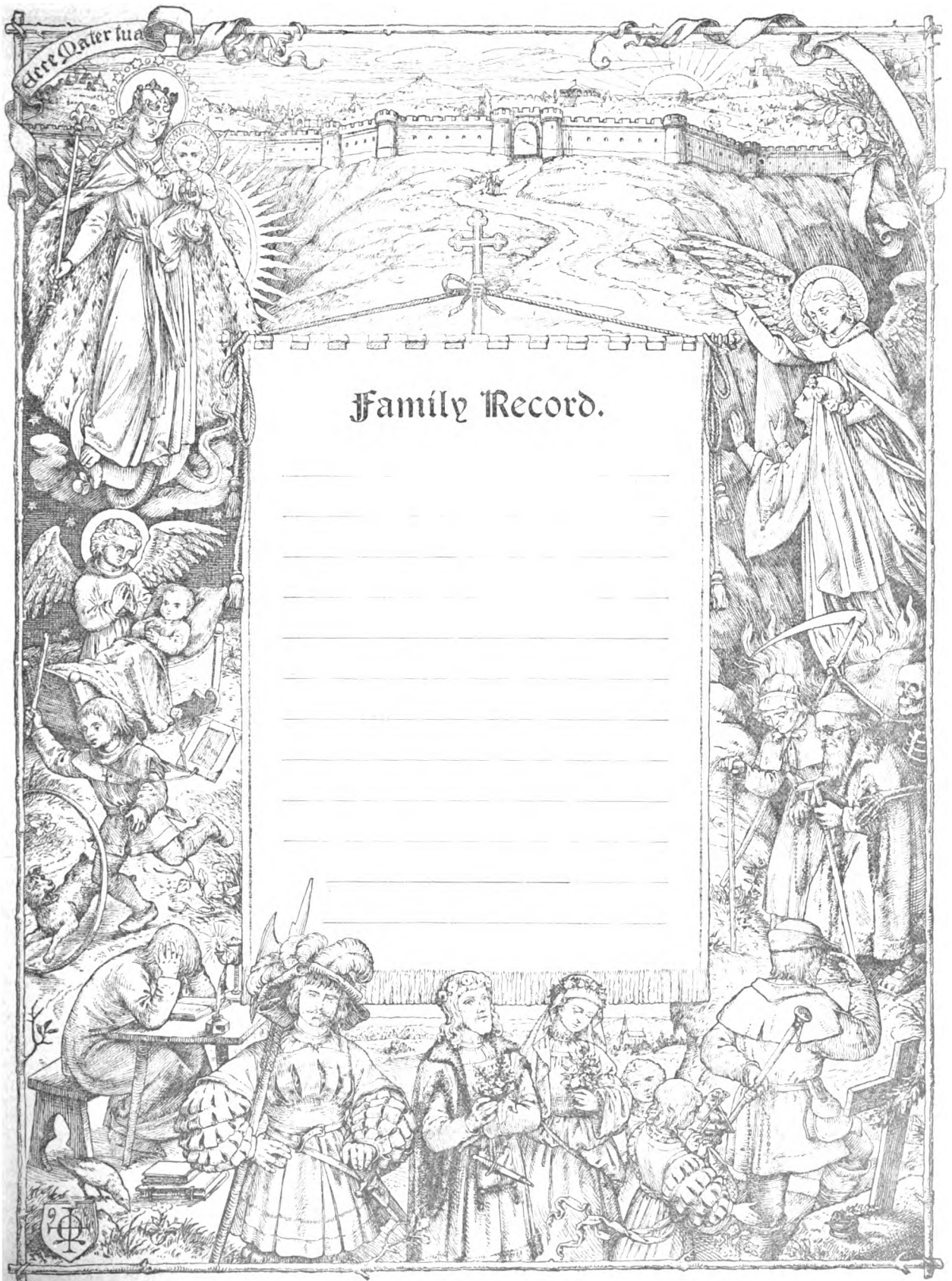
PLANETS, 1901—December.

Mercury, morning star, δ γ on 9.
Venus, evening star, 47° east of $\odot$ on 4, δ γ on 15.
Mars, eve. star, δ γ on 13, δ γ on 14, δ γ on 17.
Jupiter, evening star, δ γ on 13, $52'$ north of δ on 17,
 sets at 6 p. m. on 22.
Saturn, evening star, δ γ on 13, $1^{\circ}19'$ south of δ on 14.
Uranus, invisible, δ γ on 9.
Neptune, morning star, δ γ on 22, δ γ on 25.
 Winter begins 6 a. m. on 22. δ γ closely grouped on 15.

MOON'S PHASES.

DECEMBER, 1901.

Last Quarter, 2..... 3:49 P. M.
 New Moon, 10..... 8:53 P. M.
 First Quarter, 18..... 2:35 P. M.
 Full Moon, 25..... 6:16 A. M.
 Apogee, 8.
 Perigee, 23.



Family Record.

A PERPETUAL CALENDAR IN A NUTSHELL.

DOMINICAL LETTERS FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.	29	30	31				
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
JAN.—OCT.....	A	B	C	D	E	F	G
MAY.....	B	C	D	E	F	G	A
AUG.....	C	D	E	F	G	A	B
FEB.—MAR.—NOV..	D	E	F	G	A	B	C
JUNE.....	E	F	G	A	B	C	D
SEPT.—DEC.....	F	G	A	B	C	D	E
APRIL—JULY.....	G	A	B	C	D	E	F

THOSE of our readers who are interested in calendars will find the annexed little table very serviceable. This table gives within a small space the Dominical letter for every day of the year. As these letters are always the same, all we need in addition is the table opposite the title page of this calendar, in order to know upon what day of the week any date of this century will fall. Let us explain this.

The days of the week repeat themselves in unbroken order. But they fall upon different days of the month from year to year. In order to control, in the simplest manner possible, the dependence of the days of the week upon the days of the month, Holy Mother Church, to whom the perfection of our calendar is exclusively due, has invented what are called Dominical letters—that is, Lord's day or Sunday letters. These are the seven first letters of the alphabet. To the first of January is given the letter A, to the second B, to the third C, to the fourth D, to the fifth E, to the sixth F, to the seventh G. After this the eighth begins again with A, the ninth accordingly is B, the tenth is C, and so on. Hence Jan. 1, 8, 15, 22, 29 have the letter A; Jan. 2, 9, 16, 23, 30 the letter B, and thus with all the Dominical letters. All this is well shown in our little table. Look for the month of January, and take the letters A, B, C, D, E, F, G on the same line. Over these are their respective days of the month.

Coming now to Jan. 31, we find it has the letter C. Feb. 1, therefore, must be D. Three lines below

January we find February, and for February we use the order D, E, F, G, A, B, C in finding the days of the month, in the same way that we did for January. For March 1, on this plan, we have the letter D, and we use the same line—D, E, F, G, A, B, C—as we did for February. The Dominical letter for April 1 will, in like manner, be G, and we use the last line, G, A, B, C, D, E, F. On May 1 we will have the letter B, and we use the second line, and so on for the entire year. The reader may, for the sake of practice, verify the correspondence of July 4 with the letter C, and of Christmas with B.

As these seven letters repeat themselves in unbroken order during the entire year, just as the days of the week do, it follows at once that if Jan. 1, or A, is Sunday, every day of the year that has the letter A is a Sunday. If Jan. 1, or A, is a Thursday, every day corresponding with the letter A is a Thursday that year, and hence all the Bs are Fridays, the Cs Saturdays, the Ds Sundays, and so on. All, then, that we need know is the Dominical or Sunday letter of the year, in order to know upon what day of the week any day of that year will fall. This year, 1901, the Dominical letter is F. Accordingly, every day with F in our little table is a Sunday. For example, Jan. and Oct. 6, 13, 20, 27, May 5, 12, 19, 26, and so on. As a consequence, then, G is Monday, A Tuesday, B Wednesday, and so on.

The table opposite the title page, which gives the dates of Easter during this century, gives also the Dominical letters. For example, in 1913 the Dominical letter is E, in 1940 F, in 1951 G, in 1967, 1978, 1989 E, etc. If the reader has kept his calendar for last year, he has the Dominical letter of every year during the 19th and 20th centuries, and can tell, in a few moments, upon what day of the week any day of the month has happened or will happen during that time.

As the year consists of fifty-two full weeks and one day, and as, consequently, in the following year the same day of the month falls upon the next following day of the week, the Dominical letter must change at the end of the year to the next letter in the alphabet. In our little table we find that Dec. 31 has the letter A, and as Jan. 1, the next day, also has the letter A, these two As must represent different days of the week. Thus in 1901, when the Dominical letter is F, Jan. 1 and Dec. 31, 1901, which have the letter A, are Tuesdays. But Jan.

1, 1902, with the same letter A, but in another year must be Wednesday. Hence A being Wednesday in 1902, E must be Sunday, or Dominical letter, that year. The Dominical letter, therefore, changes in this instance from F to E, and in general, it retrogrades or goes back one each year. In leap years, as we shall see presently, it takes two steps back. Knowing this law, the reader may find the Dominical letter of any year whatever when the letter of any one is given. He may thus be able to dispense with the table given opposite the title page, and use only the one given in this article.

There is but one difficulty, and that not a very great one, in the use of our little table. It is in regard to leap years. In leap years the 24th of February is doubled—that is, there are two 24ths of February that year. This was the arrangement of Julius Cæsar, the founder of the Julian calendar, the Gregorian or present calendar being only the correction or the perfection of the Julian. Why Julius Cæsar chose the 24th of February to double it, rather than to add a day at the end of the month, as we do in the date, but not in the letter, we do not know. We must accept the fact and abide by the custom of 1,900 years.

Now, let us suppose that the Dominical letter of the year is C. Then Feb. 21 is C, or Sunday. Feb.

22 is D, or Monday; Feb. 23 is E, or Tuesday; Feb. 24 is F, or Wednesday; Feb. 24 again, or as we call it, Feb. 25, is also F, but Thursday; Feb. 26 is G, or Friday; Feb. 27 is A, or Saturday; Feb. 28 is B, or Sunday, and Feb. 29 is C, or Monday. Hence as C is the Dominical letter before Feb. 24, B is the Dominical, or Sunday letter, after that date for the rest of the year. In leap years, therefore, the Dominical letter takes one step backward on Feb. 24; or, in other words, there are two Dominical letters, such as C B, in 1904, the first one, C, being in use before Feb. 24, and the second one, B, after it.

In our table, which gives the dates of Easter, the reader may ignore all we have said about leap years for dates which follow the 24th of February in any year whatever. But from Jan. 1 to Feb. 24 in leap years (that is, in years divisible by 4) he must take the letter of the alphabet following the one given to that year in the table. Thus, for example, over 1904, when Easter falls on April 3, the Dominical letter is B for all dates that follow Feb. 24, but for those that precede it the letter following B in the alphabet—that is, C, must be used.

A little study and practice will make this matter of Dominical letters very clear and simple, and the reader will agree with us in saying that our little table is really a perpetual calendar in a nutshell.

WILLIAM F. RIGGE, S. J.,
Creighton University, Omaha, Neb.

A CHILD'S PRAYER TO ST. JOSEPH.

O dearest St. Joseph!
Look down upon me;
And grant in thy pity
That I may like thee

Be humble and modest,
In word and thought pure,
In soul and in body,
While life shall endure.





CHRISTMAS CAROL OF THE WORD DIVINE.

Respectfully Dedicated to the Society of the Divine Word.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

I.

⊙ Word eternal, uttered by the Father!
 Co-equal, consubstantial, coetern
 With Him, and with the Spirit everlasting,
 Without beginning, without end or bourn:
 We worship Thee in fear and holy trembling,
 Before all ages born—created not—
 Thou Wisdom of the Father, generated
 Within His breast—sole Son of Him begot—
 We hail Thee, Word Divine!

II.

⊙ Word made Flesh, proclaimed by angel voices,
 Our new-born King, revealed in Bethlehem!
 We worship Thee, a Babe on Mary's bosom,
 Of all Love's jewels, best and brightest Gem!
 With Joseph and the shepherds, we adore Thee,
 In spirit, kiss Thy blessed baby feet;
 With orient Magi, meekly bowed before Thee,
 To offer Thee gold, myrrh and incense sweet,
 We praise Thee, Word Divine!

III.

⊙ VERBUM DEI! ere Love's message cheering:
*"Glory to God, and peace on earth to men
 Of good will"*—dies upon our 'raptur'd hearing
 Come, and within our souls, be born again.
 Hope of the earth, and Source of our salvation!
 (Before the Christmas stars fade in the east),
 Make of our hearts another Bethlehem's manger,
 That, on thy honeyed sweetness, all may feast—
 All love Thee, Word Divine!





ADOREMUS CHRISTUM!

(Commentary on the Jubilee of 1900 as Inaugurating the New Century.)

BY E. M. HUCH.

WE have witnessed the celebration of many Jubilees, but none equal, or indeed approach in importance and interest, this of the present year, which is peculiarly important for many reasons. One of these is the space of time to which it refers—not 25 or 50 or even 100, but—1900 years! while its greatest significance of course lies in the fact, that HE in Whose honor it is being celebrated, is none other than the Son of God Himself—the long-desired Savior of the world He created!

What a beautiful testimony for the Babe of Bethlehem, this Jubilee of His grace-giving birth, and who will willingly forego participation in such act of homage?

Another source of importance is its timeliness, for alas! we cannot deny that humanity, for whose redemption the Man-God came and suffered 1900 years ago, stands, again mortally wounded at the “parting of the ways.”

In the “fulness of time” foretold by His prophets, when misery and sin and a longing for relief had reached their utmost height, Jesus came unto His own who “received Him not!”

A new fulness of time, rife with the selfsame conditions, seems now approaching; many have deserted the Redeemer—many deny Him, and seek with that hatred which is of itself logical acknowledgment of His Divinity, to pluck Him from the hearts of His faithful. They force the entering wedge of doubt and so-called agnosticism, wherever the slightest symptom of weakness or instability of purpose is apparent.

To break with Christ *altogether* they seem afraid, but lingering on the treacherous verge, they content themselves with the heretic cry: “Away with Rome!”

It is true, we need not fear that their godless tocsin can work harm to the Church, fast-founded on the rock of Peter, but, nevertheless, we must not remain idly and calmly onlooking, while, before our very eyes, souls are being drawn into the whirlpool of Satan.

“Away from Christ”—Like one man we should arise and oppose our strength to the destructive anti-Christian movement so heralded!

Now, to stand firmly by our Church, it is first necessary that we should know her and study thoroughly her truths! To love Christ with our whole hearts, it is necessary that we should contemplate His Divine Person, and if it is our intention to combat effectually this outbreak against the Founder and His church we must unceasingly disseminate the knowledge of Catholic truths and labor to expose the hollowness of the malicious slanders propagated by the enemies of both.

Many will say—“it is the special duty of the bishops and priests to study the Faith thoroughly—to spread it and to defend it.”

Certainly, it is their duty, but it is likewise that of every Catholic besides.

The Holy Father, Leo XIII., says in his glorious Encyclical of 1890 that every Christian should use his utmost endeavor and take great care that he understands his Faith in all respects, preserving the same in his innermost heart, so that he may be protected from danger, particularly when assailed by false doctrines and perverse reasoning.

Very helpful, and, under present conditions, extremely necessary is, in our opinion, a careful study of the Christian truths as far as each one's talent and mental capacity will allow. Desirable also is a thorough knowledge of those fields of natural science which stand in close connection with religion.

After speaking of prayer for the grace of unwavering faith and of the Church's obligation to spread and defend it, the Holy Father adds: “Every Christian should be strictly admonished to acknowledge his Faith openly before all—to instruct and fortify his neighbors in it and to repulse the attacks of unbelievers.”

The Holy Father continues: “Only cowards or those who are in doubt regarding their Faith, will retire before the enemy or remain silent, while violent efforts are being made on all sides to suppress Truth.”



ANGELS ADORING CHRIST.

Such action is an insult and offense against God, not only harmful to the spiritual welfare of the individual, but also endangering the safety of the community, while it strengthens the enemies of the Faith. Nothing so emboldens them or encourages their audacity as the timidity and neglectfulness of the so-called "Faithful."

The objection that our Lord Jesus does not need human co-operation for the preservation and protection of His Church is not well taken.

Not because of weakness indeed, but because of His love for us, He requires such action on our part as may enable us to reap the fruit of Salvation which He has sown for us.

It is our first duty to stand boldly and firmly by His teachings, and so far as lies in each one's power, to spread them abroad in all their light-giving beauty.

The Pontiff speaks further of the ministry of the Church, calling upon all the people to proclaim its importance and arise in its defense and support: "The coöperation of laymen," he adds, "was considered so advantageous and fruitful by the Fathers of the Vatican Council, that they declared its practice an absolute duty."

For the love of the Master then, we beg and adjure all the faithful—nay! we command all them as such, but more especially those who are leaders and teachers of others, to work with unflagging zeal, so that errors may be prevented and expurged and the light of our divine Faith shine forth in undimmed purity.

Above all, we must not forget that each, by his own example, should confess the Catholic Creed, while always ready to profess it openly before all men. Of the manifold duties which connect us with Christ and His Church, this is the foremost—to seek earnestly the propagation of truth and its defense from error.

Numberless opportunities for the spread of Catholic doctrine are offered us—in the family circle—at social gatherings—through the press of the land—in familiar society and in distant travel!

A flood of profane literature inundates Christian countries; we can help to arrest its destructive course and counteract the dire effects, by the dissemination of books and pamphlets which teach the love of truth and the beauties of Catholicity.

Then there are the bitter contentions which menace the peace and safety of society in general, and threaten to undermine it. The question arises: "What are the causes of this visitation"?

First, there is the poison of unbelief, which has filtered through all classes; the inconsiderate selfishness and injustice apparent in everyday intercourse are the bitter fruit of this unbelief.

Lack of charity among the wealthy and their disregard for their less fortunate brethren have wrought the masses to a ferment of discontent, and

fertilized the soil for the evil seed, sown freely by the enemies of Christ.

There has always been distinction of class, without which society is an impossibility; the poor we have always had and shall always have with us, but true charity makes the titled, the cultured, the wealthy see in the laborer, the beggar, the afflicted—yea! even in the sinner, souls created to the Image of God. And their inheritance in Heaven has been purchased at the selfsame price as that of earth's favored children.

True charity brings the privileged one to the rescue of the needy and impels the rescuer to display that respect and consideration, born of acknowledged brotherhood.

Thus has many a barrier been removed or overborne and souls brought closer together in Christ's Name, as He hath willed.

Are we not all human beings, formed in the same likeness, of the same substance? And are not our souls stamped alike with the same high impress? WE smile at the "caste" system of India, while we ourselves remain almost equally divided—while around us sound sentiments of contempt, openly expressed by the privileged classes for their less fortunate brethren.

How many of those consider friendliness or courtesy a condescension, when extended to the "lower classes," as they term them, forgetting that the truest test of nobility of soul is to treat all humanity with respect.

Again, some think they have a right to restrict their intercourse to the "educated people!" What is education? Many a workingman—many a poor factory girl has more nobility of heart and more refinement of mind than the fine ladies and gentlemen who are so prone to treat the working classes with contempt, and who, satiated already, still think of nothing but the gratification of desire.

Religion alone educates and ennobles, and granting true what St. Teresa tells us, that intelligence is a great incentive to piety, it is Religion which directs knowledge aright with the man of science as with the hardy son of toil.

The reason of this is, as Humboldt has put it: "All truth comes from God and tends to God."

Religion refines as to habits and outward behavior—it endows with *self-command*, an attribute only maintained by the great ones of earth through much effort and as a covering to be hastily dropped behind the scenes. Education consists in a great measure of systematized attempts to bring our evil and obstinate nature under control.

It does not mean alone, good manners and faultless behavior in society, nor does it consist in knowledge of fashion or conversancy with living languages—not even in so-called collegiate culture!

It is rather, the right direction of the soul toward God and the maintenance of an exterior deportment befitting the dignity of a true Christian.



QUEEN OF MAY.

Above all, is education the training of our hearts after the pattern of our Lord's Divine Heart, who was sent to us as our model in all things. And, behold! He chose for protector a poor carpenter. His earthly bed was a manger and the shepherds, summoned by angels, His earliest visitors! He began His public life as an unknown teacher and chose from among the very poor, His companions—heirs of His Kingdom in Heaven—pillars of His Church on earth. The humble, the despised and the penitent are His chosen, and He heeds it not if others take umbrage thereat! He passes by and all are blessed!

And yet, O, JESUS, humanity stands sick unto death at the parting of the ways—bitterness and envy on the one side—pride and scorn on the other. Teach us that our duty to Thee is to seek the healing of those wounds—the leveling of those dividing barriers, so giving testimony to Thee by following Thy example!

Is it not an alarming symptom, when 1900 years after the coming of the world's Savior only 15 per cent of the human family belong to the Church of Christ; an equal number, while calling themselves Christians, flee the House of God; 5 per cent still adhere to Judaism; 11 per cent follow the sign of the crescent, and 57 per cent yet live in the darkness of heathenism!

"You shall be witnesses to me in Jerusalem and in all Judea and Samaria and even to the uttermost parts of the earth."

These were the Savior's last words, when before His Ascension He outlined the mission of His Church to teach and convert the whole world.

The obligation still remains incumbent upon all who wish to belong to Christ and share in the fruit of His bitter sufferings and death.

If now, after eighteen centuries, the path of millions still leads through shadow and darkness, part of the fault must lie with Christendom itself!

True, there have been in every generation some of extraordinary heroism who went forth fearlessly into faraway lands with the certainty of martyrdom before them to announce the "Word made flesh."

But a more extended zeal should have produced a greater number of such heroes and given them, above all, *more effective support*.

In our days, we find our grand pioneers no longer isolated; there are numerous and well organized associations for the special purpose of educating and sending forth apostolic messengers of the faith, and their records wake in many hearts new interest in this sacred duty.

Alas! for the majority, however, who remain cold and indifferent to the efforts of the interested few. They have not the true Catholic spirit; with them the spiritual pulse beats but feebly and irregularly.

At the 1900th anniversary of the Savior's birth and still 57 per cent of His creatures in ignorance even of His existence!

Surely as one man the entire Catholic world should arise to lead the benighted brethren to the Light Eternal!

Behold! the ends of the earth—the darkest stretches of our globe—regions hitherto inaccessible, are entering into international intercourse. Europe stretches towards them her welcoming arms, but unfortunately it is the Europe separated from the true Church—the anti-Christian Europe, standing foremost in this competition of nations.

Numerous missionaries from many separated sects, richly endowed with the wealth which buys opportunities, are at work everywhere.

Bereft of the delegated power of the Master, they can found a Christendom in name only—a stepping place to modern heathenism, which means the eventual casting away of the cornerstone, viz.: CHRIST.

This modern heathenism represents the crimes of treason and Judas-like denial; it means the ossification of heart, which is the death of divine grace. And it stands today at the thresholds of the lands, wherein dwell benighted millions of the human family—nay, it has crept inside, and its initial steps have made the soil hard and sterile, as is proved by the experience of Japan.

A country this, saturated too with the blood of its early martyrs, all our own!

There are now in Yokohama, the great harbor and commercial metropolis of the insular kingdom, fifteen Protestant churches and but one Catholic!

Japan has deserted her old gods and listened to the words of the stranger. And with what result? Her catechisms are collections of sentences and quotations from Goethe and Schiller; a thin veil hides from view the modern abyss of atheism, and this most unfortunate of all conditions is spreading daily over the land. Then we hear inquiries about her powerful neighbor—China, the celestial kingdom, which the European powers are hungrily contemplating, forecasting its ultimate division.

"European culture," writes a missionary of China in 1898, "is entering this gigantic body through thousands of pores—woe if it is not accompanied by Christianity!"

Are there no Catholic missionaries in China? we hear the readers ask. O, yes, they are there, working under unspeakable difficulties and braving dangers and deprivations, of which we at home can form no just idea. But there also are six times their number in missionaries from Protestant sects who delight to spread the most horrible calumnies of the Catholic religion. Possessing means in abundance, they found schools and institutions of many grades, so attracting the people, natural lovers as they are of education.

China, then—this immense country with its overflowing population of 434,000,000, is threatened by the same terrible misfortune as has overtaken Japan,

and wonderful exertion is needed if the herculean work of her rescue is to be attempted.

The present question, with our few missionaries, is where shall their energies be first directed?

Not China alone is jeopardized, for the seed there planted is, through the endless stream of emigration, carried throughout the world.

The Indies, almost thrice as large as Europe, with a people gentle and piously inclined, offer an attractive field for missionary work; statistics show that 26,000 heathens die daily in India!

Of course, caste is a sad hindrance; but must not be considered as an insurmountable obstacle, unless we are willing to admit our zeal less than that of the Protestant sects, who, as we are told by the Apostolate of Assam, weary not in the direction of schools, and the formation of settlements.

In Syria, Chaldea, Persia, and also in Egypt, there are numerous schismatic sects, some of whom have become reunited to the Catholic Church, more fortunate than their Russian brethren whom the iron rule of a despotic government prevents from rejoining Rome.

In the first mentioned countries the Catholic Bishops enjoy comparative freedom under the Mohammedan government, and their churches were spared during the terrible massacre of a short time since. But our missionaries there live in the greatest poverty—priests, prelates and dioceses.

Some years ago the Holy Father issued an ardent encyclical entreating all to assist in reuniting the Greek Church with Rome, and every sensitive Catholic heart must have appreciated the appeal of those Bishops in whose behalf the movement was contemplated.

They bewailed their inability to move in the matter because poverty tied their hands while Protestant communities flourished and spread, food, clothing and shelter being freely provided for them, especially since the secret massacre in Armenia.

Africa is no longer the "dark continent"; the civilization of Europe illuminates it on all sides and promises to penetrate to its innermost depths. Why should not this vast land and its people, clamoring for deliverance, receive the boon of Faith at the hands of Christ's true church? Why should Africa be allowed to fall into the pit of Satan—modern heathenism?

The epoch demands of us particular devotion, sacrifice and labor. But for those great things expected, still greater things will be rendered us in return.

As Christ's co-workers, we must save His Church from irreparable loss—we must help gather the harvest which is rightfully hers by the premier right of God's holy will. Think what the loss of this harvest would mean! What a discouragement for wavering souls; while, on the other hand, through success, should the faith of weak and strong be alike strengthened.

What a powerful atmosphere of hope and love should penetrate then the entire world, thawing the solid ice of heresy and infidelity and releasing their unfortunate victims.

Welcome! to the missions of Mother Church in this critical and decisive hour; Faith and Charity make every sacrifice easy and sweet, and it is a proven fact that the greatest sacrifices are most gladly made.

With willing hearts, youths and boys, innocent and enthusiastic as they are, mentally gifted, gather round the doors of the mission houses pleading for selection.

They understand the privations and sacrifices of the life they would embrace—their parents, too, appreciate it, yet they offer their sons cheerfully to the holy apostolate.

Let us take a glance nearer home—at Brazil, for instance—nominally a Catholic country, but in reality honey-combed by freemasonry with its attendant evils.

It is not our money that is here needed, but our zealous priests—our tireless religious orders—and these must be forthcoming if the people are to be again of our fold.

Other states of South America, and also some of the Northern States, are equally in want of missionaries imbued with apostolic zeal and willing to immolate self on the altar of sacrifice.

At the dawn of the century, Divine Providence seems to have entrusted us with the fate of Australia and the numerous islands of the South Sea, for regions never before entered are now become accessible.

But here, too, Anglican Protestantism has overreached us, and her agents are numerous.

"The hour of grace for those people has come; do not let the opportunity pass," said Leo XIII to the late Missionary Bishop Vejus just a little while before death claimed the energetic prelate, worn out too soon by his labors.

Some hold the opinion that the work of the Propagation of the Faith is too great—that the Church cannot compass it. And those timid souls, bereft of personal courage, refuse at the same time any assistance to the courageous soldiers of the Cross, who know not fear.

The work to be done is indeed immense, but at the same time far from impossible, since Christ commands it, and He has the right to count on our coöperation.

Among his last words, which echo through the space of centuries, one is meant especially for us who stand on the threshold of the new!

"You shall be witnesses to Me in Jerusalem, and in all Judea and Samaria, and even to the uttermost ends of the earth!"

Not long ago a father, when asked to consider that his boy might meet with a violent and bloody death as a missionary, answered: "I should only

be too happy to be the father of a martyr," and the priest who had put the question to him, replied, after thinking awhile: "You are quite right." If, then, such sacrifices, involving separation, privation, and thousands of dangers, are made thus cheerfully, why should it seem difficult to make the much lighter effort of rendering material assistance only?

What peace of heart can be obtained by those who are willing to deprive themselves of luxuries, and what still greater happiness for those who, living in modest circumstances, offer of what they possess to aid in the work of the missionaries of the Holy Church, either by the good deed of persuading others to help the cause, by disseminating the knowledge of good books, and other writings, or in any way whatsoever, you will receive more than you give; joy of heart, great graces, manifold blessings will be yours here below, and when you reach your true home, Heaven, in accordance with our Saviour's promise, the apostle's crown will be yours.

A consolation indeed would it be for the missionaries of our faith, if they knew for certain that Catholic Christendom, as a whole, took warm interest in their difficult mission; what a consolation to feel assured that they might safely undertake the great work which lies before them; what a consolation to feel empowered to receive the children who crowd around their doors, who are left deserted at their portals, or who are about to be sold to cruel masters. O, the happiness of being able to receive these and bring them to the Sacred Heart of the Saviour, to rescue the forsaken and aged—save them from starvation and open to them at the same time the Kingdom of Heaven.

On one of the Silesian mountains there lives a poor old maid, a weaver. She has grown old at her trying occupation, and working beside on her father's little farm. Her hands are rough from labor, and her face burnt by exposure to the sun; she dresses but poorly, according to the manner of the inhabitants of those regions; her ways are simple and far removed from the rules of polite society; her speech uncultured! How the polished ladies and gentlemen in society would look down upon and depreciate this uninteresting spinster! But her plain, insignificant little body harbors a sublime human soul. She has learned the great secret of making her life useful, and through her hard labor she has, in a spiritual way, become the mother of many mission children, for away into the heathen countries she sends her gifts, and always all she can possibly spare. At all times praying and working for the Kingdom of God, unceasingly and cheerfully she spends her days. Sad and slow such a life appears, but only to those who know not its hidden beauties. "I am always so pleased and happy when I can spare anything for the spreading of God's Kingdom," wrote this poor weaver recently

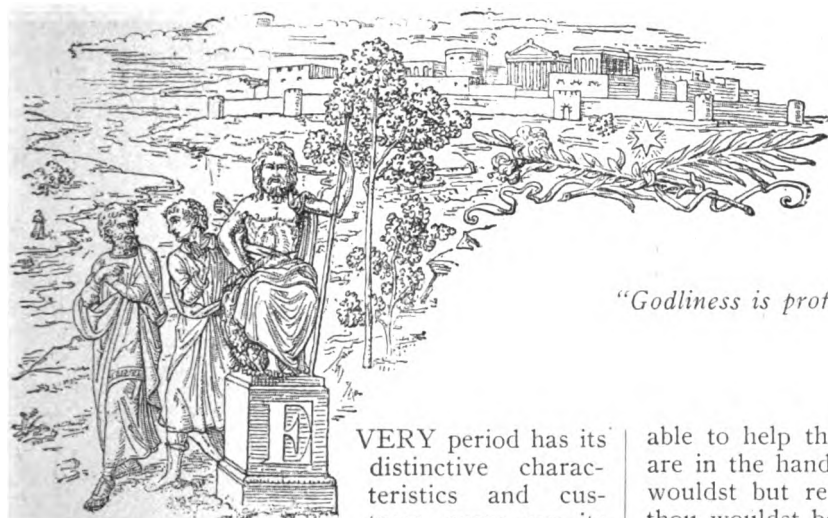
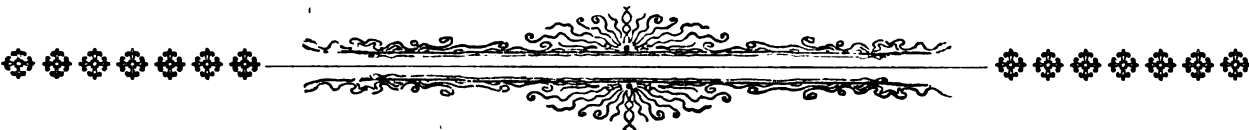
in sending new gifts. And another time she replied to a special word of thanks: "You make too much of all this. I do nothing more than I am able to do, and that is my duty." What noble words, expressed with such meekness and simplicity, as if such effort was the easiest thing in the world, and of everyday occurrence.

We can learn a great deal from this humble disciple. She shows us how we should employ all our talents which have been given by God for His greater honor and glory, and the propagation of His name. Many are of the opinion that they are not obliged to do anything for Christ, or for the extension of his Kingdom, but they are mistaken. The parable of the man who was condemned, not because he had done evil, but because he had not done any good deeds, and had buried the talents with which he was endowed, was well understood by the lowly weaver, whose words and example prove that she possesses the gift of wisdom. Not all can go into the heathen countries at great sacrifices to spread the faith; not everyone who stays at home has the courage to spend their savings for the faith as the peasant spinster. Many have duties toward those dependent upon them, and even the exigencies of position, the rightful desires of those who can enjoy certain comforts of life, make demands upon our Christian prudence and charity. But everyone can do something above and beyond this, and it will not be so little, because charity will find the way to accomplishment. If they can do nothing else they can pray that God's blessing may descend in abundance upon this great work of the spreading of the faith; that alone would be helping very much indeed. There are few people of a certain comfortable piety, who pray, but who are unwilling to do anything more. Such prayers are of little value, and come from a proud, cold heart. They forget that all they possess, all their talents and capabilities are from God, in Whose honor they must make the most of the gifts given them. They forget that they will have to render an account to Christ, that they and their talents have held a place in the plans of Divine Providence, which it was their bounden duty to fulfill. Our poor weaver had the wisdom to recognize this. "She had done only what she could, and that was her duty."

This same duty is a twofold one for us, for we are children of an important epoch, an epoch which will decide the fate of humanity.

Now or never! Such is the cry from all the missions—of China, of India, in New Guinea, Africa and, in short, of the whole world. Either we rescue now the heathen world—the whole human family for God's Kingdom, or it will be lost to Him forever! Lost forever through our own fault. "At the name of Jesus they shall all bow down, those who are in heaven, on earth, and beneath the earth."





SAINT PHILOMENA.

ADAPTED FROM THE GERMAN BY B. H.

CHAPTER I.

GOOD COUNSEL.

"Godliness is profitable to all things."

(1 Tim. iv: 8.)

VERY period has its distinctive characteristics and customs, every age its heroes and examples

of fortitude. It is instructive to recall the former and to place the latter before us for our imitation.

It was about the year 288 of the Christian era. On the shore of the river Nestus, then the boundary of Thracia and Macedonia, two men promenaded near the city of Nicopolis, deeply absorbed in conversation. The tall, strong figure of the one proclaimed his military calling, the meditative mien and searching eye of the other indicated the professional man. The features of the former showed traces of deep grief.

His name was Calistos, and he was governor of Nicopolis. He spoke to his companion as follows: "Despite the prayers and sacrifices which I have offered for years the gods have abandoned me. Their former blessings and favors have been turned into curses; for what will my wealth and power avail me, if at my death they pass into strangers' hands? What will it profit me to have made my name great and feared throughout the country if no heir is to transmit it to posterity? Oh, that I had a son to whom might descend the scepter of my power and my trusty sword; or daughter, under whose tender care I might pass on to old age, and whose loveliness should shed luster on my declining years! Then, indeed, I might gladly obey the summons of death when my time had arrived. But oh, how bitter to descend to the tomb unwept and unmissed! I entreat thee, Publius, to tell me what to do to escape such a fate? I have been informed of sorceresses in Thessalia who are able by their secret art to compel the gods to fulfill our wishes. Do you advise me to. . . ."

"Compose thyself," replied Publius. He was a physician, and the intimate friend of Calistos. "Be not so foolish as to believe in sorcery. It is no more

able to help thee than thy gods. Life and death are in the hands of the one true God, and if thou wouldst but resolve to have recourse to Him, if thou wouldst believe in Him, there would be hope for thee."

"Do not mention thy God to me, Publius," angrily rejoined Calistos, "for he is described as a cruel, savage, relentless Being who never hears his clients' petitions."

"Who says so? The idolaters and the persecutors of Christians, the demons and their benighted slaves. They hate the true God and blaspheme Him because they do not know Him. But we Christians know Him. We know that He is a loving Father who has never forsaken anyone who had recourse to Him. In our sacred books we find innumerable instances of His powers and goodness. It is recorded there again and again that He hears the prayers of His servants. When the Israelites went forth from Egypt behold the miracles He wrought in their favor! Did He not, for the sake of His people, smite the Egyptians with plagues unheard of in the history of nations? And later, when Gideon called on Him, did He not grant him the victory over powerful enemies? When Sennacherib besieged Jerusalem, did not the angel of the Lord destroy the adversaries of King Ezechias when he prayed to God? And when Ezechias was sick, was not death driven from his couch in answer to prayer, so that he lived fifty years longer? And when Sarah, Abraham's wife, who had grown old without bearing a child, had recourse to God in prayer, did not the angel of the Lord appear to her announcing that she would be blessed with a son whose progeny should be numerous as the sands on the seashore and the stars in the sky?"

"And has thy God indeed wrought all these marvels?" inquired Calistos, whose interest had been aroused by the example cited last.

"Not only these, but countless other miracles has the Lord wrought for the salvation and consolation

of His servants. As to Sarah's case, it is by no means the only one of the kind related in the history of God's people. Still more than by you pagans, it was regarded by the Israelites as a curse to be childless. It was a calamity, for the stricken woman was forever excluded from the ranks of those who might be deemed worthy to become the mother of the Messiah. Often, therefore, did childless pious women beseech Heaven, and they were blessed far beyond their expectations, because their progeny, the fruit of their prayer, were the elect of God, whom He sent to do great things for His people. As an example, I cite Elcana and Anna, a pious couple, who lived in Heli's time. God had not blessed them with a child, and the devout woman had recourse to Him. She went before the tabernacle of the Lord and prayed to Him: 'Lord, God of hosts, if Thou wilt bless me with a son I shall consecrate him to Thy service,' and God heard her prayer and gave her a son whom she called Samuel. When the child was three years old she brought him to Silo and consecrated him to the Lord. And Samuel served God all the days of his life and was made great in the eyes of the people and pleasing in the sight of the Almighty. He was the last of Israel's Judges, the forefather of David, the great king, and of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ."

Calistos listened attentively to the Christian physician's recital. A ray of hope penetrated his soul. His friend continued:

"Our sacred books relate another still more striking instance of the power of God. When the fullness of time was at hand and the whole world was expecting the promised Messiah, there lived in the mountains of Judea a pious couple named Zacharias and Elizabeth. Both were advanced in years, and God had denied them children, although they had daily prayed for this blessing. One day when Zacharias, who was a priest of the Lord, was burning incense in the temple of Jerusalem, before the ark of the covenant, suddenly there appeared to him an angel and said: 'Fear not, Zacharias, for thy prayer is heard, and thy wife Elizabeth shall bear thee a son, and thou shalt call his name John. And thou shalt have joy and gladness, and many shall

rejoice in his nativity. For he shall be great before the Lord; and he shall convert many of the children of Israel to the Lord their God.' And what the angel had announced came true. The child became the precursor of our Lord, and our sacred books call him the greatest of all who were born of woman. In like manner the matrimonial union of Joachim and Anna was blessed, contrary to all human expectations. The daughter granted to this holy couple by the Lord was called Mary, and became 'blessed amongst women,' for she was the mother of Jesus, whom we adore as our God and Saviour. Thus God has often heard the prayer of His servants, and if thou wouldst abandon thy false gods, and wouldst promise to dedicate to the true God the progeny granted thee by Him, I think I may, without presumption, promise thee the fulfillment of thy wish. For what God did in former times He is able to do now; His arm is not unnerved, nor is His bounty exhausted."

"Why hast thou not told me all this before now, dear Publius?" rejoined Calistos excitedly. "Forsooth, if I might hope that thy God would hear my prayer I should rejoice to serve Him, and to consecrate my progeny to His service for ever."

"May the Lord, who scrutinizes the heart, accept thy vow and do unto thee according to His great mercy! May He enlighten thy soul and lead thee to the knowledge of the truth! May the temporal blessing which thou dost desire become the precursor of that eternal bliss to which all mankind is predestined! Have recourse to Him in faith and confidence! I will pray, and write to Rome and Antioch and invite the Christian communities there to join in our petitions. If God blesses thee and thy wife with a child, thou wilt consecrate it to His service and thou and thy whole household will embrace the Christian religion; dost thou promise this?"

"Sincerely do I promise it, and no earthly power shall prevent the fulfillment of my vow. This I swear by the God of Christians, of whom thou sayest that He is the one true God!"

"Heaven is witness to thy vow. May the mercy of the Most High reward it!"



CHAPTER II.

A CHILD OF GRACE.

"O how beautiful is the chaste generation!"

(Wisd., iv. : 1.)



ZACHARIAS the priest prayed in the temple and was heard; the prayers of Calistos, Publius and the Christian communities were also heard. Ten months after the conversation recorded above there was great rejoicing at the governor's house; he was the father of a daughter. True to his promise, Calistos and his

wife sought instruction in the Christian religion, and were now preparing to receive baptism together with their child. Thus it had been decreed by Antistes, the Christian priest, whom the bishop had sent to Nicopolis at the request of Publius. In baptism the child received the name of Philomena, which means the Well-Beloved, or Daughter of Light. When the aged priest poured the saving water on her head the Spirit of God descended on him, and like Zacharias of old he prophesied concerning the future greatness of this child of grace. He was moved to adopt the words of Holy Writ, "All generations shall call her blessed," and turning to the infant's mother, he said: "And thy own soul a sword shall pierce." But she understood not the meaning of these words.

Years passed away in happiness and peace. The child grew in age, wisdom and virtue, and her parent marveled at the glorious workings of grace in her soul. Unlike other children, her conversation was in heaven. She possessed a supernatural knowledge of the mysteries of faith; to her sacred books were as a garden from which she culled the choicest flowers. Often she perplexed her teachers with question about heavenly things. But an aged servant of the house, Macrina, a saintly woman who had been tested in the crucible of severe trials for the faith, and was well grounded in it, proved herself a wise guide and a faithful guardian. She was particularly careful to instill into the girl's soul a firm faith in our Lord present in the Holy Eucharist and to enkindle in her heart an ardent love for that divine mystery. It was the fountain whence she herself had drawn the courage and

strength to persevere in the practice of the most heroic virtue. And when, after years of patient instruction and fervent prayer, she observed that her pupil was well grounded in the knowledge of and devotion to this great Mystery of Love, and that she in return had been rewarded with the desire of consecrating her virginity to God, the good soul wept tears of joy.

Philomena was permitted by her spiritual director to make the vow of chastity soon after her First Communion. Her heart being alive with an ardent love of God, and wearing on her head the spotless lily of innocence and purity, her desire for the glorious palm of martyrdom became more intense from day to day. She was well versed in the legends of Christian virgins who have gained a martyr's crown in the persecutions of bygone years. Her soul was especially charmed by the example of Agnes, whose triumph, achieved not very long before, was still the theme of praise and admiration in Christian circles.

One balmy summer's night, whilst contemplating the stars and dwelling in spirit on the bliss beyond them, she was overcome by slumber. In the prophetic dream which was vouchsafed her, she saw a countless number of virgins clad in white robes, with palms in their hands, walking by her in procession. They sang a beautiful hymn which filled her soul with exquisite melody. One of the virgins stopped and bowed over her, and she recognized her dear, saintly friend Agnes, who beckoned to her to join the procession. But she was unable to do so; a gulf lay between the heavenly virgins and herself, and it was guarded by a fearful dragon.

Next morning, when she told Macrina her dream, the trusty servant smiled, took the roll of Holy Writ from its shelf and read to her: "After this I saw a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and tribes, and peoples, and tongues; standing before the throne, and in the sight of the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands. And they cried with a loud voice, saying: Salvation to our God, who sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb. And all the angels stood round about the throne, and they fell down upon their faces and adored God, saying: Amen. Benediction and glory, and wisdom and thanksgiving, honor and power, and strength to our God, for ever and ever, Amen."

"My dear Philomena," she continued, "the procession you saw were the holy martyrs, and the one that beckoned you was Saint Agnes. Mayest thou pass happily through the gulf of tribulation and triumph over the dragon!"

CHAPTER III.

THE JOURNEY TO ROME.

"How unsearchable His ways!"

(Rom., xi.: 33.)



MARCELLINUS, the holy Pope, occupied the chair of St. Peter in Rome. It was the year 302 of the Christian era. The Roman empire was under the sway of Diocletian, whose name shall be synonymous with cruelty to the end of time. Instigated by his son-in-law Galerius, he inaugurated the most bloody persecution of Christians which had yet befallen them. Whilst Diocletian and Maximian attempted to annihilate the Christians in the West, Galerius de-

vastated the East with still greater fury. He murdered thousands of Christians, and seemed bent on exhausting every species of cruelty in order to gain his end; neither place, nor time, age nor sex were sacred to him. A contemporary writes: "If I had a hundred tongues they would not suffice to describe the atrocities and cruelties which Galerius perpetrated against the Christians."

All Asia Minor was filled with consternation at the news of the furious persecution, for the tyrant's emissaries found their way to the remotest villages and hamlets in pursuance of the emperor's commands. Nicopolis did not escape in the universal storm. The Christian community there was small, but its adherents were well known, the more so, because Calistos, the governor, professed its faith. True, his territory was not subject to Rome, but Galerius easily found an excuse for his troops to invade it. In this strait Calistos assembled his counselors, who deemed it best that he should go to Rome and invoke the protection of Diocletian, the chief emperor. To obtain justice at his hands seemed easier than from the fickle Galerius.

Calistos immediately began preparations for the journey. Eutropia, his wife, insisted on accompanying him, and as they could not think of parting with their dear child Philomena, now thirteen years of age, they took her with them. The voyage was safely accomplished, and at the beginning of July they reached Rome. Calistos immediately applied for an audience with the emperor, and with various presents as bribes to the officers of the imperial household he secured one. A day was set when the emperor would receive him.



CHAPTER IV.

THE TEMPTATION.

"All these will I give thee, if falling down thou wilt adore me."

(Matt. iv. : 9.)



EVER since Diocletian had proclaimed himself lord of life and death, an audience with him was a great risk; it might cost a person's life. He was the supreme master, from whose decree there was no appeal. His throne was continually surrounded by a guard of pretorians and lictors armed with their fasces and axes and watching for a sign from their master to put them to immediate use. Like his predecessors, Diocletian also was a monomaniac on the subject of power; he deemed him-

self a god and exacted divine honors and worship from the slavish creatures surrounding his throne. Since the martyrdom, some time before, of St. Vitus and other confessors of Christ, a blind fury, suggestive of demoniac possession, had come over him, and it is historically certain that his own son was actually possessed by the devil. Conscience upbraided the tyrant, and demoniac visions disturbed his sleep. The victims appeared to him in his dreams, and his frenzy sometimes drove him to order the slaughter of his most devoted friends.

To be admitted to the presence of such a tyrant was certainly reason enough for trembling with fear, and Calistos was filled with apprehension at the thought of the audience. But Diocletian, when he admitted him, together with his wife and child, to the imperial presence, proved to be in exceptionally good humor. To impress the strangers with his greatness and supreme majesty he received them in the throne-hall costumed as Jupiter, and bearing the attributes of that so-called diety. He was surrounded by the dignitaries of the empire and by a company of lictors.

A suppressed murmur of admiration ran through the hall as Calistos, Eutropia and Philomena entered. It was occasioned by the appearance of the girl, who, just budding forth from childhood into womanhood, was of dazzling beauty. She glided into the hall like a figure from a higher sphere. Clad in a white garment of spotless purity, she impressed the assembly with her innocence and nobility of soul as well as with her charms of person. The emperor, too, was favorably affected, and with

friendly mien invited the strangers to approach and state the cause of their coming.

Calistos responded, at first timidly, then more boldly, and the emperor pleasantly listened to his recital. But when, in the course of his statement, he admitted that he was a Christian, an ominous change came over Diocletian's features. However, he suffered him to conclude his speech, meanwhile regarding Philomena intently. The virgin could not but feel an indefinable dread at being thus stared at, and a glow of color suffused her face, whilst her eyes modestly sought the floor. After Calistos had finished, Diocletian cast a knowing glance at his courtiers, and said:

"Hark, Calistos! It was quite superfluous to be so profuse in thy statement. The proposition embodied in it is as follows: Thou fearest that our co-emperor Galerius, whom we entrusted with the government of the Eastern empire, is about to take away the city of Nicopolis and to transfer from thy full coffers the wealth which he so sorely needs. This fear is well grounded, and I cannot but admire my son-in-law's cunning. My only wonder is that thou wast so long in discovering this fact. There is not the slightest reason for accusing us of injustice in this proceeding. Are we not the lord of the Roman empire, and consequently of the world? Thy possessions, in comparison with ours, are like a grain of sand compared with the ocean; what can the sand-grain do against the power of the waves? Its absorption is a law of nature; the right of power. True, thou art at liberty to resist; thou mayest array thy army against ours; but what is a mouse against a lion? And as thou and thy army are but like unto a mouse when compared with Galerius and his hosts, it is but just that he crush thee." And, turning to his courtiers, he inquired: "Have I stated the case clearly?"

"Clearly and logically, imperial lord!" was the unanimous response. "Thy speech proclaims thee a hero, a god!"

Calistos, trembling with indignation at such mean treatment, but conscious of his inability to retaliate, stood confused and in his heart invoked Divine assistance. Diocletian continued:

"This is one view of the case; but there is an aggravating circumstance; thou hast proclaimed thyself a Christian; thou art a follower of the Nazarene, art thou not?"

"I am a Christian!" Calistos boldly replied.

"And thy wife is also a Christian?"

"I am!" Eutropia modestly confessed.

"And thou, little one," the emperor addressed



THE MARTYRS OF GORKUM.

The martyrs of Gorkum is the name given in the Roman martyrology to nineteen persons put to death by William de la Marck and his gueux de la Mer, in 1572. They were beatified by Pope Clement X, November 24, 1673, and their feast is held on July 9, the anniversary of their deaths.

Philomena, "art thou too inoculated with the poison? Dost thou also adore the Nazarene?"

All eyes were intent on the maiden, who solemnly answered: "Yes, I adore Him whom thou callest the Nazarene. I was consecrated to Him at my birth, and shall belong to Him forever, for He is my God and Savior."

A murmur swept through the hall. Diocletian's features darkened as he said: "You all have heard it; they are Christians, adherents of that damnable sect against which we have published our edicts, and which we are determined to annihilate. Hence, Galerius is not only invested with the power, but it is his duty to trample in the dust this lot of conspirators. This being the case, Calistos, I cannot conceive how thou couldst dare to approach my throne for the purpose of invoking my aid against Galerius. Thou remindest me of the man who to escape the claws of the tiger took refuge in the jaws of the lion. Well done, forsooth! Ha! ha!! ha!!!"

The courtiers dutifully joined in their master's mirth.

Calistos saw his impending fate and shuddered. But remembering the emperor's vanity, he resolved to appeal to it, and said:

"Thy simile, most gracious emperor, is very true, and I was well aware that I approached the lion's den when I resolved to appeal to thee. As thou wast pleased to compare thyself to the lion, permit me to remind thee that magnanimity is the foremost trait of that animal; every ready to engage in combat it disdains to attack a mouse. Thus it is also unworthy of thy prowess to send the legions who subdued the nations of the earth and carried the renown of thy name beyond the seas to conquer a city unable to resist thee. Let bandits do it; but do not stain the page of history which contains the glorious record of thy deeds with such a deed."

"Thou hast learned thy lesson well," jeeringly remarked Diocletian, "and I shall do as thou sayest; the lion disdains to swallow the mouse. Thou shalt proclaim our generosity to all thy people. I shall direct my son-in-law to spare thee and thine. I take thee under my protection, and during thy sojourn in Rome thou art my guest."

"Accept my sincerest thanks," replied Calistos, greatly relieved at the success of his little stratagem. He knelt at the emperor's feet. Diocletian bade him rise, and continued:

"To prove thy gratitude for the great favor bestowed on thee, we hope thou wilt grant us the wish we are about to express. Its fulfillment will more-over redound greatly to thy honor."

"Ask what thou wilt, most gracious lord; if it be in my power I shall grant thy request."

"I take thee at thy word, Calistos, and ask thee for thy daughter's hand."

An ominous silence followed these words. The courtiers looked dubiously at each other, and Calistos was so surprised that he was unable to speak.

"What dost thou answer? I think an offer like that must render thee extremely happy," said Diocletian.

"Thou hast indeed amazed me by thy offer. It exceeds my most sanguine expectations. But pardon me when I dare to remark that thy imperial majesty is pleased to jest."

"To jest? By no means! Thy daughter pleases me, for never have I seen a beauty to compare with hers. I love her and shall not rest till she is mine."

"How shall we ever be able to thank thee for such condescension, most gracious lord!"

"Do not speak of condescension. I love her—and that is sufficient. Am I not at liberty to choose wherever I wish? Am I not lord of the world? I choose thy daughter. She shall share my throne, and thou, instead of being a petty prince in a half-civilized country, shalt rank among the first in my empire. This is my will; thus have I decreed, and so shall it be. The offer is acceptable, is it not?"

"If thou art really serious, my lord, we prostrate before thee and kiss thy hands most gratefully."

"That is superfluous. Thy consent is sufficient. Of course thy wife is of the same mind?"

"I agree with whatever my husband is pleased to say and to do. And, moreover, could a mother refuse so great an honor for her child?"

"Well said! All we have still to do is to hear what the maiden has to say. Philomena, thou hast heard my proposition; dost thou consent to become my wife?"

With palpitating heart, a deathly pallor overspreading her features, the maiden regarded her mother, who hastened to reassure her, saying: "Now, dear child, answer!"

In a low voice, but firmly, Philomena said: "Oh, mother, I cannot!"

Diocletian was impatient. "What answer am I to have?" he demanded.

"I beg thy pardon, most gracious lord," replied Calistos; "our child is unnerved at the thought of the great honor in store for her, and it will be necessary to give her time to recollect herself. Tomorrow she will gladly consent."

The emperor was satisfied and dismissed them.



CHAPTER V.

THE SACRIFICE.

"He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me."

(Matt. x.: 37.)



DO we wonder that a child of thirteen has the courage to refuse so tempting an offer as this made to Philomena? It is the result of the virtues instilled into her soul. From early youth she had consecrated herself to God, resolved to live for Him alone. Her parents had educated her for Heaven; yet they desired that she accept Diocletian's proposal, knowing but too well that by a refusal they would incur his displeasure with all its disastrous consequences.

"Remember, my child," her father addressed her, "what a splendid opportunity of doing good thou shalt have at the mighty monarch's side. Sharing his throne thou wilt

be able to protect thy Christian brethren from persecution. Perhaps thou wilt even convince the emperor of the truth and convert him to Christianity. Then the bloody massacre of Christians will cease, the Church will flourish in peace and future generations shall call thee blessed."

But Philomena remained firm. With a heavenly wisdom quite beyond her years she replied: "Dear father, thou allowest thyself to become the victim of an illusion which can never be realized. Diocletian is so deeply sunken in depravity that he is impenetrable to nobler emotions. Instead of elevating himself at my side to the sublime heights of Christian truth, he would seek to draw me with him into the abyss of corruption. Instead of saving him, I should be exposed to the danger of becoming his associate in crime, and the blood of the victims of his wrath would cry out against me, too. May the Lord preserve me from such a fate! Moreover,

thou canst not sever the sacred bond which binds me to the Lord; well dost thou know that three years ago I vowed my virginity to Him on the happy day of my first communion."

"Thou wast then too young to know the import of thy vow, and it is therefore not binding."

"Far be it from me to take advantage of such an excuse! I knew well what I did when I followed the example of her whom we salute as the Mother of our Redeemer, and vowed my virginity to God. Did not she herself set the example at a much earlier age in the temple at Jerusalem? Oh, no! I shall never revoke my vow. I know but one Spouse, Jesus Christ, our Lord."

"But consider that the person who asks you in wedlock is Diocletian, the mighty Roman emperor, the lord of the world. He will place a crown upon thy brow and endow thee with untold wealth."

"Great indeed is Diocletian's power and grandeur; but who is he in comparison with the Eternal King to whom I am betrothed? I renounce Diocletian's crown and choose for my part the Savior's crown of thorns on earth and the imperishable crown of heaven promised to those who are faithful to Him. I despise a wealth which I needs must leave behind me one day, and seek the everlasting treasures of heaven."

"But what if Diocletian, roused to fury by thy refusal, turns his wrath against us? Remember that we are powerless in his hands; that our fate rests with him. Hast thou no consideration for us? Where is thy filial love?"

"It is better to lose our lives here below and to be reunited in heaven, than to try to avoid temporal death and thereby incur eternal punishment. Hence I beseech thee, father, by the blood of Christ, to refrain from seeking to alter my resolution of remaining faithful to my heavenly Spouse, Jesus Christ, even at the cost of my life."

A halo of heavenly light seemed to encircle the virgin as she spoke. Her words, no doubt, were entered in the book of life by the recording angel.



CHAPTER VI.

THE CHOICE.

"What doth it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and suffer the loss of his own soul?"
(Matt. xvi.: 26.)



ESS firm in the faith than their daughter, Philomena's parents were too strongly wedded to the world to share her sublime sentiments. When placed in a position to choose between the highest glory on earth and an ignominious death, they preferred the former and hesitated not to influence their child to do the same. Especially her mother begged her with tears and blandishments to accept Diocletian's proposal. Her father, too, was disconsolate. "What does it profit us now," he exclaimed, "to have received a daughter from God, when He is about to take her away at the very moment when we might enjoy her possession?" His faith was shaken, and he used every art known to paternal affection to

induce Philomena to give her consent. But to no avail.

At the very height of this perplexity, Diocletian summoned them to the palace. They went with heavy hearts. The emperor received them alone in a luxuriously furnished apartment. He was seated at a small table, which was loaded with costly ornaments, such as gold rings, bracelets—diadems with precious stones of immense value, and a variety of other trinkets apt to captivate a girl's heart. Like the tempter in the desert who said to our Savior: "All these will I give thee, if falling down thou wilt adore me." Diocletian offered his dazzling gifts to Philomena on the sole condition that she accept him in marriage. He used every blandishment to gain her consent, and was ably seconded by Calistos and his wife. But the maiden remained firm. She refused his gifts and resisted all endeavors to win her.

At length the emperor, seeing every effort fail, became furious. Violently pushing away the table so that its costly burden fell to the floor, he approached the trembling girl and roared: "What, thou stubborn damsel! darest to spurn an emperor's love? Thou preferrest a crucified Jew to me, the lord of the world? I have offered thee my crown; thou hast refused it and shalt repent of thy obstinacy. I am wont to do my will, and if a woman finds favor in my eyes I take her. With thee I made an exception and begged for thy love. Thou hast refused me, and by the gods! thou shalt rue it."

He summoned two lictors, and pointing to Philomena, said: "Take her away and cast her into prison. She has dared to spurn me, the rival of the gods!"

The lictors proceeded to execute the emperor's order. Philomena trembled when the men approached her. But Calistos stood guard over his child and cried: "Touch her not, or you are dead men!" Eutropia knelt before the emperor and implored him to have mercy on her. "Oh, do not separate us from our darling child," she cried; "or if thy decree is irrevocable let us die with her."

"Die?" laughed Diocletian; "who speaks of dying? Your daughter shall not die, at least not presently. I simply intend to give her time in prison to reconsider her decision and to come to her senses. If the isolation will not accomplish it, I possess means to turn her from her love of the Nazarene. But on your account I shall order that no harm befall her. As soon as she is ready to accede to my wish, everything shall be forgotten, and from the prisoner's cell she shall ascend to the throne. But if she persists in her refusal, woe to her and ye!"

And turning to the lictors, he cried: "Why stand ye there idle? Do your duty!"

It was easier said than done, for Calistos, a man of powerful build, still guarded his child. One of the lictors ventured to lay hands on her, but scarcely had he done so, when a tremendous blow felled him to the floor. The father defended his child. The other lictor cautiously retreated. Diocletian was amused at the lictor's discomfiture and applauded Calistos for his prowess. The struggle, however, brought on a number of guardsmen, who overpowered the defender and led Philomena away.

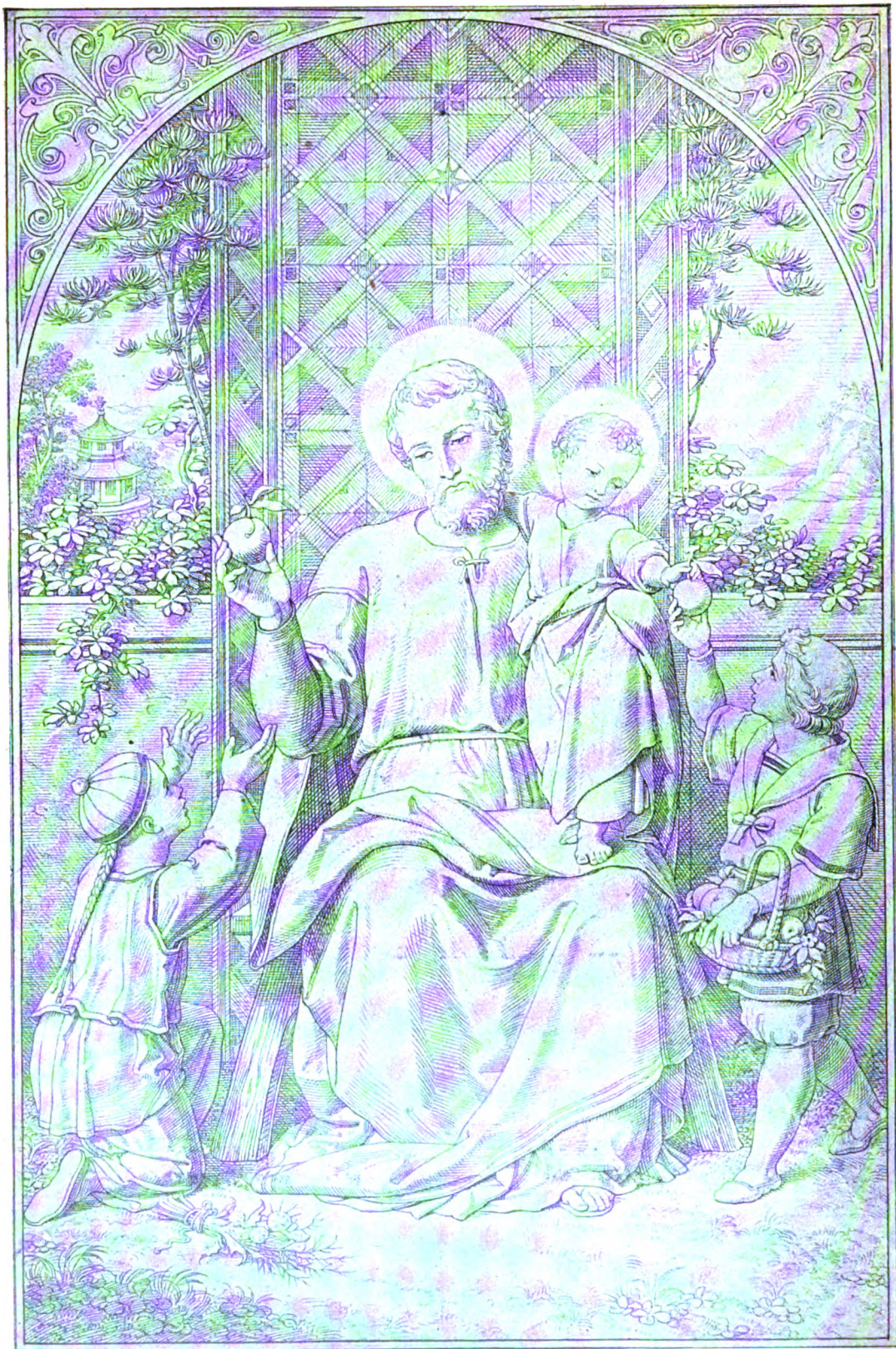
CHAPTER VII.

IN PRISON.

"Out of the depths I have cried to Thee, O Lord!"
(Ps. cxxix.: 1.)



DOORS of iron, heavy and strong, had closed on Philomena. She was in prison, for the first time in her life, separated from her parents and debarred from all intercourse with human beings. Alone with her sorrow, she keenly felt the peril of her situation. Nature, exhausted of its powers of endurance, finally gave way under the strain; grace, which had hitherto sustained her, now seemed to have been withdrawn from her. Weeping, she fell on her knees, buried her face in her hands and freely gave vent



SAINT JOSEPH.

to her grief. Deathlike silence reigned in the dark cell, into which only a slender streak of light was admitted through a small aperture set high up. The walls were damp and mouldy, the air was foul and the rotten straw on the floor seemed alive with gruesome insects; a large rat ventured near Philomena, and she shrieked aloud.

In contemplating the sufferings of the martyrs we are apt to regard the sufferers as though insensible to pain. This idea is as wrong as the one that our Divine Savior did not feel the full weakness of His human nature. The saints were sustained, it is true, by grace, but except when miraculously preserved they felt the full pain of the cruelties inflicted on them; in the expectation of sufferings nature rebelled, and with their Divine Master on Mount Olivet they prayed: "Not my will, but Thine be done," and implored Heaven for courage and strength.

Thus also Philomena. The terrors of her situation presented themselves to her in full. She saw the innocent pleasures of her youth vanished for ever; her young life doomed before its promises were realized; the sorrow of her parents, whose tears she could not dry without becoming unfaithful to God, were present to her; she realized the terrible dilemma to which she was reduced—either to sacrifice her filial love or to endanger the salvation of her soul. Imprisonment, the anguish of suffering, the repulsive endearments of a libertine or the torments of an ignominious and cruel death, confronted her like a spectre.

After the first paroxysm of grief had subsided, the pious virgin turned to God in prayer for help and strength. Elevating her soul to her Divine Spouse, she was filled with light and consolation. Then she fell into a sweet slumber, and her dream of three years ago again presented to her view the choir of virgins clad in white garments and following the Lord with palms in their hands. Again one of the virgins, younger and lovelier than the rest, bent over her, saying: "Do you not know me, dear sister? I am Agnes, the spouse of Jesus Christ. Soon thou wilt join us." And when Philomena extended her hand towards the heavenly vision, a drop of liquid fell on it; behold, it was blood!

Awakening from her slumber, Philomena beheld a quite different figure standing before her—Diocletian.

"Well, my girl," he began, "hast thou slept well? I hope thou hast changed thy mind during the night. Am I right?"

Terrified at the detested voice, the virgin retreated to the remotest corner of her prison cell and called aloud for help. But only the scornful laughter of her tormentor answered her.

"Cease thy noise, child! Nobody hears thee. Thou art in my power, and even thy so-called Spouse, Jesus of Nazareth, will not be able to de-

liver thee. Therefore, hear what I have to say. Thou art aware that I offered thee my hand in marriage, and I am still ready to redeem my promise. Now be sensible and do as I wish, or by the gods! thou shalt not leave this dungeon alive!"

"Have mercy on me! Spare me, a mere child!" she cried piteously. "By all you love and cherish I implore you to leave me in peace!"

"Thou shalt have peace and be happy, do but accept my offer!"

"Never, never!" she exclaimed, holding up her hands in terror. "I cannot!"

"Indeed thou canst, and I will overcome thy stubbornness. Until now I had too much regard for thee because thou art so delicate and tender; but my patience is exhausted. Either thou dost consent to become my wife, or I shall take thee by force and make thee my slave. I am master of thy life and death."

Rudely taking her by the arm, he held it in his grasp like a vise. Philomena trembled with fear and called aloud for help. "Now thou art in my power—yes or no!" cried the tyrant.

"No, no! Never! I belong to my Spouse. O Jesus, protect Thy servant!"

"Ha, ha, ha! She calls on the Nazarene!" laughed the emperor. "No doubt but he will presently appear and deliver her. We shall see. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Jesus, help me!" sighed the virgin, trying with all her might to free herself from the tyrant's grasp.

"Death and damnation, witch!" suddenly cried Diocletian, letting go his hold as if he had touched red-hot iron. He seemed beside himself, and dancing round the cell with pain he cried: "I shall find means to render thy witchcraft useless!" And furious with rage he left her.

What had happened? The "Nazarene" had shown His power; Jesus had baffled the tyrant, smiting and disabling him.

Diocletian had scarcely recovered his composure, sorely disturbed by the sudden attack, when he ordered the poor child to be loaded with heavy chains like a criminal, to prevent her from exercising her "witchcraft." For the present however he ceased his visits, for the pain he had experienced in laying hold of the virgin had been so excruciating that he did not feel tempted to renew the experiment.

Philomena's condition was now more pitiful than ever. The heavy chains which pressed her tender body bereft her of the power of motion. Darkness and silence surrounded her; only the prison-master entered once a day bringing a jug of water and a piece of dry bread. Her parents were not permitted to visit her.

In this sad plight the poor child remained for thirty-seven days, prayer to her Divine Spouse being her only solace. A supernatural peace filled her soul and confirmed her in the resolution to remain faithful to her Savior until death.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE APPARITION.

"Hearken, O daughter, and see, and incline thine ear; and forget thy people and thy father's house; and the king shall greatly desire thy beauty; for He is the Lord, thy God, and Him they shall adore."

(Ps. xlv.: 11, 12.)



DIOCLETIAN might prohibit human beings to visit the prisoner, but he could not prevent the entrance of heavenly visitors. It was a warm summer's night. The emperor's palace resounded with the revelry of drunken courtiers, but in Philomena's dungeon silence reigned deep and solemn. Suddenly she became aware of a light brighter than the sun, which filled her cell. From it there stepped forth the figure of a majestic lady bearing on her arms a child whose benign aspect

filled Philomena's heart with heavenly joy.

"Fear not, Philomena," said the vision. "I am she who was never invoked in vain by any one. I am Mary, thy mother. I came to announce to thee a glad message. Three days more and thy captivity shall be ended. But a great trial is yet in store for thee. Have courage, however, for in the hour of trial my Son's grace shall powerfully assist thee. Moreover, I commanded the angel, who once announced to me the message of salvation, to guard thee. His name is Gabriel, and he will do great things for thee, for thou art my well-beloved daughter, and my Son will glorify thee. Therefore, be of good cheer! Already the angels are waiting thy coming, and thy Spouse is ready to meet thee."

And the Blessed Virgin placed the Divine Infant in Philomena's arms. The Christ-Child embraced her, and her heart was filled with heavenly joy.

Whilst the celestial visitors consoled the holy maiden in her prison, the spirits of darkness took possession of the revelers in the emperor's banquet hall. Diocletian lay on a couch overcome by wine. Marcimian, a soldier of herculean strength, roared like a wild beast and ruined his host's costly furniture in his drunken rage. Daja, a semi-barbarous

Tracian, sang a Bacchanalian couplet; Sennon, the centurion of the imperial body-guard, cursed fiercely and belabored his drunken Pretorians with the shaft of his spear.

Suddenly, in the midst of a song, Daja broke off. A thought had struck him, which caused him to awaken his imperial master from his torpor. "Imperial lord," he cried, "what job have we to-morrow? Are there any Christians to be tortured, heads to be cut off, racks to be employed? Forsooth, business is becoming slack, and I am tired of Rome. In Nicomedia we have more diversions. Galerius is an inventive genius when he sets his mind on torturing Christians.

"Well said, Daja!" rejoined Diocletian, with a heavy tongue. "I have a piece of work for thee. Philomena, the Christian girl, who spurned me, and moreover gave me a proof of her witchcraft on the night of my visit, must die."

"And die at once!" cried Daja. "Shall I go to the dungeon and choke the witch to death?"

"Not so fast, Daja!" rejoined Diocletian. "Death shall come to her by degrees. Slow torture shall repay her for rejecting me, the emperor."

"What punishment has the imperial majesty decreed for the miserable wretch?" asked Marcimian.

"She shall experience the same that Pontius Pilate had inflicted on the Nazarene. I shall have her scourged. It is the most cruel and the most ignominious of all tortures. If she survives, we still have time for other proceedings against her."

Noisy applause greeted this announcement. The rioters reveled beforehand in the thought of feeding their eyes on the terrible chastisement in store for the delicate maiden.

Scarcely had the morning dawned, when Philomena was led forth from the dungeon, and when she again resolutely declined Diocletian's offer, taken to the inner court of the palace and subjected to the unspeakable torture of the scourge. This punishment was so cruel that very often the victims on whom it was inflicted died at once. Hence we cannot but admire the power of grace which sustained the life of the tender child.



CHAPTER IX.

BALM ON THE WOUNDS.

*"The Lord is my helper and my protector.
In Him hath my heart confided, and I have
been helped. And my flesh hath flourished
again."
(Ps. xxvii: 7, 8.)*



DIOCLETIAN'S cruelty was satiated. The holy maiden's body was one wound, the walls and floor were saturated with her blood. She resembled her Divine Savior; there was not a sound place from the soles of her feet to the crown of her head. A few more stripes and she would have fallen dead. Death would indeed have been a mercy, but she was not privileged to die as yet; the scourging was merely the beginning of her torture. Released from the pillar to which she had been bound, she was enveloped in a sheet, which

was soon dyed with her blood, and borne back to her dungeon. There she was left alone in the expectation that in the morning she would be a corpse.

Who can describe the jailer's amazement when, instead of a corpse, he found the maiden in blooming health the next morning? All the wounds were healed, the pain was gone and the bloody sheet alone gave evidence of the sufferings of the day before. Her face shone like the sun and, rejoicing, she sang hymns. During the night two angels had appeared who poured a heavenly balm on her wounds, healing them at once. The angelic visitants left her filled with supernatural consolation.

The jailer hastened to inform the emperor of the miracle. Diocletian had Philomena brought into his presence, and marveled on beholding her in perfect health and vigor whom he had seen covered with wounds and blood and well-nigh dead the day before. Unable to recognize the hand of God in so extraordinary an event, his victim's resplendent beauty impelled him to try again his powers of persuasion.

"Behold," he addressed her, "how the gods love thee! Jupiter has destined thee to be happy at my side; hence be docile and bow to my will. Thou hast experienced the danger of opposing me. I was compelled to have thee chastised like a rebellious child. Be wise now and do not again incur my displeasure. Rather obey, and renounce the Nazarene, who proved to thee his inability to protect thee."

"Be silent, unclean tyrant, and do not blaspheme my Savior," the virgin replied. "I do not ask Him

to deliver me from the torments which thou choosest to have inflicted on me, but I implore His help to bear them. The deliverance which I crave is death. Cease, therefore, thy idle promises; I shall never consent to become thine. Thou canst not give me true happiness, because thou dost not possess it thyself. Thou art a detestable wretch, and the vengeance of the Almighty, whose servants thou dost murder, will fall upon thee ere long."

Diocletian frowned darkly. "Beware," he said, "and guard thy glib tongue. The emperor is not accustomed to bear with speech like thine."

"Would that my words would impress thee favorably instead of rousing thy anger. Thou wouldst then learn to know Him whom thou dost persecute and who one day shall be thy judge."

"Dost thou mean Jesus, the Nazarene, the carpenter's son, thy lover? I do not wish to know Him. There is everlasting enmity between me and Him—combat and conflict to the end."

"'Tis true, alas! But who, thinkest thou, shall conquer?"

"Foolish question! How canst thou doubt? Where are now the followers of the Nazarene? Their number is reduced to a mere handful, and they are being exterminated as fast as possible. Ha, a few months more—and not a single Christian shall be found in the whole empire."

Philomena smiled pityingly. "Couldst thou but foresee the future, emperor! Long after the last vestige of the Roman empire shall have been swept away from the earth, the Christians will be numerous as the sands on the seashore. Millions will reverently and adoringly invoke the name of Jesus, whilst thy name will be an abomination to the end of time."

"Cease thy impertinence," cried Diocletian, enraged, "or, by the gods! I shall have thy tongue cut out!"

But Philomena heeded him not. Like a prophetess she stood before the tyrant, her eyes turned heavenward and her spirit borne beyond time and space.

"Hearken," she exclaimed; "Jesus of Nazareth will triumph, He will conquer. I behold the emblem of victory, the saving cross, the sign of Redemption, rising above this city and shining in the clouds. Thou art the last, as thou art the most cruel persecutor of Christians. The innocent blood which thou hast shed cries to Heaven for vengeance. Emperor and empire—both will be destroyed, but the Church, the Saviour's holy spouse, which thou seekest to extirpate, will flourish and spread."



SAINT PHILOMENA.

"Enough of thy insolence, audacious wench! I shall close thy froward mouth forever, and send another adorer of the Nazarene to Hades. Die thou shalt—but thy death shalt be inglorious. I shall have thee drowned like a kitten. In the darkness of the night I shall have thee cast into the Tiber, a stone around thy neck—and may the fishes make a meal of thy flesh! Ho, lictors, seize the witch, but take care that she escape ye not! She is a powerful sorceress. At midnight cast her into the Tiber where it is deepest."

The order was obeyed. Philomena was seized, bound and returned to the prison, there to await the night.

CHAPTER X.

BORNE UP BY THE WAVES.

"He has given His angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways." (Ps. xc: 11.)



PITCH dark and lowering the clouds hung over Rome, increasing the sable depths of night which had descended amid a fearful storm of rain, thunder and lightning. Not far from the city walls a bark, propelled by strong arms, started away and sped swiftly toward the middle of the Tiber.

"I am really sorry for the tender young girl," said one of the rowers; "it is sad to die when one is so young and beautiful."

"What does it concern us, Gabas," replied another; "we are used to this kind of work. For three years we have done nothing but slaughter Christians. A bad business, 'tis true; but we must make a living. We are soldiers; the murdering of Christians is one of our secondary duties. Is it our fault that Diocletian furnishes us with plenty of work? Let him answer for it. As to the maiden, it is well that she is about to find peace. Die she must, at all events, and drowning is an easy death. Take care that the anchor holds fast and that the rope does not break, so that the business may be dispatched without a hitch."

In the midst of the rough men sat Philomena with her hands tied behind her back, a rope to which was attached a huge anchor about her neck. She was pale and had her eyes closed; nature revolted at the violent death and her soul sought succor in prayer. The bark soon reached the middle of the river. Four strong hands laid hold of the virgin,

raised her gently, and let the anchor to which she was bound drop into the surging waves. A heavy fall, a gurgling sound—and all is over.

"She will not come back," remarked one of the rowers, "the anchor fell true and swiftly. Let us make for the shore to escape the storm."

A stroke of lightning at this moment lit up the darkness, and one of the nocturnal rowers cried out in alarm. "What is it?" exclaimed his companions.

"Woe unto us!" he replied, full of terror. "The dead return; there is Philomena!"

"Impossible! The rope was new and strong, and the anchor heavy enough to draw down the most expert swimmer. Perhaps it is her spirit, or a spectre. Look how it shines! It moves! Let us make for the shore as fast as possible; it is not advisable to meddle with spirits and spectres."

The men made for the shore with all their might, but they found it a hard task in the furious storm, which now broke out with renewed force.

"What a storm!" observed Gabas. "It seems that heaven and earth are angered at our deed. Woe to us! Look, she is following us!"

Filled with alarm they looked in the direction in which he pointed. True enough, the shining figure seemed to follow them, and now they clearly recognized the virgin martyr. Surrounded by a supernatural light, her figure floated on the water, her face appearing above it and her hands folded on her breast. The rope and anchor had disappeared, and as if by angels' hands the saint's body was being borne toward the shore.

Scarcely had the terrified soldiers landed when they made with all speed for the city and related their experience to their centurion. "Ye are bereft of your senses, or drunk, and did a bungling job. If ye had really drowned her she would not have come back. Your cowardice played ye a trick."

"Go and see for thyself! We did as we were ordered. The anchor was heavy enough to sink a hundred children like her, and the rope was new and strong; it could not break."

"Then she is a sorceress and freed herself by witchcraft. But it shall avail her nothing; she must die. I will go and see myself whether you were the victims of a delusion or not. Here, Sarmio, Tullus, Cassius! Each of you take two men and come and follow me! Take chains and ropes to bind the witch, so that she escape us not a second time."

The men lit torches, obeyed orders and went with their chief, armed as if about to capture a band of robbers. On nearing the shore of the Tiber they beheld from afar a shining light and Philomena kneeling between two angels. At the sight the soldiers became terror-stricken. "Those are not human beings," said Sarmio, "and with spirits I will have naught to do. Oh, see how her face shines! Look, the other two have flaming swords in their hands!"

"Bah, it is all an illusion," replied the centurion.

"Go for them! They cannot resist your weapons. Lower lances and attack them!"

Reluctantly the soldiers obeyed. Just as the lances were about to touch the holy martyr's breast, one of the angels lifted his hand, and as if struck by lightning the soldiers fell to the ground. Their weapons dropped from their hands, but they themselves were unharmed. The centurion was the first to recover from his fright. With a fearful oath he tried to rise, but found himself unable.

Now Philomena spoke. Smilingly, she said: "Why came ye with spears and swords and clubs to capture a weak maiden? There is no need of all these weapons. I shall follow ye unresistingly, because my heavenly Spouse wills it. I hoped to die in the water into which ye cast me, but it is God's will that I suffer more in testimony of my faith in Christ crucified. Did He not permit it, ye should have no power over me, for He has commanded His angels to guard me. Now let us go hence, for I must suffer for my heavenly Spouse."

The angels vanished, and the soldiers regained courage and the use of their limbs. The centurion roared: "Now, sorceress, thou art in my power. Ho, there; hold her fast and bind her so that she may not escape us again."

She was loaded with chains and securely bound. Yet the uncouth warriors treated her with a certain respect and did not offend her modesty. For, even though the angels had disappeared, the Lord guarded the virgin purity of His spouse.

The news of the extraordinary event spread all over the city, and when the procession reached the imperial palace at early dawn a great concourse of people had already assembled to see the "sorceress."

CHAPTER XI.

SIGNS AND WONDERS.

"God is wonderful in His saints."

(Ps. lxxvii: 36.)

DIOCLETIAN had had a bad night. Terrible dreams had disturbed him, and the memory of his murdered victim filled his soul more than usually with alarm. When he was notified of what had happened he was sorely frightened. He refused to see Philomena, and asked what was to be done with her, he cried wrathfully: "Do with her what ye will, but at all events put her out of the way!

Hang her, burn her at the stake, kill her with clubs—so ye do but kill her. I want to have peace."

"This suits me exactly," rejoined the centurion.

"It will afford excellent practice to my Thracian archers, whose arrows have never had so charming a target. Ha, ha, ha!"

The virgin martyr was taken from the prison into which she had been cast, led outside the city walls, and there bound to a tree. The centurion measured the distance, the archers took their stations and at the word of command a shower of arrows flew against the helpless victim. Most of the arrows went true, and with the exception of Philomena's face there was scarcely a part of her body that was not penetrated by the sharp points. The pain was terrible. The blood flowed in streams when the arrows were pulled out. The cruel sport was repeated, and the death-dealing missiles were now aimed at the vital parts. Deathly pallor overspread the virgin's features, she closed her eyes and her head sank heavily on her breast. Loss of blood had exhausted her.

"She is dead," said the soldiers when they removed the arrows. "At best she can live but a few hours. It is inexcusable to torture her any longer. Let us leave her to die in peace."

The ropes that bound the martyr to the tree were cut, the bleeding victim was placed on a bier and carried to a dark vault under the amphitheater, where the corpses of the dead gladiators were usually laid away to await burial. Two soldiers remained on guard before the vault with orders to report when she was dead.

Time hung heavy on the guards. "O, Strabo," said the one to his companion, "I do not see why we should stand here and roast in the sun to see a poor, tortured child die. I move that we let her die in peace, whilst we go to old Tryphon, who dispenses an excellent Falernian."

"Well said, Marcellus!" replied the other. "By the gods I second thy motion. Let us go at once! The girl is as good as dead; she will never wake up again. I am off!"

Tryphon's Falernian was excellent indeed, so excellent that the two guards, on returning toward noon, found it difficult to walk straight. But who can describe their amazement at beholding Philomena, whom they thought dead, sitting on a stone in front of the vault, singing psalms and smiling at them? They scarcely believed their eyes and were afraid to approach.

"By the gods, Strabo, this is indeed strange! I never saw the like in my life. It is witchcraft. Let us save ourselves. Diocletian may attend to her himself!" And he ran as fast as his legs, still unsteady from the effects of the wine, were able to carry him. His companion took the matter more coolly. He reported to the centurion, who informed the emperor of the turn things had taken. The news spread through the palace; everybody was anxious to see the miracle and hastened to the scene. Diocletian, too, despite his superstitious dread, went out.



"Now, Philomena," he summoned courage to ask her, "how long wilt thou persist in thy sorceries and witchcraft?"

"It is not by sorcery and witchcraft that I am spared death," she replied; "it is by the power of God, who wishes to glorify His name before the heathens. Instead of ascribing the wonders thou witnesseth to witchcraft, thou shouldst rather confess the power of God and cease to persecute His Church. For the more obdurate thou art, the greater is thy crime and its future punishment."

"Why persist in speaking of punishment and the Nazarene? He would have long ago annihilated me did He but possess the power. Have I not tortured and murdered His followers every day for years, and was He able to prevent it? I despise thy threats of His vengeance, and thou shalt die in spite of thy Jesus of Nazareth and all His angels. Ho, lictors, tie her again to the tree! Let the archers make her a living target before my very eyes. Die she must!"

The order was quickly obeyed. Again the arrows sped from the bows with unerring aim; but, lo! not one of them touched the martyr's body.

"Ha, now I see why ye have not killed her; ye have not even hit her! And ye call yourselves Thracian archers? Ye are craven cowards and miserable wretches instead of soldiers!"

The archers resented the reflection on their prowess, and in proof of their sure aim they showed him the arrows, still dyed with blood, which they had used in the morning.

"Try again!" commanded Diocletian. "I shall have each one scourged who misses her this time."

The archers gnashed their teeth in silent rage, but again sent their arrows in the direction of the martyr. They stuck fast in the tree above her, they fell to the ground at her feet, but not a single one harmed her.

"It is sorcery, imperial lord!" cried the centurion. "My men have never before missed their aim. A higher power must divert the arrows' course."

An augur who witnessed the scene explained: "Let the arrow-heads be made red-hot; witches fear the fire, and their power is harmless against it."

The suggestion was adopted. But lo! a new marvel. The red-hot arrows sped through the air until they reached the martyr; then, without touching her, they reversed their course and returned with double force on the archers. Six of them were killed outright, and the rest writhed in fearful agony on the ground. Alarm and terror seized the spectators. Many of them struck their breasts and confessed the true God; others fled in dismay.

The emperor was sorely perplexed; he feared a general revolt. Summoning his counselors, he said: "This thing is becoming unbearable. What is to be done with the sorceress? If she continue to baffle our efforts our prestige will be gone. The heathens murmur even now, and the Christians are triumphant. The Nazarene is gaining in favor, and yet we may not confess ourselves defeated. What is to be done?"

"Permit me to make a suggestion, imperial lord," said Nicanor, one of the emperor's trusted friends. "These Christians are adepts at sorcery, 'tis true, and we have the proofs of it before our eyes. We have had cases like this before. Remember Vitus, who was belabored with clubs, placed in boiling oil and cast before the wild beasts. All our endeavors were in vain. Yet when the executioner's axe severed his head from his body, he succumbed. Indeed, decapitation is the only effective means by which to rid ourselves of these Christians."

"Well said, Nicanor! Thou art right," replied Diocletian. "The Nazarene seems to be master of secret arts, but I doubt whether he is able to replace a severed head. Well, we shall see!"



CHAPTER XII.

IN PEACE!

"Behold, I come quickly, and my reward is with me.
(Apoc. xxii: 12.)



EVERYBODY was anxious to witness the result of the experiment. The emperor ordered Philomena to be unbound, and scornfully addressed her: "I observe that thy lover's power is rather great. He seems to be an adept at sorcery, and has thereby captured the minds of the many. Now I desire Him to perform a new trick, which, if he accomplish it, shall make me, too, believe in Him. I will have thee decapitated.

If He is powerful enough to replace thy head on thy shoulders in presence of the whole assembly here, and before my very eyes, I shall believe in Him and shall cease to persecute His followers. No better opportunity was ever offered to the Nazarene to vindicate himself and his doctrine."

Philomena replied: "Do not blaspheme the Lord, the Most High! God, who scrutinizes the heart, knows thy falsehood and deception. For a number of years He wrought innumerable miracles before thy very eyes, but thy mind remained obtuse, because it is the abode of Belial, the spirit of darkness. Thou callest thyself master and lord, but thou art a slave, a bloodhound, a tool of hell. Even if the Lord should perform the miracle which thou hast named thou wouldst not believe, and thy sin would be so much the greater. Do, therefore, whatever thou wilt; if thou thirstest for my blood, take it. I sigh to be released, to leave this place of banishment, this abode of sin and cruelty. I court death to be united with Christ, my heavenly Spouse."

"Thy wish shall be fulfilled at once, insane visionary! Ho, lictors, bring the block and cut off this foolish girl's head. How I shall laugh if the Nazarene does not replace it!"

"Thou mayest laugh now, but when He shall come with a legion of angels to judge the world, thou wilt tremble and—"

She was not permitted to finish. The lictors took hold of her, threw her to the ground and bound her. Silently praying, she placed her head on the block. The executioner put aside her beautiful hair which covered her neck and shoulders; then, raising the axe high above his head, he was

ready to strike. The silence of the crowd was breathless.

"Now, Nazarene," Diocletian cried, "is Thy chance! Now show thy power before all the people. Let us see who is stronger, Thou or I!"

"Come, O Jesus, Spouse of my soul!" prayed the martyr.

Diocletian laughed. "Thy Jesus comes not. I am losing patience. Executioner, do thy work!"

The axe descended. The martyr's head rolled in the sand. The blood spurted high. Once more the eyes of the severed head opened, and then closed forever. A beautiful smile graced the lips; not a muscle moved; no sign of pain was visible; a halo of light encircled the head for a moment and then vanished. Philomena was at rest.

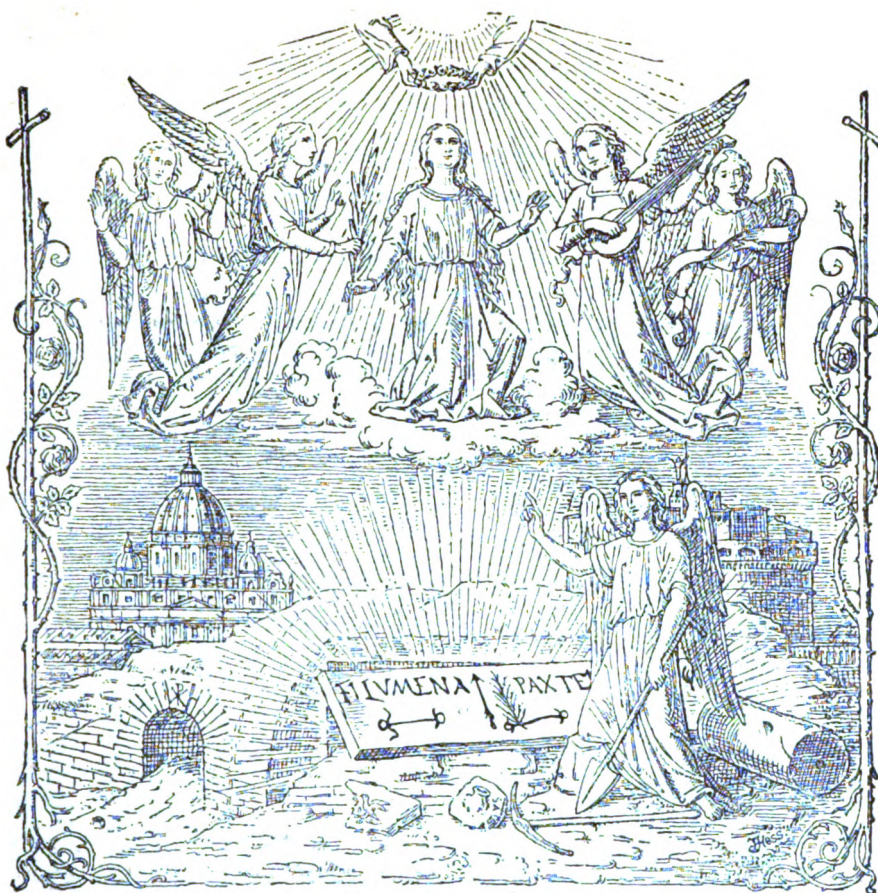
The virgin martyr died on the 10th of August, 302, on a Friday, at the very hour when our Savior died on the cross. But the "Nazarene" was not vanquished. God is eternal; hence He selects His own time for reward and for punishment.

Fifteen centuries elapsed. Diocletian long ago mouldered in the dust. The Roman empire belonged to history. Generations rose, flourished and were forgotten. St. Philomena's very name was no longer known, when it finally pleased the Lord to glorify her before the world.

On the 25th of May, 1802, a tombstone was discovered in the *Via Salaria* at Rome bearing the following inscription: "*Lumena in pace Fi.*" It was broken, and the fragments indicated that the last syllable belonged to the name. Hence the translation is: "Philomena in peace!" The stone bore the emblems of her martyrdom; an anchor, an arrow, a palm, a scourge, two arrows reversing their course, and a lily. With the relics was found a phial containing congealed blood. When the latter was examined a series of extraordinary miracles began. It now shone like burnished gold, now like diamonds and other precious stones, and then in all the colors of the rainbow.

The relics of the saint were transferred to Magnano, near Naples, and thence the fame of "Little Philomena," as she is affectionately called in Italy, began to spread all over the world: for so great was the number of miracles performed by her intercession, that she was styled "The Miraculous Saint of the Nineteenth Century."

The history of her martyrdom is not based on romantic imagination. In 1836, the saint herself revealed it to three different persons, one of them a saintly man of Naples. It is corroborated by the symbols found on her tombstone, and by the miracles wrought through her intercession.



DON'T MISS YOUR LAST CHANCE.

On the first and second of August of every year the Portiuncula Indulgence may be gained in all churches of the Franciscan Order, by making a good confession and receiving worthily holy communion, and by praying for the intentions of the holy church at each visit.

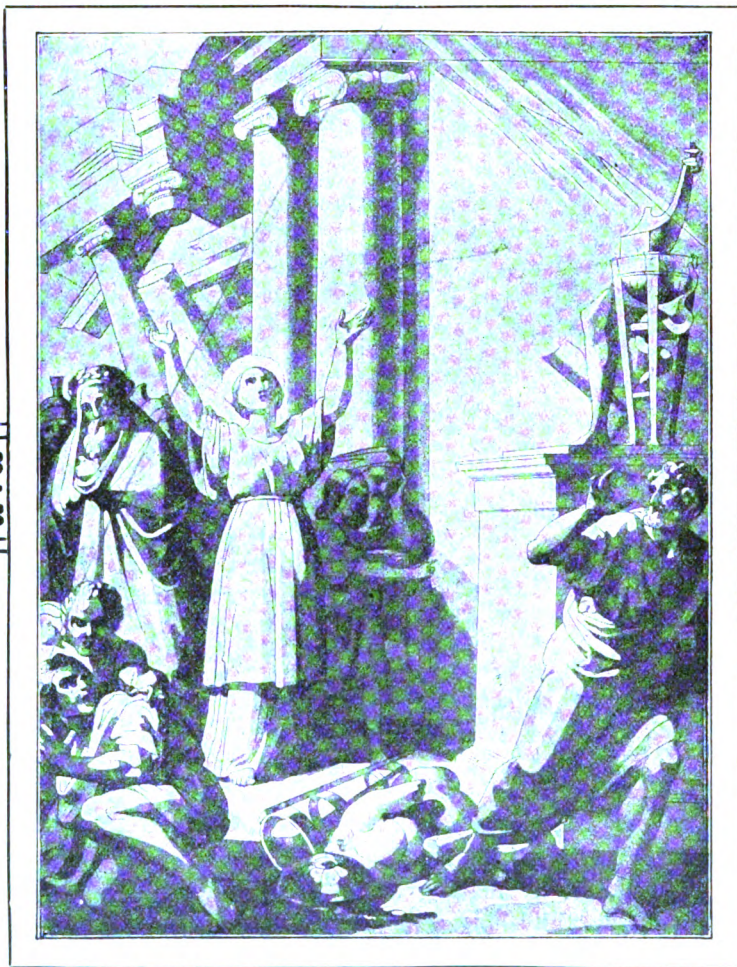
Do not fail to gain a spiritual grace or favor whenever you have a favorable opportunity, for it may be your last chance to do so before you die. A few years ago a lady in Chicago passed in company with her husband a church at the time at which the gaining of the Portiuncula Indulgence had just commenced, and she wondered on what account so many people flocked to the church. Her husband explained the cause to her, and invited her to make use of the occasion and go together into the church and try to gain a plenary indul-

gence. But she refused and said: "Let us go on, I'm all right." So they went their way without visiting the church and making a good use of the occasion. About an hour or two, after they had visited some stores, the lady went home, while her husband tended to some other affairs and returned about an hour later. As soon as he came near to the house his boy met him and said: "Mamma is dead." The lady, after she had reached her home, laid herself down to rest a little, and there the Lord called her suddenly to the house of eternity. Was she all right? Do not miss a chance to prepare your soul for the hour of death, especially when circumstances are so favorable; you know not for surety whether you are all right when the son of man is coming to call you to eternity.

LEGEND OF SAINT MARTINA.

Neath stately fane of stately Rome her honored
relics rest,
The city that was erst her home and loves her still
the best.
For she was of its noblest born: by her patrician
sire
Thrice were its civic honors worn and consular
attire.
The pagans prized her name and birth—the Christ-
ians stayed to bless

Knock loud her palace gates upon—she comes not
there again.
Nay, even now she stands before the youthful
Emperor's throne,
As one refusing to adore his gods—her fathers'
own!
"Lady, not true the tale we hear" said Severus
and smiled—
"Thine ancestors to ours wert dear—Thou art
their worthy child.



Her loveliness surpassing earth's—their gentle
deaconess.
The beggar at her palace gate—the orphan at her
door,
On these Martina loved to wait—Christ's ever-
present poor.
Her childhood's days were days of peace when
Rome's boy Emperor
Was fain that persecution cease, but later grew
astir
Rumor that evil had prevailed—that with her
royal son
Mammaea's counsel mild had failed and carnage
was begun.
So, on this gray November dawn Martina's poor
in vain

"For aye, this plebian creed forswear—before my
gods bow down!
"Thine Emperor's fortunes thou shalt share and
Rome's imperial crown.
"With noble Caius only turn, before Apollo's
shrine
"The sacred incense grains to burn—the chaplet
to entwine "
"My lord, in vain to tempt me thus—to One my
love is given.
"He, who in torture died for us and reigneth now
in Heaven.
"Bend thou with me, lord emperor, to find before
His Throne
"What here thou seekest vainly for—Peace, that
is His alone!"

With frown and flush the emperor, while courtiers
gaze askance
Vouchsafes no answering word to her, but with
averted glance.
Bespeaks her captor—"Caius, lead, where great
Apollo waits
"And we shall come ourself to read the verdict of
the Fates."
Their great Apollo! huge and grim—his statue
meets her gaze
Where, lowly bending unto him, men murmur
fulsome praise;
Amongst them see Martina stand at incense-
shrouded shrine;
Uplifting white, bejewelled hand, she makes the
Christian's sign!
Her lips are moved in soundless prayer—"Lord,
let the pagans see
"That Thou are great beyond compare and reigns
no God but thee."
Hark! mingled cries and wild alarms—See to the
open ways,
The mothers flee with babes in arms—Apollo's
temple sways!
His image, with a hideous sound, totters to shaken
earth—
While cower the groaning priests around, cursing
their hour of birth.
And crowding courtiers smitten sore, 'neath stones
and timbers lie;
By shattered altars flecked with gore the votaries
crouch to die!
Alone, unhurt and dauntless, she, the frailest of
them all—
She sees her emperor turn to flee and ventures his
recall—
"Stay, Caesar, stay," the clear voice cries, "thy god
so needs thee now,
"When prostrate in the dust he lies where none
before him bow.
"Stay Caesar, that thy priests may know whom
henceforth to adore.
"Alas, Apollo, stricken low, seems powerless ever-
more."
The Caesar turns—his straining eyes see from the
crumbled stone
The spirit foul of darkness rise, with writhe and
shriek and groan:
"Because she wills it I descend from earth to
dreaded hell.
"For this, thy reign shall shameful end"—With
wild, demoniac yell
The spirit fled, that long had dwelt within the
idol's form
And bitter stress the city felt of earthquake and
of storm.
Yet, ere another day hath sped, the maid is led
once more
Within the hall where oft was shed confessors'
blood of yore;
And brawny-muscled, eager-eyed, with lash and
sword in hand
Eight stalwart soldiers range beside—the tyrant's
chosen band;
That fairest face in Rome they smite and yet the
cheeks of rose
Glow fair and fleckless—smooth and bright each
lovely feature shows;
And some onlooking freely weep, and some ador-
ing, pray—
That He who thus can scatheless keep shall guard
his own alway:
"Strike on, strike on," the Emperor cries, "or ye
shall taste of death."
But limp each brawny arm lies—labored each
soldier's breath:

"Hear us, my lord—she doth, not feel nor lash nor
rod we wield,
"Her flesh as anvil blunts our steel and men are
round who shield"
"Phantoms? ah, nay, imperial Lord, their splendor
dims our gaze,
"Their corselets, parrying hook and sword, bristle
with glancing rays,"
Sudden doth thunder peals resound and fall the
champion band
Prostrate upon the shrinking ground, beneath
Martina's hand.
Light is her touch and loving-wise, these pagan
soldiers feel
Before the sweet tones bid them rise, as *Confessors*
they kneel!
"Martina's GOD alone is true," they raise ecstatic
cry,
And soon withdrawn from mortal view, for Him
they bravely die.
Nor yet the Virgin's task is done: for sign and
word of hers,
Diana falls—the wondrous one, amongst her wor-
shippers,
And haughty Caesar shrinks to see that lightning
bolt hath torn
The purple robe of royalty, by many a Caesar
worn.
Before her glance his lions bend and clumsy rever-
ence make—
From myriad throats appeals ascend for her heroic
sake.
But she hath scorned his proffered love—hath
humbled sore his pride,
Nay, by his fathers' gods above, she yet shall be
his bride.
"Let fire be tried"—now leaping high the red flames
glare and glow,
When sullen clouds a cloudless sky and chill winds
fiercely blow.
They drive the hissing flames aground, they crowd
and hurl and speed,
Till hedged her persecutors round so none can help
their need;
"Witchcraft" the priests despairing cry, for is it
not averred
That in her cell where none are nigh is rarest
music heard,
And rarest fragrance freights the air whereon the
strains arise—
While beautiful beyond compare, she grows to
mortal eyes.
Of all their tortures' grim array, the block alone
untried—
"Deign, LORD!" they hear the Virgin say, "this
day to claim Thy bride!"
And speaks no more, but eagerly bends to the
headsman's aim.
While yet her lifeblood trickles free, a VOICE hath
called her name:
"Martina! thou hast bravely done, now with My
saints arise
"To crown and palm by suffering won! to share
My Paradise."
There rose from earth a piteous cry—her murderer's
soul had fled
While reverent thousands drawing nigh, invoked
the martyr dead;
On soil her virgin form pressed—her virgin blood
imbued,
Was CHRIST, the martyr's GOD confessed by all
that multitude. MARGARET M. HALVEY.

St. Martina, now Rome's favored patroness, was martyred in the third century, under Severus, who in the early part of his reign which he commenced at the age of sixteen years was, through the good influence of his mother, Julia Mamaea, favorable to the Christians.

GOD'S MERCIES.

War is doubtless a terrible scourge. It not only brings unspeakable misery and misfortune to thousands of individuals, thousands of families, yea, to whole nations, but it also causes soldiers, particularly those on the field of battle and those in activity in the enemy's country, to commit excesses and outrages which cannot be sufficiently deplored. And yet Divine Providence and Charity knows how to get some good even out of the scourge of war by

imbuing the mind of many a careless young man, when he finds himself again and again face to face with death on the battlefield, with serious thought or by causing him when wounded and suffering on a bed of sickness to take a serious view of his life and lead him from a sinful existence without faith to a faithful christian life. Thus it seems that Divine Providence caused many a French soldier to be led away into captivity only to show him the way to real freedom, the freedom of the faithful children of God. The following stories will prove the truth of our statement:

"Returning one day from church," says a military chaplain who served during the Franco-Prussian war at Ingolstadt, "where I had been to hear the confession of some French captives who wished to fulfill their Easter duty, I was met by a pioneer of war, who approached me timidly with the question, 'May I also come to confession?' 'Certainly; come to church to-morrow morning at 9 o'clock. You will find plenty of comrades there eager to go to confession, or would you rather come with me now? 'But I have never been to confession,' replied the French soldier, in great em-

barrassment, 'I don't know how to go about it; I cannot even read!' What was to be done in such a case? I made a note of his name and address and the number of his regiment, and said to him: 'Very well, I will see that you receive instructions; for the present I am thankful that you have spoken to me.' On the same day I found a young French seminarian who had been obliged to leave his theological studies and shoulder the gun. As I had no

time myself to instruct the young fellow, this zealous young student was only too happy to teach his poor compatriot, and to prepare him for the Holy Sacraments. The latter's name was Louis Nangot and he was twenty-four years of age. Born in Paris of poor parents, he had early lost his father. The mother sent the boy to school, but little Louis could not stand it to see his mother in want, and so instead of going to school he hired himself out to a rope maker, where for very small wages he turned a wheel. When Saturday night came he was as happy as a king. He brought home three francs and hid them in his mother's bureau. her only piece of furniture of any

pretension. When after awhile she discovered this act of childish magnanimity she chided the poor eight-year-old little fellow; she would rather want than let her child grow up without an education. Unfortunately the mother also died soon after. The orphan boy after this learned the trade of a gilder, and having to work Sundays as well as week days grew up in the renowned metropolis of civilization without being able to partake of the treasures of grace of his church. His seven months' captivity in



Ingolstad allowed him to make up for lost time. He studied most diligently, for he desired with his whole heart to be able to be admitted to and partake of the Holy Sacraments of the Church before returning to France. 'Now or never,' he said; 'once in Paris and I know nothing will come of it all.' At last the long expected day arrived. On the 15th of April, in the chapel of the monastery of Guadenthal, Louis approached the altar at an early morning hour, carrying in one hand the blessed candle richly ornamented with flowers, and in the other hand the prayer-book, Manual of the Christian Soldier, the same in which he had learned to read the necessary prayers. I handed to him the Sacred Host, while the sweet songs of the good sisters filled the chapel like the chanting of an angelic choir."

The same priest tells of another similar experience. "One day the acting physician in the military hospital," he says, "drew my attention to a soldier who was suffering from an abscess on the throat. The discharge from it seemed to be diminishing, but the doctor was afraid the abscess might turn inwardly and cause sudden death. I found in the patient a marine soldier of fine physique and large, luminous eyes. He had no idea of the danger he was in, but to put the affair of his conscience in order I had to appraise him of the seriousness of his condition. I found him courageous. Without flinching he heard that the doctor was not without fear as regarded the outcome of his sickness, and soon divined my purpose. 'I would willingly go to confession,' he said, 'but I have never been to confession in my whole life and never received communion. What can I do?' 'My good friend, have you been baptized and are you a Catholic?' 'I am,' he said, and continued: 'I went to school and learned my catechism, but when my fellow pupils made their first confession I was at home sick, and the same way when they received their first communion. Later I entered a business house and never had a chance to hear a sermon or go to mass, but I have always said my prayers and tried to instruct myself by reading religious books. I would not mind death if I could only have the happiness of receiving the blessed sacrament before the end comes.' 'Be happy, my friend. Our blessed Lord will grant you that great joy. Prepare yourself to-day with great care and deliberation and when I come again to-morrow you will, under my guidance, make a good confession and I will give you Holy Communion right here in bed.' And it all came to pass beautifully the next morning. The patient had devoutly made the acts of faith, hope, charity and contrition. With deep devotion he then received, one after the other, the holy sacrament of penance, his first and last holy communion and extreme unction. After it was all over he pressed my hand, too deeply touched to give other expression to his thankfulness, and shed tears of inexpressible joy and happiness. But who can say who was

the happier of the two, the patient or the priest? Two weeks more our good soldier passed in prayer and serene resignation to the holy will of God, until almost unperceived he passed quietly into eternity. Dubois, which was his name, did not see his family again on this earth, but he sent them the consoling message of the Lord: 'He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath everlasting life; and I will raise him up at the last day.' (St. John vi, 55.)

And now let us tell you, dear readers, of a few remarkable instances of the special grace and deeds of love on the part of Mary, the Holy Mother of God.

There is no love which can be compared with the love of a mother, there is no sweeter word than the word mother, there is no deeper sorrow than the sorrow over the death of a mother, and the flowers bloom on no grave longer than on the grave of a mother. As on earth, so it is in heaven. Here also the man, the Christian, has a mother, the blessed Virgin, who, since we were intrusted to her by the dying Saviour as her children in the person of St. John, has ever felt for us what a mother feels for her children. This love, full of grace on the part of our Mother in Heaven, has been experienced during the campaign of 1870 and 1871 by many a poor soldier who was lying ill and wounded in the military hospitals. To prove the truth of this, let us relate the following story, as told by one of the Catholic army chaplains:

"One evening during that exceptionally severe winter I was on my usual round through the hospital barracks. Finally I sat down on the edge of a bed occupied by a soldier who had carried his knapsack under terrible hardships from the banks of the Rhine to the River Loire, and who had taken a heroic part in twelve battles and bloody encounters. After passing safely in France through the terrible sickness of typhoid fever he had at last reached home, i. e., as convalescent in a military hospital of one of the Bavarian garrison towns. Six others sat around the table near the stove playing cards as if their life depended on it. So we were quite undisturbed and had a pleasant chat, telling each other of our experiences in times of peace and war and our beloved homes on earth as well as in heaven. When it was time for me to leave he seized my hand and I offered the brave soldier a medal."

"'Oh, I have one,' he said, reaching for his pocket book under the pillow and opening it. 'See, this is my medal. My dear mother gave it to me when we left for active service.'

"'Why don't you wear it around your neck?' I remarked.

"'It is too easily lost from there, and it is worth more to me than any amount of money. I hope never to part with it as long as I live.'

"'Why, my friend?'

"'I wanted to tell you that yesterday, but I did not

have the courage. When you come again to-morrow I must come out with it, though, and with something else, too, that has been heavy on my heart since New Year. Good-night, Father, and please don't fail to come again to-morrow.'

"About the same hour on the following day I went to see him again. It looked quite cozy in that hospital ward. Supper was over and the card-players of the previous day sat around the table enjoying their beer and playing cards for pennies with as much eagerness as if thousands of dollars were at stake. I took my old position by my friend's bedside, as he was not allowed to be up and about. 'Now let us have a chat,' I said, 'but above all tell me why you place so much value upon

that medal in your pocketbook there. I suppose you think that so long as you carry that medal in your purse you will never want for money; is it not so?

"Not at all, father," he said; 'that would be silly superstition, let me tell you all about it.' He put himself into a comfortable position, and holding the purse in his hand, began: 'I got this medal from my mother, who gave it to me when I left with my regiment to go to the front. I believe it was on the first of August. When I said good bye to her she said: "I have often spoken to you, but in vain, now you are leaving me, I can do nothing better than to pray to our Blessed Lady to protect you. Even if you don't think of your own mother, promise me that you will not forget the Blessed Mother of God." This touched my heart, and I tell you I never forgot the one mother nor the other. Away we went to war and I left my home without having been to confession. I never thought about it. I was so easy-going. At that time there was not much good in me; about the only good thing about me was this medal of Our

Lady. It is true I always had a great affection for the Blessed Virgin. One thought of her made me serious when in the most riotous mood; consoled me when I felt sad, and appeased me when I was mad with anger. So it gave me great satisfaction to have the medal of our Blessed Mother in my possession. And now listen! I was in the hottest of the fight at Worth with the first Bavarian division. We had to fight hard to save the day. About 2 or 3 o'clock in the afternoon we made a hurried advance from Langensulzbach toward Worth, when I was struck in the chest by a bullet and fell, stunned, to the ground, while my comrades advanced. When I regained consciousness I did not feel the least pain, to my greatest surprise. I felt

for my wound. There was a hole through my coat, my vest, my shirt, but only a red spot on my chest; the medal I found in my trousers, torn from its ribbon; the bullet I found in my boot, flattened out like a coin, and on one side of it unmistakably impressed with the image of the Blessed Virgin, surrounded in inverted letters by the words, 'Marie sine labe concepta, intercede pro nobis' (Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us). See, here is the bullet and here the medal, do they not fit exactly? This medal has saved my life and how could I, Father, forget the Blessed Mother of our Lord and my own mother, who gave me this wonderful talisman! These two things I shall keep with me forever; they shall be heirlooms in my family and recall to my children in their years of youthful careless-

ness and in their hours of danger the words, 'Remember your Mother!'

"You see, Father, I wanted to tell you this long ago. But there is something else. Please come again some day, Father; you see I have confidence in you and would like to make a real good confession. Last Easter I did not get absolution and thought I would not go to confession at all any more. My



dear mother has not forsaken me; she has so wonderfully rescued me, would I not be very ungrateful if I did not try to be a better man? Yes, I must make a good confession, and when I go back home to mother she shall see that I am a different, a better man. I wanted to write her all this, but something has always held me back. After I have been to confession I shall be able to write better, I know it."

"Eight days later he had not only made a really repentant confession, but had also written a long, most tender letter; and the mother of our soldier went comforted to the altar of Our Lady of Sorrows in the chapel of the ducal hospital at Munich and thanked her with tears for the wonderful conversion of her son. The Blessed Virgin had brought him back to God's grace by protecting him in the hour of peril."

"Another time," tells the same army chaplain, "it was the case of a Frenchman whom he found dangerously sick at the hospital. He was fast approaching death, and it was a question of saving his soul as soon as possible, but the unfortunate man would hear nothing of repentance, nothing of confession. Since his first communion he had let the stream of grace from the Holy Sacrament glide by him undeeded, and had in the tumult of life forgotten all about God's love and charity. I talked to him tenderly and seriously. I spoke of the Good Shepherd, of the Father of the Prodigal Son; I encouraged him to have confidence in the Redeemer who had forgiven the penitent thief on the cross; I showed him my crucifix, which had given consolation to so many dying soldiers; I held it up to his lips for him to kiss, but he turned away disdainfully. What could I do? Of course I also spoke to him of the ever unextinguished fire of hell, and of the damned souls who shall be the eternal companions of the unrepentant sinner. He took no heed; he believed in nothing, absolutely nothing, at least so it seemed. What more could I do? Time was pressing. Smallpox was raging terribly in that hospital, and there were dying soldiers in more than one of the wards who needed me in their last hour. I was just going to leave this sick-bed with sadness in my heart to come again later on and try once more, when I bethought myself of the miraculous medals which I had with me. I took one from my pocket, turned back to the patient, and said to him: 'Look at this medal; surely you must know it, this medal of our Blessed Lady as she appeared in Paris. I don't doubt but that you wore one in your childhood days; every Catholic family in France has them.' The patient looked steadfastly at the shining medal on the green ribbon. 'I know it well,' he said, and behold, when I held it to his lips he kissed it. 'I thank you,' he sighed, and recollections of the faith of his childhood shone forth from his eyes. 'I have won him,' I thought, and hanging the medal round his neck, said aloud, 'My dear friend, have

confidence in this mother and all will be well in the end.' Again I took out my crucifix, and behold, he kissed the image of the crucified repeatedly and sincerely. Through the Mother we had got to the Son; now it meant to hurry through the Son to the Father. In this also was I successful. A quarter of an hour afterward there lay again a lost son in the arms of the Father in heaven, who had forgiven him and had said: 'Now let us rejoice and partake of the Lord's supper.' The bread of angels strengthened his soul for the great journey. When I returned an hour later, this child had died in God, an heir to the Kingdom of Heaven.

"And now let me tell you of one of those much decried sons of Africa whom they call Turcos. I found him in the military hospital at Augsburg, with other French captives. He had been there for months suffering from dropsy. His name was Abdel Kader Ben Raiman, and he was a soldier in the First Regiment of Sharpshooters from Algiers, in Africa. When one day blessed prayer beads were distributed among the French Catholics, he also wanted one and hung it, like the others, around his neck, where there were already many other objects of devotion of his Mohammedan religion ornamenting his swarthy throat. He had always shown himself possessed of a serious and deeply religious mind, and it seemed as if he divined the blessings of grace of which he might partake by means of these beads. His health failed more and more from day to day. He suffered and prayed.

One day the last sacrament was given to a French soldier who was dying in the same ward. Our friend watched it all—confession, communion and extreme unction. His attention during these sacred ceremonies was extraordinary; his soul seemed calm, yet it was gently moved toward the grace of God, which finds its way into every innocent and honest heart. Often this grace comes suddenly, like lightning, and oftentimes it proceeds but slowly. Several days had passed, when Abdel Kader asked me to hear his confession. When told that as a Mohammedan he could not receive the Sacrament of Penance, but that if he wished we would give him the Sacrament of Baptism, which is the first of all sacraments, he exclaimed loudly in broken French, 'Then I want you to baptize me.' He then received instructions in the Catholic religion, though only in what was absolutely necessary, for he grew weaker and weaker. On the 18th of June we baptized him, giving him the name of Joseph Maria. It was high time; five minutes afterward he lay on his bed a corpse. The soul of this happy man was called to enter, after much suffering and deep repentance, purified from original sin as well as its own personal sins, relieved of all temporary or eternal suffering, into the glory of Heaven and the saving presence of the Almighty.



AT SCHOOL.

THE GOOD WORK.

FROM THE GERMAN OF PROF. JOSEPH WICHNER.

"'Tis a peculiar thing about death; some it doesn't hurt at all, and some it kills outright," that's what "Poorhouse Mary" has said many a time, and of course she knows what she meant, and that saying of hers was not so queer as it appears at the first glance. To understand Mary you had to not only listen to her words but also to look into her dear old faithful eyes—with all simple folks there passes more from eye to eye than from lips to ear, and they hide their real feelings under rough words like the pure crystal spring hides itself beneath the rustling trees of the mountain forest.

Ever since people knew her, Mary had been voluntary nurse in the city poorhouse. She was not obliged to perform this service and received nothing in payment for it but perhaps a bowl of coffee at midnight or a small loaf at dawn of day, and yet she was no richer than the cotton reel made her, which she has turned at the mill for well-nigh thirty years from morn until late at night, and everybody knows how rich that would make her. Nor was she, herself, one of the robust and healthy kind. From those hard times when famine stalked the land, and even potatoes—the bread and meat of the poor—were as scarce as precious stones, she had emerged with a weak stomach and water round the heart, and when her arms became diseased from too much hard work at the reel, why, the doctors just cut a piece off, and yet, and yet—there was no night too long for Mary when it was a question of nursing one of the poorest of the poor, or one of the most abandoned, to give them comfort and bring back upon their lips the happy smiles of heavenly hope. To visit the sick, that was her work of charity; a work by which she hoped to erect for herself a ladder whose highest rung leaned against the heavenly portal, where the poor, for whom she had opened heaven, were standing waiting for her with wreaths and garlands.



And many times has Mary looked into the face of death, and has sent many hundreds to precede her to the heaven above and help wind the wreaths for her own coming. And many times she had observed how differently people meet their fate—how some, patiently, like the lamb at the slaughter, await the cruel reaper and softly glide into that slumber, their last in this world, resigned to the will of the Almighty, while others desperately fight with death and worry and fret over the inevitable, that it is a great pity to see. And that is all she meant you to understand with her saying, which sounds so

strange but contains a noble thought. In a great many respects Mary was like one of those nuts with a hard and bitter shell but with a soft and sweet kernel.

She was happiest when she succeeded in bringing back to God a hardened soul, of which, unfortunately, there are not a few among the poor of the world, or, as she expressed it, "when she could white-wash one of them coal-black, hardened, sinful souls"; for, she said, he who saves only one soul, is sure of eternal life. Of course it was not always easy to do this, and there was many a case where even the most zealous priest would sometimes despair, but it was faithful Mary who never gave up

so long as there was the faintest flutter of life left, and she brought many a one to the heavenly portal whom Satan surely thought he held already within his clutches. But now to our little story, half serious, half laughable, just as you like it.

One day they brought into the poorhouse a sturdy old man with bristly beard and wild, unsteady eyes. An indescribable feeling overcame old and young when they saw him carried on the stretcher into the ward for the dying, for they all knew it was Jack the gallows bird.

When a mere boy, Jack had brought his parents into the grave with grief and sorrow, and when

quite a young fellow he had deserved imprisonment at hard labor; as man he had roamed about near and far, and if all his villainous and murderous deeds had come to light he would have got imprisonment for life, at least ten times, and deserved hanging a dozen times. When the land got too bad for him he went to sea and became a sailor. Of course that did not improve him any. Now, death had him by the throat, they had sent him home, and here he was at the last inn, where it costs nothing but your life, swearing and cursing, that the poor sisters blessed themselves and ran into the chapel to pray for his poor soul. This was clearly a case for Mary.

Whenever they were in a quandary they came to her for advice, and they got it, too, plenty of it, and free of charge at that.

"What does the doctor say?" she asked.

"Three or four days at the most," they replied.

"Then we must call in the pastor."

"But—but—he will not hear of a priest. He always spits, when only the word priest is mentioned before him. He will jump out of bed in his rage and throw the dear, feeble old pastor out of the door."

"Never mind," retorted Mary quickly. "then I shall throw him in again!"

And away she went.

Panting she arrived at the pastor's house. "Reverend Father, we have got a goat!"

"Pray God, we can make a sheep of him," replied the worthy Father, got the purple stole and slowly followed Mary, for he was old and trembling, and his snowy head was much bent.

Alone he went to the dying man's bedside, the praises of Christ the Saviour on his lips, and the spirit of Christ's charity in his heart. Dreadful curses were the only answer to the pious greeting of the messenger of God, curses which made even the most hardened inmates of the place tremble with fear. Then it became quite still in the room. After an hour the priest came out, pale as a ghost and with tears running down the wrinkles of his venerable face. "Such a dreadful sinner," he

murmured to himself, "and not an atom of repentance! Nothing but vice and crime wherever you look, and not a single good work in a long, long life, not a single one!" Then he said aloud to the people around him, "Pray for this poor fellow, my power is at an end."

"No power is at an end!" roughly and angrily called out Mary, edging her way through the gossiping women who were crowding in the dimly lighted passage-way, waiting for the conversion of the sinner or his terrible end. "Not by a long way! The good Father has talked to him too softly, the hardened, obstinate, old buck; his con-

science is like a hard floor, good for threshing. She then turned to a sister and said, "Give me a bowl of soup, good Sister Notburga, and put an egg in it, it will do him good, the old sinner." The soup was brought and Mary went with it to the sick sailor. On seeing her he started up excitedly, hurled some dreadful curses at the poor old woman and screamed, "there she is, one of that miserable crowd! Can't you let a fellow alone? eh? Or, isn't he going fast enough for you? Ah, there she is, the old witch with the poisoned broth! You wait, you d—d old witch, I'll teach you! You ain't going to get me just yet, neither you nor that old priest. I want to live, and live I will!" He

wanted to jump up and tear the bowl out of her hands, but his strength forsook him. He fell exhausted back on his pillow. Only the eyes rolled terribly in their sunken sockets, and his chest rose and sank rapidly for sheer want of breath.

Mary undauntedly came to his bedside.

"Old fool! what good will it do you, this raging? Haven't you been whipped many a time in jail and on the ship, and what good did it do you then to curse and swear and wriggle and fight? Now you are getting your threshing from God, and richly you deserve it, and you have got to take it! So stay quiet, that's the best thing you can do!"



Gradually the breathing became less labored, Jack opened his eyes and looked in astonishment at the strange woman who busied herself around the room without any sign of excitement, put the curtains straight, threw his old rags into a box and stirred the egg into the soup. He thought now that she was quite right. The more he raged, the weaker he grew, and as often as he wanted to rise he was thrown back by the mysterious power of his sickness.

"You stupid fool," said Mary, and came quite close to him with the bowl. "You ain't going to bluff me with that screaming and raging; in your innermost heart you know it as well as the doctor that the end is near. There is no poison needed for such as you. And if you absolutely insist upon going to hell nobody can prevent you, neither the priest nor I. But a few teaspoonfuls of broth you should not refuse, considering it is the last you will ever get. Tomorrow you'll get molten lead from a red-hot ladle, and instead of poor old Mary a horrible devil will hand it to you—as you wish to have it so."

The sick man now let her give him a few mouthfuls of the strengthening fluid. Then he shut his eyes. But his mind was at work, and the days of his childhood appeared to him in vivid pictures.

"Say," he asked her, "aren't you the same Mary whom I once nearly killed by throwing a stone at her?"

"Sure I am. If you look you can see the scar yet over my right eye." But he didn't move a lid; he could see much better with closed eyes.

"Oh, yes!" he continued, "that was a good shot! I stood on the town wall, throwing stones at birds and things. All at once I saw you walking through the meadow barefooted but with a wreath on your head and a bunch of flowers in your hands. Shrr! there shot a stone through the air and you fell like

a log, and I ran like a deer, so that nobody ever knew who had been the sharpshooter."

"None, but myself," said Mary, dryly. "I had seen for some time what you were doing on the wall, but I didn't tell on you to the teacher."

"And why didn't you tell on me after I had struck you, you stupid goose; they would have nearly beaten me to death for it—and you would have enjoyed that—like so many—of the others."

"Why? Because for six weeks I was lying there between life and death, and didn't know anything; and when I got up at last, I wouldn't say anything, because it would have hurt me to see another one hurt. You know, Jack, as for me nobody would ever have been beaten, or hanged, or killed, if he had deserved it a hundred times. I would have made a poor mother; that's why God didn't give me a husband; nor could they have made a judge of me, because all the jails would be empty and the rogues run around scot free. Well, I am as I am, and can't help it. Into that terrible, eternal hell I wouldn't let anybody go unless he insisted upon going in with all his might, like you do."

The sick man asked no further questions. He laid there motionless, only sometimes he breathed deeply, as if a sigh wanted to escape from his lips. "I have got him on the turn," thought Mary, and she sat

down by the window and commenced to knit stockings so zealously that you would have thought she had a contract on hand to supply all poor children with stockings before Christmas came round. Half an hour had passed when Jack suddenly shouted; "By the devil, if you were God, Mary, I wouldn't have to eat any molten lead soup."

Mary laughed out loud.

"Well," she said, "I have met many stupid people, but never anything like this before. Here is Jack near giving up the ghost and doesn't know



how good, how infinitely good our dear Lord is. He will let no soul perish if there is only the least bit of good in it. Now, tell me, you scamp, you ain't bad all the way through? Surely not! Look here, believe me, it is with good deeds like with the Franciscan candles, if you light only the very smallest of them the whole house is filled with sweet perfume."

Jack turned toward the wall and stared at the white surface as if it was a sheet of white paper from which he read the history of his whole miserable life. He read, and read, and was silent—and was silent. All at once he raised his right hand and pointing to the wall, he exclaimed excitedly: "There it is! I have it! I once baptized a Jew!"

How happy Mary now was! At last! One good work! She saw in her mind the scales held by the Archangel Michael, and how the weight of this one good work outbalanced through God's mercy the full weight of his sins.

"Look here," she said to the dying sailor, "lie perfectly still there now and don't start any of your nonsense again, everything will come out right yet!" Running to the pastor she called out to him: "Father, he has done one good deed; he once baptized a Jew!"

But the experienced priest shook his head doubtfully; he knew that such baptisms are not always good works, particularly when they are undertaken by ignorant people. But he recognized that the sick man had changed his mind. So he went with Mary and entered the sick room once more. Jack laid quietly on his bed, and his eyes were full of hope and confidence.

"Father," he said, "Mary should have become a

priest. If she goes to heaven, I want to go there, too. One good work I have found."

The pastor asked him whether he had baptized the Jew properly, and how it happened that he was called upon to do this good work.

"Oh, yes," replied the sick man, "perfectly proper, and I saw to it, too, that he went to heaven. It was like this: We were sailing toward Calcutta when the typhoon struck us and our boat capsized. I jumped into the sea and an old Jew jumped right behind me. I seized a log, so did the Jew. I caught hold of him, and said: 'Say, you Jew, this log is only for Christians. What shall it be, baptizing or drowning?' 'God, O God,' wailed the Jew, 'why should I let him baptize me. I want to remain true to the faith of my fathers!' 'All right,' I said, and held him under the water until he was blue. When I pulled him out again he had softened.. He would rather be a living Christian than a dead Jew. And so I baptized him in the proper way, but—I didn't let him come up again after that. I was afraid he might change his mind."

And that was the "good deed" of "Gallows Bird Jack!"

And yet, when the priest left the poor fellow and met Mary in the passage with an anxious look in her true eyes, he said: "Mary, that good deed of your friend in there was a cruel murder, but you have put repentance into his heart and that expurges everything and washes him of all uncleanness. Rejoice! You have again brought a lost soul so far that it will be awaiting you at that golden ladder with an everlasting wreath."



CAN YOU READ?

JOHN GABRIEL PERBOYRE.

AN APOSTOLIC MARTYR OF OUR TIME.

DELUSION OR DIVINE INSPIRATION?

A YOUNG pupil of a missionary school when on his way home to spend his vacation was once asked by a fellow traveler what he was going to be in life. "I want to become a missionary," he replied without hesitation; "in fact, I hope after some years to go to China."

"Is the income so great there that you are so anxious to go?"

"Oh, no; we get no pay or wages of any kind."

"What are you going for, then?"

"We hope for an eternal reward in heaven."

The man acted as if he had been struck, and, red with anger, exclaimed rudely, "What absurd, ridiculous nonsense! I never heard of such a thing!"

Indignantly and abruptly he left the young pupil, calling him as a parting shot a fanatical visionary.

What do you think of it, dear reader? Are you with the enthusiastic young pupil or do you also believe that it is nothing but delusion for a young man, for the sake of a reward in heaven, to leave parents, home and a happy family life; to leave his property and fortune and all that is connected therewith, only to carry the Gospel into heathen lands to the honor and glory of the Almighty? Yea, and to do this in the face of innumerable obstacles and hardships; to work among the degenerate, hostile heathen nations for long years; to experience many failures and meet with many disappointments, and, perhaps, meet at the end of it all with violent death at the hands of those barbarians. This can only be one of two things, either incredible delusion or divine inspiration and overpowering apostolic faith. The

true Church of Christ has always been both apostolic in her faith and in her works true unto death, and there have never been wanting men who have given to those without faith, and to those shallow half-Christians, the sublime spectacle and example of an apostolic strength of faith and heroic self-sacrifice even unto the death of a martyr. It is just this which makes the proof so incontrovertible that the Catholic Church alone is the Apostolic Church—the same in faith and

the same in fact as was the Church which was founded by the apostles and consecrated with their blood. Men of apostolic mind and zeal would indeed be very welcome today; men who could lead us with undaunted courage and start for us with strong arm the difficult work of the salvation of our time. It is men like the saints of old whom we need now! Oh! may the life-giving spirit of God create such once more in our midst. We are again face to face with dire fatalities and we need such men the more, because the greater the harm the more incurable the infliction. This is why they are doubly dear to us, those blessed children of heaven who have illumined and animated our own



times with the light of their sanctity. In them we have the security for the hoped for grace of God and the assurance that in the darkest hour of need we shall see the power of God in the armament of His grace.

I will now introduce to you, dear reader, an Apostle and martyr of the nineteenth century whom the Church has already enrolled in the list of her illustrious and glorified children. May this noble, tender and simple-minded man of God and

his invincible heroic strength bring to us edification, consolation and fortification and sink deep into our soul the determination to remain steadfastly true to our holy faith, for which he died the death of a martyr.

THE MODEST VIOLET.

John Gabriel Perboyre was born at Puech, a small village in France, in those sorrowful days at the beginning of this century; it was on January 6, 1802.

France had just awakened from the sanguinary debauch of the reign of terror; fortunately, not all good germs had perished in the stream of blood which had flowed throughout the land; the existence of the family of Perboyre furnishes one example. The union of these pious, simple peasant folk had been blessed with eight children, four boys and four girls. Of these, three sons and three daughters embraced a religious life, our John Gabriel among them. At first it had not been intended to let him study, he was to become his father's assistant on the farm. But one day he had to take his younger brother to an institution where the latter was to study, and had to remain there until his timid brother had become accustomed to the new surroundings.

When the father came to fetch the older son home all the teachers of the institution begged him most urgently not to put such a talented boy behind the plow. The father consented, and this is how John Gabriel became a student.

We pass over the next years of study. They passed away as quietly and modestly, as tenderly and peacefully as was the heart and mind and the whole being of the youth himself. There was nothing extraordinary in him, neither did he have any great faults. He was like an insignificant but healthy blossom, which modestly and unostentatiously sends forth its fragrant odor in the forest glen and quietly expands into a sweet flower.

On the 28th of December, 1820, Perboyre entered the Society of St. Vincent de Paul and was entrusted with the office of Master of Novices as soon as he had completed his course of study. A missionary who knew him at that time tells us of his modest, simple ways. "When I saw Perboyre for the first time he made a most peculiar impression upon me. He stood by the side of Father Etienne in a poor but clean soutane with such a modest and humble mien that I took him to be the most lowly in the whole house. When he had left the room I asked Father Etienne who this priest was, and when he told me that he was the Master of Novices I could hardly believe it, as there was nothing at all imposing about Perboyre's person."

Perboyre had entered the Society of the Lazarist Fathers because he hoped that through this society it would be easy for him to be sent, after a short time, to one of their numerous missions.

But he was bitterly disappointed. All his applications and entreaties were opposed by his superiors on account of his delicate health—they did not want to expose him to the many hardships and difficult labors which an apostolic life necessitates. For fifteen years that he had been a member of the order his hope and heart's wish did not desert him.

"Look here," he said one day to his novices, showing them a cord and bloodstained garment, "This is the garment of Father Clet, and this is the cord with which he was choked to death. Oh! could I only share the fate of this apostolic man, our beloved brother!" On another occasion missionaries were being selected for the Chinese missions and Perboyre was not among them. With tears in his eyes he threw himself at the feet of his Superior and implored him to let him go with the others. In vain; the doctor had declared that Perboyre would not stand even the sea-journey, and would, as had been the case with his brother Ludwig, die before he reached his destination. But now Divine Providence itself interposed for her trusty servant. During the following night the doctor could not sleep a moment for inner restlessness, until it suddenly became clear to him that he had come to a wrong conclusion in regard to Perboyre. Early the following morning he hastened to the Lazarist Fathers and declared that he was now of the opinion that it would be a great benefit to Father Perboyre if they would allow him to undertake the journey. Acting on this advice the principal obstacle was removed and Father Perboyre started for the Mission in the year 1835.

Barring a violent storm on the east coast of Africa the journey round the Cape of Good Hope was happily concluded, and on the 29th of August, 1835, they reached Macao, a Portuguese colony on Chinese soil, in good health.

HARD WORK FOR HEAVENLY REWARD.

The life which the Catholic missionary has to lead among heathen nations is indeed a life of sacrifice, both in regard to what he had to renounce at home, after having chosen his station, and also in regard to what he has taken upon himself and may daily expect in his apostolic office. In the following lines we will, dear reader, in a short sketch, unroll before you a picture which has been painted true to nature and facts. Perboyre, himself, shall present it to you in his modest and simple manner in some of his own letters. We should remark, though, at first, that at that time a law dated 1794, was still in force, wherein the Emperor Kianglung had strictly forbidden the adherence to the Christian faith. All European missionaries, when found in his empire, were to be condemned to death, and native missionaries were to be banished from the country. It was under these trying conditions, then, that the missionaries lived and acted at that time.

Perboyre wrote as follows on September 25, 1837, to the Director of the Novitiate, in Paris:

"I have been for fourteen months now in Honan. Partly restored to health from a three months' sickness, I have commenced together with a young native brother my clerical duties.

"To be able to visit about 1,500 Christians in twenty parishes we had to wander through the length and breadth of the province more than 300 miles. You can imagine that we met with many hardships. Sometimes we traveled on foot; at other times in vehicles without springs on roads

which are never taken care of. As a rule we left a parish at night and arrived at the next one again at night; in the winter with beards white with frost and snow; in the summer with sunburnt faces, with skin peeling off forehead, neck and ears. I cannot give you a description of the life in most Chinese inns, because to be complete it would have to be loathsome. Whoever is eager for privation and a violent death can gather here a sacred treasure. The best bed which is to be obtained is a mat spread upon the floor or a low settee, and yet we could rest fairly well after the exhausting fatigues of the day. Soon after our arrival at the hostelry we were molested by the police or by other minions of the law and were obliged most of the time to surrender our sleeping accommodations to them or to seek for shelter elsewhere. That one is obliged on all these journeys to pass for a Chinese is not the least drawback to the European missionary. He has to be very reticent so as not to betray himself, and leaves it to the Christians in whose company he is to do the talking and trading. In spite of the most careful precautions which prudence and fear necessitate these native Christians are all the time in great dread, while the missionary remains tranquil, trusting to the protection of the Lord. I have

before mentioned a young Chinese with whom I have always worked together so far. He is a native and has already held several missions, for which reasons he was of great assistance to me in my new field of labor. As he had to do the largest share of the work, to him is due the recognition of greater merit. And, indeed, his task was not an easy one. Two sermons daily; particular individual instructions and reprimands; open war against abuses which had crept in since the last visit; to rise before 4 o'clock in the morning and not to retire until after 10 o'clock at

night; to sit all night in the confessional in some places; to answer sick calls at long distances in bad weather; to seek out old adherents of the faith who had fallen away and forgotten all about the Savior; to bring them back to God so they could again be present at instructions and the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and receive the Holy Sacraments. All this he did with unflinching zeal, even under the most difficult circumstances."

The thoughtful reader should not forget that he has before him in the foregoing the statement of a saint who ever sees only the good that others do and does not consider his own work worthy of mention. For want of space we must here interrupt this interesting letter, which goes on

describing the missionary work. But we will quote from another of his letters which will throw further light upon the trials of that time. In a letter of the year 1838 he says:

"If we speak of our churches one must not think of cathedrals or even the most modest country churches; all our churches are in wretched huts and barns. The walls are of clay, the floor the bare ground; through the center of the church runs a high partition which separates in accordance with Chinese fashion and idea of morality, the men from the women. The altar is a table,



behind and above which are curtains. And what more could one expect in view of the almost unmitigated poverty of the Christians in these barren mountain regions? Whenever I was out on a sick call and inquired for the cause of the sickness I received the invariable reply, 'hunger and want!' This is the case in so-called prosperous years. When a famine breaks out or a persecution sets in, then it is as if a hurricane was driving the people before it. Everybody flees to escape a dreaded death. When better times return the fugitives reappear.

"And the missionary has to share all this misery with his flock. In his wanderings he must often seek shelter in the most miserable huts, which have neither chimney or windows and are, therefore, dark and unhealthy. When a fire is lit the place fills with a dense smoke which attacks lungs and eyes. A handful of rice, a few vegetables boiled in water without seasoning and often unclean, is all the hardworked missionary gets with which to keep up his strength. At night a board is his bed, with one covering as a protection from the cold, even after the most arduous days and most toilsome wanderings. Add to this in the summer the stifling heat of these regions, hunger and thirst, and as the missionaries are constantly surrounded by the poor, with all kinds of vermin infested people, they are naturally not free even from this discomfort."

THE OAK TREE.

We have before compared Perboyre with a flower, which, meek and lowly, blooming in the forest glen, does not make any stir in the world, though it delight unconsciously, with its sweet fragrance. How powerful, on the contrary, stands the oak tree before us. High towards heaven towers its crest, its branches spread out

into the air, and it stands with its solid trunk securely rooted in the ground. It defies the ravages of time and weather; in a storm it shows its strength. But where is the seat of its great strength? Not in its leafy crown; not even in the sap of its trunk, but in that part of the tree which is hidden to the eye, the root. Had it spread its roots only superficially over the ground, then we could place no reliance in its powers of resistance when the great storm shall strike it. But if it drove its root deep into the ground, and if, besides, it clasps with hundreds of shoots the mighty rock, then it will remain firm and un-

shaken like the ground on which it stands. The storm may tear away its leaves and branches but the tree itself will not be uprooted. Such an oak tree is the man who has found his hold in God; whose faith in Him is so deeply rooted that his life is filled with supernatural power, as the Lord says:

"He is unchangeable like his foundation — the eternal God himself; for it is not himself who lives, and thinks, and acts, but the spirit of the Lord which abides in him."

That is the secret of the incomprehensible strength of the saints of God in their deeds as well as in their sufferings. Such a glorious oak of God which all the forces of hell could not uproot, such was



Perboyre, as we shall presently see. The last year of his life, the year of his martyrdom, presents him to us in all his heroic grandeur. Astonished and filled with admiration, we see that the hand of the Lord was on him; and, indeed, nobody could accomplish what he did if God had not been with him. Let us follow now his path of martyrdom and triumphal progress which comprises the whole last year of his life, from September 15, 1839, to September 11, 1840. It was Sunday, the 15th September, eight days after the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, when four mis-

sionaries came together in the little village of T'sho-yan-Kien; they were Fathers Baldus, P'zolatti, a Chinese priest by the name of Wang, and Perboyre. The last mass had just been said and the four sat at a frugal breakfast. Suddenly a Christian entered and announced the approach of a troop of soldiers and mandarins. Their place of abode had evidently been discovered and they stood face to face with cruel persecution. All tried to seek refuge in flight, Perboyre the last of all, as he had tried in all haste to bring the sacred vessels in safety. It was as they had feared, when the troop arrived they searched and ransacked everything, and, finally, set the church on fire.

Perboyre, accompanied by a few Christians, wandered about in a large forest day and night, but his persecutors followed closely at his heels. Two soldiers met a young man whom Perboyre had instructed in catechism, and asked him whether he had seen a European, the head of the religion of the Master in Heaven.

"And what would it be worth to him who delivers him to you?"

"Thirty taels, (about \$40).

"The man you are looking for is over there," replied the poor traitor, and showed them where Perboyre was hiding. They seized the missionary at once and dragged him to the summit of the mountain, heaping him with abuse all the way. There they tore the clothes off his back and dressed him in a few dirty rags, tied his hands together behind his back and led him into the city, loaded with chains. Here began, in accordance with the cruel Chinese judicial procedure, a series of tortures which we will pass over for the sake of brevity. He was taken from one town to another, and in each one the cruel procedure was repeated—a terrible series of suffering and misery for the blessed man. Finally he was brought to Woo-tson-foo, before the viceroy of the province. They threw him into one

of those terrible prisons, at the mere description of which one is seized with nausea and disgust. The keepers threw themselves like wild beasts upon the newly arrived prisoners and tormented them in every possible way, so as to extort money from them or their relations. They tied their arms so tightly together that blood oozed from under the finger nails. The food was insufficient, bad and dirty. The monsters did not even allow them to leave the place for the necessities of nature, so that they had to remain day and night in this filthy place. Myriads of worms and loathsome insects soon swarmed all over the

place, which almost devoured the unfortunate prisoners, filling all their garments. But what tortured him the most was the company of those wretched criminals, who, without shame, boasted of their crimes, and whose lips overflowed with foul words, cursing, swearing and blasphemy. The blessed man passed nine months in this sort of hell, and from here he was often led to torture and finally to his death. At first they led him before the criminal court. The mandarin asked him why he had come to China. Perboyre replied, "I did not come to acquire fortune, honor and pleasure, but to work for the honor of God and the salvation of souls." "Surely you are sorry now that



you ever came," continued the judge. "Not at all; I consider it the greatest honor to carry these chains and suffer these tortures." After this they tried to force him to tell them the hiding place of other priests, and as he would not do this they made him kneel with bare knees on his iron chains and at the same time hold up in his uplifted arms a heavy piece of wood, and he had to do this from 9 o'clock in the morning till evening. Whenever he had to let his arms drop from exhaustion his tormenters beat him till he again resumed his painful task. At another hearing the mandarin accused him of having cheated

the people and brought all this misery upon the imprisoned Christians. He commanded these same prisoners who were present to spit into their teacher's face, to beat and to curse him and to tear out his beard. Five of them were so unfortunate as to deny their faith and to abuse and maltreat their spiritual father; he suffered it all without a word of complaint.

And now Perboyre was to appear before the viceroy. This man had the reputation all over the land of being a most cruel monster. It was said that with his own hands he had torn the eyes out of several prisoners. Perboyre was now brought before this creature and declared at once with frankness, "I am a European, a Christian and a Priest." The Viceroy seized an image of the Blessed Virgin which had been taken from the missionary and shouted at him, "Did you not pluck out the eyes of the sick and pressed therefrom the fluid with which you have painted these pictures?" "I have never done such an abominable deed!" replied Perboyre. The Viceroy commanded him immediately to be hung up by his hair. This torture lasted for several hours. After this they branded his forehead with a red-hot iron with the words, "Tshung-Sie-Kiao" (Disseminator of a bad religion). Another time they tied him to a root of crane, pulled him up on it and then let him fall down with full force, so that his limbs were most cruelly bruised and wrenched. Another time while kneeling on iron chains, his hair tied to the gallows, his arms pulled out on a cross-beam by heavy cords, they laid a plank across his legs, with a helper sitting on each end of it, and they had a see-saw. Another time they put him on a high seat, so that his knees were entirely drawn out of joint. For a change they tied him to a low chair and drew sharp stones across the soles of his feet until they were slit and torn. Under all these tortures the servant of the Lord did not lose his equanimity and serenity of soul and no word of complaint or reproach passed his lips.

The viceroy ordered him to tell by which road he had come into the interior of China, what houses he had visited and who had assisted him. Perboyre remained silent, for he knew well what untold misery he would bring upon the heads of Christians and missionaries if he let the least information escape his lips. Thereupon the judge had him cut across the face fifteen times with a leather strap.

"By what means did you bewitch these Christians?" shouted the mandarin. Again there was no answer, whereupon Perboyre received ten more cuts about the face. He then had to kneel on his chains and his hands were tied to a stake and one of the attendants lifted him up and down by his hair, tearing it out by the handful.

The viceroy then showed him the box with holy oil which they had found after the capture. "Is

this the drink with which you bewitch these Christians and make them firm in their faith?" "That is no drink," quietly remarked the sufferer. For this reply he received thirty strokes with a bamboo cane. "What are the names of the other priests and Christians? Where are they?" No answer. Then they struck him in the face, beat him terribly, choked him and tried in every way to make him speak, but his lips were sealed. Then the mandarin asked him whether he was a Christian. "I am a Christian," came the reply. "That is my pride." Then they placed the crucifix at his feet and the mandarin said: "If you will trample upon your God I will let you go free." To this shameless proposition the poor sufferer replied, with tears of tender affection in his eyes: "How could I insult like that my God and my Redeemer?" With that he bent down painfully, picked up the crucifix, kissed it and pressed it to his heart. An attendant tore it away from him and abused it in the most disgraceful manner. This shameful action pierced the soul of the noble priest, and he uttered a cry of pain and indignation. Because he would not trample upon the crucifix they gave him one hundred and ten strokes with a bamboo cane. Then they brought an idol and told him to adore it. "You can cut my head off," he replied; "I will never commit idolatry." Then they brought the priestly vestments which they had found in his house and made him put them on. When they saw him in his priestly robes they exclaimed: "He is a Fohi, a living God!" Then the mandarin commenced again with the old accusations that the priests tear the eyes out of the sick people, and when Perboyre contradicted him he made them give him thirty strokes with such force that the blood flowed from him in streams. When the martyr lay prostrate on the floor and unable to rise they tore his hair again and forced his eyes open to make him look at the viceroy, who demanded to know how many persons he had plucked the eyes out of. Perboyre again declared himself innocent and received ten more strokes. The viceroy was astonished how any man could stand such sufferings with so much patience and the idea came to him that the tortured man must have a secret remedy about him which prevented him from feeling pain. He then bade them give him ten more strokes, and again fifteen, and when the victim still remained silent the tyrant exclaimed: "What! I let them beat you like that and you still remain silent!" They came to the conclusion that he was a witch and to break the spell they killed a dog and made the missionary drink of the blood and rubbed some of it all over his head. They then dragged him back to prison more dead than alive. Next day they had another session more cruel than the one of the previous day. The viceroy was determined to get his secrets out of him that day. They tortured and struck and tore at him all day, inflicting terrible wounds on his already horribly mangled body to make him confess to mis-

deeds which existed only in their own imagination, but in vain. They tired themselves out with their cruel work. But the viceroy, filled with sudden fury and devilish wickedness, jumped down from his seat and inflicted upon the poor victim so many and such hard blows with the bamboo cane that all expected the sufferer to die at any moment. A weak groan and a few half inaudible sighs were all they could wring from this Christian hero under the most horrible anguish. Even the heathen who witnessed the scene and the other mandarins turned away in disgust, revolted by such cruelty. According to the testimony of one of the attendants Perboyre received on this day more than 200 strokes with a stick on his naked body. The Catechist Fong reports of him later: "His face was terribly swollen and his flesh was so badly beaten and torn that it hung from him in shreds. His whole body was like one wound."

After that Perboyre lay in prison with his wounds, which had turned into running sores, so that he had lost almost all resemblance to a human being, and waited for the imperial decree for his execution and release from his misery. But the surroundings of the martyr had gradually changed. The guards and even the worst criminals, touched by his heavenly gentleness and patience which made him pass through the worst tortures with inconceivable tranquility of soul, took pity on him and treated him with more kindness. When on Sept. 11, 1840, the imperial messenger arrived, he was by a miracle cured of all sores, even the scars had disappeared. According to Chinese custom he had to run, dragged by his executioners to the place of execution to the sound of the tan-tam.

Seven criminals were beheaded before him, while the missionary knelt and prayed, so that these heathen people, surprised at his meekness and tranquility of soul, exclaimed, "See the European, how he kneels and prays!" Then came his turn. They had erected a small gallows for him like a cross; they tied his hands and feet to it and the executioner put the rope round his neck with which he was to be strangled. To prolong the death agony the rope was drawn tight and let loose again several times. Not until the third time did the executioner complete his ghastly work, and as the body still gave a few faint signs of life a soldier approached and gave the body a cruel kick with his heavy boot—the martyr's suffering was at an end.

To the astonishment of all present his face did not show any of those terrible signs which are usually the consequence of a death by strangulation. The face had a ruddy color, the eyes looked down on the ground, the mouth was closed, in fact, the whole face looked more beautiful than it had in life, and the whole body remained supple and pliant, though they had let it remain on the cross until the next day.

A number of eye-witnesses observed a bright halo around the head of the blessed martyr. At the same time there appeared in the sky a large, luminous, beautifully formed cross. Heathen and Christian saw it in different places and many heathen exclaimed astounded at the miracle: "See the sign which is venerated by the Christians, let us desert the idols and serve only the Lord in Heaven."

THE UNDERBRUSH.

Thus lives and dies an apostle and martyr for the holy Catholic faith. May we venture, dear reader, upon a comparison between the quality and depth of your strength of faith and that of blessed Perboyre? How far would we have gone with him into the horrible, cruel combat between a defenseless Christian heart, deprived of all human assistance, but overflowing with trust in God, against the power and cruelty of a heathen potentate?

I hope with my whole heart, dear reader, that God has made you also one of those "oak trees," which no power and artifice of hell can tear from its foundation, fidelity to God. But this fidelity, this golden fidelity, as it has been appropriately termed, yea, this constant faithfulness to God, and His law, how scarce has it become on this earth! Many need not be threatened with blood-stained, horrible instruments or torture to make them waver and fall away, for any, even the smallest price, they are ready to barter away that which should be so precious to them, more precious than their own life: their God! Raise your head, then, thou little stunted world which still wishes to be called Christian, which grows like bad weeds and low bushes along the ground and spreads its roots in the thoughts and deeds of temporal affairs; raise your head, look up to these tall, storm-beaten, but unshaken, mighty oak trees; to our saints. Art thou not rooted in the same soil from which they have grown, the inexhaustibly fertile soil of the Catholic church? Do not creep along the ground with the underbrush. "Thou art created for a higher purpose."





THE LITTLE PILGRIM.

THE way to Dodson City was over a little creek and on, by way of a dusty trail, encroached upon by thick grass and wild lettuce, the latter so frowsy with dust that it looked like fat dusty spiders on a stalk.

Backward to the rising land stretched unbroken fields of tangled prairie grasses, flowers and weeds, bound and tied together with the sensitive vine.

To the left, little veins of stunted willows interlacing the prairies showed where the creek traveled dreaming along. In one of its turns it held in its clasp a bit of land on which a tiny house was builded.

A vivid square of green marked the vegetable garden from the parched fields and a faint scent of fruit and bloom made one dream of quiet and happy valleys.

The ride from the north to the southwest, graduating from the cool of the dawn to the extreme heat period at three o'clock, made the southern rim of the sky a waving dizzy glamour, while the stage horses settled into a feverish walk, tormented by the clouds of dust, the worrying fly and the need of cool water.

"Ain't that kind ah homelike?" called the driver to me, as we were passing the little farm along the creek.

I strained my dust-dimmed eyes and saw not only the farm, the house, the creek, but a little white speck moving along one of the fields toward the road.

"What is that?"

"That's the widow's little girl. She's bright, I can tell you, and spry as a cricket. I reckon she's her ma's business agent, for she goes to Dodson every day, same time we go."

By this time the stage had come into a little hollow where the dust settled down upon us so heavily that choking and coughing took the place of talking. Coming out of it we saw the little white figure walking briskly along just in front of us, her white sunbonnet pulled well forward to ward off the heat and dust. In her arms she carried something pinned up in a newspaper.

"Have a lift?" cried the stage-driver heartily, checking up his horses.

The white sunbonnet wagged negatively and a firm little voice said primly, "No, thank you, sir."

Soon we lost sight of her as the clouds of dust settled between.

Presently I was watching the horses drink in the huge trough that rested by the town pump.

"Howdy, Annie?" The grocer man's voice was pompously kind and he left the cool bench to start indoors. "Can I do anything for you?"

"Don't go in, Mr. Spunworth. I don't need any groceries yet. I am going to the chapel first."

I watched her little dust-covered shoes, how squarely she placed them as she walked—toes out and lifted just right.

"I didn't know there was a Catholic church here," I exclaimed.

"We haven't had one only two months; you'll have to thank Father Leville for its being here. But I can tell you it has not any member more devout and heartfelt than Anna Supre."

"That little girl?"

"Yes, sir," answered the man, with emphasis.

"There's not many Catholics here, I judge," I questioned.

"Just enough to keep the lamp burning," said the stage-driver.

"We've got a church and Father Leville sees to us once a month; he's due next Sunday, as Annie knows." He looked after the little girl, smiling. "This weather aint left us a flower, but Annie walks in with flowers whenever the altars need them."

"She's been a walking in every day now for a long time. I've been wondering what she's aiming at," remarked the groceryman.

"I've a notion she's a praying for something," said another. "They say her ma don't hardly leave the house since that boy of her's ran away; that she cries and talks of him all the time."

"Haint it strange?" queried the driver. "I've noticed it over and over, if you just set your heart on anything, that's just what's agoing to let you drop down hard, and something you're not thinking of will tumble right into your hands."

"Well," answered Mr. Spunworth, reflectively, "Billie was a good boy until Dumond, down the bend, made him play cards and drink wine, here one Christmas night. I tell you, I'd rather seen that boy dead than to have seen him reeling home that night."

"How long has he been gone?"

"Nigh on to two years. At first she looked for him everywhere, calling and sobbing, but now she's quiet; but my womenfolks say she'd be better if she'd cry."

"I heard my wife say that she thinks she hears him calling her, and wakes in the night thinking he's at the door."

"He wasn't but sixteen when he disappeared. I

have a mind Dumond knows something of him; may be something he's afraid to tell. He always owed the boy's father a grudge."

"She would feel better if she could just hear he was dead. I heard her crying one day when I was fishing down there. I tell you it made me feel cold to hear her beg the Lord to let her have news of her boy. Said she'd be satisfied if he was dead, to let her know it. She's bound to lose her mind entirely if that boy doesn't come in," said a young man lounging about the store front. "I don't know what would become of Annie then, for she's just a worshiper of her mother. You know we go out there whenever we can, and Annie is always reading to her mother or bringing flowers to put in a glass before her; and as for work, she and that old crippled uncle do more than seems possible."

"I wonder if Dumond knows what he done?"

"Oh, Dumond!" contemptuously. "Some traveler said he saw just a boy of that description drinking at Dumond's grocery two months after the youngster left here. Jim and me looked it up for awhile, but we couldn't get it untangled and of course we had our work to come to, but I've wanted to look after him anytime the last two years."

Down at the far end of the bench an old man, wrinkled of face and grizzled of hair and whiskers, said in a tremulous voice: "If she's a prayin' for that boy's return home, and prays with faith there's no telling what she'll do." He paused reflectively. "I haint of her communion, but the Lord hears our prayers, I do declare. There's been times when every way I turned I saw just failure, dead sure. Well, I've just sunk down by my chair and prayed and prayed and waited and the Lord has lifted me up; yes, sir, every time."

"Here she comes," said the grocer, bustling into his little store. "Now, Miss Annie, I expect you're a going to make some cherry preserves by buying all that sugar; aint I right?"

"Yes, sir," answered the prim voice. "We have so many fine cherries that we're giving them away. We miss brother about gathering them in."

The grocer hesitated. "No news of Billie yet, I reckon," he finally asked.

The little girl pushed back her bonnet with a nervous hand. "I don't know," she answered, faintly. "I've been walking into the chapel every day to pray there for Billie to come home if he's alive, and mother's been praying at home. Both of us feel like he will come when our novenas are finished, and that will be next Thursday."

"And this is Tuesday." The grocer nodded sympathetically. Unbeknown to the child, all the men who could had listened to the conversation.

"I was born a Methodist," said the old man, nursing his knee, "and I'm in the church now and in good standing, but I can tell you if that boy turns up here anyways near Thursday, you'll see old man Durell walking into that church of Father Laville's

and going on same as the rest of the Catholics. I tell you there's a power in prayer where there's faith, and she's in earnest."

The groceryman laughed. "If you go into the church, Mr. Durell, I'll have to go out of it, for I'd be talked to death about praying, then."

Annie carried home her burden of groceries and her mother hobbled into the pleasant kitchen to help put on the fruit Annie had gathered.

"We will have it off by good bedtime," she said, cheerily, "and it will be cool by morning. Billie is so fond of cherries; and Annie are you certain of the radishes and young peas, are they nice?"

"Oh, mother, just so nice! Do try to get into the garden; we have taken such good care of everything."

"I will, I will; I feel so much better. I'll go in a little while."

"Mother, you said your novena this afternoon; you didn't forget?"

"Forget? no, no!" said the woman, fervently.

The cool evening came on, and that calm that seems to be so wide and all-embracing on prairie lands. The distant ripple of the creek came on the breeze and the rhythmic croak of the frogs from the marshes further south.

Mother and daughter sat late by the open windows with listening ears for any new sound that would tell of the coming, but none came and they crept prayerfully to bed.

I had business in Dodson all that week and I grew accustomed to the little plodding figure of Annie.

Wednesday was a sultrier day than Tuesday; the sun looked like a blood-red globe swinging in a murky sky.

"To-day's a scorcher," gasped Durell, sinking into a seat by the well. "This is the only cool spot I've struck to-day."

"This settles the crop question," said another. "One more week and corn will be rolled up like a cigar."

"Annie still makes her pilgrimage," commented the storekeeper, "and you never hear her complain."

As she passed us she spoke pleasantly, but her face looked worn and thin, and the flowers she brought were drooping, too.

"Me, me," said Durell, wriggling about. "I wish I could just do something to make them prayers of her's come out all right. I'll do anything."

"Pray," advised the grocer.

"Well," was the answer, "to tell the truth I have been."

Wednesday passed and Thursday came.

Nearly everyone in the town knew of the prayers Annie was making, and it could be safely said that every heart prayed with her.

When she passed Thursday her arms were filled with flowers so fresh and so fragrant that they seemed to breathe of cool fields and sweet winds.

Her face was joyous and expectant; she walked swiftly with an eager step.

There was something like a groan from the group when she had passed out of hearing.

"I don't want to be around here if that boy don't come," said one.

"If I knew where the young rascal was I'd yank him home in a hurry," said Durell, gloomily.

Annie stayed later than usual and walked back wearily, her cheeks stained with tears.

Night came on, and as the group met about the store it was plain to see that everyone was in a bad humor.

"I feel like some of us ought to take our women folks and walk out there," said the grocer, "but I feel afraid that they'd rather be alone."

"I do wish the Lord could have let Annie's prayers avail," wailed Durell.

"It's hard on them, sure," commented another.

"Do you hear anything?" queried Durell of a man who bent his head toward the road.

"Horse a-coming, full tilt."

"Some one sick at Sprague's, I reckon, doctor."

A black horse came on galloping, and drew in at the pump, while his rider leaned forward.

"Can you tell me if Widow Dupre and her daughter live on the little farm below here, yet?" he asked.

The grocer started forward eagerly.

"Yes," he said, "is there any good fortune for them?"

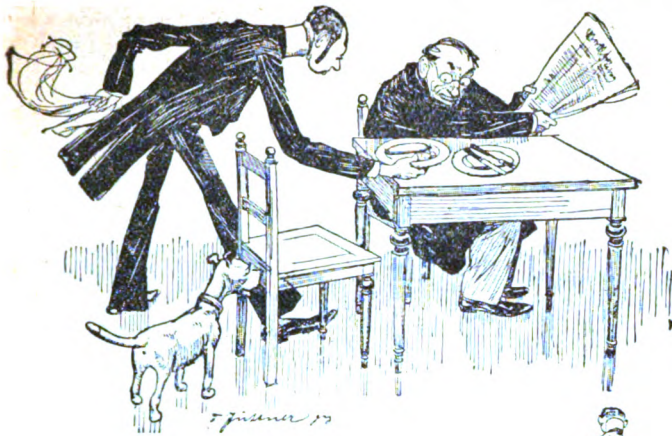
As he questioned he examined the stranger's face excitedly.

"Boys!" he shouted, "it's Billy!"

MRS. S. M. O'MALLEY.



THE PUNISHED THEFT.



OH! YOU LITTLE—

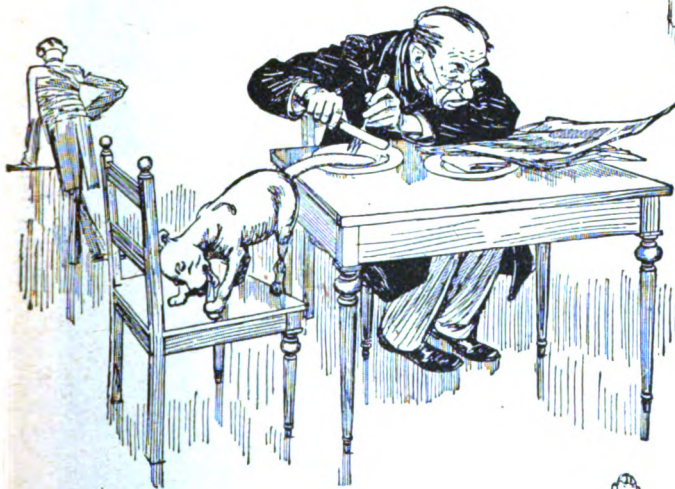
Willie (looking curiously at the visitor)—“Where did the hen bite you, Mr. Jones? I don’t see any of the marks.”

Mr. Jones—“Why, Willie? I haven’t been bitten by any hen.”

Willie—“Mamma, didn’t you tell papa Mr. Jones was dreadfully henpecked? Why, Mamma, how funny you look! Your face is all red!”

HOMESICK.

A boy who recently left home to attend a preparatory school is not much pleased with the change. He is suffering his first attack of homesickness, and naturally wishes to return. In making known his desires to his father, he writes: “Dear Father: Life is short; let us spend it together. Your affectionate son.”

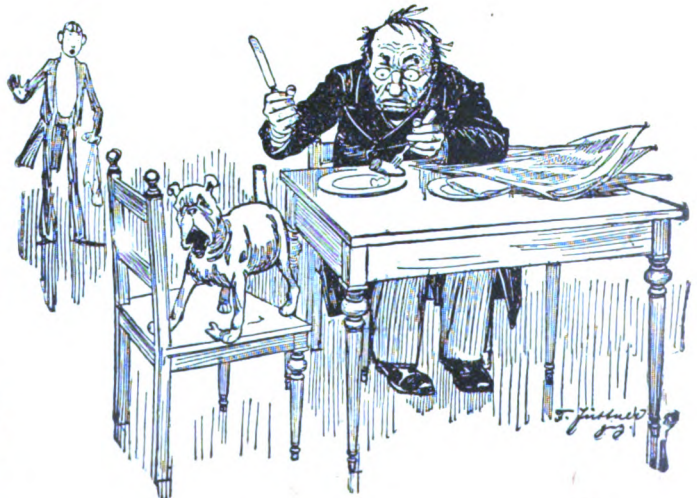


“Ella, my child,” said a prudish old maid to a pretty niece who would curl her hair in ringlets, “If the Lord had intended your hair to be curled he would have done it himself.” “So he did, auntie, when I was a baby, but he thinks I am big enough now to do it myself.”

A negro, struck by lightning, jumped up saying: “Who fire dat gun?”

Magistrate—“Your name?” Bashful Maiden—“Anna Lang.” “Age?” (No answer.) “When were your parents married?” “In 1863.” “When was the first christening?” “In 1864.” “How many brothers and sisters have you?” “Five.” “Are you the eldest?” “Yes.” “Then you are thirty-seven years of age.” “Yes. (Sotto voce)—I have given my age away. I am surprised!”—*Dorfbarbier.*

A man was flogging his son on his knee when the young one hit him. The father said: “What are you hitting me for?” The son replied: “Who began this war?”





WARNING OF DANGER.



HIS GRACIOUS GRACE.

School was out and little Clare Tierney, weary of afternoon session, dropped on the improvised cushion of her schoolbag, flung beside her mother's sewing chair in the furnished room, which was their home.

Here, by the third story window commanding a view of "Public School No. 12," and consequently of little Clare's daily comings and going, Mrs. Tierney bent tirelessly, through the long days, over dainty trifles, such as her daughter now fingered with bright-eyed admiration. There was no longer occasion for the kind landlady to display downstairs that tiny placard telling of "Fine Sewing and Embroidery Done Here," for now Mrs. Tierney's hands were always full, literally enough even when they sorely needed rest. From them the pretty square of drawn-work fell for a few moments to permit a caress of the curly head snuggled against Mamma's shoulder for this breathing spell, which it was Clare's daily prerogative to demand and monopolize.

"Mama," she asked abruptly, interlacing her plump fingers with those slender ones, whose deftness won her daily bread, "Mama, why do Catholics call their Bishop 'His Grace?'"

It was quite usual for Clare's questions to follow her kiss of greeting in just such inconsequent fashion as this one did, apropos of nothing, as children's queries frequently appear to their elders, but not often was Mrs. Tierney's smiling reply so hesitant or unsatisfactory.

"I am not quite sure that I understand, dear! However, I know that it is an Archbishop, not a Bishop, who is so addressed, because in this city, for instance, the Catholic Archbishop is always spoken of as His Grace. Have you been hearing something of him?"

"Only what Helen Hill said this morning when the teacher asked her why she was absent yesterday. She is a Catholic, and was to see a confirmation in her own church, and when Miss Russell looked vexed, Helen whispered me it was her first chance to see His Grace, and she would not miss it for anybody. She does not know *why* they call him the pretty name, but she told me what her catechism says about grace, and we thought it might be—a Bishop has more of that than any one else—or perhaps it is that he is what you call 'gracious' to everybody."

"A gentleman's manners are always gracious to every one, pet! and a clergyman is a gentleman, so it is not that. Other churches use the title, too, and I think for all it is a mark of dignity, much as it is for the Irish duke whose castle was near poor papa's home. I remember his stories about His Grace of

Kildare in the hunting seasons when he was a boy in Ireland."

Mrs. Tierney's eyes filled with tears, although the smile that welcomed the little questioner's homecoming was still on her lips, and Clare, who understood with the precocity of a troubled childhood, all her mother's moods, saw at once that old memories had been waked in some fashion, incomprehensible to her, and immediately changed the subject.

"Has any one been in today, Mama?" she asked, rising to commence the accustomed round of small duties which were her share of their light house-keeping labors, and in which her heart delighted.

"No one to see us, dear, but Mrs. Moore asked me to take my work to the parlor, while she called on a friend who is ill, and as I was keeping house the priest of the church came on what she calls a 'block collection.'"

"And you talked to the priest, Mama? Helen would know him, I am sure. What did he speak of?"

"Well, he was hurried; I could not answer for Mrs. Moore, and he did not seem to understand *why* not. I just thought, dear, if papa were here he would like to give something, too, and perhaps I should for him—but I could not explain myself, somehow, and the priest went away."

Mrs. Tierney's voice broke into something very like a sob—probably it had done just so, when addressing the clergyman of whom Clare would like to hear more, but her face now looked as troubled as her mother's, and she was silent, dreading the effect of those reminiscences which were so unfortunately frequent today. Accustomed as she was to constant allusions to the dear, dead father, whom she did not at all remember, this possibility of his interest in Mrs. Moore's church was new to her.

A tiny tot of three years she had been when he started five winters since for far-away Denver, urged by kindly employers and fellow-workmen to pursue the hope suggested, of prolonging a life so precious to the wife and babe he was forced to leave behind.

Ruth Tierney, frail and timid now, had indeed been strong and brave in those early days of trial when Hope still lingered above her horizon. Firmly convinced of her own ability to provide for herself and the fair-haired toddler, so dear to the stricken father, she had won him to the same belief, and to share her certainty of speedy reunion as well.

In this city of their adoption she was practically a stranger on strange soil—a New England girl, of Puritan blood, on whom the door of a comfortable home had closed forever because of her love for the

Catholic Irishman, whose only capital was the collegiate education acquired in his own land. The Celtic birthright of talent, too, was clearly his, and a manly willingness to test the truth of her practical father's belief, that brawn was preferable to brain in the struggle for bread, but all too soon that struggle told, and the young girl wife heard again the fiat of separation, which now might not be gainsaid.

Many people had been good to her—so she always acknowledged in her gentle, grateful way; employers who appreciated the talented Irishman, spoke of her loneliness and trouble to wife and sister, and friend, and the one favor she would accept—help in procuring occupation—was hers, unasked. Soon her work spoke for itself—dainty, painstaking work, such as the notable New England mother had taken pride in a few short years ago—she could offer for compensation, meager indeed, but sufficient to keep the dreaded wolf of penury at bay, until the happy day when willing hands might again resume their labor of love and duty.

Clare knew now the sad sequel to those months of effort and expectation; even to her baby heart had come the realization of hope deferred—and dead. The epochs of her short life were marked, not by birthday or festival, as is childhood's happy wont, but in such sorrowful fashion as "the day the dreadful letter came that little mother took from its black-rimmed cover every Sunday yet to re-read and weep over—the day the trunk, once packed for papa, reached them with its freight of message and memento, including even the picture of the grave in the Colorado cemetery chosen by himself, lest the brave wife try the expensive experiment of taking her dear one "home." Then there was the day when they moved their lessened belongings to Mrs. Moore's third story room in this quiet half-forgotten street, and little mother, faded and aged as though by the lapse of decades, took up uncomplainingly the "burden of life again" for the sake of the baby daughter.

Here Clare had grown from babyhood to the dignity of eight years, and the rather unusual distinction of sixth grade scholarship in that nearby school.

"She may have inherited her father's talents," Mrs. Tierney would reply when one or other of her few acquaintances remarked kindly regarding Clare's progress. O! if she could but secure for her those educational advantages on which the world each year set greater store, and which would surely have been hers, had her father lived.

Of late, another problem which she classed, too, as educational, had occupied and sorely puzzled the mother through the lonely school hours and the lonelier night watches which the weary little daughter might not share. It was in another form, the same problem her own stern father solved in such uncompromising fashion when he cut her adrift from the tender ties of home—the question of

religious difference between her lover husband and herself.

Through the few happy years of life together they had tacitly ignored it—after that marriage ceremony, when for the first time in her life she spoke with a Catholic priest, and listened meekly enough to his words of warning and advice.

In her heart she knew now that Father Howard would consider Hugh Tierney weak, at best—nay, false to an accepted duty, because he had never urged her to a consideration of the truths in which his own belief was firm and practical; because, with good natured procrastination he had deferred all effort to instruct or even interest her, although on the one point of good example he was surely faithful to the priest's counsel.

She should ever remember his fidelity to the practices of his Church, and as she had been reminded by the appearance of Mrs. Moore's reverend visitor, his desire to contribute always toward the support of churchly undertakings.

Of course, she had never doubted that on the one occasion when he had chosen to accompany the nurse, who cared for her during her long illness, with the avowed intention of giving Baby Clare an outing, their destination had been the parish church, and their object the little one's baptism.

Many a pleasant discussion there had been previously regarding the name, which was finally decided by Ruth herself, governed by her knowledge of Hugh's love for his young sister, who died in the old land in the first happy fervor of her novitiate as a "Poor Clare."

O, yes! Clare belonged to her father, his people and his Faith, and if, even at the last, the poor boy, loth to add another atom to the avalanche of trouble threatening that cherished wife, left no parting wish to guide her actions, yet, she had always intended to fulfill somehow the unspoken trust.

Like a sword-thrust was the child's simple question, showing as it did, her entire ignorance of the Faith which was really her own, and the mother's inability to guide.

But she would be no longer a coward. She would call at the residence of Mrs. Moore's pastor (formerly she always thought in this connection of the Father who had probably baptized Clare), explain to him the cause of her embarrassment, when she unexpectedly met his assistant (as Mrs. Moore called the young priest) and ask him in all docility what she must do for Hugh's child.

It was like the nervousness of the crucial morning when she first started out to secure customers with her notes of introduction and recommendation, but then one should not feel so to a clergyman. Though she did wrong, he would help her to undo, understanding the poignancy of that blow that benumbed even conscience, and the later necessity which made the working hours seem all too short. So, with no hint to Clare, and no word of her inten-

tion to Mrs. Moore, she set out for the pastoral residence almost as soon as the school door closed on the little girl whose simple prattle had thus urged her to immediate action.

Timidity she seemed unable to control made her voice and manner strangely hesitant as she inquired for the pastor; the maid was not sure he could be seen, but as the visitor evinced a disposition to enter, "she would see."

It was early, Mrs. Tierney admitted to herself, but if she went away now when could she summon courage for another trial?

O, she thought, if the girl would but smile or even look less stolid, or glance at her instead of over her head, as she chose to do after that first quick scrutiny, which told her that this early caller was poor and timid, so probably a petitioner of some sort, as well as being a stranger.

What could it matter, only that sight or sound suggestive in the least of human sympathy is helpful in such strait as hers, if but considered as an omen of nearing good.

As it was, the waiting moments passed slowly, and the temptation to flight was strong for the overwrought mother.

What if this move were to prove the entering wedge that should shatter the frail edifice of earthly hope, so slowly being rebuilt on the ruins of her past? If the new influence she was about to invoke should wake in her child's heart the feeling of aloofness from mother, that in its slightest form would be indeed the rift within the lute of her hardly earned content?

With all her love for Hugh, and readiness to follow his fortunes for good or ill, she had not, as we have seen, felt during his lifetime the impulse to imitate her Scriptural namesake in voluntary acceptance of his God, in the sense of his Faith, as hers also. But what her husband had not demanded for himself, this spiritual Father might expect for the child she was about to surrender to his charge. So ran the current of her thoughts, still tinged by the "invincible ignorance" of her Puritan upbringing, and try as she would, the current might not be diverted. The pictures on the high walls, the books within reach on the center table, were powerless to interest, and amid the oppressive stillness the moment of reaction from her courageous purpose seemed at hand when a door at the further end of the double parlor unclosed and the pastor entered, accompanied by a man of business apparently, who was demonstrating as they walked, with notebook and pencil. The priest was busy, too—looked the practical energetic man she had heard incidentally he was; the cape of his cassock was thrown shoulderwise with a certain breeziness of effect that accorded with his quick step, the backward set of the well-poised baretta, and the searching glance which swept the rooms as he entered. At that glance Mrs. Tierney arose—her hand seeking the chair beside

her for needed support, as noticing her movement, the pastor motioned his companion to a seat and came forward.

"Did you wish to see me particularly? I am especially occupied just now."

Alas! for all the comprehensive speeches she had composed to introduce her subject. He was very busy and she would be, as she knew, very tedious.

"I wanted to explain to you about—the block collection—I did not contribute yesterday, and the clergyman did not understand—"

"O, yes, he did. We understand! People should give or say they will not at the time, you know; it is easier than coming here to explain. I really have not leisure for explanations."

And he was gone—a busy man who did not and could not in all fairness be expected to discern at such casual meeting, the real trouble that underlaid her hesitancy. Through the folding doors drawn together as though to prevent further parley, she fancied a "Good Morning" floated to her, and then there was a confusion of sounds, the street and house bells almost in unison, and with a swish of silken skirts, an elderly lady, who had just alighted from a carriage at the door swept into the parlor.

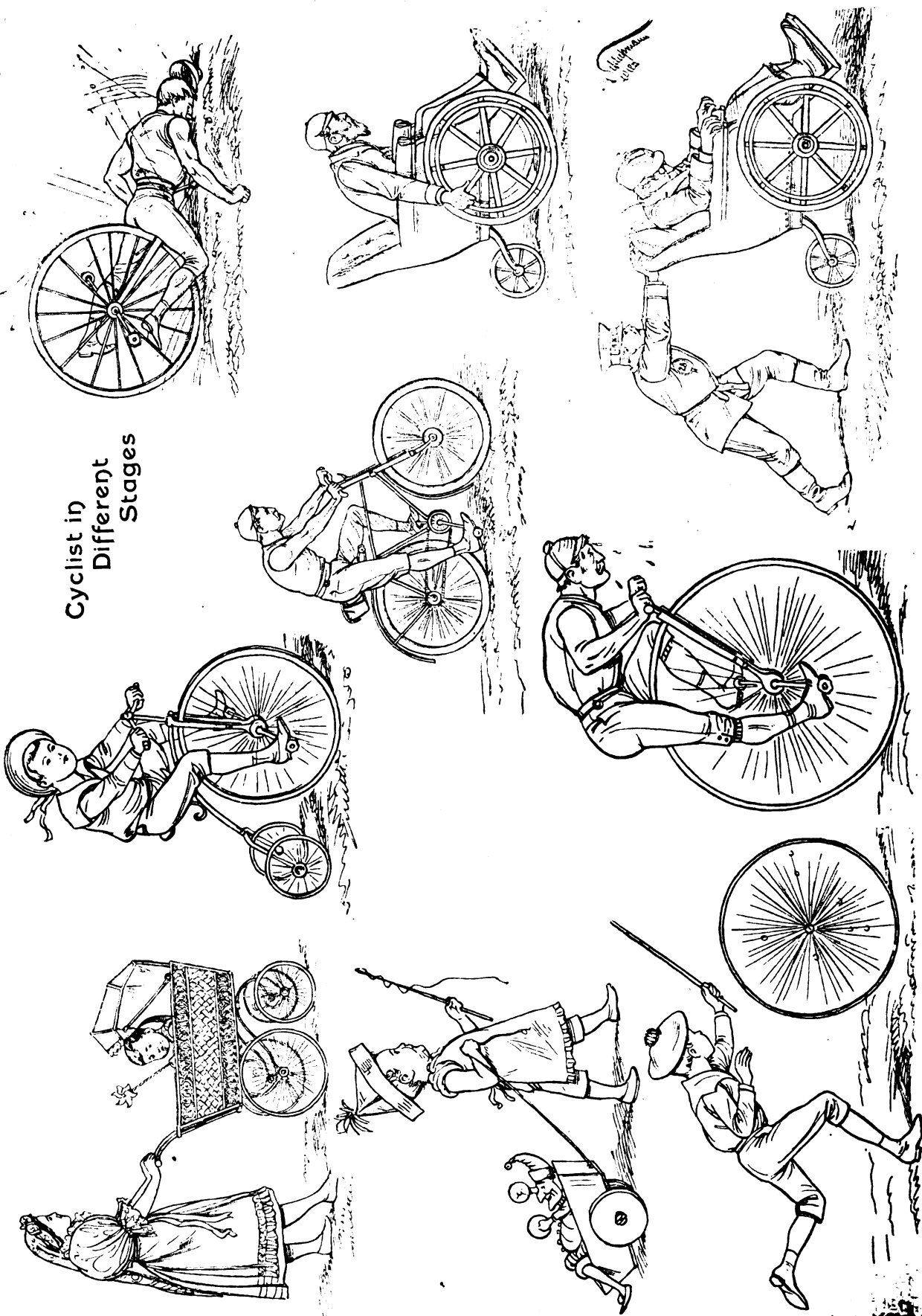
Mrs. Tierney knew her chance of an audience was gone, but she was conscious of wet eyes and trembling lips that would attract attention outside, so she must wait to regain her self-control.

The maid was again in view—expressionless and unsmiling, suggesting all unconsciously the query: were there no smiles for her anywhere? Surely yes! Above the seat she had occupied hung a picture she now faced; familiar to her from its frequent appearance in the windows of the city's art stores. Beneath it was a name, followed by letters expressive of titles and dignities, but she only saw two little words that appealed to her as they had done the night before when spoken by the lips of her child—His Grace—a smiling Archbishop! Only a picture, but somehow everything was not quite so dark now she had noticed it.

If she had but gone, as you or I might have done, into the great church nearby, about the completion and adornment of which that energetic pastor thought so incessantly as to occasionally overlook other sweet possibilities of his busy life, she would have found there a pictured Mary of Bethlehem, who smiled even when "there was no room for her in the inns," because that she knew God had willed it so.

But Clare's mother hastened instead to the humble room where her neglected work awaited her, and thoughts half sad, half bitter, kept her company until school hours closed. Then, if she was unusually silent, Clare had little chance to notice, for the pretty scarf and doilies she had admired the evening before were now finished, and as they were needed at once she must return them to the owner while her

Cyclist in Different Stages



mother commenced a new task that was especially hurried and important.

The car that passed their street corner ran within a short distance of the customer's home, and Clare was a very careful and discreet messenger upon whose nice manners more than one of Mrs. Tierney's patrons had complimented the mother, so there were no misgivings about the little trip, although the winter evening was fast closing in and a storm of some sort seemed brewing.

In common with most children of the imaginative order Clare enjoyed a rainstorm; to childhood its patter is as nearing feet treading a merry measure, while to age it sounds as the echo of departed footsteps long absent from the earthly ways.

Goodnatured passengers smiled at the trim little figure in hood and waterproof, holding fast a neat package and an umbrella as well, of the dwarfed species in which schoolgirls delight; the conductor remembered without any reminder the destination she had mentioned when entering the car, and even volunteered directions as she descended, and the waiter man at Mrs. Morton's house drew one of the great hall chairs nearer the register, so she might ensconce herself therein while she waited the lady's pleasure.

Then, however, she was apparently forgotten, for it was a long time indeed before Mrs. Morton herself, descending the wide stair, noticed the little messenger, who, immovable in the shadow of the highbacked chair, might have served to recall the story of "*Boy Blue*" under his traditional hay stack.

"Ah, this is really too bad," said the lady, good-naturedly enough. "Mrs Tierney's little girl, is it not? I put down the note and money I meant you to take on my table and forgot to have it given you, and now, thinking you had gone, I was taking it to have it mailed."

She drew a letter from among some she carried and handed it to Clare with an amiable word of praise for her mother's satisfactory work, and a caution to be careful of the envelope and its enclosure.

"You are accustomed to errands, I suppose, and you are really a very patient little girl. Quite sure you know your way?" she asked as the child stood under the hall light, looking rather diminutive and irresponsible.

"O, yes ma'am," Clare answered cheerily, tucking the envelope in an inner pocket mama had designated, and feeling carefully for the carfare she carried in the finger end of her small clumsy mitten. "Mother said to go to the car around the square, not across it, for fear I might lose my way."

"It is safer, although longer," assented Mrs. Morton, "and as you have to pass the corner will you please drop these letters in the box there for me; the servants are all engaged now, so near dinner hour. You know how, of course?"

Clare knew how, and promised to be careful;

Mrs. Morton opened the door herself, and from behind the thick glass saw the child descend the big steps and turn facing the chill rain in the direction of home. A few moments later she had forgotten the incident, as far as Clare was concerned, while the impression remained of the utter dreariness of the scene, with the driving sleety rain obscuring the twinkle of the street lamps, and the bare-branched trees in the square standing out like fence rails, thrown here and there amid a landscape of low-lying clouds. For once, the rain had lost its fascination for Clare; cloak and umbrella were powerless to resist its combination with the chill wind that apparently blew from all points of the compass across and around the level square, and even Mrs. Morton's letters fluttered in her grasp while she strove to save their daintiness from destruction.

A very bedraggled, disheveled little figure it was that leaned against the dripping lamppost at the bleak corner, completely vanquished by a refractory umbrella and the wonderful letter box with its tantalizing legends "Lift Up," "Let Down," meant at best for the ambi-dexterous. The alternative of carrying Mrs. Morton's letters further did not suggest itself, for she had promised to mail them "at the corner," reckoning then without the umbrella which now could not be coaxed to close or stand still beside her while the wind proffered such delightful chance to frolic, and the box that could not be coaxed to open unless one was able to obey literally its official "Sesame."

If only a policeman, or a passerby, would come—even then Clare remembered some policemen and some passersby would be worse than useless in this emergency—that they need not perceive if they chose to ignore, so she stood, wasting as she thought, the precious moments that must carry so much anxiety to her mother's heart.

One more effort she made, standing tiptoe and unprotected with that unreliable weather guard of hers set beside the post, but, alas! the box lid merely clicked to the touch of her benumbed fingers, and the umbrella, escaping from the slight restraint, veered at its own giddy will across the roadway.

Clare saw no more, for the little tragedy was very real to the experience of eight years, and the hot tears blinded her more effectually than the driving sleet had done.

An instant later, a tall form was beside her—much in the story-book fashion, yet this is the tale of an actual happening—she was conscious of a big shield held firmly above her, while a very kind voice reached her from its higher altitude.

"Tell me what I can do for you, little one! Ah, you want to mail these letters," as Clare, hearing, but still unseeing, held the cause of all the torment forth. "Now, that is done, but I am afraid your umbrella is useless, so you shall come under mine while you tell me your name and where you are going." Clare took the rescued umbrella by its drip-

ping handle and moved on under the friendly cover proffered her, trying hard to control her babyish sobbing, and steal a glance besides at the owner of the kindly voice. She could make out only that it was masculine, and belonged to someone tall and strong, who lowered his hand very much indeed and left his own shoulders unprotected to save her from the low-beating drift.

Their way led past the massive walls of an immense church, the bulk of which afforded comparative protection, so the lights at its entrance did not flicker, and passing beneath them the little girl ventured to look in the face of her new found friend.

Such a pleasant, kindly face it was! There was acknowledgment in its lines and shadows of many arduous years—perhaps some troubled ones, too, but the sunshine of unforgettably youth was in the gentle smile and interested glance which awaited the little girl's story. It did not take long to tell, for all its childish additions of speculation over Mama's worry, and regrets for the broken umbrella.

"Well, now, little Clare, you shall take mine; it is not very heavy, and I am quite near home. We will see you get your car; and how about carfare?"

It was still safe, as Clare assured her guardian, within the drenched mitten, and "she was not at all afraid now—she could see the corner where the car came in sight, and she did not like the gentleman to get very wet on her account."

But the "gentleman" still walked on, keeping her quite on the sheltered side. From the shadow of a projecting doorway a policeman came in view, apparently hesitating, as well he might, before resuming his tour of the square.

His gaze fell upon Clare and her protector, and at once he straightened and saluted, not perfunctorily, but as though he was honestly glad of the chance meeting, even if it entailed some polite exertion.

"Ah, Officer; Good Evening! This little one has been having a bad weather experience. Would it be out of your way to see her on the — street car, and give the conductor some directions about her?" The tall gentleman slipped a coin into the officer's hand, still mindful, apparently, of the difficulty with the rain-soaked mitten, and stooped to make Clare's grasp firm on the umbrella he gave to her hold.

"There is not really any need to return this," he said, "Goodnight, and God guard you! Thank you, Officer!—Goodnight!" as the official took his position of guardian by Clare's side.

"O, your Grace is more than welcome, and I hope you will excuse my saying you should get right in from this storm. There would not be many found could fill your place," added Officer Wilson, *sotto voce*, while Clare, for all her hurry, turned to watch the tall figure ascend some nearby steps and disappear.

"What did you say to him?" she asked the policeman, much more timidly than she had spoken to

the protector, whose tones had invited confidence.

"Well, we always say 'Yes' to him, you may be sure," returned Officer Wilson, good humoredly. "O, what did I call him? Your Grace! I'm not a Catholic," apologetically, "but my wife is, and she calls him *that*."

"Then, he is the Bishop?"—Clare's voice trembled now with wonder.

"He is the Catholic Archbishop, child. He did not know you, then? But that does not matter to him, he'd look out for all the kids in the city if he could. Never sees any harm in 'em, no matter what they do."

"Of course they would be all good to him, he is so good to everybody," said Clare, as though submitting a new solution for the old difficulty of juvenile management, whereat the officer whistled dubiously but proceeded to carry out to the letter His Grace's instructions, thanks to which Clare soon found herself in the snug little home, so brimful of her wonderful adventure that for once she failed to sympathize fully with Mama's worry before the tale was told. And then it was Mrs. Tierney's turn; the burdened heart, to which that morning's disappointment had been as the over-weighting straw, must find ease if only in a child's confidence, so Clare heard for the first time the story of her baptism, and why she had never been sent to Sabbath-school, but learned instead at her mother's knee the few simple prayers she knew.

She heard of the Aunt, in memory of whose dear vocation she was named; of her father's silence regarding his wishes for her religious training, in such strange contradiction to his lifelong fidelity to his own Creed, and her childish wisdom suggested the solution of mother's difficulty.

"Let us go together to see His Grace, Mama, dear. I know he will tell you just what to do. Anyway, I meant to ask you to thank him." And once again "a child led." Even while the mother hesitated, remembering that recent failure of good intentions, not included in her narrative, the daughter urged and pleaded, and her insistence won.

Mother and child were among the number of those who, a few days later, sought admittance for His Grace's hour of audience. Once again Ruth Tierney felt a return of the timidity which had made her so strangely awkward at the interview with the priest—that doubting dread of clerical Catholicity that was the vestige of her Puritan birthright. But now the little child was leading, anxious to see again the kind face and listen to the beautiful voice whose "God Guard You," still rang in her ears.

The great door of the Archbishop's house stood slightly ajar, opening gently to the touch of an unseen hand at the sound of their nearing footsteps, and the owner of the hand was no other than His Grace, himself, who was saying good-bye to a group of clergymen, and looking more imposing than even Clare remembered him in the picturesque violet

cassock and golden cross which marked his rank.

Mrs. Tierney passed with a half frightened glance of recognition for the original of her "smiling" picture, but Clare hesitated—and was found. Without an instant's doubt or scrutiny the Archbishop remembered the little one he had befriended. "I did not even need the umbrella as a reminder," he said, in the pleasant way that won young hearts, and while Clare drew gladly nearer he comprehended at once the mother's hesitancy, reading much of her story in her troubled face. "Come with me and tell me something more about my 'babe of the wood,' or rather of the square." The door of his sanctum opened for them, and when Mrs. Tierney emerged therefrom the burden had surely fallen from the tired heart, learning now the meaning of the sweet command: "Rest on Me; I am the Vine."

So little Clare came speedily and easily to the heritage bequeathed of the Catholic father, and soon to be shared by the patient, loving mother.

Not alone their spiritual welfare, but temporal as well, became His Grace's care, for, visiting soon afterward the New England city of Mrs. Tierney's birth, he told her story to a brother prelate, who had, through some business transaction made the acquaintance of her father, now counted among the city's wealthiest men.

Ruth Tierney never quite understood how the kind conspirators overcame the old man's bitterness. Perhaps the *widow* of the Irish Catholic was not

so objectionable as the *wife*; perhaps being the protegee of a great and learned Archbishop carried with it a certain distinction irrespective of Creed. However that might be, the wanderer was welcomed to her childhood's home and the arms of the feeble mother, which had long ached to enfold her, while the old father's heart soon surrendered to the artless charm of Hugh Tierney's child.

Were it not for the memory of that grave in far-away Denver, which her father had consented she should visit in the near future, Ruth's daily ways would indeed be ways of pleasantness as of peace, but she had learned in meekness of heart the lessons of her new Faith, and understood now that always there must be the shadow of the Cross in heart or home, else were both set afar from Nazareth and Calvary.

For Clare, there were long years of convent tutelage—the higher education in its highest form—coveted for her by her mother in the hopeless past, and most satisfactory were the sisters' report of her progress.

On one little point, hardly doctrinal, however, she declared her intention of retaining first impressions.

"Of course, His Grace, as a title, means most gracious," she would say, and then in support of her pet theory: "Have I not known 'His Gracious Grace?'"

MARGARET M. HALVEY.

INSECTS FASTER THAN BIRDS.

A common house fly is not very rapid in its flight, but its wings make 800 beats a second and send it through the air twenty-five feet, under ordinary circumstances, in that space of time.

When the insect is alarmed, however, it has been found that it increases its rate of speed to over 150 feet per second. If it could continue such rapid flight for a mile in a straight line it would cover that distance in about thirty-five seconds.

It is not an uncommon thing when traveling by rail in the summer time to see a bee or wasp keeping up with the train and trying to get in at one of the windows. A swallow is considered one of the swiftest flying birds, and it was thought until a short time ago that no insect could escape it.

A naturalist tells of an exciting chase he saw between a swallow and a dragon fly, which is among the swiftest of insects.

The insect flew with incredible speed and wheeled and dodged with such ease that the swallow, despite its utmost efforts, completely failed to overtake and capture it.

NATIONAL GREETINGS.

"How can you?" That's Swedish.

"How do you are?" That's Dutch.

"How do you stand?" That's Italian.

"Go with God, senor." That's Spanish.

"How do you live on?" That's Russian.

"How do you perspire?" That's Egyptian.

"How do you have yourself?" That's Polish.

"Thank God, how are you?" That's Arabian.

"May thy shadow never grow less." That's Persian.

"How do you carry yourself?" That's French.

"How do you do?" That's English and American.

"Be under the guard of God." That's Ottoman.

"How is your stomach? Have you eaten your rice?" That's Chinese.

Copy of a notice on the beach at a fashionable French watering place: "In the case of ladies in danger of drowning, they should be seized by the clothing, and not by the hair, which generally comes off."

ST. JOHN OF NEPOMUCK, A. D. 1383.

Patron Saint of Silence and against slander, who, for refusing to reveal the confession of the Empress-Queen of Bohemia, was tortured by her husband Wenceslaus IV, and finally flung from the bridge of Prague into the Moldau in March, 1383. His body sank, but a supernatural light, five stars in shape of a crown, revealed its whereabouts to the people who raised and bore it in procession to the church of the Holy Cross, while Wenceslaus fled distracted to his fortress of Carlstein. The silver sarcophagus of the Saint now rests in the great Cathedral of St. Veits, where are interred seven kings and emperors.

The Saint of the Seal of Silence, his star-crowned statu's stand
By bridge and tower and rustic bower, thro' all Bohemia's land;
With hand upraised in benison, he guardeth Moldau's tide
WHILE FINGER TIP ON REVERENT LIP, A SERAPH BENDS BESIDE.
Whence is his name?—the silent one, and why that starry crown?
And too, wherefore, with Emperor and warrior of renown
Is set his silvern shrine to-day?—where riseth grey and vague
Those gothic heights of great St. Veits, the boast of storied Prague
Ah! never sceptred emperor nor sworded warrior won
A braver fight than his for right—Bohemia's martyred son.

Cowering they stand, the dastard band, who work a tyrant's will.
Gory, begrimed, a tottering form they drive or lead between—
Ah, silent Saint! not words can paint thy pure life's closing scene.
With cruel thongs the tortured limbs again are roughly bound.
WHILE FINGER TIPS ON REVERENT LIPS, GOD'S ANGELS CLUSTER ROUND!
Poised helpless on the parapet—"Now Priest wilt thou reveal?"
Oh, glorious fate! Inviolable, for aye the mystic seal!
Silent as when in torture hall the rack and lash were plied,
So, silent yet, from parapet, swift hurtling to the tide.
The murderers flee and but the gaze of seraphim looks down



A simple priest of Prague was he, but oft before him bent
With humblest mien, Bohemia's queen—a lowly penitent.
Upon her brow from tenderest years shone regal diadem,
Tis history yet, how thickly set with thorn beneath the gem;
And this the secret, Wenceslaus, her evil spouse would wrest.
If pang and pain and spirit strain, his gentle queen confessed.
So, Canon John, her confessor, he bade his minions bring—
The man must bow obedient now as subject to his king.
Meekly he came, 'Twas treading still in paths his Master trod,
"To Caesar yet is Caesar's debt, for GOD the dues of GOD!"
His fealty Wenceslaus was thine, his arm would fend thy throne;
But, break the seal! betray, reveal thought? meant for GOD alone!
Nay! welcome rack and galling chain! 'twere bliss for this to die!
WITH FINGER TIP ON REVERENT LIP HIS ANGEL HOVERED NIGH!
In vain the rack, in vain the lash, tho' royal eyes looked on—
"Dost still defy? Then traitor die!" The king's behest was done!
On citadel and tower and fort falls starlight chill and clear,
Thro' pine and larch the winds of March wait o'er the hill tops near;
As by the stately bridge of Prague that spans the Moldau still,

On Moldau's stream, where sudden gleam in form of royal crown,
Five gleaming stars that fade not when, above the troubled river
Breaks troubled day. The starbeams stay to gleam and glance and quiver,
Till Moldau yields the honored dead to fill an honored tomb—
How calm he sleeps, while wildly weeps an Empress for his doom!
And wildly calls an Emperor-King—"Away, to horse, to horse,"—
Nay, never steed of rarest breed, outdistanced grim remorse!
From lordly Prague to Carlstein may king and courtiers speed,
Vain is their quest of earthly rest for him who willed the deed;
Ever that voice is in his ear—on foreign—native sod
"To Caesar yet is Caesar's debt, for GOD the dues of God!"
Brave Canon John of Nepomuck, star crowned his statues stand
By bridge and tower and rustic bower thro' all Bohemia's land:
Saint of the Seal of Silence! how oft hath stricken heart
To thee appealed—that thou wouldst shield and parry slander's dart
When fierce its sting as Wencel's lash, then silent one extend
Aid of thy prayer, that we may bear in patience to the end!
That we may see with spirit gaze, thro' suffering grown more clear,
STILL FINGER TIP ON SEALED LIP, OUR GUARDIAN ANGELS NEAR.

MARGARET M. HALVEY.

A MISSIONARY AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

BY FATHER AUGUSTIN ARAND, S. V. D., MISSIONARY
IN WEST AFRICA.



HE trials and dangers which the great Apostle St. Paul had to undergo on his extended missionary travels and in his missionary work were exceedingly numerous. He himself speaks of hardships, prisons, excessive abuse, frequent perils of death, of shipwrecks, dangers on rivers, dangers from highwaymen, dangers

from false companions, from his own people and the heathen, perils in the desert, or misery, frequent sleeplessness, of hunger and thirst, of frequent fasting, of exposure to cold and heat, and besides all these external troubles, of the daily pressure in the care of all parishes.

The life which the missionaries of our own time lead amongst the heathen is also not devoid of hardships and perils, and more than one of our missionaries can tell of ill-treatment, prisons, of dangers from highwaymen, dangers from the heathens, of hunger and thirst—and all of these are hardships of the daily pressure of work in looking after their parishes—and one of them can say with St. Paul, that he has been at the bottom of the ocean. He describes his remarkable experience and his thrilling rescue in a letter to his brother, as follows:

“ADJIDO, June 23, 1896.

“Dear Brother Gregory:—

“This morning I mailed a postal card to you with

the information that upon the advice of the doctor I was about to start on a sea trip. I wrote that card at half-past eight in the morning, fifteen minutes later I came very near entering upon that journey from which there is no return.

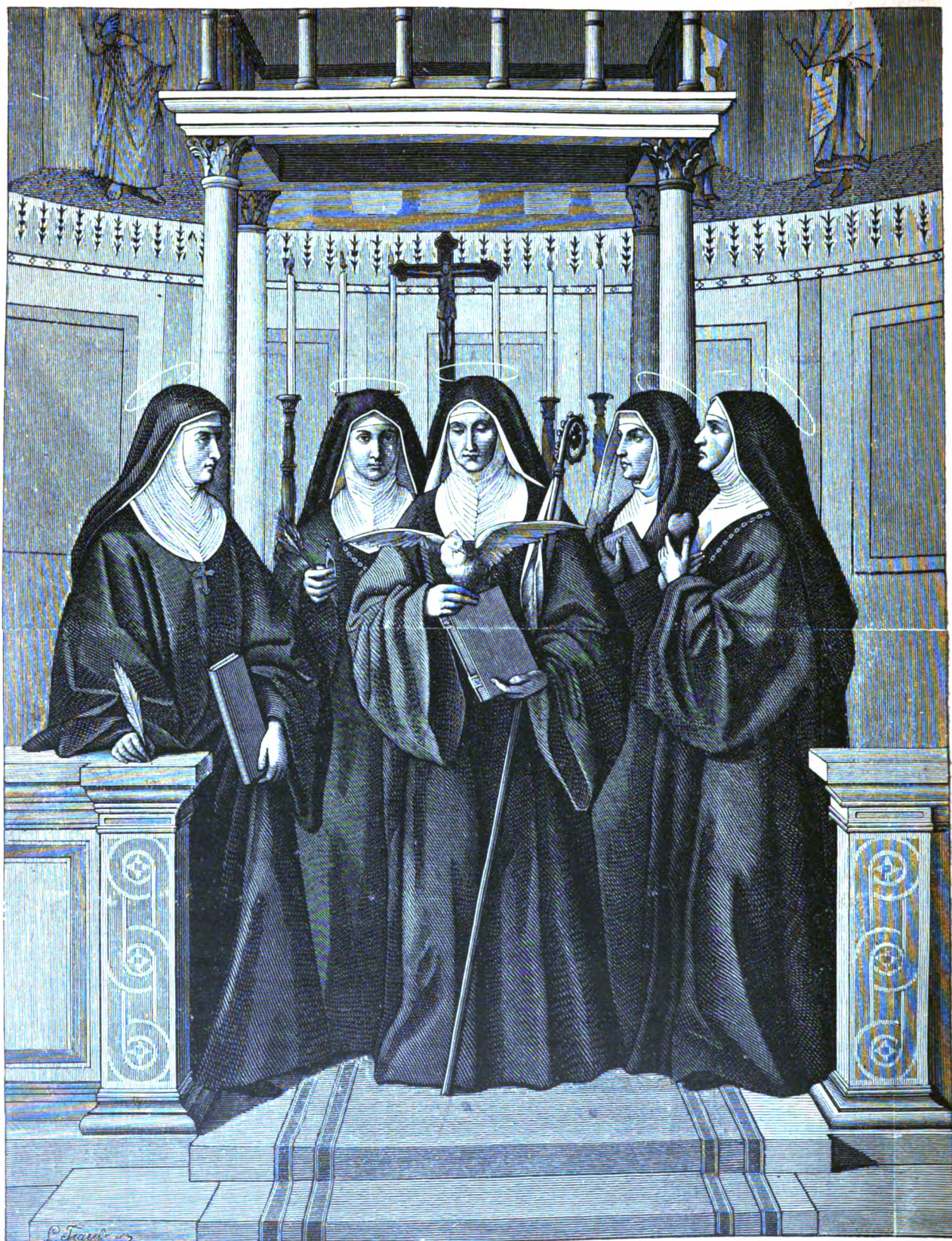
“You know that the 23d of June being the day on which our dear father died is a memorable day for us; today it came very near to being the day of my death, too, only that the dear Lord, through the intercession granted me, renewed life.

“On account of the fevers which attacked me after my arrival here my health has been very poor for the last few weeks; besides that I have an organic disease which has exhausted my strength completely. I could hardly stand on my feet and had to hold on to the altar when celebrating mass. After everything to better the condition of my health had been tried, but without success, our Superior, Father Dier, insisted on my taking a trip on the Hamburg steamer which was then expected. The doctor strongly recommended this trip and said it would be of considerable benefit to me. Three weeks would be sufficient. I had my scruples, but I set them aside when I found it was the Superior's express wish that I should go.

“He also saw to it that I was provided with everything necessary for the celebrating of mass on board ship.

“After I had got everything together which I thought I should need on board ship—Brother Jacobus assisted me greatly; he had made great progress in acquiring the language of the country and has been of excellent service to the missionaries—I departed after holy mass, about 8 o'clock, and crossed the lake to Little-Papo. Father Dier and several of his colored boys accompanied me, among them Remiguis, Leo and Matthew.

“It had been arranged that one of the postoffice officials would accompany me to the steamer. This gentleman had only been a few weeks here, but even as early as the second day after his arrival he made the remark to me, ‘I would much rather go home on this same steamer.’ When I went to call for him they told me that he had already gone. After mailing a few letters and parcels I went to work to find a boat to take me over to the steamer. The agents of the firm of Victor lent me theirs, and also let me have their Kru boys. These are fellows from the Kru-coast and are employed around here as rowers of great skill. While the boat was being carried to the water a great crowd of people were gathering, because the passage of a boat with passengers through the surf is always considered an interesting sight. On such an occasion man is at war with the elements, which



SAINT SCHOLASTICA AND COMPANIONS.

threaten him with destruction, and he has to use his whole power and dexterity to conquer them. As soon as the boat touched the water, we hurried into it, myself and a little altar boy, who accompanied me.

"One more 'farewell' on my part and a 'happy journey' from my friends and the boat met the first wave. With powerful arms the rowers push the boat forward on to the snow-white crest of the next wave, jump themselves into it and immediately commence their accustomed work, with their yard-long oars. (They are staff-like and are formed at the ends like the foot of a goose). The steersman, a powerful, fearless body, stands in the stern on a small plank. I am seated directly in front of him, on my left is the boy, and my baggage in front of me. There are five black-skinned rowers on each side of the boat, which is about 20 feet long and 6 feet wide.

"For the better understanding of the following, I must mention that there is no proper harbor or inlet here in Papo. The steamers are obliged to anchor at a considerable distance from the land and communication between land and the steamer is carried on by small boats. If the sea were as calm as a river there would be no fear of danger, but just at this part of the African coast, it is particularly boisterous, especially during the summer months and even when it is not stirred by a storm. The water runs always toward the land as if it wanted to devour it. When the waves are far out on the horizon, they are low and very long and not at all dangerous to any vessel, but the nearer they approach the land, the narrower, higher and more rapid they become, until at a short distance from the beach itself, they topple over with a loud noise and dissolve into white foam, only to make room for another perhaps higher one. I have counted that on an average of three times every minute the crest of a wave appears, or as they say here, a breaker is formed. These breakers do not always occur at the same place, but are continually changing, according to whether it is high tide or low tide and according to what are the conditions. The rowers, therefore, and above all, the negro at the helm, must use all their skill to steer the boat clear of the place where these breakers form and he must take into careful consideration all circumstances which I have mentioned above. He must also know the capability of his people and be familiar with the tricks of the seas.

"You will understand that under the circumstances one does not like to trust oneself to everybody, and not everybody can act as helmsman. A negro to whom a boat with a European passenger has been entrusted, thinks a great deal of himself, about as much as an engineer might think of himself, who is in charge of a limited express. When I reached the shore my first question was whether the sea was calm or in a dangerous mood. Of course,

they answered that the sea was perfectly calm, and to prove their assertion, they said that the other passengers had already crossed without meeting with any mishap. After I had entered the boat and we had started, I began to think differently; the waves that came towards us did not seem quite so harmless. But I had to make the trip. Several large waves had broken before they reached us and others had been avoided by the careful manipulations of the steersman and the united strength of the rowers. We were about half way; I had not noticed that the boat was already half filled with water, my eyes were fixed upon the nearest breaker and the nearest approaching wave. Only that one more, which is just approaching in the distance, and we are out of danger.

"The steersman recognizes better than I do the critical position in which the boat is at this moment. His orders are short and sharp and the rowers obey him to the letter. Now they row, now they stop, now they back a little, now they pass the boat forward, as fast as possible. All for the purpose of getting beyond the place where the wave is going to break. The wave comes nearer and nearer: thirteen pairs of eyes were fixedly directed toward it. Oh, it is tremendous; if we can only get over it! is my one idea. Here it comes, more than 1000 feet long. Like a giant serpent it wriggles towards our boat. 'Kaba, Kaba' (Quick, Quick), let us get over it, is the command; push on, quick, quick! Twenty-two arms work to fight death itself. The helmsman shouts, shrilly sounds the whistle he has hanging around his neck; like a danger signal it sounds. 'Kaba, Kaba,' he calls once more, when only a few feet from the point of danger. Kaba! It is too late, we have made a miscalculation; everybody saves himself as best he can! Everybody jumps out of the boat. Only one remained with me: in the excitement and terrible strain, I had jumped up from my seat, holding on to it with my left hand. The wave towers high above us, oh, so high! and with a thunderous noise, the gigantic wave breaks over the boat as over a nutshell. I am at the portal of death—we are far out on the ocean; the boat is full of water and I am entirely alone, the boy was no longer at my side. The last negro indicates to me by movements that we are lost and jumps out and the next moment another wave strikes the boat and capsizes it. I don't know how—a second later I find myself at the bottom of the sea, the boat on top of me presses my left shoulder and my head into the sand at the bottom.

"I had prepared myself for death before going to sea. With a presentiment that something was going to happen to me I had left the mission chapel after recommending myself to the protection and intercession of St. Joseph. After the last prayer before the tabernacle I said to myself, 'Here you are kneeling before your Saviour in the Holy Eucharist you may perhaps soon see Him in His majesty in

Heaven,' and when I stepped from the shore into the boat I asked the Father Superior whether I had his absolution if anything happened to me, and he said 'Yes.' Here I was, then, under the boat, deserted by all, and submerged under a mountain of water. It was fortunate I did not get with my head under the edge of the boat, it would have killed me without doubt.

"A prey, then, to the wild elements without any chance of human assistance. I bethought myself of my holy patron St. Joseph, and said to myself: 'I have always honored him, he will surely help me.' And he did; the boat moved, I was free and the action of the incoming tide pushed me into shallower water, where then standing, my head just reached a little above the surface. I breathed deep and long to recover my strength. I saw several things floating near me, but no human being seemed to be in sight. This lasted only a moment. The next incoming wave threw me again violently on the ground, and I was again covered with water. Instinctively I tried to catch hold of something, but at first in vain; finally I did clutch at something. It was the leg of the negro who had taken me into the boat. I tried to hold on as fast as possible, but the man shook himself free to save his own life, and I was again left by myself. To swim in the ocean is very difficult, and I was enfeebled by sickness and besides fully dressed. Strange to say, I suddenly remembered something that I had read fourteen or fifteen years ago: 'If one should have the misfortune to fall into the water, one should not attempt to lift his hands out of the water, but should keep them submerged and try to make ascending movements.' As soon as I remembered I tried it. Whether it helped me any I cannot tell, I felt so powerless. Now and again I could keep my head above water, and again I was completely submerged, and of course I swallowed a great deal of the brine. Hope rose in me when I noticed that the water was carrying me slowly nearer the land, and I thought if I could maintain my strength and escape that only danger that was lurking round here, I might be saved. Five days before I met with this accident, toward evening a boat with five negroes was capsized and the steersman was eaten by sharks. The brother of the unfortunate man told it me himself at Adjido, and complained bitterly

that the white people had compelled them to send out the boat at that hour, when they knew that the danger from sharks was the greatest. The negroes who had manned my boat knew of the misfortune of their companions and I could not blame them for leaving me to my fate, though they could have carried me ashore, as they were all strong men and experienced.

"Finding myself in this desperate condition I made an additional promise to St. Joseph if he would save me.

* * * * *

"I now noticed that the shore was quite near, and I became again hopeful. All at once I came to a point where I lost the ground from under my feet, nor did I seem to be able to rise. My hope of being saved died within me. I made the acts of the dying, recommended my soul to the mercies of my dear Lord, and resigned myself to my fate. Death awoke no fear in my heart.

"Once more I worked myself up to the surface and saw people not more than twenty-five or thirty feet ahead of me. As loud as I could I called for help, but they did not hear, the noise of the surf was too great. At last they saw my head, but my strength is giving way, I am perfectly exhausted and breathe but weakly. Suddenly the hand of one of the negroes seized me. I am saved! Thanks to St. Joseph!

"In a quarter of an hour I find myself in bed. They called Victorino, the colored hospital attendant because the doctor happened to be absent, but there was nothing to be done for the moment but to let me rest. I was dead tired out, but had no fever. The place where the boat had caught me pained me much, and I had pains in my lungs when breathing, but Dr. Wicke, who had been called by telephone, ordered nothing but complete rest.

"They told me later that the negro boys in the mission cried bitterly when they saw my condition and cried out in despair, 'Father Arand will die!' None of the people who had seen the accident believed that I could be saved, and were prepared to see me brought ashore dead. The Father Superior said to me: 'Since I have been in Africa I had not had a more joyful moment than when you opened your eyes and spoke to me again after being saved.'"





EXPERIENCES OF OUR MISSIONARIES IN NEW GUINEA.

BY FATHER VORMANN, S. V. D.

NEW GUINEA is the largest island in the world. It lies between America, Asia, and Australia. It should rank as the fourth continent, according to the desire of noted geographers. If we consider its position with respect to that of modern times so important and influential power of navigation, it would not be difficult to connect its beautiful harbors with the principal centers of commerce. After the completion of the (Panama) Nicaragua Channel, commerce between North America and Eastern Asia would naturally take its route over New Guinea; especially the German Colony. If the fine Frederick William's Harbor were as rich in articles of trade as in safe anchorage for ships. The German district of New Guinea—called Emperor William's Land—is but sparsely settled. On its promotion labor one trading company, called New Guinea Company, and three mission societies. They formed twelve settlements along the northern coast, which is 700 miles long.

Of the three societies which are laboring for the conversion of the inhabitants of Emperor William's Land, numbering 110,000, one is Catholic, two are Protestant. The Protestant New Dettel-

sauer mission, from Bavaria, the first in this country, is laboring in the southeast. In Langemak Bay, near Finsch Harbor, is their principal station.

The Rhine Evangelical Society, from Barmen, has been stationed there since 1887. It has three stations in Astrolabe Bay, where the New Guinea Company has its principal plantation. Nothing is known about the success of said Protestant societies.

The Catholic mission, about which the following lines report, is the latest. The first six Catholic missionaries, from the Society of the Divine Word, arrived in New Guinea August 13, 1896. Their field of activity is in the north of Emperor William's Land, and is the latest of the five missions of said society. On Tumleo Island, near Berlin Harbor, is the principal station and residence of the Apostolic Prefect. This, too, is the first landing of the Imperial Post steamer that arrives every two months in Emperor William's Land.

The following statistics give a clear view of the present condition of the mission:

1. Stations, three: St. Joseph, in Tumleo; Regina Angelorum, in Walman, Berlin Harbor; Sacred Heart, in Potsdam Harbor, Berlin Harbor.

2. Chapels: Two public, two private.
3. Schools: Three, attended by 100 children, girls and boys.
4. Missionaries: Twenty; priests, 7; brothers, 9; sisters, 4.
5. Catholics: 150; 125 in Tumleo, 25 in Walman.
6. Colored laborers in tenements, to tend to the work in the houses, on the plantations and at sea.
7. Pagans: 1,200; in Tumleo, 160; in Walman, 500; in Potsdam Harbor, 540.

Remark.—The station in Potsdam Harbor was founded November 6; 1899.

The number is yet small. Still, by considering that we began our good work September, 1896, in a poor hut on the Tumleo Island, not far from the sea coast, our pious labor is worthy of a hearty "Deo gratias!" In the following manner we proceed with our good work. After finding a suitable place for labor, we send them a priest with two brothers and several colored laborers. They rent a house from the natives or seek shelter somewhere else until they can erect a house for themselves near the populated district. In the meantime they try to gain the confidence of the natives, who are generally suspicious, but seldom hostile. They try to induce the natives to help them by supplying building material and provisions, giving them in return paints, beads, fishhooks and all kinds of iron. Most of all it is their duty to learn the language of the natives, which is the key to their different customs. Founding a new mission in this country means also to learn a new language. These languages, of which there are so many, are as different from one another as the German from the French. The learning of these different languages is always connected with difficulties, for they cannot be learned from books, but only by asking the natives. Right in the beginning we direct our attention to the children, for they easily comprehend and remember the doctrines of Christianity and in time form the foundation of Catholic congregations. We try to gain their love by special kindness, and rewarding them for little favors.

After the necessary buildings are completed and the missionaries are able to speak the language, the priest opens the school, at first only for boys. By doing so he places a heavy burden on his shoulders that requires much patience, and many a fervent prayer is said by the pious priest to God and the Guardian Angels of his children.

He tries to make the children come to school every day, and teaches them the New Doctrine. At a certain hour he walks every morning to the different villages, calling the children for instruction. In the beginning they all like to come to satisfy their curiosity. After a short time, however, they prefer to go fishing, hunting small birds and lizards, or playing with bow and arrow. All his entreaties are in vain. He must teach when only four or five

scholars are present. After several weeks the missionary gets bolder, for now large and small know well enough that the children should attend school daily. Earnestly he gives the parents and their little ones to understand that if they wish to remain friends, the children should come to school regularly. This helps for some time. Soon the children miss again like before. The patience of the good missionary is now at an end. He gives them a good scolding, as only this makes an impression on the Kanakas, and the worst of the pupils receive a punishment. This causes him inconveniences with the parents, who often threaten him with bow and arrow. The missionary, however, is not afraid. He knows that he will succeed, and generally after a year is over the victory is his. It is sufficient if he rings the bell, or sends some children in the village to call the rest. The girls now ask for permission to attend school. Some mothers even bring their little ones, who are hardly able to walk. To keep the children attentive is very difficult for the teacher. He must resort to all kinds of means, such as stamping on the floor, striking on the bench or blackboard with a stick, etc. Later on, when they come to school regularly, the stick is the best help. After the children are quiet and attentive they progress rapidly in the elementary studies. In the beginning the time for teaching may not exceed one and one-half hours, for the children are not able to be any longer attentive.

As we find them running around not decently clothed, our first duty, when they enter school, is to give them enough clothing to at least cover their bodies. This they soon become accustomed to. It is a pleasure to see the good influence our school exercises upon our children. It implants in their hearts openness, artlessness, modesty, obedience and cheerfulness, so that at the first glance one can notice the great difference between our pupils and the children not attending our school.

School is the plantation of Christianity. After a child has attended school regularly for four or five months, we baptize it. All virtues implanted in the heart of the child by going to school are perfected by the grace of baptism.

When the missionaries have a good school they intend to erect a public chapel. This is necessary to have the children on Sundays and Holy days attending divine service and to have a suitable place for the instruction of the grown up people. This chapel is built from rough material, only temporary, until the Catholics, increasing in number, are able to build a larger church. This being completed, the grown up people are invited several times a week to attend divine service and instruction. These instructions require patience on both sides. The missionary tries his best to prepare them for baptism. First he instructs all of them; afterward the young men and women separately, and then the most talented; often finding his solicitude unsuc-

cessful. In spite of this, he continues his instructions to prepare them at least for the hour of death. The Kanakas, too, practice patience by following faithfully the call of the missionary to attend instruction, without comprehending his motive.

While the priest is instructing, the brothers who are with him are employed in the shops, plantations and gardens. Whatever is accomplished here by diligence, art and tools from Europe attracts the admiration of the natives. Here we do not leave it. We try to make them work, too, so they may learn to know the strange plants and how to use the tools. In this way we hope to labor at the promotion of the Kanakas intrusted to our care. By faithfully continuing our pious work in the above described manner, the missionaries by and by may gain the confidence of their flock. They get a clear view of the spiritual and private life, the situation and disposition of every single person. Thus they are enabled to settle disputes, prevent what so often happens, infanticide, bigamy—in short, to help everywhere.

However, of what use is it if Paul plants and Apollo waters and God does not give His blessing? Therefore it is the continual duty of the missionary by fervent prayers and many sacrifices to obtain the blessing of God for his flock.

Dear reader, you, too, are kindly asked to pray sometimes for your pagan sisters and brothers. By doing so, you assist not only the missionaries in their good work, but you pay a small part of the gratitude you owe God, the Holy Ghost, from whom through the merits of Jesus Christ you obtained the grace to be a child of the Catholic Church.

BY FATHER SCHLEIENMACHER, S. V. D.

We celebrated the holy feast of Christmas here very solemnly. A little manger and a large transparent had been erected in the chapel, and at the house we also had a big Christmas tree. Brother Xaverius had prepared a lot of pastry, and each of our mission boys received a cake. Our house soon proved too small; even from the neighboring village the women brought their children to see that wonderful thing, "the lighted tree." It was necessary to offer our people something special at this time so as to secure a hold upon them, for the devil had played us recently a bad trick. This is what happened. We have come lately more and more to the conclusion that religious superstition is rooted very deeply in these inhabitants and is prized by them more highly than we ever dreamed of. Of course it was of great importance to combat this evil. We were favored in our efforts by the fact that young men and women often asked for permission to visit our school and to be baptized. For three months they came daily, taking part in the instructions, and their behavior was on the whole satisfactory. After that time the question arose whether we ought to baptize them in the hope that

we could free them from their many superstitions, or whether it would be wiser to send them back to their homes. But this would have been a hard measure, the more so as this regular attendance at school could not but be considered as a hopeful sign with these wild forest tribes. We were necessarily obliged to condemn in as tactful a way as possible their idolatry and to demand of them the acceptance of our principles. This circumstance seemed to offer no great obstacles, as they soon learned that the Christian religion offered them many great advantages, which they easily recognized. They appreciate particularly that the Catholic Church puts all people on the same level, and lets, in strong contrast to heathen custom, all people share alike in their religious services and benefits.

The old men got more and more restive over this conversion to Christianity of the young people. They ceased the extinction of their idols and the adoration of the same. If they had grumbled before, when they were asked to let the children go to school and to church, their anger was now increased so much that it only needed an opportunity to make it break out in open actions of revenge. They found a favorable opportunity when one of our boys took a cocoanut from a tree which had been dedicated to one of their idols, "Tjamul." This tree had been in our possession for two years, and stood only a little distance from our house. We had always thought it strange that the children when they asked permission to gather nuts never took any from this tree, though it bore the finest fruit, but we never thought much about it.

It was on the 13th of December. Brother Xaverius had gone to Tamara—when the little ones asked me for nuts. One of the little fellows offered to climb the trees to get them. "George," I said to him, "take the nuts from this tree to-day." "Father Christian," he replied, "this tree belongs to God Tjamul. It is all the same to us," he continued; "to us its nuts will taste the same as any other, but the Walmen"—which is the name of this tribe—"will see us and be angry with us." I insisted upon his doing as I had said. It cost him a hard struggle, but he finally did as he was told. "May God reward him for it." But the Walmen had seen him and silently nursed their wrath. The time for revenge was soon to come. During the afternoon Brother Xaverius returned, and with him Father Klaffl, for the purpose of saying good-bye to me. He is now at the new station in Potsdam Harbor.

The next morning, soon after Mass, I opened school. Father Klaffl was still at the altar when one of the bigger boys, who had lately frequently asked and obtained permission to absent himself, asked on this Friday again for leave of absence under the pretence that he wanted to go into the bush. "Jacobus," I said, "this is the last time, and be sure to come back to-morrow; remember, the

day after is Sunday." But he did not return and missed Mass; possibly this frightened him, for he kept away from school for several days longer. On the above mentioned morning I said to his sister:

The third man remained to protect me from any danger, as he said, and which I myself strongly suspected was near. I reproached the boy for his indifference and told him to go home and that I



THE CONQUEROR

"Go and tell Alak (Jacobus) to come to school at once."

He came, but with him were his father and two other relatives, armed with bows and arrows. I told them to go home and put away their arms. Two left, but hid behind a native hut close by.

would no longer keep him in school. The lesson proceeded as usual, when the children suddenly cried: "Father Christian, Tjanl is shooting at you!" Looking, I saw that he had just put the bow half through the window and was pointing it at me, when the man who had remained in the room

jumped to the window and put himself between the bow and me. Tjanl held the bow drawn. I ran to the window, but my protector held me back and said: "Keep still, Father Christian; as long as I am here he will not shoot at you."

Tjanl got furious when he heard this and shouted to his friend: "Go away or I will shoot you." Of course we could have easily overpowered the poor fellow, but his other companion stood by him. In the meantime Father Klaffl and Brother Xaverius, who had heard the uproar, came running to help us. When the men saw this they retired and we were safe. But the excitement, particularly among the children, was immense. We all went back to the house to have breakfast and to consider what was best to be done under the circumstances. To let such an attack go unpunished would soon make it impossible for us to maintain the station. We therefore decided to bring the two miscreants from the village and to punish them according to justice, but we soon found out we were mistaken. Formerly we had in similar cases allowed enough time for the anger of the people to pass off; they used to settle the matter among themselves, and we soon had the miscreant before us and could easily mete out the necessary punishment. This time we thought that we could settle the matter in a quicker way and went direct to the village. An unfavorable circumstance arose for us from the fact that the people nearest to our house, who had always been good to us and had never allowed any opposition, were to the last man away in the forest. Off we started then to the village, but alas! there was not the usual anxiety and terror after such an occurrence, but the people were with all their might performing the war dance. Only two had started it at first, but they soon attracted with their fiendish yelling seven others. We were not prepared for such a turn of affairs and called to them to remain quiet, the matter would be settled amicably. For reply an arrow came through the air and struck the ground at my feet. Our two black workmen from the Bismarck Archipelago were armed, and were in their race hatred only too anxious to return the shot. Thanks be to God, who prevented that any one of our flock was hurt, and now there began a regular fusillade on the part of our opponents, so that we told one of our workmen to fire a gunshot into the air. This had always had the desired

effect, but this time it was different. It seemed to increase the fury of the natives. We had to take the guns away from the workmen to prevent bloodshed. It would have been a horrible deed to send one of these poor souls in such a condition before the judgment seat of God. But it was high time to withdraw to our house. A rain of arrows followed us, and though none struck us, they all pierced the heart of the poor missionaries. For protection we had put on our heavy winter coats, and held them spread out, but an arrow penetrated mine and caused a slight flesh wound. In the meantime the ringleader thought better of it and commenced to feel sorry over the whole affair. He had set the ball rolling, and found that now it was hard for him to stop it. He shouted as loud as he could: "Ago, san am!" Stop! Peace!

And now the friendly part of our neighbors came running from the bush, where the children had run to fetch them. And there were soon regrets all around; it would not have happened if they had not gone into the bush, and so forth. But they are all Kanakas and cannot be quite trusted. Lying and deceit is second nature to them. Humanly speaking, the occurrence had damaged the mission considerably. But man proposes and God disposes. In the meantime God himself undertook the punishment. The uproar was followed by a heedless fear, which was increased because Father Klaffl had to leave for Tamara early the following morning. They thought he had gone for reinforcements, and fled hastily into the forest, where they remained for two days and two nights. While there heaven sent them a heavy tropical rain, during which they had to camp without shelter on the soaking ground. In the evening of the second day we sent word to them to come home again, or they would all be sick. Most of them returned during that night. The school did not suffer by the affair. The children came as usual and service on Sunday was also well attended. But the two original fighters were excluded from everything for two months.

May it please the Lord that peace will not be interrupted again and that such an incident may never again happen. They are wild folks, and their conversion an extremely difficult task for the missionary. But there is no victory without a fight, at least not in a heathen country.



ADVENTURE IN THE ABYSSINIAN DESERT.

FROM THE LETTER OF A MISSIONARY.

In the year 1871 we settled in Sagameiti. On the 23d of January I went into the desert to rest and pray for a time. After walking nearly an hour I reached a shady place and sat down to rest a little. I sat down at the foot of an immense tree and began to pray my Breviary. In a short time I fell asleep. When I awoke what was my horror to find that it was night and pitch dark. A dense fog covered the earth, so that I could discern nothing around me. Remaining over night meant to expose myself to being torn by wild animals. At once I started to reach our dwelling, unconscious of the dangers I might meet. In spite of all care I badly cut up and bruised my hands and knees in climbing over the rocks, or bumping my head against the trees. I often fell or rolled in the ditches along the path which I had taken. Still, hoping to arrive home safely, I continued on my way. Sometimes I paused to listen if I could hear anything which would be a clue or guide to me. Silence reigned on every side. Anxious to learn how far I was from the village I shouted three times, loudly, for help, as is a custom of the Abyssinians. The only answer I received was the echo of my own voice.

Probably I had taken the wrong direction. Instead of going homeward I was wandering deeper and deeper in the desert, which separates the Abyssinian Plateau from the Red Sea. So during most of the night and the following day I wandered

around, nearly fainting from hunger, thirst and exhaustion.

Toward evening I discovered the ruins of two shepherd huts. I decided to rest in one of them over night. This hut was about two meters long and one and a half meters high. A thorn hedge was around the hut, which was undoubtedly meant to

protect the flocks within from wild animals. This hedge was broken in some places, and it was but a few moments' work to repair it. As I was just closing the entrance a powerful leopard dashed forward, placing himself between the hut and myself. The angry beast screamed with rage and set his body preparatory for a spring. His eyes glared wildly with fury. What should I do? Try to run from him? He could reach me with one bound. Even if I should escape the cruel fangs of the leopard where should I go in the darkness of the night?

I made the holy sign of the cross, and keeping my eyes firmly fixed upon the enemy entered the hut. Placing a thorn bush before the entrance, I gathered some straw upon which to rest.

After a short prayer I fell asleep. About 3 o'clock in the morning I awoke, hearing a rattling among the dry cactus plants which surrounded the hut. It was a deadly poisonous serpent. In a few moments it was upon the highest posts of the hut. I thought it best to remain quietly in my place, watching the movements of my dangerous opponent. I was armed only with



a good strong stick. Suddenly it dashed toward me. I turned aside and with a loud rattle it fell upon the floor. I struck blindly in the darkness. It quickly slipped past my feet and again threatened me. In the sitting position I could not reach the serpent with my stick, and in standing I ran the risk of being stung with its poisonous tongue. To change my position would be useless, as the danger remained unchanged. To leave the hut was but to expose myself again to the blood thirsty leopard. At this time the serpent coiled itself and seemed to be measuring the distance. Once more it dashed toward me, but did not hit me. Trembling with terror I struck in all directions without hitting it. With one bound it jumped over me, taking its former place to dash again upon me. My position was a very critical one for about a half hour. At last, tired of fighting in the dark with an unseen foe, which might at any moment overcome me, I resolved to beat it to death.

When the serpent was again on the floor I struck it as fast and hard as I was able. Thanks be to God, the serpent took flight and I was victorious.

At daybreak I left the hut and tried to quench my thirst with the dew that had collected upon the plants. This, however, was not sufficient for my burning tongue. Then I climbed a high mountain. It was midday when I reached its summit. I looked in all directions, but could not discover my whereabouts. I looked in vain for water in the river-beds, as they were all dry. The intense heat of the tropics, together with the hunger, thirst and fatigue, overcame me, depriving me of all courage. Not far off

I found a deep ditch. Submitting to my fate I descended and laid down in the ditch. My only thought was that the ditch should be my grave. I intended to lay my head upon a rock, cover myself with some branches and await the moment of death. After lying irresolute for some time I remembered how wonderfully God had saved me from the leopard and serpent. Attributing my wonderful preservation to the powerful protection of my

mother, the Blessed Virgin, I was filled with new hope. With firm confidence in the help of our heavenly Mother, I arose. After a short prayer I looked around and soon found a drink of water upon a leaf of a mighty aloe. I would not have given these precious drops for the riches of the whole world. Thanking God for His merciful providence I went down the mountain to spend another night in a deserted hut. The next day I discovered at the top of a high hill a small spring, where I quenched my thirst and was filled with new life. As many herbs were growing around that could serve me as food I resolved to remain here, spending my time in prayer as long as God willed it.

At the moment I knelt down to say a fervent prayer I heard several voices singing a popular song in the distance. I shouted as loud as I could, calling for help. Everything being silent I feared that I had been deceived.

After a few moments I saw six men, inhabitants of Sagameiti, on their way home. I ran to meet them, and in their company and under the protection of Almighty God arrived safe in Sagameiti.





MARCUS CURTIUS,

A legendary Roman hero, about the middle of the fourth century B. C.

THE haruspices declared that an earthquake chasm in the forum could be filled only by casting into it that on which the greatness of Rome depended. While everyone was doubting as to the meaning of the declaration, Marcus presented himself, and proclaiming that Rome contained nothing more indispensable to her greatness than a valiant citizen fully accoutered for battle, he offered himself as a victim, and having arrayed himself in complete armor and mounted his war horse, he galloped into the abyss. Then the earth closed and the forum resumed its wonted aspect. The place of the chasm was ever after called Lacus Curtius.

ROMANCE AND SAUCEPAN.

A HUMOROUS TALE BY EULALIA SCHWANENBERG.

COULD anything more unfortunate have happened? In a few days our annual family reunion dinner was to take place with its enormous amount of work, and just now, only a few days before, I had to let my servant, Nina, go to nurse her sick father, whose only child she was. I did not know what to do; to put everything in order alone without a servant and do all the cooking besides, that was simply impossible. And only three days separated us from that great day. I went to see all my acquaintances and friends from A to Z to find advice or assistance somewhere if possible, or to get from them the loan of a maid for a few days. But none could help me, though they all promised to be on the lookout for me as much as possible.

And that was all that came of it. Two days had already passed and I lost all courage, when on the morning of the day itself, about 8 o'clock, there was a loud ring at the door. I opened it and found myself face to face with the most peculiar creature I had ever met in my life. Imagine a long, lanky, thin person, as straight as a beanpole, with a face disfigured by smallpox, eyes as large as saucers, on her head a hat with feathers of the most glaring hues, and the whole figure wrapped in a checkered dress. She made low bows over and over again, and finally asked whether she had the honor of addressing Mrs. Schwanenberg. Upon my telling her that she had and upon asking her what I could do for her, she bowed again and replied:

"You see, madam, I have heard that you are longing for a serviceable individual who would be willing to share with you the toilsome and difficult responsibility of this day, and I have come to offer you my willing hands and feet, which you may dispose of at your pleasure."

And all this under continuous bowing and scraping, with solemn gestures, a lugubrious countenance and in a high-pitched, shrill voice. I don't know what feeling came over me, listening to this harangue which seemed to fit more the mouth of an

actor in the "blood and thunder" dramatic line than that of a domestic servant, and my first thought was, "That creature is crazy."

I therefore asked her, in as kind a tone as I could assume, her name and how she had heard of my wants, and she answered in the same solemn and pathetic tones: "Your friend, Mrs. Van Hoppeditz, has imparted to me the knowledge of your desires and shown me the way. As for my own name it is Zephyra De Swan." She continued that she was prepared to subordinate her talents to our service, flattering herself that she would be able to give

full justice to the wishes of this distinguished family, assured me that she would accompany me and my husband like a zephyr upon our thorny path of life, and was willing to give up her life and devote the last breath of her dying swan song in the defense of our life and honor. As to wages she was not particular, being happy to have occasion to offer her willing and helping hands to such an amiable lady, etc., etc.

Not without misgiving, but forced by circumstances, I engaged her services. With slow and measured steps, like a drum-major in front of a regiment, she led the way to the kitchen, put down her sun-shade, hat and wrap and commenced immediately to put things straight here

and there. I looked on and noticed with satisfaction that she worked well and handled everything skillfully. More comforted by her actions, and after giving her some further directions in regard to the dinner, I left the kitchen to make further preparations for the feast. In the turmoil of the day I had not thought of Zephyra for quite a while, but now becoming curious to know how she behaved in her new position, I went to the rear of the house and looked through a little window into the kitchen. Zephyra sat on the kitchen table. She wore a large apron, held a knife in one hand, a potato in the other, a pail of water stood in front of her, and by her side she had a basket of unpeeled potatoes. On her lap was an open book, from which she read, half aloud: "* * * but Constantia felt that the end of her trouble was near; the dagger which was



to pierce her loving heart she saw glisten in the raised right hand of Reginald, the faithless one, whom she still loved so tenderly—"

"Zephyra," I called out.

Startled, she jumped up, let everything—knife, potatoes and book—fall to the floor and said, with the stately bow of a stage princess:

"Most honored madam, your most humble servant."

"But for heaven's sake what are you doing?"

"As you see, madam, I am occupied with depriving these coarse children of the soil of their simple garments and preparing them to serve us, purified by fire and water, as food."

"But don't you see that you have peeled more than we can eat up in a whole week?"

"That's true; I hope madam will forgive this little mishap. I will preserve them with the greatest care and I am sure that these innocent potatoes will not perish."

"Very well; never mind the potatoes. Go into the yard and kill two young capons, see? Some of those fat ones that are running round over there."

"Oh, the dear little birds! What an honor for them to be crushed by your milk-white, pearly teeth and serve you as nourishment! Yes, madam, every one of your wishes is a command and shall be obeyed. I will seize the instrument of sacrifice and offer up the lives of the innocent darlings upon the altar of the family feast."

With that she seized her book and a large bread knife and hurried out. A moment later I saw through the window how she tried with alluring tones to attract the little animals, and a sudden scream a moment later showed me that she had succeeded.

I went upstairs to busy myself in one of the rooms. After a while I looked out of the window, which commanded a view of the yard. There I saw Zephyra with the bloody knife in one hand, the other held the rooster by the wings, and before her on the window sill was the open book, from which she read in a half-loud tone: "* * * and

he buried the dagger in her youthful breast, drew the bloody steel from the terrible wound, swung it around his head and exclaimed: 'Thus is faithlessness punished!' while she sank upon the soft sward, her closing eyes—"

"Zephyra, for heaven's sake what is the matter?" I called out.

"Constantia! Oh, I beg your pardon, most honored madam," she replied, loosening at the same time her hold on the rooster. "Oh, it is such an interesting book, 'Constantia and Reginald; or, Murdered Innocence'—"

"But, woman, don't you see that the rooster is running away? It has got to be plucked yet and will never be ready in time."

The rooster, having no intention of playing the part of murdered innocence, had made use of the opportunity and was now running with flapping wings and crowing loudly round the yard.

Zephyra ran after it, holding the bloody knife high in the air, but she would not have caught it if it had not been for our dog, which came to her assistance. With a few bounds it caught the bird and killed it on the spot by biting off the head. Zephyra now got hold of the bird and commenced to pluck it. I looked on for a short while, but this time she left the book alone and plucked and plucked, while the feathers were

flying round her in clouds. While thus working vigorously, I heard her murmur to herself: "Fly, fly, you children of the air; float on the breath of zephyr like the feelings of Constantia on the breath of her love! Oh, Reginald, thou cruel murderer, why was thy own hand to drive the cold steel into this loving heart?" etc.

At last, when she had finished the plucking and had fixed the bird, she ran into the kitchen, lighted the fire, busied herself with pots and pans, cleaned the vegetables, in one word attacked the work so vigorously that everything seemed to get along as well as possible, and I returned, satisfied, to my own work of preparation. But this satisfaction was not to be of long duration. After about an hour had passed an intolerable odor of burned meat and



fat spread throughout the house. Like lightning I flew down the stairs and saw, O terror! Zephyra sitting on the table, book in hand, all the stove lids open and the flames rising high around and into the frying pan, the sauce running over, the cat at the cream which was to go with the strawberries; the dog just jumping through the window with the half-roasted bird; the table buried under an accumulation of pots and pans, vegetables, preserved fruits, spices, and so forth, while Zephyra, lost completely in her novel, recited in tragic tones: "Yes, the day had come—the last day of the miserable creature. It will be revenged, the innocent blood of the faithful Constantia. In vain he calls for mercy. Mercy? No! death, death alone shall be thy fate, thou monster; death without the triumphant—"

"Zephyra!"

"Yes; call, call, thou faithless one; thou horrible type of wicked man!"—

"Zephyra!"

"Oh, most honored madam! Oh, heaven, what do I see? The dog! Come here! Oh, the villain! The cat! The milk! Go away from it! Oh, Lord! Lord! The sauce! The meat!"—

This time I was really angry and let her feel it, and she was hurrying around in great excitement to put everything in order again.

"But the bird, Zephyra," I called out.

"No fear, madam. Are there not out there a number of the dear little feathery flock, sleek and fat? I will run out and—"

It was now high time for me to dress, because the guests would soon arrive. Indeed shortly afterward they came. I received them as best I could, but being worried about the servant I soon left them to look after her. She was just coming from the dining room, where I found everything mixed up on the table—soup, bread, meat, cucumbers, salad, strawberries, etc., etc., in fact a conglomeration of provisions and delicacies which could hardly be imagined.

I ran to the kitchen to call Zephyra to help me. "Zephyra, quick!"

"One moment, madam. 'How will it be with Constantia? Will she with broken heart, weeping on the grave of her love—'"

Thoroughly angry I ran up to her, seized the book and threw it out of the window.

"Oh, my Constantia!" she shouted, and with one bound she went through the window and saved her precious book from the dog's teeth and sat down, calmly reading, right into the midst of my best flower bed.

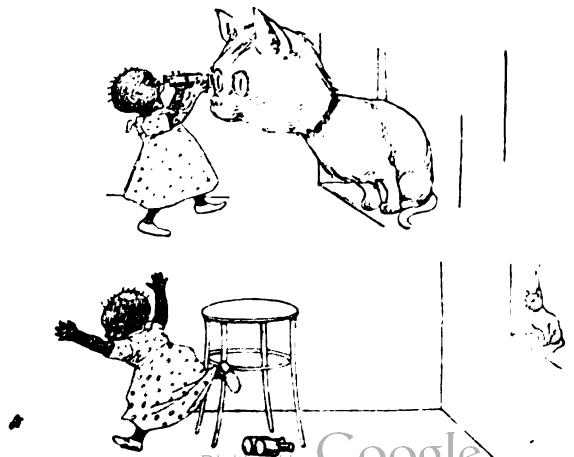
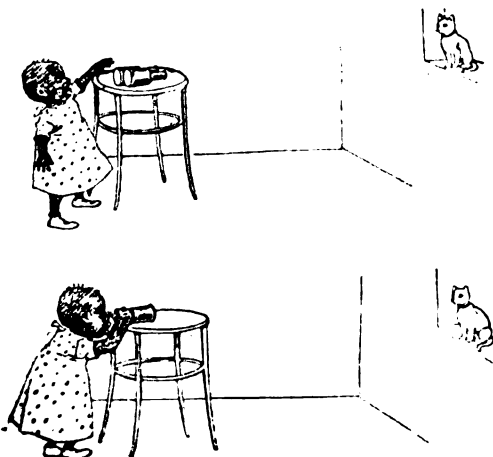
"Oh dear, oh dear, what shall I do?" I exclaimed, thoroughly astonished and frightened and quite at a loss what to do. But the thought of the dinner and the bidden guests soon made me come to a decision. I left Zephyra to do as she liked among the flowers and was determined to see to everything myself. But before I found time to open the kitchen door it flew open as if struck by a whirlwind, and there stood Zephyra before me, her right hand raised on high, and reciting with theatrical inspiration:

"Look at me, you wicked man! I am Constantia, the murdered innocent! My heart was pierced by Reginald, the wicked, but my bloody shadow shall follow you forever. Roosters, cats and dogs, all is mixed together like the feathers on the breath of zephyr and winds a wreath of immortels round my grave, the grave of Constantia, the murdered innocent. I am Constantia—"

At this terrible noise my husband and the assembled guests came hurrying along and tried to pacify her, but in vain. The poor creature seemed crazy. She had lost her reason, a victim of the pernicious and ridiculous dime novel literature.

Later she recovered somewhat under careful nursing, but in all my life I shall never forget that family feast and forever hold to my resolution formed that day to do everything myself rather than have to do with another romantic servant.

THE WONDER OF SCIENCE.



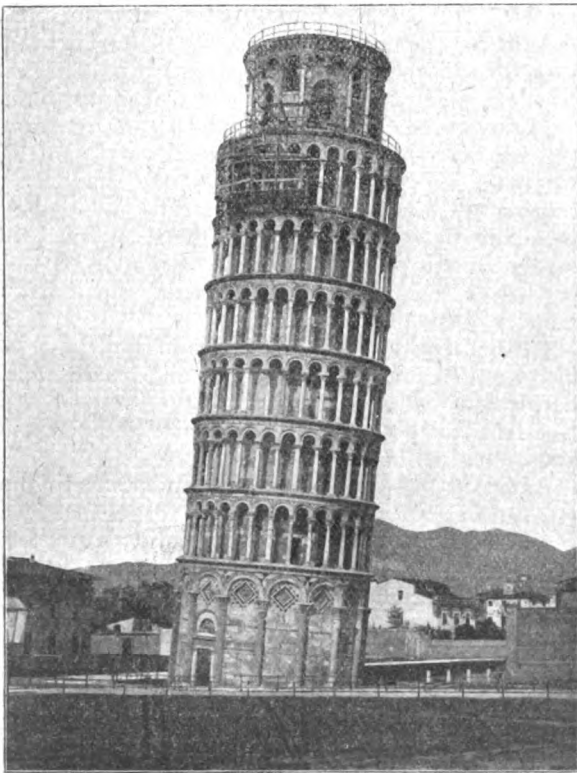
TOWERS.

ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

"WHAT are all those men looking at, papa? Has something happened in the sky?" and as Reginald called his father's attention they saw the opposite sidewalk crowded with people of all conditions looking, evidently, at something very high if not actually in the sky.

"I see," said Mr. Burton; "they are looking at the highest point in Chicago, a tower actually three hundred and eighty-five feet high; twelve of its stories in the main building, the rest in the tower itself."

"But what was this very high tower built for?" asked Reginald.



LEANING TOWER OF PISA.

"In other words," replied his father, "what does this tower represent, rising, as it does, above everything in our great city? If it were in a Catholic country, it would be attached to a church, would be its bell-tower; in other words, would represent God in His own world, as the one Supreme Being. Now and here it represents a large mercantile house, lifting itself above all its neighbors and rivals; represents, too, the commercial spirit and mind of our city and of our people. It is very wonderful as it stands against the sky and one could wish it represented an idea of life as lofty as itself. But it reminds me of several towers of which all

of us have heard, some of which I have seen, and this evening we will have a talk on Towers."

Mr. Burton was as good as his word; if he had not been Reginald would have been prompt in reminding him of his promise. The stormy March evening made the whole family glad to gather in the warm library with its wood fire; no sham logs with gas pipes and jets, but a genuine fire of hard maple wood, which left glowing coals on the hearth by the time they separated for the night.

When they came together after supper, Mr. Burton had evidently prepared himself for a talk, and he began with—what do you think? The Tower of Babel; turning to the eleventh chapter of Genesis, in which is such a dramatic account of the building of the tower; what started the idea in the minds of these wandering tribes of men; wandering over the face of the earth which had been, so lately, overflowed by that deluge to which all nations bear witness by their traditions as well as the earth itself.

The children had read this very chapter a hundred times, they declared, but when their father had finished reading it, they again declared they had never taken in the poetic sense of this wonderful description. "It is all in the way anything is read," said one.

"It is all in the way one senses it, or takes in its meaning," said Mrs. Burton. "When your father reads it, his very voice takes a different inflection from bearing in mind the wonderfulness of this coming together of wandering people; their determination to build a tower which would make their name famous; make, also, a rallying place when they wished to carry out any great design. And now comes that part which we may call dramatic, when the Lord is said to have come down to look at the city and tower which the children of Adam were building, and seeing they had only that ambition in their hearts which makes strife among men, said: 'Behold it is one people, and all have one tongue; let us confuse their language so that they will not understand each other's speech; and the result was leaving the tower unfinished.'"

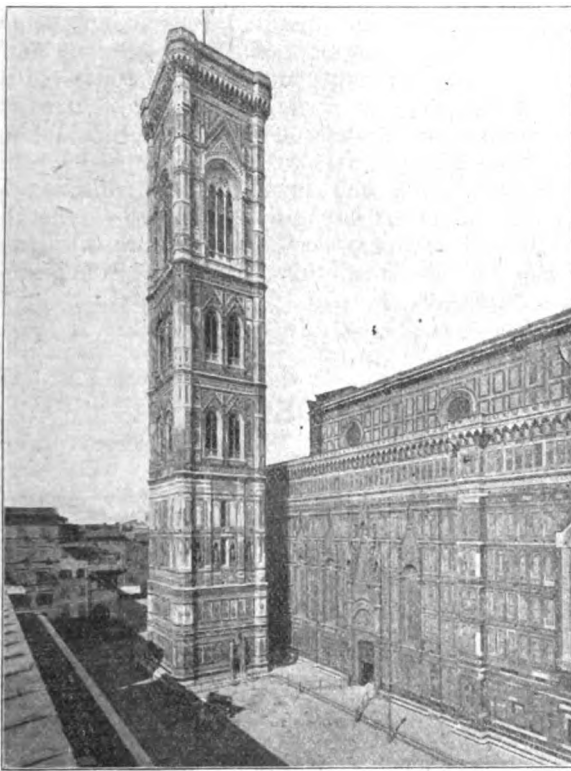
"And this is why we are tormented today," said Ned, "with the study of all these languages."

"Precisely," said his mother, "but remember you have here the explanation of those 'roots' of languages, as they are called, proving, to this day, that all these varying languages really came from one original language; the Bible verifying the linguists, the linguists bearing testimony to the truth of the Bible narration. But your father has other towers in his mind, for instance the Round Towers of Ireland, it may be."

"These are so much matters of conjecture," said Mr. Burton, "that we can only speak of them as picturesque features of the Irish coast, contrasting

with the beauty of its interior; but while these round towers which were in some cases used for defense, where important annals were stored for safety throughout Northern Europe, over which, for so many centuries, roved barbarous tribes, while other parts of the world were teeming with civilization, we find all through Southern Europe towers of the greatest architectural beauty and depositories, as it were, of the artistic sense of the people by whom they were reared.

"Bologna is celebrated for its towers, its leaning towers; but although people are fond of saying that these towers were intended to lean, I have never believed that the architects of the old city of Bologna, founded by Etruscans noted as lovers of



TOWER OF GIOTTO

beauty, would lend themselves to such a freak; we must rather believe that these towers were begun in good faith, but stood on treacherous soil. The Asinelli Tower is two hundred and seventy-two feet in height and leans three feet and five inches from the perpendicular. The Garisenda Tower is only one hundred and thirty-eight feet high, but leans eight and a half from the perpendicular, and is still settling. Dante compares the giant Antagius, who bends toward him, to this tower when a cloud passes over it. In fact, it leaned so much that it was impossible to complete it.

"But of all the leaning towers none can compare with that at Pisa for beauty. This tower is only

one hundred and seventy-nine feet high, but it leans thirteen feet from the perpendicular. Galileo availed himself of the oblique position of this tower in his experiments regarding the laws of gravitation. At the same time it is perfectly evident that an upright tower was the intention of the two great architects who had it in hand, Bonannus of Pisa and William of Innsbruck. We can easily imagine their dismay when they saw their beautiful columns and arches looking awry, and the very point where they began to restore its equilibrium is to be seen. It is like the slightest possible curvature of a human spine; and from this point upward but one idea governs the architect, which is to preserve the perpendicularity of his beautiful columns and arches, in spite of the treacherous soil on which his tower rests. The equilibrium is still further insured by the seven bells, the heaviest weighing six tons, which are so arranged that their greatest weight is on the side opposite the overhanging wall of the tower.

"Of all the towers in the world, however, Giotto's Tower, which serves as a companion or bell-tower to the Cathedral of Florence, is the one which merits our study as well as our admiration. Some day or evening, for the evening seems to draw us together in a way to study such a work of art, I will show you not only a view of the tower, but all the sculptures, from base to summit, which adorn it. This tower is two hundred and ninety-two feet in height—"

"After all," broke in our Reginald, "not so high by almost one hundred feet—"

"Reckon closely now, my son," said Mr. Burton.

"Yes, papa, by just ninety-three feet—as our Chicago tower. That is a great difference," added Reginald, who was a stout advocate for the honor of his native city.

"A great difference, certainly," replied Mr. Burton, "but I shall try to have you realize the still greater difference between these two towers when I show you the photographs of Giotto's masterpiece in sculpture. Even now, I can broadly sketch the difference in a way to make you anticipate how almost infinite it is. In the first place, twelve of the stories of the Chicago tower are a mercantile house, with all the associations connected with traffic. Our Florentine tower edges its very basement stones with *pietre dure*, colored stones that make a border for the door-steps, for every bas-relief. These bas-reliefs represent nothing less significant than the creation of man; man in Eden; man in the world delving for his daily bread; the first man and woman succeeded by Noah and his descendants with the various occupations of man in that early time; Tubal Cain making his instruments of music; others as agriculturists, as navigators; then as musicians, as orators, as law-givers, sculptors, painters, architects, astronomers. These primitive occupations, occupations of roving tribes—"

"How," said Reginald, "could sculpture and painting belong to men roving over the world?"

"Most naturally," replied his father. "The discoveries made among the Indian mounds in our Western country prove that both sculpture and painting were practiced among them, and the same testimony was familiar to Giotto and his followers as to the roving people of Asia and Africa, saying nothing of Europe. These bas-reliefs or medallions belong to the very foundations, we may say, of the Tower, and above them are other medallions giving the sciences as studied in schools and even universities, to be continued by representatives of the three natural virtues, Justice, Fortitude, Temperance; still further by the three supernatural virtues, Faith, Hope, Charity; and on a line with these the Seven Sacraments, all given with their symbols in a way for a child or a wayfaring man to understand. Above the stories enriched by these bas-reliefs from the hands of famous artists rose one with niches for statues, beginning with Abraham, giving David, Solomon, and the principal prophets to Saint John Baptist; thus, as you see, providing repositories for art during several generations. Above these are the beautiful windows, of which Ruskin speaks so admiringly in his 'Seven Lamps of Architecture,' and the whole finished by a parapet of beauty.

"The French talk a great deal about values in art, *i. e.*, the comparative value of light and shade. We can use the same word, 'values,' to indicate the difference in things that pertain to life. Our Lord says: 'What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his soul, or what exchange shall a man give for his soul?' showing us plainly what is the value of the whole world compared with the value of a soul. Then we say, what is the value of distinction for talent or even genius compared with a reputation for morality; or the value of a well-selected library compared with upholstered furniture, or really beautiful pictures compared with lace curtains? The value of all these things is relative, and you, my children, know which is to be most desired. It is this idea of values which makes us feel that although, as you say, Reginald, Giotto's Tower is almost one hundred feet less in height than the Chicago tower, it is almost infinitely more precious. Do you think anyone will be inspired by the Chicago tower to write a sonnet like that which Longfellow wrote about Giotto's Tower? I hope you will read over that wonderful sonnet by yourselves, and think what must be the significance as well as beauty of any object, thus to kindle the imagination of a poet like Longfellow; thus to make an object of pilgrimage for every lover of the beautiful in the civilized world."

RATES OF POSTAGE AND MONEY ORDERS.

DOMESTIC.

Embraces United States and island possessions of Guam, Puerto Rico and Philippines.

FIRST CLASS.—Letters and all written matter, whether sealed or unsealed, and all matter closed against inspection, either by nailing, sewing, wrapping or in any other manner, so that the contents cannot be removed from the wrapper and be returned thereto without mutilating either, are subject to the first-class rate of postage, 2 cents per ounce or fraction thereof.

Special Delivery.—Any article of mailable matter, bearing a 10-cent special-delivery stamp, in addition to the lawful postage, is entitled to immediate delivery on its arrival at the office of address between the hours of 7 a. m. and 11 p. m., if the office be of the free delivery class; and between the hours of 7 a. m. and 7 p. m. if the office be other than a free-delivery office. To entitle such a letter to immediate delivery, the residence or place of business of the addressee must be within the carrier limits of a free-delivery office and within one mile of any other office.

Postal Cards.—Issued by the government, 1 cent each. The postmaster-general alone is authorized by law to determine the quality, form and size of postal cards, and to prescribe the regulations under which they may be sent in the mails, and it is not within the discretion of others to change the card so adopted. Such change of form or face, such as trimming, punching holes, or mutilation of any kind, will render the stamp impressed thereon valueless, and such mutilated card offered for mailing must have affixed thereto the full postage, *viz.*: one cent if the message is entirely in print, and the letter rate if it is wholly or partially in writing.

SECOND CLASS.—All regular newspapers, magazines and other periodicals issued at stated intervals not less frequently than four times a year, when mailed by publishers; the postage is 1 cent for each pound. A special rate of 1 cent for four ounces is made for all second-class matter mailed by other than publishers or newsdealers.

THIRD CLASS.—Embraces printed books, pamphlets, circulars, engravings, lithographs, proof-sheets with manuscript accompanying same and all matter of the same general character and not having the character of personal correspondence. Circulars produced by the mimeograph, hectograph, electric pen and other similar processes of transfer in imitation of hand or typewriting, not having the character of an actual personal correspondence, and easy of recognition, are mailable at the third-class rate of postage when presented to the postoffice or carrier station in not less than 20 identical copies. If mailed elsewhere or in less number, the letter rates of postage must be paid. Matter of the third class must be so wrapped as to be easy of inspection without breaking the seal or mutilating the wrapper. Rate of postage, 1 cent for each two ounces or fraction thereof. Full prepayment compulsory.

FOURTH CLASS.—All mailable matter, like merchandise, not included in the three preceding classes, which is so prepared for mailing as to be easily taken from the wrapper and examined. Rate, 1 cent per ounce or fraction thereof, except seeds, roots, cuttings, bulbs, plants and scions, which are 1 cent per two ounces. Limit of weight, four pounds. Full prepayment compulsory. Liquids and other like injurious matter not admitted, except under some conditions, which may be learned at any postoffice.

Private Mailing Cards.—1. Cards must not exceed in size $3\frac{1}{4}$ by $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches, nor be less than 2 15-146 by 15-16.

2. The quality of the cards must be substantially that of the government postal cards.

3. The cards must bear these words at the top of the address side: "Private Mailing Card—Authorized by Act of Congress of May 19, 1898." ("Postal card—Carte postale.") When prepared by printers or stationers for sale they should also bear in the upper right-hand corner of the address side an oblong diagram with the words "Place the postage stamp here," and in the lower left-hand corner the following words should be printed: "This side is for the address."

4. The postage rate applicable to cards for the United States, Canada and Mexico is 1 cent. For other countries the rate is 2 cents.

5. The face of the card is reserved exclusively for postage stamps, postmarks and the address, which may be in writing, printing, by means of a stamp or by an adhesive label of not more than three-fourths of an inch by two inches in size. The sender may in the same manner indicate his name and address on the face or back of this card; and engravings and advertisements may be printed on the front if they do not interfere with a perfectly distinct address.

MONEY-ORDER FEES.—For domestic money orders in denominations of \$100 or less, the following fees are charged:

For orders for sums not exceeding \$2.50.....	3c
For over \$2.50 and not exceeding \$5.....	5c
For over \$5 and not exceeding \$10.....	8c
For over \$10 and not exceeding \$20.....	10c
For over \$20 and not exceeding \$30.....	12c
For over \$30 and not exceeding \$40.....	15c
For over \$40 and not exceeding \$50.....	18c
For over \$50 and not exceeding \$60.....	20c
For over \$60 and not exceeding \$75.....	25c
For over \$75 and not exceeding \$100.....	30c

An additional fee of 2 cents is charged for each order as a special war tax.

FOREIGN.

Mail matter may be sent to any foreign country either directly or through the intermediary of some postal union state.

ON LETTERS.—Five cents for each half ounce or fraction thereof—prepayment optional. Double rates are collected on delivery of unpaid or short-paid letters.

POST CARDS.—Single, 2 cents each; with paid reply, 4 cents each.

Private Mailing Cards.—Two cents each, subject to conditions governing domestic private mailing card, printed in this almanac.

On newspapers, books, pamphlets, photographs, sheet music, maps, engravings and similar printed matter, 1 cent for each two ounces or fraction thereof. Prepayment required at least in part.

TO CANADA (Including Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Manitoba and Prince Edward Island).—Letters, 2 cents for each ounce or fraction thereof; books, circulars and similar printed matter, 1 cent for each two ounces or fraction thereof; second-class matter, same as in the United States; samples of merchandise, 1 cent for each two ounces. Minimum postage 2 cents. Merchandise, 1 cent for each ounce or fraction. Packages must not exceed four pounds in weight—prepayment compulsory.

CUBA.—Rates of postage same as to all foreign countries.

HAWAII.—Rates of postage same as to all foreign countries, except that merchandise must be sent by parcels post. (See conditions below.)

GUAM, PUERTO RICO, PHILIPPINES.—Domestic rates and conditions apply to all classes of mail matter.

TO MEXICO.—Letters, postal cards and printed matter, same rates as in the United States; samples, 1 cent for each two ounces; 2 cents the least postage on a single package; merchandise other than samples can be sent only by parcels post.

LIMITS OF SIZE AND WEIGHT.—Packages of samples of merchandise to foreign countries must not exceed twelve ounces, nor measure more than twelve inches in length, eight in breadth and four in depth; and packages of printed matter must not exceed four pounds six ounces.

PARCELS POST.

Unsealed packages of mailable merchandise may be sent by parcels posts to Jamaica, including the Turks and Caicos islands, Barbados, the Bahamas, British Honduras, Republic of Honduras, Mexico, the Republic of Hawaii (Sandwich islands), the Leeward islands, the Republic of Colombia, Salvador, Costa Rica, the Danish West India islands—St. Thomas, St. Croix and St. John—British Guiana, the Windward islands, Newfoundland, Trinidad, including Tobago, and Germany at the postage rate and subject to the conditions herein prescribed. Parcels may also be sent to Chile, subject to these conditions, at the rate of 20 cents per pound or fractional part thereof.

Limit of weight.....	11 pounds
Greatest length.....	3 feet 6 inches
Greatest length and girth combined.....	6 feet
Postage.....	12c a pound or fraction thereof

Except that parcels for Colombia, Costa Rica and Mexico must not measure more than two (2) feet in length or more than four (4) feet in girth.

A parcel must not be posted in a letter box but must be taken to window No. 10, general postoffice, or any carrier postal station, and presented to the person in charge, between the hours of 9 a. m. and 5 p. m., where a record will be made and a receipt given therefor.

INTERNATIONAL MONEY ORDERS.

For sums not exceeding \$10.....	10c
Over \$10 and not exceeding \$20.....	20c
Over \$20 and not exceeding \$30.....	30c
Over \$30 and not exceeding \$40.....	40c
Over \$40 and not exceeding \$50.....	50c
Over \$50 and not exceeding \$60.....	60c
Over \$60 and not exceeding \$70.....	70c
Over \$70 and not exceeding \$80.....	80c
Over \$80 and not exceeding \$90.....	90c
Over \$90 and not exceeding \$100.....	\$1

Note.—Puerto Rico and Cuba: Domestic fees; no war tax.

International money orders may be drawn in the United States upon any of the following countries or places:

All countries in North America except Mexico.

In Central America: Salvador, Honduras and British Honduras only.

In South America: British Guiana, Chile, Panama (British Postal Agency) only.

In the West Indies: Cuba, Danish West Indies, Turks islands, Jamaica, Windward islands, Leeward islands, Bahamas, Bermuda islands, Trinidad and Puerto Rico only.

On all countries in Europe except Spain, Russia, Greece and Montenegro.

On the following countries and places in Asia: Aden, Bagdad, Bassorah, Turkey; Dutch East Indies; British India; Beluchistan; Beyroot, Turkey; Bunder Abdas or Gombron, Persia; Burma; Bushire, Persia; Caipaha or Haifa, Turkey; Canton, China; Ceylon; Chios or Scio, Turkey; Hankow, China; Haihow, China; Jaffa, Turkey; Jask, Persia; Jerusalem, Turkey; Kerrassunde, Turkey; Linga or Lingor, Persia; Mitylene, Turkey; Muscat, Turkey; Ningpo, China; Samsun, Turkey; Shanghai, China; Siam; Smyrna, Turkey; Swatow, China; Trebizond, Turkey; Hong Kong, China; Japan and Fusan; Chemulpo, Seoul, Yuensan and Mukho, Korea.

On the following countries and places in Africa: Accra, Gold Coast; Assab, Bogamoyo, East Africa; Banana, Congo Free State; Boma, Congo Free State; British Bechuana-land; Cameroons; Cape Coast Castle, Gold Coast; Dares Salaam, East Africa; Cape Colony; Egypt; Gambia; German Protectorate; Gold Coast Colony; Klein Popo, Togo; Kilwa, East Africa; Lagos, West Coast; Lamu, East Coast; Lindi, East Africa; Lome, Togo; Massowah, Matadi, Congo Free State; Mondasa, East Coast; Natal, Orange Free State, Pangani, East Africa; Saadani, East Africa; South African Republic; Panga, East Africa; Tangier, Morocco; Transvaal; Tripoli; Tunis, Zanzibar.

On the following countries and islands: Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania, Azores, Crete, Cyprus, Falkland islands, Iceland, Faroe islands, Madeira islands, Malta, Rhodes, St. Helena, Seychelle islands, Spice islands and the Straits Settlements, Hawaiian and Philippine islands.



THE ANGEL OF THE SEA.



SYLVINUS.

A HISTORICAL TALE OF THE TIME OF ST. SEVERIN, BY DR. L.

Translated by B. Bachur.

ATTILA, King of the Huns, called in the old heroic songs King Etzel, was dead. The hoof of his steed had burnt, as the legend says, the grass of the countries through which he passed like a cyclone. A nameless terror had preceded this "Scourge of God." All the people from the banks of the Volga to the Main, the Rhine and the Weser were subdued by his power and trembled when the lines of his forehead were wrinkled in anger.

His obsequies were the last testimony to his power and greatness. With mourning chants and lamentations his devoted Huns buried Attila's corpse with great pomp.

But no sooner had the earth received his mortal remains than the dread of his powerful mind disappeared. At his grave his sons began to quarrel over their father's possessions. His empire soon fell to pieces, because the powerful mind which had made it was no longer there to hold it together.

The nations which he had subdued rose against Etzel's sons, who were engaged against each other in sanguinary quarrels.

Ardarich, the King of the Gepides, was the first to throw off the yoke and united with the Eastern Goths in opposition to Ellak, Attila's eldest son, who tried vainly to hold together the kingdom of the Huns, which was fast falling into decay.

After a terrible battle, in which 30,000 of his people were slain, Ellak lost victory and life after the most valiant fight. The remainder of his troops dispersed along the Danube as far as the Black Sea, where they still maintained their supremacy for a short time. Their name was still mentioned, but was no longer feared.

On the upper shores of the Danube the Gepides had settled, in Hungary the Goths, and in Moravia, Austria and Styria the Rugians. These tribes made Norikum and Rhaetia, the Danube and Southern Alp land the scene of their battles. On the north they were harassed by the Thuringians and other German tribes; from the west the Alemanni pressed forward against those provinces formerly belonging to the Roman Empire, of which nothing remained but the name in these parts, while the population, consisting of Celtic natives and Italian emigrants and contaminated greatly by the immorality of the Roman Empire, could offer no resistance to the Germans, invincible in their pristine vigor. In the fortified castles which the Roman Emperors had erected in these parts along the Danube and its tributaries, there still remained a few

Roman garrisons, but, cut off from the capital of the Empire by these nomadic hordes of barbarians, these small detachments had enough to do to secure their lives behind the walls of these castles, knowing well that outside of them, captivity and death would be their lot. These barbaric hordes destroyed everything in the land, roadways and fortifications, villas and Roman baths, aqueducts and gardens, Christian churches and heathen temples—in fact, every edifice which had remained standing from times of peace; even the fields right under the castle walls were not safe from their depredations.

These wild heathen warriors, a band of untamed savages, considered human sacrifices the best and most efficacious offering to their idols. Firm in their belief that the shedding of innocent blood was agreeable to their gods, they did not even spare their own relations, but the Christian priests were their most acceptable sacrifices. The blood of these innocent victims was considered to be particularly welcome to their heathen deities. And the Arians were no less cruel than the idolaters.

No wonder that the spirit of the people drooped under such fear and terrors. A few intrepid priests remained with their frightened flocks, while others fled and let their communities sink into tepidity and immorality.

A few miles below Osterhofen, not far from the Danube, stood at that time the fortified castle, Quintanis, called in modern times Kunzen. A squadron of Roman cavalry was garrisoned here, men of gigantic stature, from the mountains of the Tyrol.

Most of these fortified castles in the lands between the Danube and the Alps had been gradually abandoned by the soldiery, because their wages were not sent to them from Rome, and because many of them were anxious to return to Italy. The castle of Kunzen had been deserted by nearly all except Lieutenant Febanus and an old Roman soldier, Metellus, who had squandered all his fortune in riotous living in Rome, and had come north to seek death as a soldier in the battles against the barbarian hordes.

Instead of death he had found at Kunzen a widow who had given him her hand and fortune. These two men, with another, Telo, who acted as a kind of burgomaster, composed the dignitaries of Kunzen. Besides these there were three priests and a few brothers in the place, and some few hundred impoverished citizens, artisans and peasants who had fled from the surrounding country with their

wives and children, and all their belongings, into the castle, which, though without a regular garrison, offered them some kind of protection against the barbarian marauders.

The head priest, or as we would call him now, the pastor, of this place was Sylvinus, a pious man who, assisted by two other priests, cared unceasingly for the spiritual welfare of his flock. This duty was rendered difficult for these servants of God, by the bad example of Metellus and the former Lieutenant Febanus. The latter, a Songobardian, had been baptized in the name of Christ, but he did not conceal his preference for Wotan, and Sylvinus had been obliged to excommunicate him from communion with the faithful, for which Febanus bitterly calumniated him. Metellus, the Roman, was also a Christian, but he managed to introduce an epicurean sensuality into his Christianity and to consider the Christian doctrines as merely a kind of beautiful theory.

When under Constantine the Great and still more in the reign of Theodosius and his sons, Christianity became the state religion, a good many adherents of heathenism found it to their advantage to become Christians, but they did so only as a matter of form, and brought into their new faith all the vices and obscenities of their heathen doctrines. The misfortunes which had befallen the Empire, and in consequence more or less its individual adherents, ought to have taught a lesson to these idolatrous Christians and been the means of their conversion to a better life, but it drove them only more and more to desperation and to more violent excesses.

All the provinces followed the example of Rome and Italy. The whole Empire was contaminated by this immoral depravity. Some sought for the cause of this in the severe teachings and commandments of the Christian faith and suggested that these should be moderated by a philosophic admixture of heathenish worldly wisdom; while some tried to bring Christianity in harmony with the teachings of the Stoics, others again made it easier for themselves and accepted the Christian religion as a sort of higher degree of epicurean blissfulness.

Metellus was one of those who shared this view. Brought gradually by Sylvinus to a better understanding, and frightened at the ban which was laid upon his friend, Febanus, he found himself at the crossroad between truth and error—between the acceptance or rejection of the pure conception of the Christian faith.

Sylvinus was stricken with such a severe illness that one of the brothers, who was slightly acquainted with the art of healing, considered the life of the venerable priest in danger, and filled the hearts of the inhabitants of Kunzen with fear and sorrow. Daily they entreated God with their prayers to restore their beloved pastor to health. One morning the priest Maximus, good old Telo and Metellus stood around the couch of the invalid, whom a

violent fever had bereft temporarily of consciousness. The conversation had turned upon death and the fate of the soul, and Metellus explained his philosophic views on the subject. "The soul," he said, "according to the teachings of our wise Epicurus, is composed of minute atoms, a light vapory body, consisting of two parts. One the unreasoning, which, like fire and air, is spread throughout our whole body, and the other the reasoning faculty, which has its seat in our heart.

"The soul is therefore so closely connected with our body that when this connection ceases through death, it must necessarily perish. I cannot, therefore, fear death, and am of one opinion with my friend the poet, Lucretius, who sings: 'Where I am, death is not, and where death is, I am not.'"

"How is this, Metellus?" eagerly replied the priest; "has not Sylvinus told thee what the Church teaches, that the soul of man is immortal? Have we not certain and incontestable proofs that the soul returns into the body after death, or do you not believe that Lazarus rose from the dead?"

"Oh, yes, I believe that it is related in the Gospel, which I revere highly—"

"Oh, you poor philosophers, who in your fantastic visions will only give a partial credence to the word of our Lord and His miracles!"

"Lazarus came to life again," replied Metellus, "because our Lord Jesus Christ Himself, the all-powerful, recalled him; but do you believe, O venerable Maximus, that our Sylvinus here, if he should die, could also come back to life?"

"Why not?" began Telo. "Have you not heard of the miracles worked by Severinus, whose fame for sanctity fills the whole land? A monk whom I met the other day in Batavis (Passau) told me of the most wonderful deeds performed by that man. From his countenance a holy earnestness shines forth, with a placid contentment. His emaciated body is enveloped in a gown of coarse cloth, girded with a leather belt. His couch was a haircloth, or oftener the bare floor. Barefooted, he strides over the snow-covered plains and across the frozen streams. Poor as he is, he bestows the richest blessings on the numberless crowds, by his shining example of virtue and his burning words, which soften the hardest hearts, and by his tender care for the welfare of the people. From Batavis to Fabiana (Vienna) there is a unanimous voice of praise to be heard for his wonder-working activity, which reminds one of the glorious days of the Apostles and their followers. He brings succor to the abandoned, consoles the afflicted, teaches the erring, finds shelter for the homeless, gives timely warning to the settlements of approaching danger when the barbarians appear in the neighborhood, and frightens the enemy's chiefs by the power of his words. All the virtues abound in him, whether it be amidst the tumult of the world or whilst chastising his body by severe fasting in the solitude of his cell,

or in leading the brothers in the monastery erected by him to a holy and saintly life.

"If you ask me from what country this man comes, I cannot tell you. Nobody knows, and many believe that he is Elias, or some other of the ancient saints sent to us from heaven to give us help and consolation in these troublesome times."

"It is marvelous," now added the priest Maximus, "what Severin has accomplished. The inhabitants of Asturis were the first in these parts to become aware of his presence. By prayers and penitential sermons he announced to them an impending invasion of the barbarians, and when the people of that city did not heed his warning, they testified by the total destruction of their city to the truth of the holy man's prophecy. Before the barbarians arrived he proceeded to Comagena and admonished also the inhabitants of this place to do penance and watch for the enemy. The Comagenians, who had heard of the misfortunes of their neighbors, took his advice to heart and were spared. When the barbarians had nearly reached their town, an earthquake occurred and filled them with such terror that they fled in hot haste. In the confusion attending their precipitate flight many of them were killed by their own comrades. From here Severinus went to Fabiana, invited by the citizens, who were suffering from a terrible famine. The holy man converted by his gentle admonitions the hard heart of a rich usurer, and induced her to distribute her large stock of grain amongst the poor; and soon afterwards some ships were seen coming up the river, which brought plenty of food to the starving inhabitants.

"From Fabiana, where he erected a monastery, this holy man of God spread abroad rich blessings by his sermons, his miraculous deeds, and the example of his saintly life. Even the King of the Rugians honored him greatly and was subdued by the power of his words and his glance.

"The Lord made even the elements subject to his power, for at Juvaoum (Salzburg), in answer to his prayer, fire descended from heaven and lighted the candle which he held in his hand. In Cucullis, where some of the people practiced shameless idolatry, it happened that in the church to which Severinus had summoned all the people the candles held in the hands of the faithful were lighted miraculously, whilst those held by the apostates would not burn.

"In this way the idolaters were recognized and, greatly frightened, they soon became converted."

"Friends," exclaimed Telo, "why do we not send for this wonderful man, that he may come and cure our beloved Sylvinus, and preserve him to us?"

"God put this thought into thy heart," said Maximus, while Metellus added, "I will go myself and fetch Severinus, and if he restores our good father to health, I will believe everything the Christian

Church teaches, and forever renounce my belief in Epicurus."

While the men thus conversed together, and Metellus departed to carry out his plan, the patient was released from his feverish delirium and regained consciousness. When he heard that they intended to send for Severin, and that Metellus was just about to start, he blessed his departing friend and said: "May God repay thee for what thou art going to do for me, and give thee for the charity thou showest to me the light of His holy faith. But I fear that I shall be nearing my end before the holy man arrives. I feel the strength leaving me, and the fever consuming me, more and more. Pray, O friends, that the Lord may vouchsafe me a happy death!"

On the evening of the fourth day, while they were anxiously awaiting the arrival of the holy man, Sylvinus was carried by his own desire into the church, which was situated outside the walls. The entire populace of Kunzen accompanied the procession, and were loud in their praises of the virtues of their pastor, whose loss they hourly expected. Each one had some good word to say. The citizens praised the zeal and the wisdom with which Sylvinus led them in the path of God's commandments; the widows spoke of the love with which he had cared for them and the orphans; the poor of his charity which had mitigated so much of their suffering; but all praised his piety and holy life. With tears in their eyes, priests and brothers walked by the side of the litter and mourned that their venerable and beloved father would soon leave them.

"Do not grieve for me," said the sufferer. "I obey the summons of the Lord, who mercifully frees my soul from its earthly prison, but do you call upon Him that He may not let you perish suddenly, for I see a time coming when you will have to flee before the barbarians' hordes and leave this, your city."

"Give me the Sacred Host," begged Sylvinus, after they had placed his litter before the altar, and the people in prayer were devoutly kneeling.

To make their prayers for their dying pastor the more pleasing to God, the priests had commanded a special fast which would not end until sunset; Maximus could, therefore, as allowed in such cases, offer the holy sacrifice of the mass, even at such a late hour. During mass Sylvinus received with fervent devotion the most holy eucharist as nourishment for his journey homewards. With the sinking sun, whose last rays were illuminating the dome of the church, of which the lower part was already in darkness, the life of the noble Sylvinus went out. Amidst the prayers of his brother priests and of the whole populace, his soul returned to its Creator.

Now the priests and brothers began to chant a dirge beside the litter, which was now a bier. With

psalms and hymns they praised the Lord who had so graciously released His servant from the troubles of his earthly pilgrimage, and implored His mercy for the repose of his soul.

About midnight two wayfarers ascended the banks of the Danube and approached the church of Kunzen, whose glittering lights they could already perceive in the distance. But before they could reach it they had to pass through a dense forest. In the midst of it they discovered under an immense oak tree a high rock, illuminated by torch lights in the hands of two men. A third stood before a young white horse, and raising his sword high in the air, brought it down on the neck of the animal, which without a sound fell down dead; it was then placed upon the rock, from which its blood flowed into a vessel. The slayer, an old man with gray beard, clad in the skins of wild animals, seized a golden cup, filled it with blood from the vessel and lifted it high above his head, with the words, "Thank thee, O Wotan, that thou hast slain the Christian priest who has insulted me. May he—"

"Peace, man," exclaimed one of the wayfarers, stepping forth from the deep shadow. "Who art thou that thou darest to curse a priest of the true God?"

"I am Febanus, the Songobardian, Wotan's servant, and by him beloved. This sword he gave me and I have surrendered myself to him, to be his own. All our people are now devoted to him, for when he went forth to battle against the Vandals, he gave us victory."

"Stop these idle tales," cried Severinus, for it was he, who with Metellus was on his way to Kunzen.

"Interrupt me not, stranger," angrily exclaimed Febanus, "and thank thy God that I do not slay thee here on the spot as a sacrifice to Wotan. What I have said shall prove to thee that I stand under Wotan's protection, the mighty god who is strong enough to punish all his enemies. Thou hast never seen him, but I, I have. I saw him, his head crowned with a golden helmet, resting on the rocks by the banks of the Rhine. I saw him on his steed, the white, eight-footed steed which carries him over land and water, and whose teeth are engraved with wise runes. I heard his terrible voice in the battle of our people against the Huns, commanding the enemy with thundering voice to flee. But our Wotan who leads us in battle is also a friendly god, who hears the prayers of his people. It was I who implored him to afflict the Christian priest who insulted me, and the priest was stricken down and died this very day! Thou seest that Wotan is mightier than thy Christ, who is so powerless that He had to suffer ignominious insults from his enemies."

"Febanus, in the name of the Crucified One, whom thou blasphemest, I proclaim to thee that from this hour on thou shalt be accursed until the

time when Sylvinus will appear to thee and speak to thee!"

With these words Severinus went forth on his way and soon arrived at Kunzen. The priests and brothers and some others were still praying around the bier, and the man of God prostrated himself in their midst before the altar and prayed until the first rays of the sun appeared. He now told the tired watchers to go and take some much-needed rest, only keeping with him the priest Maximus and two brothers from the monastery, whilst he, who knew neither sleep nor exhaustion, threw himself upon the floor and prayed with streaming eyes to God Almighty. The sun now rose and filled the church and the surrounding country with its glorious light. The good people of Kunzen came across the fields in crowds to the church, and Severinus rose, stood beside the corpse of the priest and spoke:

"In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, rise, venerable Sylvinus, and speak to thy children!"

The deceased opened his eyes and rested his glance with fond love on the beaming face of the holy man. "Praise be the Lord Jesus Christ," cried all present. "He lives!"

Severinus commanded silence, and turning toward Sylvinus, continued: "Wilst thou that we beg the Lord to give thee back to us in life?"

But a shadow of deep sadness passed over the pale face of the awakened. He raised his head and spoke: "By the Lord I adjure thee, venerable brother, do not wish that I remain longer fettered to this life and deprived of the eternal rest into which I was about to enter." He then sank back again, and passed away.

"Mourn no longer for Sylvinus, as you know now that eternal happiness will be his. Implore rather his intercession that the Lord may grant you a death like unto the death of this just man. But swear to me not to tell any one as long as I live what you have here seen and heard."

Stepping forth from the church whose portals were being opened to admit the waiting throng, Severinus could hardly disengage himself from the multitude who eagerly pressed around him to kiss his hand and his garment. Many of the people accompanied him into the town, where he entered the home of Metellus, to rest for a short while.

During their journey to Kunzen Severinus had accomplished the conversion of Metellus, which had been begun by Sylvinus. He became now a zealous follower of Christ, divided all his possessions amongst the poor, and when the wonder-working man left Kunzen in a few days, Metellus went with him, to enter as a penitent the convent that had been founded by Severinus in Fabiana.

In the meantime a terrible change had taken place in Febanus. Sores and spots covered his whole body, his face and limbs were distorted and covered with warts, and he knew that the prediction

of the stranger had come to pass. He now repented, and saw the abomination of his idolatry and the nothingness of his idols, the greatest of whom, Wotan, left his prayers unanswered. There was nothing left for him but to look for help from the God of the Christians, in whose name he had been baptized and whom he had treacherously abandoned.

A year passed.

On the day when the new parish priest celebrated with his people the anniversary of the death of his predecessor, Febanus stood, weak and miserable, with bloated face and glassy stare, as it had been his custom for some time, at the door of the church, which, excommunicated and contaminated as he was, he could not enter. Standing at the church door, he heard them repeat at the end of the service the beautiful prayer which St. Augustine offered for his mother, St. Monica, which at that time was often used in the western churches.

Suddenly Febanus raised his voice and cried out: "Come to me, O citizens and friends, and see what great wonders God has done to me!"

The people hastened from the church and saw

with great astonishment Febanus standing before them, strong and hearty as he had been formerly, and no trace of his terrible affliction left. Praising God, they surrounded him who had been so wonderfully pardoned and he spoke to them: "You all know how wretched I have been since I dared to blaspheme the true God and his servant. My limbs were eaten away with sores, and bone and muscle were nearly destroyed, while every night I was tormented by frightful visions. But last night Sylvinus appeared to me, dressed in white garments, which radiated a heavenly light, and thus he spoke: 'The Lord has mercifully regarded thy penance and thy contrition, and He makes it known to thee through me that thy sins shall be forgiven thee, in testimony of which thou wilt be healed to-morrow of thy affliction.'"

The good people knew now for certain that their priest Sylvinus had been received into heaven, and when a few years afterwards they had to forsake their city, which was menaced by the barbarians, they exhumed his remains and took them with them to Batavis.

TIPS.



NOTHING.



5 CENTS.



10 CENTS.



15 CENTS.



25 CENTS.

Little Ethel went to church with her grandmother and for the first time put ten cents on the contribution plate. Leaning over, she whispered very audibly: "That's all right, grandma; I paid for two."

A little girl who was sent to the pasture to drive home the cow fell and was severely scratched and bruised. On returning home she was asked if she cried when she fell. "Why, no," she replied. "What would have been the use? There was nobody to hear me."

A young lady being asked whether she had any original poetry in her album, replied: "No, but some of my friends have favored me with original spelling."

A teacher, in her little holiday vacation speech to her pupils, trusted that they would come back resolving that their behavior should be unexceptionable, and that they would give up all bad habits; when a little girl in the back of the room jumped up and said, "The same to you, ma'am."



CATHOLIC EVENTS OF A YEAR.

From June 30, 1899, to July 1, 1900.

SECOND only to the hope that with God's assistance St. Michael's Almanac prove of spiritual help and benefit to the many, is the Editors' desire that its name become for readers and lovers of Catholic literature "familiar in their mouths as household words."

To vary its contents, so that various tastes may be suited, seems the most promising method whereby to effect this end; hence, the suggestion to insert a partial resume of Catholic events possessing peculiar American interest, has been acted upon—the necessities of publication defining the limits as specified above.

Only in this tireless, work-a-day church of ours, whose laborers believe rest and rust to be in a great measure synonymous, would any chronicler assume that interesting matter could be gathered during the torrid spell.

The open doors of our great cathedrals suggest nothing of tropical inertia, and so within those of New Orleans on the Feast of the Visitation, July 2, 1899, a ceremonial of truly American interest was witnessed—the consecration of Most Rev. Francis de Paula Barnada, D.D., as Abp. of Santiago, Cuba, and Rt. Rev. J. H. Blenk, D.D., as Bishop of Porto Rico.

Scarcely had the echoes of the rejoicing chimes died away, when another city of the South heard the requiem peal for one who had worn graciously the purple of episcopacy—Rt. Rev. Thos. A. Becker, D. D., the convert Bishop of Savannah.

The early days of July saw, too, the solemn closing of the Council of the Bishops of Latin America and their reception by the Holy Father, while among domestic items recorded were the opening of the Catholic Summer Schools—one holding its eighth session at Cliff Haven, on Lake Champlain—the other its fifth at Madison, Wis.

Those who follow the progress of educational movements were gratified by Mr. Timothy Rardon's bequest of \$5,000 to the Catholic University of America for the purpose of founding a theological scholarship for Baltimore Archdiocese.

In Newark, N. J., was laid a cornerstone, above which is destined to rise a magnificent cathedral at the estimated cost of a million dollars.

Occasional paragraphs, yet designated as "war news," continue to furnish unpleasant reading for the American Catholic voter educated in the belief of his individual responsibility in the governing methods of this great republic. As, for instance, the cannonading of churches in the Philippines—their raiding and desecration, carried even to the extent of breaking open the Tabernacle and masquerading in the sacred vestments.

Such reading also was the report of the government commission engaged in investigating matters in Porto Rico, which recommended that priests be permitted to renounce the vows of celibacy, and that divorce laws be admitted! This, too, without any evidence whatever that the parties most concerned desired those "Americanizing" experiments.

The course taken by Congress in discontinuing the appropriation for Indian schools, conducted by our religious orders, gave further subject for thought and doubtless helped the Catholic taxpayer to a clearer understanding of his status under the government, whose war budget he is privileged to help replenish.

As the echo of such thought crystallized in deed, was the action of the German Catholic Societies of Chicago, who proclaimed the formation of a union for the avowed purpose of organizing Catholic influence and defending church institutions. The resolutions adopted at their meetings are certainly worthy of reproduction in their entirety, did space allow, as are those of the Holy Name Society of Brooklyn, N. Y., who promptly followed the inspiring example of our German brethren.

The Golden Jubilee of the foundation of the German Order of "Christian Charity" occurred in August, and coincident with it, the Silver Jubilee of its establishment in the United States, where it has taken root and flourished, as many another fair seedling wafted at the Master's bidding from foreign soil.

Other events of the month were the consecration of Rt. Rev. Frederick Eis, D.D., as Bishop of Marquette, Mich.; the decision to erect a Catholic chapel on the Military Reservation at

West Point, N. Y., for which act of tardy justice, it is said on good authority, we owe our gratitude to a Catholic lady who prefers to remain unknown, and the commencement of the Marist College on the Catholic University grounds at Washington.

In the Catholic news of September, we find grouped by welcome coincidence the names of the three great founders of our religious orders, recalled by the never ceasing activities of their spiritual children. In Staten Island an Augustinian Convent and Academy, under the patronage of Our Lady of Good Counsel, were dedicated by the beloved Papal Delegate, himself a son of St. Augustine; in Washington our American Cardinal performed the same high service for the Franciscan Fathers, opening Mt. St. Sepulchre, a mother house of the order among us; while the gentle St. Dominic was recalled less happily, but not less effectively, by the burning at Nyack, N. Y., of "St. Agnes' Home for Destitute Children," which was in charge of Dominican Sisters. The story of that fire, where "not a single child was burned, but several of the Sisters terribly injured in saving them," is one more proof of the perpetuation of that greater love that giveth life at the call of duty.

More than locally important were such gatherings as the Silver Jubilee Convention of the Catholic Young Men's National Union, held at Newark, N. J., and the protest against blasphemy of Brooklyn's Holy Name Society, attended by 15,000 members.

Philadelphia's National Export Exposition assumed new interest from the announcement, now customary indeed, when the City of Penn would fain be impressive and irreproachable, that Abp. Patrick John Ryan had been selected to deliver the opening benediction.

The educational is much to the fore in this month's happenings, our University receiving promises of \$50,000 each from the Knights of Columbus and Catholic Knights of America for endowment of "chairs," as well as \$10,000 from a Baltimore lady to establish the study of Gaelic, and the College of St. Francis Xavier, in New York, placing one free scholarship at the disposal of each Catholic pastor there.

In Loretto, Pa., a bronze statue of the far-famed Prince-pioneer-priest, Rev. Demetrius Gallitzin, was unveiled to mark the centenary of this storied colony of the Alleghanies.

September saw the appointment of Abp. Chappelle as Apostolic Delegate to the Philippines.

October the annual meeting of the Archbishops of the United States, at Washington, and the third convention of the Priests' Eucharistic League at Philadelphia.

Scanning the death roll of November, we find among others the names of Rt. Rev. Dr. de Goes-

brind, Bishop of Burlington, Vt., of whom a non-Catholic Vermont publication noted that he left as assets a ring, a cross, a purple robe and \$2.92 in U. S. currency; and of the venerable Mgr. Nicholas Cantwell, V. S., of Philadelphia, well beloved and appreciated.

On the 23d of this month, the cornerstone of the chapel, before mentioned, at West Point, was laid; apparently, too, that palpable grievance of the Catholic soldier and seaman—the scarcity of Catholic chaplains in the army and navy, was receiving general attention.

December's first week must remain memorable for American womanhood, as witnessing the foundation of Trinity College for the higher education of women at Washington, where it will be under the direction of the Notre Dame Sisterhood.

This last month of the old and the first month of the new year were filled respectively with anticipation of, and participation in, the greatest of modern religious events—the opening of the year of Jubilee. Elsewhere in these pages its spiritual significance is discussed with the fullness due its importance. Descriptions of the pomp and ceremonial wherewith Catholic America welcomed the season of boon and blessings filled the many pages of New Year publications, both religious and secular. Better still, the memory lingers greenly in myriad hearts, moved to a revival of mediæval fervor by this spectacle of more than mediæval splendor and enthusiasm. The story of that wondrous New Year's Eve of 1900, when, for the first time within memory, the solemn music of midnight mass bells, blended with the din and fanfare of civic celebration, varied little in the great cities of our great land, "In acknowledgment of benefits received from God through the course of the present century, and that yet greater favors be implored to begin the new era auspiciously," had the Holy Father decreed this rare observance, and its spirit animated the faithful, fully alive to the opportunities of the occasion. They crowded every edifice of their faith, from the magnificent city cathedrals, where princes of the church officiated, to the simple village chapel and lowly oratory, sharing the selfsame privileges. Everywhere arose the strains of the Te Deum, voicing a people's gratitude, and everywhere in the wake of the celebrants followed curious throngs, of whom, many coming but to criticise, remained to believe and pray. Rome—"noble Rome, the mistress of the earth," seemed very near to the sympathetic heart of Catholic America in those opening days of 1900—Rome, whence had issued this edict obeyed throughout the Christian world—Rome, whose venerated walls sheltered once more 100,000 pilgrims, the children of all lands, gathered to begin together the Holy Year, within the shadow



LEO XIII.

of that same St. Peter's, where jubilee pilgrims of six centuries ago kissed the sacred ground formed from the dust of martyrs. No domestic news was read so eagerly as the foreign letters detailing the wonderful celebrations there—the solemn Consistory—the Papal procession and the opening of the Holy Door of the Vatican Basilica by the anointed hand of the venerable Pontiff. Naturally, a fresh impetus was given to all works of charity, and many valuable suggestions and much profitable discussion of matters relating to the church militant, ensued. The lepers of Japan, with those heroic helpers of theirs, the Sisters of the Infant Jesus—the victims of India's frightful visitations of famine and disease—the distressed missions for colored Catholics in our own South—the grievances of the faithful Filipinos, forced to submit to insult from splenetic bigots, sometimes wearing the uniform that made them appear representative of the nation they disgraced rather than represented—all these acquired new interest in view of the universal brotherhood brought so forcibly before us by this universal celebration. As a consequence, the Foreign Mission and Indian Famine Funds showed increase, though not indeed proportionate to the vital necessities they represent. Significant, too, was the note of disapproval which greeted the speech of a Western Senator, who, on the floor of the "House" where religious intolerance is supposed to enter not, referred to the Filipinos "as steeped for centuries in religious superstition!" Side by side with the comments called forth by this impolitic outburst, there appeared, in many instances, the obituary notices of two of Mother Church's favored sons and servants, whose life records alone were ample refutation of some charges, implied rather than expressed, by the aspiring orator of the Senate. Father Sylvester Malone of Brooklyn and Dr. Edward McGlynn of Newburg, passing within the same week to their heritage of recompense, left each behind a reputation for solid patriotism and devotion to their fellow-men sufficient to silence the slanders of centuries, even though dressed for this revival in the choicest garb of collegiate eloquence.

The West, within the same period, lost a devoted prelate and wise guide in the person of Bishop Rademacher of Fort Wayne Diocese, than whom, says an exchange, a more gentle, kind-hearted man never drew breath. The possibilities for sectarian mission work presented by the new occupation of Cuba and the Philippines, continued to occupy the attention of our divided brethren, engendering some discussion that scarcely savored of apostolic emulation. For the temporary annoyance which must result to Cuban Catholics from the attempts of the newcomers to earn their missionary stipend, there was abundant compensation in the appointment of Mgr. Sbaretto

as Bishop of Havana. Allied as he is by racial ties with the people over whom he now presides, the new Bishop can scarcely garner, even among his own, more flattering harvest of esteem and affection, than he succeeded in doing during his sojourn at Washington, as Chancellor and Auditor of our Papal Legation there.

Culled from the records of February are happenings, some pathetic, some instructive, and all prideful for the Catholic reader. Such is the story of the heroic daughter of the church—Sister Stanislaus of St. Joseph's Order, who died a martyr's death in St. Louis, while attempting to rescue a pupil from a burning classroom—and the contemporaneous announcement, that the Sisters of the Holy Cross at Salt Lake City had for the time being resigned their school duties, so as to care for the smallpox patients there, deserted by secular nurses.

If deeds like these are the outcome of Catholic training, and none may deny the fact, why are our people not more united and insistent in their demand for the extension and recognition of such training on its deserved basis? The voice of the educator is loud in the land, advocating now this system and now that, while we, who possess the only system that can stand the test of time, because founded on the truths of Eternity, seem content with the semi-toleration that permits the bare right of existence.

In a February issue of the New York Freeman's Journal, Dr. McSweeney of that city, gives a graphic synopsis of the Catholic educational question—its past trials, present limitations and future requirements—with such valuable suggestions as might be expected from one who took early place in the vanguard of Catholic progressiveness.

Another self-evident truth to which our people, as a body, fail to give adequate weight, is that education cannot be supposed to end with school-days, nor be considered altogether the province of the teacher. It is continued in the office, workshop and factory, to which our children, according to social conditions, graduate, and there the average Catholic parent seems content to send his boy and girl, with no better daily escort and companion than the up-to-date newspaper, which is best described by silence, and the yellow-covered novel, that like the poison phial on the pharmacy shelf bears visibly the sign of warning against its contents. All know how familiar the pharmacist has need to be with each special antidote, for despite of warning the poison finds its victims; so should it be our care to provide for this more desperate emergency, where eternal death is the danger to be averted. Discussing this evil, the "Ave Maria" once said, "The remedy for printed falsehood is printed truth, to be provided in abundance and without delay."

The recent experiment of the preacher who

essayed to conduct a newspaper according to his ideas of the manner in which our Blessed Lord would have done, is still fresh in our memories. Farfetched as was the idea, we cannot aver that it far exceeded the requirements of our own creed. One of the greatest non-Catholic newspapermen of our time is on record as having declared that an editor has got to square his paper with the judgment day every day he lives. Now, leaving editors and proprietors to sit alone with their consciences and deal, each for himself, with this momentous question, let us consider the duty of the Catholic parent in this matter. Plainly, it is to uphold those who are able and willing to supply this vital need of soul and mind—the Catholic writer and publisher, who have, nowadays, to disobey too often the dictates of conscience in obedience to the sordid call of daily necessity.

Talent and training are ours in such abundance that from ranks which we claim by right of heredity and education, those of the secular press are recruited at every call. We rejoice betimes in the success of an individual, as when, about the beginning of this year, a great non-Catholic publication, long noted for its prejudice, chose as its editor the girl graduate of a Catholic institution; much more practical would be the appreciation for providing congenial place for such talent, and an accepted medium like the great daily newspaper and illustrated periodical of the times to further acquaintance with the masses of our people.

The political news columns of March furnish yet another proof of Catholic versatility, in mentioning a government commission assigned to the Jesuit Fathers of Manila, which was the preparation of accurate maps of the Philippine archipelago; it was said that no less than thirty of those were conveyed to Washington by Father Algue, S. J.

Education lost indeed a champion whose prowess had been proven on many a well-fought field when Abp. Hennessy of Dubuque was called to receive the eternal reward of his varied labors; 1900 was the seventy-fifth year of the great prelate's life, the fiftieth year of his priesthood, and the thirty-fourth of his episcopacy.

Another who could reckon half a century in the Master's service was Father Duffo, S. J., who died in Alabama, aged 74 years, having shared the perils and helped to alleviate the miseries of thirteen yellow fever epidemics in his beloved South.

The annual conference of the Association of American Catholic Colleges occurred in April at Chicago, where those best known in the important work met to exchange views and discuss existing conditions.

"So and for ever may your light shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father who is in Heaven."

The close of the Catholic Winter School at New Orleans was made memorable by a wonderful display of telephonic progress, when Abp. Elder of Cincinnati, from his home, hundreds of miles distant, conversed with Father Biever, who presided over the final session.

Work had already commenced on the Summer School grounds at Cliff Haven, where the session opens on July 1, to continue until September 1, and the interesting announcement was made that the Sisters of St. Joseph had begun the erection there of a convent building, to cost when completed \$100,000.

In Philadelphia, the cornerstone of a mammoth new academy, built as addition to one already famous under the guidance of St. Joseph's Sisterhood, was laid by Rt. Rev. Bishop Prendergast on the Feast of Our Lady of Good Counsel, April 16.

From Rome much was heard of the doings of American pilgrims, the names of prelates figuring more numerous on their lists than on those of any English speaking country. In the great church of the "GESU"—the church which shelters the tomb of St. Ignatius Loyola, and the shrine where rests the hallowed hand that in life baptized a million to the Faith, the hand of St. Francis Xavier—an American prelate, Mgr. Spalding of Peoria, delivered a sermon on "Education and the Future of Religion."

Here, at home, lectures to non-Catholics, characterized as a new mission movement, became more and more the order of the day, principally under the auspices of the Paulist and Passionist Fathers. The *modus operandi*, as detailed in the "Missionary," the official organ of the Union, made interesting reading for the many accustomed to associate such activities only with foreign lands. One advantage of the "home movement," as it may be called, is the opportunity offered for universal help, which need not imply by any means intrusion in the field of the Missionary, where we of the laity should but tempt the fate of fools venturing where angels hesitate. The most persuasive orator of the devoted band will, however, bear willing testimony to the fact that one lay man or woman, actually practicing the Catholic Faith, is a living sermon whose efficacy cannot be equaled by earthly eloquence.

Let us all then join the great guild of EX-AMPLE, for it must be sadly admitted that even in such cardinal requirements as simple honesty, plain sobriety, ordinary charity of speech and justice of action do the majority fail, thus becoming stumbling blocks in the paths of many who sincerely seek truth.

The International Catholic Truth Society, first organized by Rev. Dr. McGinnis of Brooklyn, and incorporated at Albany during April of this year, is largely composed of laymen, but under clerical direction; its subjects are, "to make

known the truths that the Church teaches; to enlighten those who honestly differ with us; to correct erroneous statements as to Catholic beliefs, and to defend the cause of the Church, particularly from attacks of anti-Catholic literature."

Abp. Corrigan's pastoral on education, issued before his departure for Rome, attracted much attention, and the sympathy of the people went out to Bishop Sbaretti in his Cuban home, striving for revision of the odious marriage law enacted by the military governor there, under which only civil marriages are declared valid.

With us, another bishop laid down in peace the crozier wielded for many an arduous year—Bishop Mullen of Erie, Pa., of whom the "Catholic Standard-Times" well said, that he had learned from his great compatriot, Saint Columbkille of Iona, the lesson of labor in foreign vineyards.

Mary's month brought the wonted freight of joys and sorrows for the Church of her Son's love; it witnessed many a festive celebration whose beauties custom can never stale for us, and a special occasion, too, welcomed by every lover of genuine Catholic poesy—the unveiling of a memorial to Fr. Abram Ryan, the poet-priest of the South, at his birthplace, Norfolk, Va.

On May 24, the joy bells of Rome's 400 churches, ringing to proclaim the canonization of St. Jean Baptist de la Salle and the dear St. Rita, "patroness of the impossible," echoed in loyal American hearts; to them the name of the one has grown familiar through the life work of the noble brotherhood he founded, and that of the other by association with that pioneer order of St. Augustine, whose glorious beadroll of saints is augmented with each passing century.

Something to rejoice in, too, was the masterly defense of Monastic Orders in the pages of the "Sacred Heart Messenger," and elsewhere from the pen of the "Messenger's" gifted editor, whose scholarly lecture on the life of Fr. Jogues and his companions in martyrdom is another valuable contribution of the year to our national church history.

Then there was Mrs. Leland Stanford's gift to the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Sacramento of the beautiful Stanford mansion with an endowment fund of \$75,000, to be conducted by the Sisters of Mercy as a day home for children; the appointment of a new bishop, Rt. Rev. Henry Moeller, D.D., to the see of Columbus, Ohio, and the first visit paid by President McKinley to the Catholic University; to chronicle announcement from the Sisters of Notre Dame that Trinity College, Washington, will open on October 4, of this year, was also welcomed.

The note of universal sorrow came in the tidings of the destruction by fire of St. Mary's College, Belmont, N. C. Beside the certainty that the loss is a severe one to Southern Catholicity

there was also the feeling of what the catastrophe meant to the saintly Bishop Abbot, who, through his untiring efforts for this undertaking, has become known, and as a natural consequence, beloved in many sections of the land by a people quick to recognize and honor sanctity and zeal like his.

Truly, whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth in His own time and way, else had this trial been spared to gentle, zealous Bishop Haid!!

June, the month of commencements, and consequently rich in domestic interest, may this year claim the distinction of consecrations and conventions as well. Its early days saw the consecration of Bishop Keiley of Savannah, Ga., and the convention of German Catholic Societies at Detroit, where the attitude of our Government towards the faithful in our new possessions was severely criticised.

On the 17th, at Baltimore, Cardinal Gibbons officiating, Rev. Dr. Henry Granjou, who for three arduous years had charge of the American branch of the Association for the Propagation of the Faith, was consecrated Bishop of the Diocese of Tucson, Arizona.

Later, we had the Conference of Seminary Rectors and Professors assembled at the Theological Seminary of St. Charles Borromeo, Overbrook, Philadelphia.

Besides these, as all the reading world knows, Philadelphia rejoiced in the temporary possession of the Republican National Convention, mentioned here because of the notable fact that its one impressive half hour may be characterized as the "Catholic half hour." This occurred on Nomination Day, the third of the session, when the Right Rev. Archbishop of Philadelphia gave by invitation the opening benediction. He succeeded, as is his wont, in asserting his own magnetic individuality and impressing upon all his hearers the existence of that intangible, inexpressible attribute of the old Church, which can only be called her hereditary right of domination. For the moments occupied by his remarkable rendition of the Lord's Prayer and the invocation which followed, the tribute of absolute quiet and respectful attention was his, which means much in such an assemblage.

News from China and the irrepressible "Boxers" is at this writing eagerly looked for, the indications being that once again those whom some of us have been privileged to know in the flesh stand firm at their post of duty beneath the shadow of the martyr's coveted crown and palm.

From Rome a belated item of American news claims place because of its significance as a reminder that the "word of the Lord endureth forever." Through the medium of His best loved among the children of men He has declared that the "Humble Shall Be Exalted," and seldom was

more visible fulfilment of this promise than when Rev. John Edwards of New York, long a toiler in the lowly places, was raised by His Holiness to the rank of Domestic Prelate, exchanging the familiar title of "Father" for that of "Mgr."

With June ends this partial record of the years 1899-1900; for all its incompleteness it is hoped that it may at least serve as a guide post directing the reader's attention to movements of which fuller information is desirable and indeed necessary for all who would be counted among the faithful, helpful children of Mother Church.

Let us each resolve, as Bishop Horstmann of Cleveland counseled not long since, "to be prac-

tical" in our allegiance. "To be a subscriber to a Catholic paper," added the Bishop, "that is doing something;" so it is to become an apostle of pure literature; a champion even in our own circle of Catholic education; a contributor according to our means to mission funds, so helping those far off representatives, of whose devotion we are so proud; a practical friend of the helpless orphans, those wards of the Divine Father, whose will deprived them of earthly parents!

If such one did his or her share for even one of those objects what glorious things should be recorded of 1901. MARGARET M. HALVEY.



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Atlantic City, New Jersey.....	6 hours.
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Bremen.....	9 days.
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It is a good deed and one deserving of great praise to contribute toward building a home and school-house for the children, who will be truly grateful to those who have been such good friends and benefactors. Do not hesitate, dear friend, to make this small contribution at once, while you are able to do so. You don't need to open your pocket book and take out dollars for us—just fill in the blank below.

Hoping you will comply with our humble request, and wishing you every blessing of our Lord, we are,

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ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

SOCIETY OF THE DIVINE WORD.

1. The Society of the Divine Word was founded on September 8, 1875, when the Mother House in Steyl was opened.

2. Outside of Europe the Society has charge of a Mission in Asia (China), one in Australia (German New Guinea), one in Africa (Togo), two in South America (Brazil and Argentine Republic), and one in the United States.

3. In South-Shan-Tung (opened January 18, 1882) the two missionaries, Father Nies and Father Henle, were murdered on November 1, 1897, at Tschantjaschuan, by members of the Sect of the Large Knife. In consequence of this event a small German fleet took possession of Tsintau on November 14, 1897. This was followed by the acquisition of Kioutshau Bay, the removal of the viceroy, who was inimical to the Christians, and of six other Mandarins, as well as the seizure of several Chinese coast regions by other European powers. Then occurred a revolution in the Imperial Palace at Peking. Emperor Kuangsu was deprived of the throne and the former regent, the Dowager Empress, seized again the reins of government. These occurrences caused the rumor to spread through the provinces that the Europeans would be driven out again and hostile proceedings were the consequence in many places. In South-Shan-Tung Father Stenz, who had been the real object of the night attack on Tschantjaschuan and who had since lived there in the greatest danger, was taken prisoner at Tjetow on Nov. 9, 1898, by a hostile band, robbed of his clothes and terribly ill-treated. Not until Nov. 11 did he regain his freedom through the intervention of a Mandarin. This hostile action was soon followed by the destruction of all Christian parishes in the eastern part of the mission's dominion, and shortly after by an intervention of German troops. The Holy See put all the parts of Shan-Tung belonging

to German China and situated all around Kioutshau Bay under the jurisdiction of the Vicariate. The capital is called Tsintau, near which a harbor after European pattern is in the course of erection. China has a new future before her, but possibly also very troublesome times. May the Lord direct everything for the best and in the interest of the dissemination of His faith. In South-Shan-Tung there are now at work one Bishop (Mgr. Anzer, Vicar Apostolic), thirty-five missionaries, eleven native priests and ten brothers. Easter, 1900, there were 16,000 baptized Catholics.

4. The Apostolic Prefecture of Kaiser Wilhelm Land (Emperor William Land) possesses a station at Berlinhaven on the Island of Tamara (opened Sept. 5, 1896,) and another at Leming, on the main land right opposite, and both, although only one mile apart, use different languages. The missionaries are now familiar with these and have erected schools. The natives have confidence in them and frequently take part in the church services. Eight priests, seven brothers and four sisters are at work here. Father Linbrock is the Apostolic Prefect.

5. The Apostolic Prefecture at Togo, Africa, was opened on Aug. 28, 1892, and is now attended by one Apostolic Prefect (Father Bucking), eleven priests, seven brothers and four sisters. The stations are Lome, Adjido, Togo, Little Popo and Porto-Seguro. Churches have been built in Little Popo (4,000 inhabitants) and in Lome (6,000 inhabitants); fifteen schools are conducted by Catholic colored teachers. In spite of the opposition of the richly endowed English Wesleyan mission and that of the North German Protestant mission at Lome, the population shows much greater confidence in the Catholic missionaries, whose schools are much better frequented. There are altogether 800 children, who receive instruction in Catholic religion

6. In Brazil our missionaries are active now in three dioceses. In the Diocese of Espirito Santo two each are located with the German colonists of St. Isabel and St. Leopoldina. One conducts the Bishop's Seminary at the old place of pilgrimage, "Nossa Senhora da Penha," near Victoria. To the south of it in the town of Petropolis and in the diocese of the same name, not far from the capital of the country, three Fathers conduct a Bishop's Seminary since April 9, 1898. Still further south, in the State of Parana, three other Fathers were put in charge by Bishop Camargo, of the extended parish of San Jose des Pinhaes, near Curytiba. Superior of the whole mission is Father Dold. Father Tollinger, in San Jose des Pinhaes, is Second Superior. Priests, fourteen; brothers, seven.

7. In the Argentine Republic there are thirty priests, twenty brothers and twenty sisters. The Superior of the Mission is Father Colling, D. D. The priests have charge of eight parishes, to which belong many villages and churches (Parish of Las Heras, in the part of the capital called Palermo), La Plata (Sauce Courte), Santa Fe (Esperance, Humboldt, S. Geronimo), Parana (Crispo, Marienthal, Damante). In the Diocese of Santa Fe our priests work amongst a population of Argentinians, Italians, Germans and other colonists; in Sauce Courte, Crispo and Marienthal there are colonies of so-called Russo-Germans, i. e., Germans who had first emigrated to Russia and afterwards left that country for the Argentine Republic. Diamante is a purely Argentinian city on the banks of the great Panama River. In Esperanza, a growing manufacturing city, there is the German-Argentinian College of San Jose, with primary and grammar schools for the needs of the German population in particular. In Buenos Ayres, Calle Mansilla (street), the Fathers have the Capilla Guadalupe, with a printing establishment, where they publish the weekly "Argentinian Volksfreund." They will soon have to build a large church for the 50,000 Catholics who live in the parish, in place of the little chapel they have now. In the city of Parana they have, on urgent request from the Bishop, undertaken temporarily the management of the Bishop's Seminary. Father Henry Neuenhofer, whose position in Ecuador had become unendurable on account of the persecutions to which he was subjected, was recalled from there on his urgent request by the Reverend Superior and affiliated with the Argentinian mission.

8. Here in the United States we have eight priests and eleven brothers. The board of management of the German Catholic Orphan Asylum at High Ridge in Chicago and its president, the well-known pastor of the St. Aloysius Parish in Chicago, Father A. Thiele, endeavored to have a call extended to our Fathers for the purpose of founding an industrial school on the Russell farm at Shermerville.

9. In Europe our society had in May, 1900, five

houses, with 115 priests, 489 brothers and 830 pupils.

a. At Steyl, in the mission house of St. Michael (opened Sept. 8, 1875, by Superior General Arnold Jansen), there were 657 persons, i. e., 42 priests, 280 brothers and apprentices and 326 pupils of the Latin classes.

b. At Herligkreuz, near Neisse, in Silesia (opened Oct. 24, 1892,) rector, Father Weber, there are 350 persons, amongst them twenty-one priests, seventy-six brothers and 253 pupils of the Latin school.

c. In Wendelinushof, near St. Wendelin, in the diocese of Trier (consecrated Nov. 30, 1898), there were five priests (Superior Father Bodems), thirty-five brothers and twenty-eight pupils of the Latin school.

d. At St. Gabriel, near Moedling, in Lower Austria (opened Oct. 4, 1899), rector, Father Eickenbrock, there were 352 persons, forty-two priests, eighty-eight brothers, and 222 students of philosophy and theology.

e. In St. Raphael at Rome (No. 4 Tormillina) there were, for the purpose of more advanced theological studies, five priests, besides the Superior, and two brothers.

10. The society of the "Servants of the Holy Ghost," founded and conducted by our society, has its mother home in Steyl and consists of two branches: Cloistered Sisters (founded Dec. 8, 1896) and Missionary Sisters (founded Dec. 7, 1889). Both have as their special object the adoration of the Holy Ghost, prayers for the priesthood and the support of the missions by prayer and work. The former devote themselves to the perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament and to needlework; the latter also go out to the missions to work there for the benefit of persons of their own sex. So far there are twenty in the Argentine Republic (Marienthal), four in Tago (Lome), and four in Kaiser Wilhelm's Land (Tamara).

11. The pupils of the society repeat annually the written declaration that it is their firm intention to become missionaries. The studies comprise twelve courses (six in Latin and six in philosophy and theology). During the ninth course the three solemn vows are taken, first for three years and then forever.

12. To all our benefactors, amongst whom we also count the solicitors for this calendar and our other books, we offer our most heartfelt thanks. The missionary applicants belong with few exceptions to poor families, who can pay little or nothing. How many of them there are already who have become zealous missionaries through the support which is given to us by our benefactors! Our missionaries' good work and the beneficent results which will come of it for time and eternity, will be reward for those who make this possible through their gifts.



ST. JOSEPH'S HOME.

Industrial School for Boys, Shermerville, Cook County, Illinois.

Endorsed by Most Rev. Archbishop P. A. Feehan, of Chicago,
October 15, 1899.

PROSPECTS AND CONDITIONS FOR ENTERING.

The object of St. Joseph's Home is to take care of poor, homeless Catholic boys, especially for those of German descent, to make of them good Catholics and faithful citizens. Boys who enter should be 12 years old at least, though in some exceptional cases they are received under that age.

Boys who are affected with contagious or incurable diseases are not received.

In order to obtain admission the following documents must have been sent to the institution:

(a) Certificate of birth and baptism; (b) certificate of health; (c) testimonial of good conduct from the pastor, and information concerning the talents of the applicant and his ability to pay; (d) by pupils who are able to pay an exact statement, signed by the father or guardian, concerning the yearly allowance.

The yearly allowance for pupils entering at 12 years is \$72 for three years. Candidates under 12 years must pay until they attain the age of fifteen. Boys without means are admitted at a lower price, and even entirely free. This is the same in regard to pupils who have passed their twelfth year.

On entrance each pupil should bring: 1 Sunday, 1 common suit of clothes, and 1 working suit. For working the suit should be made of blue overall cloth (the last is only required for the older pupils), 2 pair of shoes, 6 shirts, 3 pair of drawers, 3 blouse waists, 6 pair of stockings, 1 dozen handkerchiefs. Each of these articles of wearing apparel is marked with the number the pupil receives at his admission.

All that is beneficial or necessary for physical health, bodily and spiritual development, learning a suitable trade or business, moral or religious education, is offered free of expense to the pupil by our institution.

No distinction is made in the treatment of

pupils who do pay and pupils who do not pay, in regard to perfection, education and alimentation.

Pupils may remain in the institution to the age of 18 years, or until their chosen profession or trade is thoroughly learned. Should a pupil prefer remaining in the institution after the completion of the learning of his chosen vocation, agreements may be made with the superiors of the institution.

When leaving the institution the pupils receive a certificate of behavior, also of their profession, and their proficiency therein. Even after leaving the institution the pupils may claim assistance therefrom, if it is needed.

Pupils who endanger good discipline and morality, by constant obstinacy, disobedience and indolence, will be dismissed without a certificate if they do not listen to repeated warnings and admonitions.

Professions pursued are as follows: Printing, bookbinding, besides supplying the necessary material and illustrations for pressing; also the preparatory work done in leisure time, as stereotyping, photographing, drawing and the like, including the selling of books. Agriculture; cultivating of meadows, breeding of cattle, poultry, and bees, the culture of gardens of vegetables, grapes and fruit trees, including the different kernel and stone fruits, berries, as also nursery garden for decorative plants and trees, together with the cultivation of flowers, etc., is thoroughly taught.

For the learning of carving of wood, iron and stone works, are chosen at present only boys enough for building and keeping up the institution. The same may be said of the learning of the professions as far as concerns the nourishment and clothing. In the learning of all the professions the newly invented machines will be applied, although handwork will be preferred.

After the completion of arrangements for the

learning of the different professions, architecture and mechanics shall receive more attention in combination with an architectural school.

The next professions in perspective are plumbing, smithing, locksmithing, practical method for tending steam boilers, steam and electrical machines, joinery, stone cutting and sculpture, art of carving, mosaic, annealing, tailoring, besides a school for making church ornaments; shoemaking by hand and machine, weaving of stockings, candle, soap and brush making, grinding grain, slaughtering and baking, washing, burning of bricks, sawmill, drawing by hand, perspective and working; medical science, attendance and care of patients, etc.

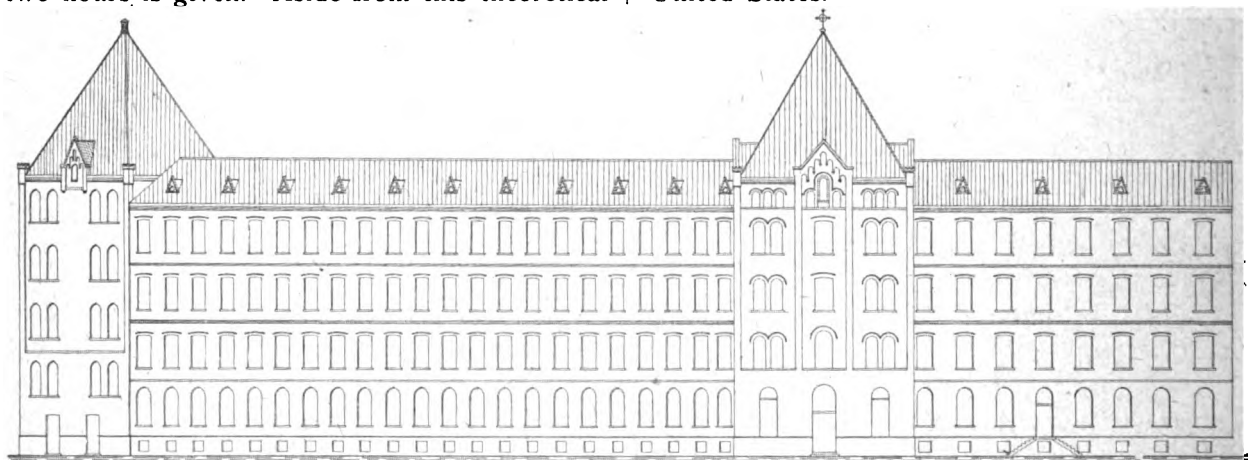
Besides completing studies for said professions the pupils have opportunity to advance in study, thus acquiring the necessary knowledge for future success in their labors. A daily instruction of two hours is given. Aside from this theoretical

no right to any presents they may have received from the institution.

Should boys of a higher class or of wealth wish to enter, in such cases the usual conditions for entering will be modified. Still, in regard to study, treatment and board no difference can be made. The institution will endeavor to fit the pupils entrusted to her care to become good, useful, practical Catholics, and loyal citizens. They shall be well drilled in order, economy and diligence.

With such intentions, and the blessing of God upon the institution, it may hope to be a great blessing for our poor boys, and at the same time to render a great service to society in general and the Catholic Church.

This undertaking is a great act of charity, extending itself first of all over the city and diocese of Chicago, but more generally over the entire United States.



Industrial School at Shermerville—Left Wing and Part of Front.

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A pupil who is extraordinarily diligent, skillful and obedient in learning his chosen trade may occasionally receive a reward, either of money or something else which will be useful to him. Such a pupil is the owner of the present as long as he behaves well.

To teach the boys economy and enable us to give them a small capital upon leaving the institution we save for them the money which they bring on entering, or receive from guardians, or in any other lawful way. A book is kept in which is written carefully the saving of each pupil. These savings are increased yearly by 2 per cent, and are paid to the pupils when leaving the institution. Pupils who are sent away, or leave St. Joseph's Home before 18 years, and without the consent of their director in the institution, have

We, therefore, kindly ask all good, noble-hearted friends of human society and common humanity, to assist as much as possible in our undertaking for the good and welfare of poor children.

In sending offerings for the institution, or soliciting admission of pupils, the address is: St. Joseph's Home, Shermerville, Cook County, Illinois.

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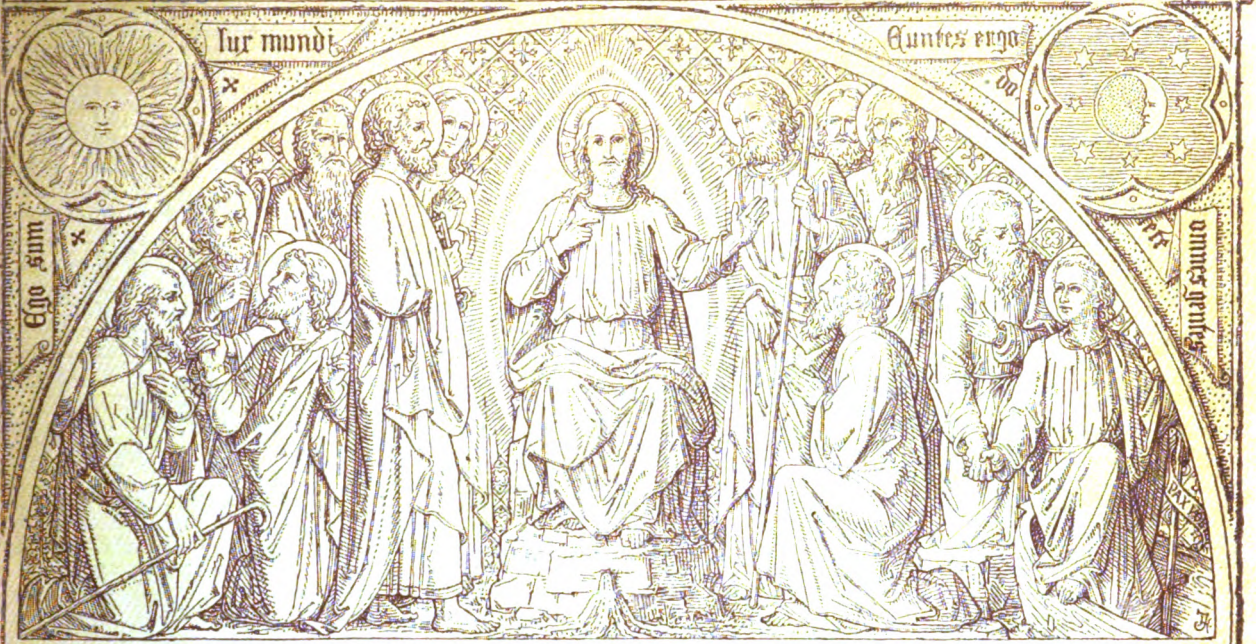
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A hearty "God reward you!" for all who assist us in any way

SOCIETY OF THE DIVINE WORD.

MAY 18 1908



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For the Year of Our Lord

1902.

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St. Michael,
ora pro nobis!

St. Michael's Almanac.

FOR THE YEAR OF OUR LORD

1902.

Published by the

Society of the Divine Word

For the Benefit of

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Industrial School for Boys,
SHERMERVILLE, ILL.

With the Approval of the Most Rev. P. A. Feehan, D. D.,
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Fourth Year.

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Chronological Cycles.

1902 Epact 21, Golden Number 3, Solar Cycle 7, Roman Indiction 15, Dominical Letter E.

Eclipses 1902.

There will be three solar and two lunar eclipses this year.
1. A partial eclipse of the sun will occur on April 8. Less than one-tenth (0.065) of the sun's diameter will be obscured, and this obscuration will be seen only in Alaska.

2. A total eclipse of the moon will take place on April 22. It will not be visible in the United States. The magnitude will be one and one-third lunar diameters.

3. Another and very large partial eclipse of the sun will be visible in the South Pacific Ocean on May 7. The magnitude will be 0.858.

4. A total eclipse of the moon will be well visible in the United States on October 16.

Moon enters shadow at 10:17 P. M. Oct. 16.

Total eclipse begins " 11:19 P. M.

Middle of the eclipse " 12:03 A. M. Oct. 17.

Total eclipse ends " 12:48 A. M.

Moon leaves shadow " 1:50 A. M.

The magnitude will be 1.464 lunar diameter.

5. A third partial eclipse of the sun will be visible throughout the greater part of Europe and Asia on October 30, but not in the United States. The magnitude will be 0.696.

Signs of the Zodiac.

Aries ♈	Cancer ♋	Libra ♎	Capricorn ♐
Taurus ♉	Leo ♌	Scorpio ♏	Aquarius ♒
Gemini ♊	Virgo ♍	Sagittarius ♐	Pisces ♓

Planets.

Mercury ☿	Venus ♀	Earth ♁	Mars ♂
Jupiter ♃	Saturn ♄	Uranus ♅	Neptune ♆
	Sun ☼	Moon ☾	

Other Symbols.

♌ Conjunction, or nearest approach of the heavenly bodies to one another.

☐ Quadrature, or at right angles.

♌ Opposition, or 180 degrees or 12 hours apart.

Morning and Evening Stars. A planet is morning star when it is above the horizon at the time of sunrise; it is evening star when above the horizon at sunset.

Movable Feasts.

SeptuagesimaJan. 26	PentecostMay 18
Shrove TuesdayFeb. 11	Holy TrinityMay 25
Ash WednesdayFeb. 12	Corpus ChristiMay 29
Palm SundayMar. 23	Sacred HeartJun. 6
Good FridayMar. 28	1st Sun. of Advent Nov. 30
Easter SundayMar. 30	
Low SundayApr. 6	2 Sundays after Epiphany.
Ascension DayMay 8	27 Sundays after Pentecost.

Holy Days of Obligation.

On which mass is of precept.

Every Sunday throughout the year.

1. New Year's Day, Wednesday, January 1.
2. Ascension Day, Thursday, May 8.
3. Assumption B. V. Friday, August 15.
4. All Saints, Saturday, November 1.
5. Immac. Conception B. V. Monday, December 8.
6. Christmas, Thursday, December 25.

Days of Fast.

Upon which only one full meal is allowed.

1. The 40 days of Lent.
2. Wednesday, Friday and Saturday in the four Ember weeks.

3. The vigils of Christmas, Easter, Pentecost, Assumption B. V. M., All Saints.

4. In some dioceses the Fridays of Advent.

Ember Days.

First week of Lent, February 19, 21, 22.

Pentecost week, May 21, 23, 24.

Third week in September, Sept. 17, 19, 20.

Third week in December, Dec. 17, 19, 20.

Days of Abstinence.

Upon which flesh meat is not allowed.

1. Every Friday in the year.

2. Every fast day in the year, except Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday (except the second and last Saturday) in Lent, upon which flesh-meat may be eaten once.

Exceptions to Fast and Abstinence.

1. Sunday is never a day of fast or abstinence.

2. All persons that are not obliged to fast may eat meat as often as they like on those days on which meat is allowed.

3. Working people are allowed to eat meat on all days of the year except all Fridays, Ash Wednesday, Wednesday and Saturday of Holy Week, and the vigil of Christmas. When any member of such a family lawfully uses this privilege, all the other members may avail themselves of the same privilege, but those who are bound to fast cannot eat meat more than once a day.

4. United States soldiers in field or in garrison may eat meat every day of the year, except Ash Wednesday, Good Friday, Holy Saturday and the vigils of Assumption B. V. and Christmas.

5. Persons under 21 or over 60 years of age if men, over 50 years if woman, are not obliged to fast. All those that perform severe and exhausting labor, the sick, nursing women, and all those whose health would be injured thereby, are exempt from fasting.

6. Fish and flesh are never allowed at the same meal on days of fast throughout the year, nor on Sundays in Lent. They are allowed on days of abstinence, such as Fridays, to those who are not bound to abstain. This rule does not apply to the sick.

Note.

As the United States are very extensive, embracing, as they do, about 20 degrees of latitude and 60 degrees of longitude with a difference of local times between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts of nearly four hours, it is impossible to edit only one calendar whose times will be correct in all the States. In order to reduce these differences to a minimum, we have computed this calendar for a point which, we judged was nearest to the geographical centre of the country, as well as to its centre of population, and as such we have adopted the city of St. Louis. Accordingly, 90th meridian, or Central times, have been given in the times of the eclipses and of the moon's phases. Should the reader be using Eastern time, he will add exactly one hour to these times, but subtract respectively one and two hours for mountain and Pacific times. But the times of the rising and setting of the sun and moon, the transits of the planets, and the like, had to be expressed in local times. In order to use these, the reader must know how much the railroad or standard time he is using is fast or slow of the true time of his locality. This difference may amount to as much as 50 minutes in some places. Again, when the sun and moon run high, difference of latitude may accelerate the time of sunrise 40 minutes and of moonrise 50 minutes, and retard the time of their setting by an equal amount for places along the northern border. The reverse is the case for the southern border, although there the difference is somewhat less. And, vice versa, when the sun and moon run low. The farther, therefore, the reader is from St. Louis, the more considerably should he deal with the figures in this calendar.

Long-range weather predictions as generally given in calendars, are impositions upon the credulity of the reader, and we have therefore omitted them. If the U. S. Signal Service, which receives telegraphic statements of the weather twice a day from all over the country, ventures to forecast the weather only one, two or at most three days in advance, and that with a probability of about 87 per cent; how then can a private individual forecast the weather a whole year in advance? If one were honestly day by day to write down the predictions of these prophets together with the actual weather, he would soon see what little reliance is to be placed upon them.



JANUARY. Saints and Festivals.

Moon's
A. | C.

Moon
Rises. | Sets.

Memorandums.

1 W	Circumcision of Our Lord.	23	☾	Midn	Noon
2 T	Macarius, Ab. Martinian, Bp.	24	☾	12 49	12 2
3 F	Genevieve, V. M. Florentius, B. M.	25	☾	1 45	12 39
4 S	Rigobert, B. Mavilus, M. Angela, W.	26	☾	2 40	1 10
1. S. G. Return of the Child Jesus from Egypt. Matth. 2. Sun R. 7 21 Sun S. 4 51					
5 S	Sund. a. New Year's Telesphorus.	27	☾	3 35	1 49
6 M	Epiphany of Our Lord. Erminold, Makra.	28	☾	4 18	2 23
7 T	Lucian, M. Clerus, M. Crispin, B.	29	☾	5 19	3 19
8 W	Severin, A. Patiens, B. Eugenian, M.	30	☾	6 7	4 13
9 T	Julian a. Basilissa, Marciana, V. M.	1	☾	6 51	5 8
10 F	Agatho, P. John the Good, B.	2	☾	7 32	6 6
11 S	Hyginus, P. M. Honorata, V. Alex.	3	☾	8 8	7 8
2. S. G. The Child Jesus in the Temple. Luke. 2. S. R. 7 20 S. S. 4 58					
12 S	1. Sund. a. Epiph. Tatiana, M. Satyrus.	4	☾	8 43	8 9
13 M	Potitus, M. Agritius, B. Veronica, V.	5	☾	9 17	9 12
14 T	Hilary, B. D. Malachy, Pr. Felix Nol.	6	☾	9 48	10 14
15 W	Paul, first hermit. Maurus, Ab.	7	☾	10 24	11 20
16 T	Marcellus, P. M. Berard. Priscilla.	8	☾	10 58	Midn
17 F	Anthony, A. Sulpicius. Leonilla.	9	☾	11 36	12 25
18 S	Peter's Chair at Rome. Prisca, V. M.	10	☾	Noon	1 33
3. S. G. The Wedding Feast at Cana. John. 2. S. R. 7 17 S. S. 5 5					
19 S	2. Sund. a. Epiph. Holy Name of Jesus.	11	☾	1 7	2 40
20 M	Fabian a. Sebast., M. Benedict, H.	12	☾	2 3	3 46
21 T	Agnes, V. M. Meinrad, Ab. Patroclus.	13	☾	3 5	4 49
22 W	Vincent a. Anastasius. Gaudentius.	14	☾	4 11	5 44
23 T	Espousals B. V. M. Emerentiana.	15	☾	5 20	6 36
24 F	Timothy, B. M. Felician, B. Suranus.	16	☾	6 27	7 15
25 S	Conversion of St. Paul. Ananias.	17	☾	7 32	7 54
4. S. G. The Laborers in the Vineyard. Matth. 20. S. R. 7 12 S. S. 5 13					
26 S	Septuag. Sund. Polycarp, B. M. Paula,	18	☾	8 36	8 29
27 M	John Chrysostom, B. D. Vitalian, P.	19	☾	9 37	9 1
28 T	The Prayer of Christ. Julian, B.	20	☾	10 37	9 31
29 W	Francis de Sales, B. D. Aquilinus.	21	☾	11 34	10 2
30 T	Martina, V. M. Hyacintha Marisc., V.	22	☾	Midn	10 35
31 F	Peter Nolasco. Louisa Albertonia.	23	☾	12 31	11 9

Moon's Phases. — January.

☾ Last Quarter 1.	10:08 A. M.	Apogee, 4.	
☾ New Moon 9.	3:15 P. M.		
☾ First Quarter 17.	12:38 A. M.	Perigee, 21.	
☾ Full Moon 23.	6:06 P. M.		
☾ Last Quarter 31.	7:09 A. M.		

Planets. — January.

Mercury, evening star on 1., ☿ ♀♂ on 23.
Venus, eve. star, greatest brilliancy on 9., ☿ ♀☾ on 12.
Mars, eve. star, ☿♂☾ on 11.
Jupiter becomes morn. star on 15.
Saturn becomes morn. star on 9.



FEBRUARY. Saints and Festivals.

		Moon's		Moon	
		A.	C.	Rises.	Sets.
1 S	Ignatius, B.M. Bridget, V. Ephrem.	24	♄	1 26	Noon
5. S. G. A sower went out to sow. Luke. 8. S. R. 77 S. S. 5 21					
2 S	Sexag. Sunday. Candlemas. Cornelius.	25	♈	2 19	12 29
3 M	Blase, B. M. Anschar, B. Hadelin, A.	26	♈	3 19	1 13
4 T	The Pass. of Christ. And. Cors.	27	♈	4 1	2 4
5 W	Agatha. Phil. of Jes. 26 Jap. Mart.	28	♈	4 45	2 58
6 T	Titus, B. Dorothy, V. Guarinus, B.	29	♈	5 28	3 56
7 F	Romuald, Ab. Richard. Theodore.	30	♈	6 6	4 57
8 S	John of Matha. Cointha. Juventius. ☼	1	♈	6 43	5 59
6. S. G. Jesus Cures a Blind Man. Luke. 18. S. R. 6 59 S. S. 5 29					
9 S	Quinquag. Sund. Cyril of Alex. Apoll.	2	♈	7 18	7 1
10 M	Scholastica, V. William. Austreberta.	3	♈	8 51	8 6
11 T	Shrove Tuesday. 7 Found. Serv. B. V.	4	♈	8 25	9 12
12 W	Ash Wednesday. Agatha, V. M.	5	♈	9 0	10 19
13 T	Raymond of Pennafort. Cath. Ricci.	6	♈	9 37	11 26
14 F	The Crown of Thorns. Valentine.	7	♈	10 18	Midn
15 S	Faustinus and Jovita, M. Georgia. ☼	8	♈	11 4	12 32
7. S. G. The Temptation in the Desert. Matth. 4. S. R. 6 51 S. S. 5 37					
16 S	1. Sund. in Lent. Juliana. Onesimus.	9	♈	Noon	1 37
17 M	Fintan. Theodulus, M. Silvinus.	10	♈	12 55	2 40
18 T	Simeon, B. M. Helladius, B. Flavian.	11	♈	1 56	3 35
19 W	Ember Day. Conrad of Placentia.	12	♈	3 2	4 25
20 T	Eleutherius, B. M. Eucherius, B.	13	♈	4 8	5 10
21 F	Ember Day. Lance and Nails.	14	♈	5 14	5 50
22 S	Ember Day. Peter's Ch. at Ant. ☼	15	♈	6 19	6 25
8. S. G. The Transfiguration of our Lord. Matth. 17. S. R. 6 42 S. S. 5 45					
23 S	2. Sund. in Lent. Pet. Damian, B. D.	16	♈	7 17	6 58
24 M	Matthias, Ap. Ethelbert. Primitiva.	17	♈	8 20	7 31
25 T	Felix, P. Caesarius. Tharasius, B.	18	♈	9 23	8 1
26 W	Margaret of Cortona. Nestor, B.	19	♈	10 18	8 34
27 T	Leander, B. Baldomer. Julian.	20	♈	11 14	9 7
28 F	The Holy Shroud. Romanus, A.	21	♈	Midn	9 44

Memorandums.

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Moon's Phases. February.

☾ New Moon	8 7:21 A. M.	Apogee, 1.
☾ First Quarter	15 8:56 A. M.	Perigee, 16.
☾ Full Moon	22 7:03 A. M.	

Planets. — February.

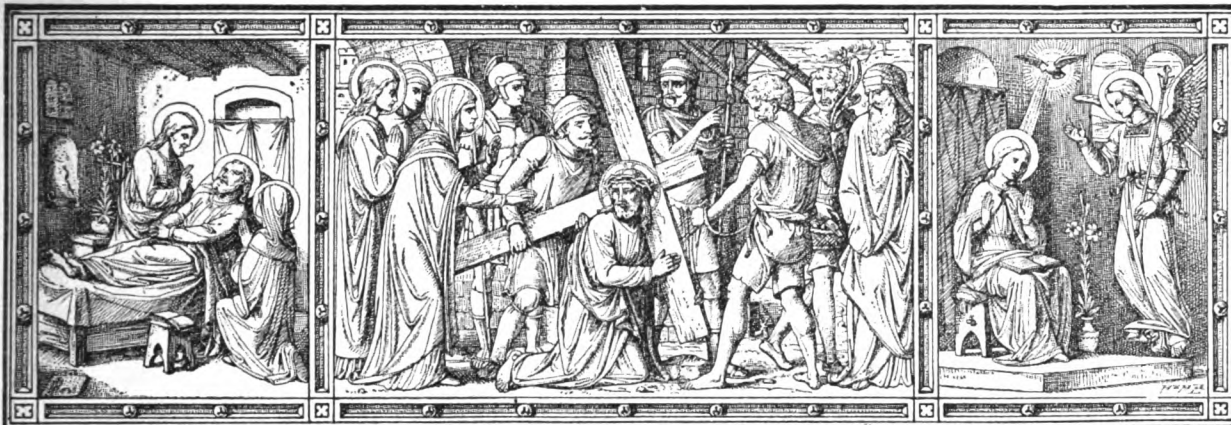
Mercury, eve. star, 18 degree E of ☿ on 3, becomes morn. star on 18.

Venus, ☿ ♀ ☿ on 1., ☿ ♀ ☿ on 8., becomes morn. star on 14.

Mars, eve. star, too near the sun to be seen.

Jupiter, morn. star, ♃ ☿ on 6., rises at 5 A. M. on 28.

Saturn, morn. star, ♄ ♃ on 6., rises at 4:22 A. M. on 28.



MARCH. Saints and Festivals.

Moon's
A. | C.
Moon
Rises. | Sets.

Memorandums.

1 S	Albinus, B. Swidbert, B. Eudocia, M.	22	♈	12 8	10 24
9. S.	G. Jesus casts out a Devil. Luke. 11.	S. R. 6	32 S. S. 5 52		
2 S	3. Sund. in Lent. Simplicius, P.	23	♈	1 1	11 8
3 M	Cunigund, V. Marinus, M. Asterus.	24	♈	1 51	Noon
4 T	Casimr, K. Caius, M. Photius, M.	25	♈	2 37	12 47
5 W	John Jos. of the Cross. Frederick.	26	♈	3 21	1 42
6 T	Colette, V. Ollegarius, B. Fridolin.	27	♈	4 1	2 41
7 F	The Holy 5 Wounds. Thom. Aq.	28	♈	4 38	3 43
8 S	John of God. Julian, B. Felix, B.	29	♈	5 17	4 45
10. S.	G. The Multiplication of Loaves. John. 6.	S. R. 6	22 S. S. 5 59		
9 S	4. Sund. in Lent. Frances of Rome.	1	♈	5 50	5 51
10 M	40 M. of Sebaste. Victor. Macarius.	2	♈	6 23	6 58
11 T	Firmin, Ab. Sophron., B. Eulogius.	3	♈	6 59	8 6
12 W	Greg. the Great, P. D. Egdunus, M.	4	♈	7 37	9 15
13 T	Nicephor. Ansovinus. Euphrasia.	5	♈	8 17	10 23
14 F	Most Prec. Blood. Mathilda, E.	6	♈	9 2	11 29
15 S	Longinus. Clem. M. Hofb. Probus.	7	♈	9 55	Midn
11. S.	G. The Testimony of Christ. John. 8.	S. R. 6	12 S. S. 6 6		
16 S	Passion Sund. Heribert. Agapitus.	8	♈	10 51	12 33
17 M	Patrick. Joseph of Arimathea.	9	♈	Noon	12 57
18 T	Gabriel, Archangel. Alexand., B.	10	♈	1 0	2 22
19 W	St. Joseph, spouse B. V. M. Amantius.	11	♈	2 2	3 8
20 T	Cyril of Jerusalem, B. D. Cuthbert.	12	♈	3 4	3 52
21 F	7 Dolors, B. V. M. Benedict, Ab.	13	♈	4 6	4 24
22 S	Catherine of Sweden, V. Octavian.	14	♈	5 7	4 56
12. S.	G. Triumphal Entry into Jerusalem. Matth. 21.	S. R. 6	0 S. S. 6 13		
23 S	Palm Sund. Fidelis. Victorian.	15	♈	6 7	5 30
24 M	Child Simeon. Latinus. Bertha.	16	♈	7 9	6 0
25 T	Annuntiation B. V. M. Richard. Will.	17	♈	8 6	6 33
26 W	Braulio, B. Ludger. Dismas.	18	♈	9 3	7 6
27 T	Holy Thursday. John Dam. Rupert.	19	♈	9 59	7 41
28 F	Good Friday. John of Capistran.	20	♈	10 52	8 21
29 S	Holy Saturday. Eustasius. Lud.	21	♈	11 42	9 3
13. S.	G. Resurrection of our Lord. Mark. 16.	S. R. 5	50 S. S. 6 20		
30 S	Easter Sund. John Climacus. Quirin.	22	♈	Midn	9 48
31 M	Easter Monday. Balbina. Amos. Benj.	23	♈	12 29	10 37

Moon's Phases. — March.

☾ Last Quarter	2	4:39 A. M.	
☾ New Moon	9	8:50 P. M.	Apogee, 1, 29.
☾ First Quarter	16	4:13 P. M.	Perigee, 13.
☾ Full Moon	23	9:21 P. M.	

Planets. — March.

Mercury, morning star, 27 degree W of ☿ on 17.

Venus, morn. star, ♀ ☿ on 7., greatest brilliancy on 21.
Mars becomes morning star on 29.
Jupiter, morning star, ♀ ♃ on 6.
Saturn, morning star, ♄ ♄ on 5.
Uranus, morning star, ☿ ☿ on 12.
Neptune, evening star, ♆ ♆ on 20.
Spring begins on 21 at 7 A. M.



APRIL. Saints and Festivals.

Moon's
A. C. Rises. Sets.

Memorandums.

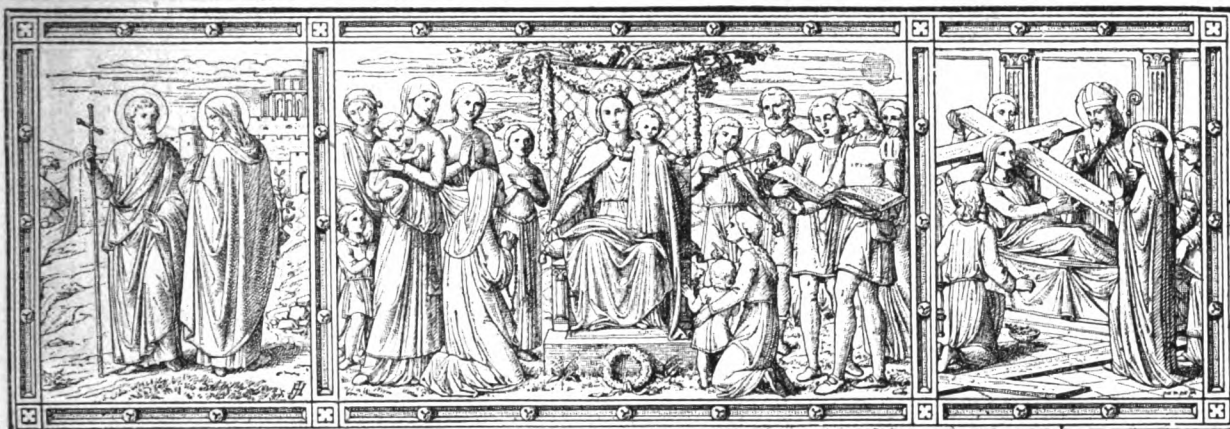
1 T	Easter Tuesday. Hugh. Theodora. ☿	24	☾	1 13	11 29
2 W	Francis of Paula. Ebba. Nicetius.	25	☾	1 55	Noon
3 T	Benedict the Moor. Richard, B.	26	☾	2 34	1 25
4 F	Isidore, B. D. Plato. Zozimus.	27	☾	3 8	2 27
5 S	Vincent Ferrer. Juliane Cornel.	28	☾	3 44	3 30
14. S. G. Jesus Appears to His Apostles. John. 20. S. R. 5 38 S. S. 6 26					
6 S	1. Sund. a. Easter. Low Sund. Celsus.	29	☾	4 19	4 36
7 M	Herman Joseph. Calliopius, M.	30	☾	4 54	5 44
8 T	Albert. Redemptus. Walter. ☿	1	☾	5 30	6 54
9 W	Mary Cleoph. Mary of Egypt, Pen.	2	☾	6 11	8 6
10 T	Ezechiell, Pr. Apollonius, M.	3	☾	6 56	9 15
11 F	Leo the Great, P. D. Antip. Rainer.	4	☾	7 48	10 24
12 S	Julius. Vissia. Zeno. Constantine.	5	☾	8 43	11 25
15. S. G. I am the Good Shepherd. John. 10. S. R. 5 29 S. S. 6 33					
13 S	2. Sund. a. Easter. Hermenegild.	6	☾	9 44	Midn
14 M	Justin. Tiburt. Valer. Maximus. ☿	7	☾	10 48	12 19
15 T	Crescens, M. Basilissa, M. Anastas.	8	☾	Noon	1 7
16 W	Benedict Joseph Labre. Drogo.	9	☾	12 56	1 48
17 T	Anicetus, P. Rudolph. Innocent.	10	☾	1 58	2 25
18 F	Amadeus. Anthia. Apollonius, M.	11	☾	3 0	2 59
19 S	Timon, M. Elphege, B. M. Leo, P.	12	☾	4 0	3 31
16. S. G. In a Little While. John. 16. S. R. 5 19 S. S. 6 39					
20 S	3. Sund. a. Easter. Patronage of St. Jos.	13	☾	4 59	4 2
21 M	Anselm, B. D. Arator. Simeon.	14	☾	5 57	4 34
22 T	Soter and Caius, P. Leonides. ☿	15	☾	6 54	5 6
23 W	George, M. Adalbert, B. M. Gerard.	16	☾	7 51	5 40
24 T	Fidelis of Sigmaringa, M. Egbert.	17	☾	8 45	6 18
25 F	Mark, Evang. The Great Litanies.	18	☾	9 36	7 0
26 S	Mary of Good Counsel. Cletus.	19	☾	10 24	7 44
17. S. G. Christ goeth to the Father. John. 16. S. R. 5 19 S. S. 6 46					
27 S	4. Sund. a. Easter. Turibius. Pet. Can.	20	☾	11 9	8 32
28 M	Paul of the Cross. Vitalis. Valeria.	21	☾	11 52	9 23
29 T	Peter of Verona. Paulinus. Robert.	22	☾	Midn	10 17
30 W	Catharine of Siena, V. Hildegard. ☿	23	☾	12 31	11 14

Moon's Phases. — April.

☾ Last Quarter 1 12:24 A. M.	
☾ New Moon 8 7:50 A. M.	Apogee 26.
☾ First Quarter 14 11:26 P. M.	
☾ Full Moon 22 12:49 P. M.	Perigee 10.
☾ Last Quarter 30 4:58 P. M.	

Planets. — April.

Mercury, morn. star, ☿ ☿ ☿ on 23., ☿ ☿ ☿ on 28.
 Venus, morn. star, ☿ ☿ ☿ on 5. 46 degree W of ☿ on 25.
 Mars, morning star, very near the sun.
 Jupiter, morn. star, ☿ ☿ ☿ on 3., rises at 3 A. M. on 5.
 Saturn, morn. star, ☿ ☿ ☿ on 2. and 29., ☿ ☿ ☿ on 18., rises at 2:14 A. M. on 5.



MAY. Saints and Festivals.

Moon's
A. C. Rises. Sets.

Memorandums.

1 T	Philip and James, Ap. Jeremias, Pr.	24	☾	1 7	Noon
2 F	Athanasius, B. D. Vindemial, B.	25	☾	1 41	1 14
3 S	Finding of the Holy Cross. Iuvenal.	26	☾	2 14	2 17
18. S.	G. Ask in My Name. John. 16.	S. R. 5 1 S. S. 6 53			
4 S	5. Sund. a. Easter. Monica. Godard.	27	☾	2 47	3 22
5 M	Rogation Days. { Pius V., P. Angelus, M. Nicetus.	28	☾	3 23	4 31
6 T		29	☾	4 3	5 41
7 W		1	☾	4 45	6 54
8 T	Ascension of Our Lord. App. of Mich.	2	☾	5 34	8 4
9 F	Gregory of Nazianzen, D. Hermas.	3	☾	6 29	9 10
10 S	Antoninus, B. Job, Pr. Gordian.	4	☾	7 31	10 10
19. S.	G. When the Paraclete shall come. John. 15.	S. R. 4 54 S. S. 6 59			
11 S	6. Sund. a. Easter. Franc. de Hieron.	5	☾	8 35	11 1
12 M	Nereus and Achilleus. Domitilla.	6	☾	9 41	11 47
13 T	Peter Regalati. Servat., B. Rolendis.	7	☾	10 48	Midn
14 W	Boniface. Pachomius. Sigismund. ☾	8	☾	Noon	12 26
15 T	Isidore. Dymna. Sophia. Rupert.	9	☾	12 54	1 1
16 F	John Nepomucen, M. Ubaldus, B.	10	☾	1 55	1 33
17 S	☾ Paschal Baylon. Torpes. Vigil.	11	☾	2 52	2 5
20. S.	G. The Paraclete will teach you all things. John. 14.	S. R. 4 48 S. S. 7 5			
18 S	Pentecost Sund. Venantius. Eric.	12	☾	3 51	2 36
19 M	Pentecost Monday. Pet. Cel. Pudent.	13	☾	4 48	3 8
20 T	Pentecost Tuesday Bern. of Siena.	14	☾	5 44	3 42
21 W	☾ Ember Day. Felix of Cantalicio.	15	☾	6 38	4 17
22 T	Bl. Henry VI., King. Rita. Julia. ☾	16	☾	7 31	4 57
23 F	☾ Ember Day. John Bapt. de Rossi.	17	☾	8 21	5 40
24 S	☾ Ember Day. Mary Help of Christ.	18	☾	9 8	6 27
21. S.	G. Go Teach all Nations. Matth. 28.	S. R. 4 43 S. S. 7 11			
25 S	1. Sund. after Pentec. Trinity Sunday.	19	☾	9 50	7 18
26 M	Philip Neri. Eleutherius, B. M.	20	☾	10 30	8 10
27 T	Bede the Venerable, D. John, P.	21	☾	11 17	9 6
28 W	Augustin, B. Podius, B. William.	22	☾	11 41	10 14
29 T	Corpus Christi. Mary Magd. of Pazzi.	23	☾	Midn	11 1
30 F	Ferdinand, K. Emmelia. Felix I., P. ☾	24	☾	12 14	Noon
31 S	Angela Merici, V. Petronilla, V.	25	☾	12 44	1 5

Moon's Phases. — May.

☾ New Moon	7	4:54 P. M.	
☾ First Quarter	14	7:40 A. M.	Apogee 23.
☾ Full Moon	22	4:46 A. M.	Perigee 8.
☾ Last Quarter	30	6:00 A. M.	

Planets. — May.

Mercury, evening star, 23 degree E of ☾ on 28.
 Venus, morning star, ☾ ☿ ☾ on 4.
 Mars, morning star, occulted by ☾ on 7.
 Jupiter, morn. star ☾ ☿ ☾ on 1, and 28, ☐ ☿ ☾ on 7.
 Saturn, morning star, ☾ ☿ ☾ on 27.
 Neptune, evening star, ☾ ☿ ☿ on 29.



JUNE. Saints and Festivals.

Moon's
A. C. Rises. Sets.

Memorandums.

22. S. G. The Great Supper. Luke. 14.		S. R. 4 39 S. S. 7 17			
1 S	2. Sund. after Pentecost.	Juventius, M.	26	☾	1 20 2 11
2 M	Marcellinus, Pet. and Erasmus, M.		27	☾	1 54 3 17
3 T	Clotilda, Q. Oliva, V. Lipardus.		28	☾	2 32 4 27
4 W	Francis Caracciolo. Clateus, B. M.		29	☾	3 20 5 38
5 T	Boniface, B. M. Sancius, M. Dorothe.		30	☾	4 12 6 48
6 F	Sacred Heart of Jesus. Norbert, B. ☼		1	☾	5 9 7 53
7 S	Robert, Ab. Licarion, M. Theophilus.		2	☾	6 14 8 50
23. S. G. The Lost Sheep. Luke. 15.		S. R. 4 37 S. S. 7 21			
8 S	3. Sund. a. Pentec.	Medard a. Gildard.	3	☾	7 22 9 40
9 M	Primus and Felician, M. Columba.		4	☾	7 52 10 23
10 T	Margaret, Q. Maurinus, Ab. Bardo.		5	☾	9 39 11 2
11 W	Barnabas, Ap. Parisius. Felix.		6	☾	10 43 11 36
12 T	John of St. Facundus. Nazarius. ☼		7	☾	Noon Midn
13 F	Antony of Padua. Felicula, V. M.		8	☾	12 47 12 7
14 S	Basil, B. D. Eliseus, Pr. Digna, V. M.		9	☾	1 44 12 39
24. S. G. The Miraculous Draught of Fishes. Luke. 5.		S. R. 4 36 S. S. 7 24			
15 S	4. Sund. a. Pentec.	Vitus. Modestus.	10	☾	2 39 1 9
16 M	John Francis Regis. Benno, B.		11	☾	3 38 1 43
17 F	Gundulphus. Himerius, B. Adolph.		12	☾	4 34 2 18
18 W	Mark and Marcellian, M. Leontius.		13	☾	5 26 2 57
19 T	Juliana Falconeri, V. Gerv. Protas.		14	☾	6 18 3 38
20 F	Silverius, P. M. Florentina, V. ☼		15	☾	7 6 4 24
21 S	Aloysius Gonzaga. Demetria, V. M.		16	☾	7 50 5 13
25. S. G. True Justice. Matth. 5.		S. R. 4 38 S. S. 7 26			
22 S	5. Sund. a. Pentec.	Paulinus. Alban.	17	☾	8 31 6 6
23 M	Audry, Q. Agrippina, V. M. Zeno.		18	☾	9 8 7 1
24 T	John the Baptist. Ivan. Rogatus.		19	☾	9 43 7 57
25 W	William, Ab. Lucy. Adalbert.		20	☾	10 13 8 55
26 T	John and Paul, M. Vigilius, B.		21	☾	10 48 9 55
27 F	Ladislaus, K. Sampson. Crescens.		22	☾	11 20 10 54
28 S	Leon II., P. Benignus, B. M. ☼		23	☾	11 54 Noon
26. S. G. The Multiplication of Loaves. Mark. 8.		S. R. 4 40 S. S. 7 27			
29 S	6. Sund. a. Pentec.	Peter and Paul, Ap.	24	☾	Midn 1 1
30 M	Comm. of St. Paul. Ostian. Lucina.		25	☾	12 30 2 7

Moon's Phases. — June.

☾ New Moon	6	12:11 A. M.	Apogee 19.
☾ First Quarter	12	5:54 P. M.	
☾ Full Moon	20	8:17 P. M.	Perigee 5.
☾ Last Quarter	28	3:52 P. M.	

Planets. — June.

Mercury, evening star, ☿ ♀ ☾ on 23.

Venus, morning star, ☿ ♀ ☾ on 3.

Mars, morning star, ☿ ♂ ☾ on 4.

Jupiter, morn. star, ☿ ♀ ☾ on 24., rises at 11 P. M. on 11.

Saturn, morn. star, ☿ ♀ ☾ on 23., rises at 9:50 P. M. on 11.

Neptune becomes evening star, on 10.

Uranus becomes morning star, on 23.

Summer begins on 23. at 3 A. M.



JULY. Saints and Festivals.

Moon's
A. C. Rises. Sets.

Memorandums.

1 T	Aaron. Theobald. Ramold, M.	26	♄	1 11	3 17
2 W	Visitation B. V. M. Proc. a Martin.	27	♄	1 58	4 25
3 T	Anatolius. Hyacinthus. Eulogius.	28	♄	2 52	5 32
4 F	Osee, Aggaeus, Pr. Irenaeus, B.	29	♄	3 52	6 33
5 S	Antony Mary Zaccaria, B. Zoa. ☾	1	♄	4 59	7 28
27. S. G. Beware of False Prophets. Matth. 7.		S. R. 4 43 S. S. 7 26			
6 S	7. Sund. a. Pentec. Most Prec. Blood.	2	♄	6 8	8 16
7 M	Cyril a. Method., B. Pulcheria, E.	3	♄	7 18	8 57
8 T	Elisabeth of Portugal. Kilian, B.	4	♄	8 26	9 35
9 W	Martyrs of Gorcom. Veronica Jul.	5	♄	9 32	10 8
10 T	Seven Brothers, M. Rufina, M.	6	♄	10 34	10 41
11 F	Pius I., P. M. Abundus. Sabinus.	7	♄	Noon	11 13
12 S	John Gualbert, Ab. Nabor a. Fel. ☽	8	♄	12 34	11 45
28. S. G. The Unjust Steward. Luke. 16.		S. R. 4 47 S. S. 7 23			
13 S	8. Sund. a. Pentec. Anacletus, P. M.	9	♄	1 30	Midn
14 M	Bonaventure, B. D. Optatian. Justus.	10	♄	2 27	12 8
15 T	Henry II., Emp. Catulinus. Honosa.	11	♄	3 21	12 36
16 W	Our Lady of Mt. Carmel. Valentin.	12	♄	4 13	1 37
17 T	Alexius. Generosus, M. Leon IV., P.	13	♄	5 2	2 21
18 F	Camill. of Lell. Arnold. Frederick.	14	♄	5 48	3 8
19 S	Vincent de Paul. Arsenius. Herm.	15	♄	6 31	4 0
29. S. G. The Destruction of Jerusalem. Luke. 19.		S. R. 4 52 S. S. 7 19			
20 S	9. Sund. a. Pentec. M.H. Redeemer ☽	16	♄	7 10	4 55
21 M	Praxedes, V. Daniel, Pr. Arbogast.	17	♄	7 46	5 51
22 T	Mary Magdalen. Meneleus, Ab.	18	♄	8 19	6 49
23 W	Apollinaris, B. M. Liborius, B.	19	♄	8 52	7 49
24 T	Christina. Francis Solan. Godo.	20	♄	9 24	8 48
25 F	James the Greater, Ap. Christopher.	21	♄	9 56	9 48
26 S	Anna, Mother B. V. M. Erastus.	22	♄	10 32	10 53
30. S. G. The Pharisee and the Publican. Luke. 18.		S. R. 4 58 S. S. 7 14			
27 S	10. Sund. a. Pentec. Pantaleon. ☽	23	♄	11 9	Noon
28 M	Nazarius and Celsus, M. Victor.	24	♄	11 51	1 3
29 T	Martha, V. Faustinus. Simplicius	25	♄	Midn	2 8
30 W	Abdon and Sennen, M. Ursus.	26	♄	12 41	3 15
31 T	Ignatius of Loyola. John Columb.	27	♄	1 37	4 17

Planets. — July.

Mercury, morn. star, close ☿ ♀ ☾ on 4., 20 deg. W of ☾ on 15.
 Venus, morning star, close ☿ ♀ ☾ on 2, close ☿ ♀ ♀ on 27.
 Mars, morn. star, ☿ ♀ ☾ on 3, ☿ ♀ ♀ on 23.
 Jupiter, morning star, ☿ ♀ ☾ on 21.
 Saturn becomes eve. star on 18, rises then at 7:16 P. M.
 ☿ ♀ ☾ on 20.

Neptune, morning star, only 11' south of ♀ on 27.
 Earth farthest from sun on 4 at 7 A. M.

Moon's Phases. — July.

☾ New Moon	5.	6:59 A. M.	Apogee 16.
☾ First Quarter	12.	6:46 A. M.	
☾ Full Moon	20.	10:45 A. M.	Perigee 4.
☾ Last Quarter	27.	11:14 P. M.	



AUGUST. Saints and Festivals.

Moon's
A. C. Rises. Sets.

Memorandums.

1 F	St. Peter's Chains. Machabees Br.	28	☾	2 38	5 14
2 S	Alph. Liguori, B. D. Stephen, P.	29	☾	3 46	6 5
31. S.	G. Jesus Cures a Deaf and Dumb Man. Mark.	7. S. R.	5 5 S. S.	7 7	
3 S	11. Sund. a. Pentec. R. of St. Stephen. ☾	1	☾	4 54	6 49
4 M	Dominic. Aristarchus. Euphronius	2	☾	6 4	7 29
5 T	Our Lady of the Snow. Oswald. K.	3	☾	7 12	8 4
6 W	Transfigurat. of Our Lord. Xystus.	4	☾	8 18	8 39
7 T	Cajetan. Donatus, B. M. Afra, V. M.	5	☾	9 20	9 11
8 F	Cyriacus, Largus. Smaragdus, M.	6	☾	10 22	9 44
9 S	Romanus, M. Hathumar. Firmus.	7	☾	11 21	10 18
32. S.	G. The Good Samaritan. Luke. i0.	S. R.	5 11 S. S.	6 59	
10 S	12. Sund. a. Pentec. Lawrence, M. ☾	8	☾	Noon	10 56
11 M	Philomena, V. M. Tiburtius, M.	9	☾	1 13	11 34
12 T	Clare, V. Herculani, B. Euplius.	10	☾	2 6	Midn
13 W	John Berchmans. Hippolytus.	11	☾	2 56	12 17
14 T	Eusebius. Ursicius. Vigil.	12	☾	3 43	1 4
15 F	Assumption B. V. M. Alfred. Alipius.	13	☾	4 27	1 54
16 S	Hyacinth. Roch. Serena. Theodore.	14	☾	5 8	2 46
33. S.	G. The Ten Lepers. Luke. 17.	S. R.	5 17 S. S.	6 51	
17 S	13. Sund. a. Pentec. Joachim. Myron.	15	☾	5 45	3 42
18 M	Helena, Emp. Clare of Montefalco.	16	☾	6 19	4 40
19 T	Louis of Toulouse, B. Urban, P. ☾	17	☾	6 54	5 40
20 W	Bernard, Ab. Samuel, Pr. Herbert.	18	☾	7 26	6 40
21 T	Jane Frances de Chantal. Ptolemy.	19	☾	7 59	7 43
22 F	Timothy. Hippolyt. Symphor., M.	20	☾	8 36	8 46
23 S	Philip Ben. Claudius. Sidonius.	21	☾	9 12	9 50
34. S.	G. No one can Serve Two Masters. Matth. 6.	S. R.	5 23 S. S.	6 41	
24 S	14. Sund. a. Pentec. M. P. Heart. B. V. M.	22	☾	9 53	10 55
25 M	Louis, K. of France. Genesius, M.	23	☾	10 37	Noon
26 T	Zephyrinus, P. M. Rufinus, B. ☾	24	☾	11 30	1 6
27 W	Joseph Calasancius. Rufus, B. M.	25	☾	Midn	2 6
28 T	Augustine, B. D. Hermes, M.	26	☾	12 29	3 5
29 F	Beheading of St. John the Baptist.	27	☾	1 31	3 55
30 S	Rose of Lima. Felix. Adauctus.	28	☾	2 37	4 41
35. S.	G. The Young Man at Nain. Luke. 7.	S. R.	5 29 S. S.	6 31	
31 S	15. Sund. a. Pentec. Raym. Nonnatus.	29	☾	3 45	5 22

Planets. — August.

Mercury becomes evening star on 11.
Venus, morn. star. ☿ ♀♂ on 1, ☿ ☾ on 1.
Mars, morn. star. ☿ ☿☾ on 1, and 30, rises at 2:24 A.M. on 16.
Jupiter becomes eve. star on 5, rises then at 7 P. M., ☿ ♀☾ on 17.

Saturn, eve star, ☿ ♀☾ on 16, souths at 10 P. M. on 16.

Moon's Phases. — August.

☾ New Moon 3. 2:17 P. M.
☾ First Quarter 10. 10:24 P. M. Apogee 13.
☾ Full Moon 19. 12:03 A. M. Perigee 1, 29.
☾ Last Quarter 26. 5:04 A. M.



SEPTEMBER. Saints and Festivals.

Moon's		Moon	
A.	C.	Rises.	Sets.
1	☾	4 52	6 1
2	☾	5 58	6 35
3	☾	7 3	7 9
4	☾	8 5	7 43
5	☾	9 6	8 18
6	☾	10 6	8 53

Memorandums.

36. S. G. The Man with the Dropsy. Luke, 14.

S. R. 5 35. S. S. 6 21.

7 S	16. Sund. a. Pentec. Regina, V. M.	7	☾	11 2	9 26
8 M	Nativity B. V. M. Hadrian. Alanus.	8	☾	Noon	10 14
9 T	Peter Claver. Gorgonius, M.	9	☾	12 48	10 58
10 W	Nicolas of Tolentino. Theodard.	10	☾	1 36	11 46
11 T	Protus, Hyacinth, M. Patiens, B.	11	☾	2 21	Midn
12 F	Guido of Anderlecht. Autonomus.	12	☾	3 3	12 37
13 S	Eulogius, B. Amatus. Venerius.	13	☾	3 42	1 32

37. S. G. The Greatest Commandment. Math. 22.

S. R. 5 42. S. S. 6 10.

14 S	17. Sund. a. Pentec. H. Name of Mary.	14	☾	4 17	2 29
15 M	Nicomedes, M. Aper, B. Porphy.	15	☾	4 53	3 28
16 T	Cornelius, Cyprian, M. Editha, V.	16	☾	5 26	4 29
17 W	Emb. Day. Impr. Stigm. St. Fr. ☺	17	☾	6 0	5 31
18 T	Joseph of Cupertino. Methodius, B.	18	☾	6 35	6 34
19 F	Ember Day. Januarius, M.	19	☾	7 11	7 40
20 S	Ember Day. Eustace. Fausta.	20	☾	7 52	8 45

38. S. G. The Man Sick of the Palsy. Math. 9.

S. R. 5 48. S. S. 5 58.

21 S	18. Sund. a. Pentec. Seven Dol. B. V. M.	21	☾	8 36	9 52
22 M	Thomas of Villanova. Maurice, M.	22	☾	9 27	10 57
23 T	Linus, P. M. Thecla, V. M. Garinus.	23	☾	10 23	Noon
24 W	Our Lady of Mercy. Gerard. ☺	24	☾	11 24	12 59
25 T	Cleophas, M. Pacificus. Lupus, B.	25	☾	Midn	1 51
26 F	Cyprian, Justina, M. Senator.	26	☾	12 28	2 39
27 S	Cosmas and Damian, M. Hiltrude.	27	☾	1 34	3 20

39. S. G. The Wedding Garment. Math. 22.

S. R. 5 54. S. S. 5 47.

28 S	19. Sund. a. Pentec. Wenceslaus, K. M.	28	☾	2 40	3 58
29 T	Michael, Archangel. Fraternus, B.	29	☾	3 44	4 33
30 M	Jerome, D. Sophia, W. Victor.	30	☾	4 48	5 7

Planets. — September.

Mercury, eve. star, only 13' south of Spica on 20, 26 degrees E. of ☉ on 24.

Venus, morning star, ☿♀☾ on 1. and 30.

Mars, morning star, ☿♂☾ on 27.

Jupiter, evening star, ☿♂☾ on 14.

Saturn, evening star, ☿♂☾ on 12.

Uranus, evening star, ☿♂☾ on 10.

Neptune, morning star, ☿♂☾ on 27.
Autumn begins on 23 at 6 P. M.

Moon's Phases. — September.

☾ New Moon	1.	11:19 P. M.	
☾ First Quarter	9.	4:15 P. M.	Apogee 10.
☾ Full Moon	17.	12:23 P. M.	Perigee 23.
☾ Last Quarter	24.	10:31 A. M.	



OCTOBER. Saints and Festivals.		Moon's		Moon		Memorandums.
		A.	C.	Rises.	Sets.	
1 W	Remigius, B. Bavo. Aretas, M. ☾	1	☾	5 47	5 40	1
2 T	Holy Guardian Angels. Leodegar.	2	☾	6 52	6 15	2
3 F	Cand. M. Gerard, A. Ewaldus. M.	3	☾	7 51	6 50	3
4 E	Francis of Assisi. Petronius, B.	4	☾	8 51	7 28	4
40. S. G. The Ruler's Son. John. 4.		S. R. 6 0 S. S. 5 36				5
5 S	20. Sund. a. Pentec. H. Rosary, B.V.M.	5	☾	9 46	8 8	6
6 M	Bruno. Magnus. Mart. of Treves.	6	☾	10 39	8 52	7
7 T	Mark, P. Sergius, Bacchus, M.	7	☾	11 29	9 39	8
8 W	Bridget, W. Simeon, Pr. Nestor.	8	☾	Noon	10 29	9
9 T	Denis. Publia. Abrah. John Leon. ☾	9	☾	12 57	11 21	10
10 F	Francis Borgia. Louis Bertrand.	10	☾	1 38	Midn	11
11 S	Germanus. Kenny, Ab. Probus.	11	☾	2 14	12 16	12
41. S. G. The Unforgiving Servant. Matth. 18.		S. R. 6 7 S. S. 5 26				13
12 S	21. Sund. a. Pentec. Maternity, B.V.M.	12	☾	2 48	1 13	14
13 M	Edward, K. Chelidonia. Coloman.	13	☾	3 23	2 13	15
14 T	Callistus, P. M. Burchard. Don.	14	☾	3 56	3 14	16
15 W	Theresa, V. Thecla. Severus, B.	15	☾	4 30	4 17	17
16 T	Gall, Ab. Lullus, B. Maxima, V.	16	☾	5 7	5 23	18
17 F	Hedwigis, W. Marg. M. Alac. V. ☾	17	☾	5 47	6 29	19
18 S	Luke, Evang. Asclepiades, B. M.	18	☾	6 32	7 37	20
42. S. G. The Tribute to Caesar. Matth. 22.		S. R. 6 14 S. S. 5 16				21
19 S	22. Sund. a. Pentec. Purity, B. V. M.	19	☾	7 21	8 46	22
20 M	John Cant. Wendelin. Caprasius.	20	☾	8 16	9 51	23
21 T	Ursula. Hilarion. Berthold.	21	☾	9 17	10 18	24
22 W	Cordula, V. M. Mary Salome. Mark.	22	☾	10 21	Noon	25
23 T	Severin. Verus. Oda. Peter Pasch. ☾	23	☾	11 26	12 37	26
24 F	Raphael, Arch. Evergistus, B. M.	24	☾	Midn	1 20	27
25 S	Chrysantus and Daria, M. Minias.	25	☾	12 31	1 58	28
43. S. G. The Daughter of Jairus. Math. 9.		S. R. 6 22 S. S. 5 6				29
26 S	23. Sund. a. Pentec. Evaristus, P. M.	26	☾	1 35	2 34	30
27 M	Florentius. Sabina, M. Elesbaan, K.	27	☾	2 37	3 7	31
28 T	Simon and Jude, Ap. Faro, B.	28	☾	3 40	3 41	
29 W	Narcissus, B. Zenobius, M. Eusebia.	29	☾	4 41	4 13	
30 T	Alphonsus Rodriguez. Eutopia.	30	☾	5 41	4 47	
31 F	☾ Wolfgang. Ampliatius. Vigil. ☾	1	☾	6 38	5 24	

Planets. — October.

Mercury becomes morn. star, on 19. ☿ ☿ ♀ on 23.
 Venus, morning star, close ☿ ♀ ☾ on 30.
 Mars, morn. star, ☿ ☿ ☾ on 26, rises at 1:30 A. M. on 15.
 Jupiter, eve. star, ☿ ☿ ☾ on 11, souths at 7 P. M. on 16.
 Saturn, eve. star, ☿ ☿ ☾ on 10, ☿ ☿ ☾ on 15, souths at
 7:53 P. M. on 16.
 Moon eclipsed on 16.

Moon's Phases. — October.

☾ New Moon 1. 11:52 A. M.
 ☾ First Quarter 9. 11:21 A. M. Apogee 8.
 ☾ Full Moon 17. 12:01 A. M.
 ☾ Last Quarter 23. 4:58 P. M. Perigee 19.
 ☾ New Moon 31. 2:13 A. M.



NOVEMBER. Saints and Festivals.

Moon's
A. | C. Moon
Rises. Sets.

Memorandums.

1 S	All Saints	Benignus, Cyren.	2 M	7 36	6 3
44. S.	G. Storm at Sea. Matth. 8.		S. R. 6 30	S. S. 4 58	
2 S	24. Sund. a. Pentec.*	AM Souls. Iustus.	3 A	8 30	6 46
3 M	Hubert. Eed. Pirminius. Christian.		4 A	9 22	7 32
4 T	Charles Borromeo. Vitalis M.		5 A	10 9	8 21
5 W	Frances de Ambois. Zach. Elis.		6 A	10 54	9 13
6 T	Leonard. Winoc. A. Atticus.		7 A	11 34	10 6
7 F	Engelbert. B. M. Willibrord. B.		8 A	Noon	11 1
8 S	Four Saints Crowned. Godfrey		9 A	12 46	11 58
45. S.	G. The Wheat and the Cockle. Matth. 13.		S. R. 6 37	S. S. 4 51	
9 S	25. Sund. a. Pentec.	Bas. of Savior.	10 A	1 19	Midn
10 M	Andrew Av. Tryphon. Monitor.		11 A	1 53	12 57
11 T	Martin of Tours. B. Mennas. M.		12 A	2 25	1 58
12 W	Martin. P. Livinus. Cunibert. B.		13 A	2 59	3 0
13 T	Didacus. Homobonus. Nicholas.		14 A	3 37	4 6
14 F	Stanislas Kostka. Jucundus. B.		15 A	4 20	5 14
15 S	Gertrude. V. Leopold. Albert.		16 A	5 8	1 24
46. S.	G. The Grain of Mustard Seed. Matth. 13.		S. R. 6 45	S. S. 4 45	
16 S	26. Sund. a. Pentec.	Patron. B.V. M.	17 A	6 3	7 34
17 M	Gregory the Wonderw. Anianus.		18 A	7 4	8 40
18 T	Dedic. Basilic. of Sts. Pet. and Paul.		19 A	8 9	9 42
19 W	Elizabeth of Thuringia. Pontian.		20 A	9 16	10 33
20 T	Felix of Valois. Edmund. K. M.		21 A	10 23	11 20
21 F	Presentation B. V. M. Columban.		22 A	11 29	Noon
22 S	Cecilia. V. M. Pragmatius. B.		23 A	Midn	12 36
47. S.	G. The End of the World. Matth. 24.		S. R. 6 52	S. S. 4 41	
23 S	Last Sund. a. Pentec.	Clement. P. M.	24 A	12 33	1 10
24 M	John of the Cross. Chrysogonus.		25 A	1 34	1 44
25 T	Catherine. V. M. Mercury. S. M.		26 A	2 36	2 16
26 W	Silvester. Pet. Alex. Leon. Conrad.		27 A	3 36	2 49
27 T	Barlaam and Josaphat. Virgilius.		28 A	4 33	3 25
28 F	James La Marca. Sosthenes. Greg.		29 A	5 29	4 2
29 S	Saturninus. Illuminata. Sisinius.		1 A	6 25	4 43
48. S.	G. There shall be Signs. Luke. 21.		S. R. 6 59	S. S. 4 3.	
30 S	1. Sund. in Advent. Andrew. Ap.		2 A	7 16	5 15

Planets. — November.

Mercury, morning star, 18 degree W. of ☿ on 4.
 Venus becomes evening star on 28.
 Mars, morning star, ☿☿C on 23.
 Jupiter, evening star, ☐☐☐ on 1, ☐☐☐ on 7.
 Saturn, evening star, ☐☐C on 6.

Moon's Phases. — November.

☾ First Quarter 8. 6:30 A. M.
 ☽ Full Moon 15. 11:06 A. M. Apogee 4.
 ☾ Last Quarter 22. 1:47 A. M. Perigee 16.
 ☾ New Moon 29. 8:04 P. M.



DECEMBER. Saints and Festivals.

		Moon's		Moon		
		A.	C.	Rises.	Sets.	
1 M	Eligius, B. Nahum, Pr. Olym. M.	3	♈	8 5	6 15	1
2 T	Bibiana, V. M. Silvanus. Paulina.	4	♈	8 48	7 5	2
3 W	Francis Xavier. Sophonias, Pr.	5	♈	9 32	7 58	3
4 T	Peter Chrysologus, B. D. Babara.	6	♈	10 10	8 52	4
5 F	Sabas, Ab. Bassus. Pelinus, B. M.	7	♈	11 45	9 47	5
6 S	Nicholas, B. Asella. Majoricus.	8	♈	11 19	10 44	6
49. S. G. John in Prison. Math. 11.		S. R. 7		6. S. S. 4 37.		7
7 S	2. Sund. in Advent. Ambrose, B. D.	9	♈	Noon	11 44	8
8 M	Immaculate Conc. B. M. V. Romaric.	10	♈	12 23	Midn	9
9 T	Leocadia, V. Gorgonia. Patroclus.	11	♈	12 56	12 43	10
10 W	Transl. H. House of Lor. Melchiad.	12	♈	1 28	1 45	11
11 T	Damasus. Daniel. Barsabas. Thraso.	13	♈	2 10	2 49	12
12 F	Our Lady of Guadalupe. Synesius.	14	♈	2 54	3 57	13
13 S	Lucy, V. M. Othilia. Ambertus.	15	♈	3 43	5 7	14
50. S. G. John's Testimony. John. 1.		S. R. 7 12		S. S. 4 38		15
14 S	3. Sund. in Advent. Nicasius, B. M.	16	♈	4 41	6 16	16
15 M	Christiana, V. M. Valerian. Max.	17	♈	5 45	7 23	17
16 T	Eusebius, B. M. Alice. Beanus, B.	18	♈	6 55	8 20	18
17 W	Ember Day. Lazarus. Sturmibus.	19	♈	8 6	9 11	19
18 T	Expectation B. V. Gratian. Wunib.	20	♈	9 15	9 57	20
19 F	Ember Day. Nemesius. Adjutus.	21	♈	10 22	10 37	21
20 S	Ember Day. Liberatus. Christian.	22	♈	11 27	11 12	22
51. S. G. The Mission of John. Luke. 3.		S. R. 7 16		S. S. 4 40		23
21 S	4. Sund. in Advent. Thomas. Themis.	23	♈	Midn	Noon	24
22 M	Zeno, S. M. Ischyron. Juditha.	24	♈	12 27	12 18	25
23 T	Victoria, V. M. Servulus. Engene.	25	♈	1 28	12 52	26
24 W	Adam a. Eve. Tharsilla. Vigil.	26	♈	2 27	1 26	27
25 T	Christmas. Anast. Adalsendis.	27	♈	3 24	2 3	28
26 F	Stephen Protomartyr. Comm. of all Mart.	28	♈	4 19	2 42	29
27 S	John, Ap. Evang. Fabiola. Maximus.	29	♈	5 12	3 26	30
52. S. G. The Slaughter of the Holy Innocents. Matth. 2. S. R. 7 19		S. S. 4 44				31
28 S	Sund. a. Christmas. Holy Innocents.	30	♈	6 0	4 14	
29 M	Thomas of Canterbury. David.	1	♈	6 50	5 2	
30 T	Anysia, M. Eugenius, B. Sabinus.	2	♈	7 35	5 56	
31 W	Sylvester, P. Columba. Hermes.	3	♈	8 22	6 57	

Memorandums.

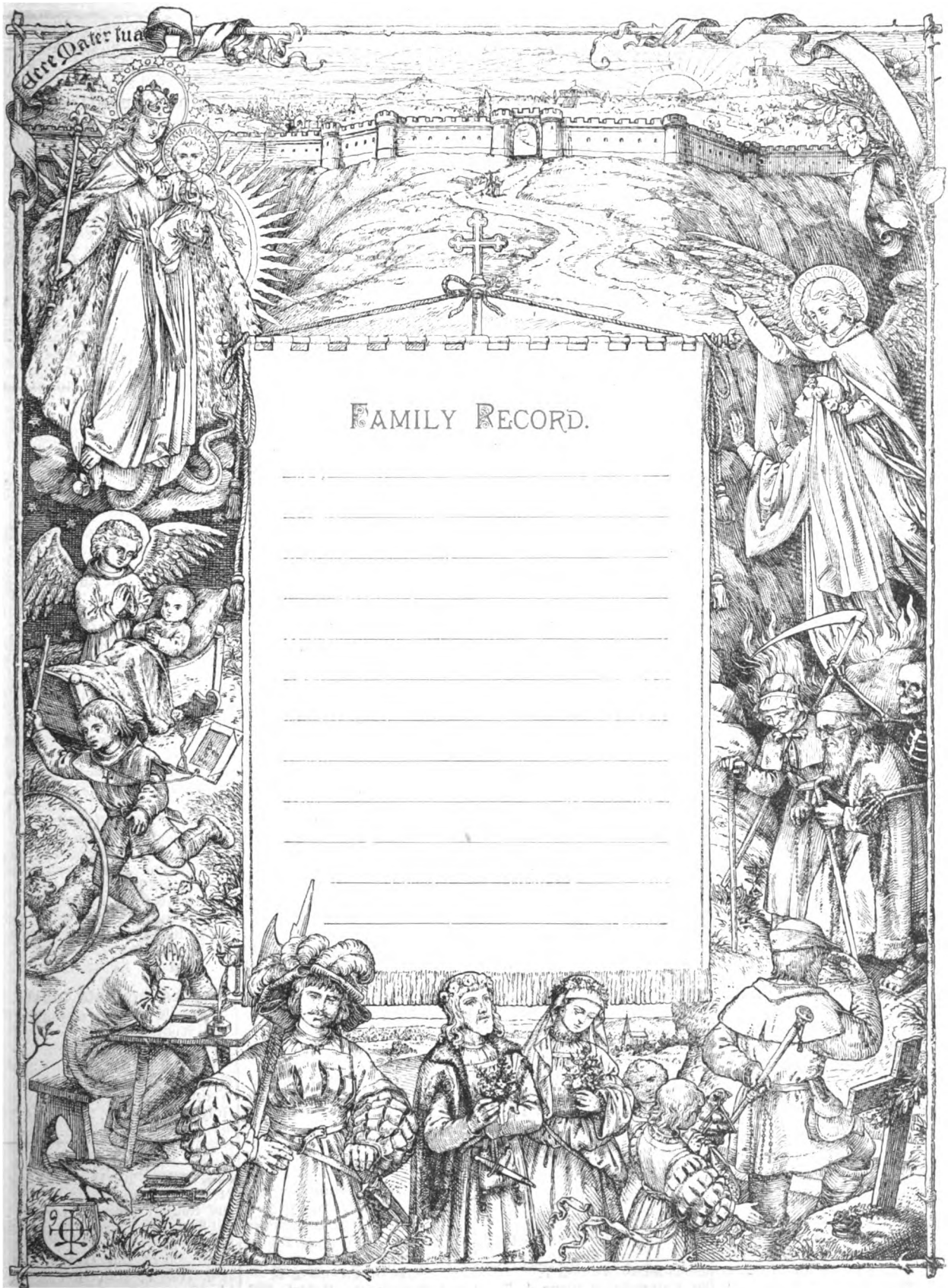
Planets. — December.

Mercury becomes evening star, on 12, ☿ ♀ on 22.
 Venus, evening star, only 8' south of ♀ on 10.
 Mars, morn. star, ☿ ♀ on 21, ☿ ♀ on 22.
 Jupiter, eve. star, ☿ ♀ on 5, sets at 9 P. M. on 8.
 Saturn, eve. star, ☿ ♀ on 3, sets 7:30 P. M. on 8.
 Uranus, eve. star, only 8' north of ♀ on 11, becomes morning star on 14.

Neptune becomes morning star on 24.
 Winter begins on 22, at noon.

Moon's Phases. — December.

☾ First Quarter 8. 12:26 A. M.
 ☾ Full Moon 14. 9:47 P. M. Apogee 2,29
 ☾ Last Quarter 21. 2:00 P. M. Perigee 15.
 ☾ New Moon 29. 3:25 P. M.



Calendar of Indulgences.

containing the plenary indulgences of 30 confraternities and pious practices.

I. PLENARY INDULGENCES WHICH CAN BE GAINED ONCE A YEAR.

General Conditions:

The good works usually prescribed for gaining a plenary indulg. are as follows:

1. *Confession.* (those, who go to confession every week, can gain all indulgences offered in the interval without going to confession again).

2. *Holy Communion.*

3. *Visit to a church* (whether to the confraternity church or parish church or any church, every one has to look up his enrollment booklet).

4. *Prayer for special intentions of the Sovereign Pontiff* (5 Our Fathers and 5 Hail Marys or any other prayer of about the same length are sufficient).

Confraternities.

1. White Scapular.
2. Blue "
3. Brown "
4. Black "
5. Red "
6. Sodality of the Bl. Virgin.
7. Confraternity of the Holy Rosary.
8. Archconfraternity of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.
9. Archconfraternity of Mary Consolation.
10. Ingolstadt Mass Association.
11. Archconfraternity of the Immacul. Heart of Mary.
12. Confraternity of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.
13. Archconfratern. of the Precious Blood of Jesus Christ.
14. Apostleship of Prayer.
15. Archconfraternity for the Veneration of St. Joseph.
16. Bona mors Society or Soc. for a happy death.
17. Confratern. of Jesus, Mary and Joseph.
18. Society of the living Rosary.
19. Archconfraternity to help the Poor Souls.
20. Society for the propagation of Faith. (Francis Xavier).
21. Association of St. Boniface
22. Third Order of St. Francis of Assisi.
23. Association of St. Vincent.
24. Medal of St. Benedict.
25. Apostolic Indulgences.
26. Society of the Holy Family.
27. Archconfraternity of Perpetual Help.
28. Confraternity of Christian Mothers.
29. Holy Ghost - Mass - Association.
30. Archconfraternity of the Guard of Honor of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Remark.

In the following Calendar the day of the months or the feast is given first, then the No. (instead of the name as seen above) of each confraternity, by which on a certain feast a plen. indulg. can be gained; if one confraternity can gain more than one indulg., may be seen from the number in parentheses; but in this case the members will have to comply with the respective conditions of the different indulgences.

When a person desires to gain 2, 3, 4 plen. indulgences for each of which a visit and prayer for the intent. of the Sov. Pontiff is required, he must repeat the visit for each of these indulgences; it is necessary to leave the church at the end of each visit and enter again for the next.

January.

1. New year's by 11, 13, 15, 18, 26.
6. Epiphany by 2, 8, 9, 13, 15, 16, 24, 25, 26, 28, 29.
23. Espousals B. V. M. Raym. Pennaf. by 7, 15, 26.
25. Conversion of St. Paul 11.
28. Apparition of St. Agnes 1.

February.

2. Candlemas by 1, 2, 3, 7(5), 8, 10, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, 18, 19, 24, 25, 26.
4. S. Andrew Corsini 3.
8. John of Matha 1.
11. Seven Founders of Serv. B. V. M. 4.
13. S. Catherine of Ricci 7.
14. John B. of the Concept. 1.
24. S. Mathias Ap. 16, 25.

March.

7. Thomas of Aquin 7.
12. Gregory the Great 12.
17. Patrick Ap. of Ireland 9, 18.
18. Gabriel, Arch. 29.
19. Joseph spouse B. V. M. 2, 3, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, 18, 19, 22, 25, 26, 28.
21. Benedict 24.
24. Joseph Mar. Thom. 2, 10.
25. Annuntiation B. V. M. 2, 3, 6, 7(6), 8, 9(3), 10, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, 18, 19, 20, 24, 25, 26.
28. Miracle of the Sacred Blood at Ferrara 13.

April.

5. Vincent Ferrer. 7.
12. Canonization of S. Cajetan 2.
20. Agnes of Olitiano 7.
29. Peter of Verona 7.
30. Catherine of Siena 4, 7.

May.

1. Philip and James Ap. 16, 25.
3. Finding of the Holy Cross 2, 10, 13, 20.
4. Monica 9(2), 28.
5. Pius V. 3, 7, 12.
8. Apparition of S. Michael Arch. 19.
10. Antony 7.
16. Bl. Simon Stock 3.
24. Mary Help of Christ, 13, 28.
29. Mary Magd. of Pazzis 3.
31. Our Lady of the Sacred Heart 8.

June.

5. Boniface 21.
12. John of S. Facundus 9.
17. Paul Buralis 2, 10.
19. Juliana Falcon. 4. Sunday before 24 June, Feast of Perpetual Help 27.
24. John Bapt. 2, 9, 10, 11, 13, 16, 25.
29. Peter Paul Ap. 2, 9, 10, 12, 13, 16, 19, 25.

July.

- Feast of the Precious Blood. (1st Sunday of July) 13.
2. Visitation of Mary 3, 7(4), 15, 18.
5. Michael of Santis 1.
9. John of Cologne 7.
16. Mary of Mount Carmel 3, 13.
19. Vincent of Paul 18, 23.
20. Margaret Hieron. 3.
- 3rd Sunday of July (feast of the most Holy Redeemer) 13.
25. James Ap. 16, 25.
26. St. Anne 28.

August.

2. Portiuncula Indul. 2, 27.
4. Dominic 7.
7. Cajetan 2, 3, 10.
12. Clara 22.
15. Assumption B. V. M. 2, 3, 4, 6, 7(6), 9(3), 10, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, 18, 19, 20, 24, 25, 26.
- Sunday after the Assumption day 3, 9(8) and Portiunc. ind.
16. Hyacinth 7.
23. Philip Beniti 4.
24. Bartholomew Ap. 16, 25.
25. Louis King of France 22.
27. Piercing of the heart of S. Teresa 3.
28. Augustine 2, 9(3), 10.
30. Rosa of Lima 7.

September.

8. Nativity B. V. M. 1, 2, 3, 6, 7(4), 8, 9(2), and Port. Ind. 10, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, 18, 24, 25, 26.
10. Nicolas of Tolentino 9.

14. Exaltation of the Holy Cross 2, 10, 13.
15. Dominic in Soriano 1, 7.
17. Impr. stig. of St. Francis 22.
18. Thomas a Villanova 9.
- Seven dolors B. V. M. (3rd Sunday of Sept.) 4, 13, 16, 18.
21. Mathew Ap. Ev. 16, 25.
28. B. Simon of Roxas 1.
29. Michael Arch. 2, 9, 10, 19.

October.

- Holy Rosary (1. Sunday Oct.)
7. Portiuncula Indulg.
4. Francis of Assisi 10, 21, 22.
11. Louis Bertrand 7.
15. Theresa 2, 3.
28. Simon a. Jude 16, 25.

November.

1. All Saints 2, 7, 12, 13, 16, 24, 25.
2. All Souls 12, 13, 19.
9. All saints of the order of St. Dominic 7.
10. Andrew Avellini 2, 10.
13. All saints of the order of S. Aug. 9.
15. Gertrude 3.
19. Elisabeth of Hungary 22.
20. Felix of Valois 1.
21. Presentation B. V. M. 3, 7(3), 13, 18.
30. Andrew Ap. 16, 25.

December.

3. Francis Xavier 13, 18, 20.
6. Nicolas B. 13.
8. Immacul. Conc. B. V. M. 2, 3, 6, 7(4), 8, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 18, 19, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 28.
13. John Mar. 2, 10.
16. a. 24. The first & last day of the novena before Christmas 2, 10.
21. Thomas Ap. 16, 25.
25. Christmas 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7(2), 8, 10, 12, 13, 15, 16, 19, 22, 24, 25, 26.
27. John Ap. Ev. 11, 12, 16, 25.

On the movable feasts.

- Sunday before Septagesima 11.
- Ash Wednesday 1.
- Passion Sunday 2, 4, 10.
- Friday after Pass. Sun. 2, 4, 7, 10, 13.
- Wednesday in Holy Week 2, 9, 10.
- Holy Thursday 1, 2(2), 3, 4, 7, 9(2), 10.
- Good Friday 2, 9, 10.
- Easter Sunday 1, 2(2), 3, 4(2), 7(3), 8, 9(3), 10, 13, 16, 18, 22, 24, 25, 26, 29.
- 2nd Sunday after Easter 23.
- 3rd Sun. after Easter 3, 9, 15, 16, 19, 26.
- Ascension of Our Lord 1, 2(2), 3, 6, 7(3), 8, 9(2), 10, 13, 15, 16, 18, 24, 25, 26.

Pentecost Sunday 2, 7(2), 9(3), 10, 13, 15, 16, 18, 22, 24, 25.
 Trinity Sunday 1, 2, 9, 10, 16, 18, 24, 25.
 Corpus Christi 4, 7, 9, 13, 15, 16, 18, 19, 24, 25.

Sacred Heart of Jesus 8, 12, 14, 22, 29, 30.

On special occasions during the year.

1. During the Forty Hours devotion 2, 3, 4, 10.

2. On any day selected by the Individual 2, 7, 10, 28.
3. On every Sat. of the year 9.
4. Every Sat. of Lent 2, 9, 10.
5. On the 6 Sundays or Fridays preceding the Feast of the Sacred Heart 12.

6. On the 15 Tuesdays and Saturdays preceding the Feast of the Holy Rosary or preceding the Feast of St. Dominic 7.
7. Every Friday of March 13.

II. PLENARY INDULGENCES WHICH CAN BE GAINED MORE THAN ONCE A YEAR.

Every Month.

1. Every first Sunday of the month 2, 7(5), 10.
2. Every first Friday or Sunday 12, 30.
3. Every third Sunday of the month 18.
4. On any Wednesday chosen during the month 3.
5. On any Friday chosen during the month 14.
6. On any day chosen during the month 12, 13, 14, 19, 22, 23, 30.
7. On the day of monthly communion 14.
8. On any two days chosen during the month.
1. By 11.
2. The plen. indulgences of the seven churches of the Stations in Rome after Holy Comm. and one visit to seven altars or seven visits to one altar of B. V. M. (one Our

Father each visit) 2.

3. Plen. indulgences of the Holy Land. 2.

Every Week.

1. Monday: (Sunday if prevented on Monday), one plen. indulgence.
Condition. Hearing Mass, Holy Comm. and Prayer (for the Poor Souls).
 By heroic Act of Charity.
2. Friday: Conditions: Meditation on the Lord's Passion, Communion and Prayer 5. If prevented on Friday, holy Communion may be received on Sunday.

On the day of H. Comm.

1. 1 plen. indulg. for saying: Look down upon me, good and gentle Jesus before an image of Christ crucified on the usual conditions: Com.

Prayer (no visit required).
 One plen. ind. for everyone that has performed the heroic act of charity cond. Com. and Prayer.

Every Day.

1. 1 plen. indulg. by saying the beads (15 decades) 7.
2. The many plenary and partial indulgences of the blue scapular when ever saying 6 Our Fathers 6 Hail Marys and Glory etc. in adoration of the Blessed Trinity and in honor of the Immaculate Conception for the intentions of the Holy Father.
3. The many plen. and partial indulgences of the stations.

Remark.

The heroic act of charity consists in a voluntary offering made in behalf of the souls in purgatory to the di-

vine Majesty, by any one of the faithful of all works of satisfaction done by him in this life as well as of all the suffrages which shall be offered for him after death.

If you could feel, Chr. soul what immense pains the Poor Souls have to suffer in the flames of purgatory, and how they long and desire for help from you, how the would be grateful to you by their intercession in your behalf. You would not hesitate to perform this heroic act of charity or at least strife to gain as many of above indulgences as possible for the poor souls. Ask the poor souls to implore for you the grace of perseverance and for the poor dying (about 100,000 daily) to escape the dangers of Hell.

Some partial indulgences easily to be gained.

For the Members of the Confraternity of the Holy Rosary.

Those who say the rosary, can gain:

- a) 5 years and 5 quarantines every time for pronouncing the name of Jesus in the Hail Mary with devotion.
- b) 100 days for every Our Father and Hail Mary on a Dominican-Rosary.
- c) 10 years and 10 quarantines for saying 5 decades together with others.

Who carries a blessed rosary in the honor of the B. V. Mary with himself, can gain 100 days and 100 quarantines every day.

Remarks.

This Calendar of Indulgences took up so many confraternities sole for the following reason: Because in different places different confraternities are liked. As for the individual it is advisably: "Little but good" viz. To impose upon one's self few obligations only, but to fulfill those few well.

The main point is and always will be a truly Christian life, the avoiding of sin, especially mortal sin and the practice of virtue; it is that what will take us to Heaven.

The above mentioned indulgences are taken from authentic or at least approved works.

The indulgence — a remission of temporal punishments, which, of course, the forgiveness of sins must precede — is frequently found in years and days of the ancient church-penances. For instance who gains an indulgence of 100 days, expiates a punishment, which was formerly expiated by a church-penance of 100 days.

Ejaculations as often as the are made.

50 days every time.

1. The sign of the cross: In the name of the Father 100 days if it is made with holy water.
2. "My God and my all!"
3. "Praised be Jesus Christ, (Forever, or Amen)."
4. "Jesus!" "Mary!"
5. "Jesus, my God, I love Thee above all things."
6. "My sweetest Jesus, be not my Judge, but my Savior"

100 days every time.

7. "My Jesus, mercy!"
8. "Angel of God, my guardian dear,
 To whom His love commits

me here,
 Ever this day be at my side,
 To light and guard, to rule and guide. Amen."

300 days every time.

9. "O sweetest Heart of Jesus! I implore that I may love Thee more and more."
10. "Sweet Heart of Mary, be my salvation!"
11. Blessed be the holy and immaculate conception of the most Blessed Virgin Mary Mother of God."
12. "Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, I give you my heart and my soul."
 "Jesus, Mary, and Joseph,

assist me in my last agony."
 "Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, may I breathe forth my soul in peace with you."

2835 days every time.

13. (7 years and 7 quarantines) for the acts of Faith, Hope, and Charity, any form of words may be used, provided it expresses the particular motive of each of these three virtues.

By 9, 10, 13, can be gained one plen. ind. on the usual conditions on any day of the month, if said everyday of the month.

The richest sources of indulgences are: The Stations, the Blue Scapular, the Confraternity of the Holy Rosary, also the above mentioned ejaculations, the three Divine Acts of Faith, Hope and Charity. If one often repeats the shortest and most richly indulged of these he can gain in a short time thousands of days of indulgence.

We should consider how with only a little trouble we can obtain consolation and succor for the Poor Souls. How ardently will those Poor suffering Souls in Purgatory lift up their hands in grateful supplication to the Throne of Mercy and intercede for their benefactors! If our dear Lord will not let a cup of water that is given in charity, be unrewarded, He will surely reward a thousand times that what we do for the Poor forsaken Souls in Purgatory. If anywhere then here especially the Words of our Lord shall be verified: "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends; because the hand of the Lord hath touched me!

RATES OF POSTAGE AND MONEY ORDES.

Domestic.

Embraces United States and island possessions of Guam Puerto Rico and Philippines.

FIRST CLASS. — Letters and all written matter, whether sealed or unsealed, and all matter closed against inspection, either by nailing, sewing, wrapping or in any other manner, so that the contents cannot be removed from the wrapper and be returned thereto without mutilating either, are subject to the first class rate of postage, 2 cents per ounce or fraction thereof.

Special Delivery. — Any Article of mailable matter bearing 10-cent special-delivery stamp, in addition to the lawful postage, is entitled to immediate delivery on its arrival at the office of address between the hours of 7 a. m. and 11 p. m., if the office be of the free delivery class; and between the hours of 7 a. m. and 7 p. m. if the office be other than a free-delivery office. To entitle such a letter to immediate delivery, the residence or place of business of the addressee must be within the carrier limits of a free-delivery office and within one mile of any other office.

Postal Cards. — Issued by the government, 1 cent each. The postmaster-general alone is authorized by law to determine the quality, form and size of postal cards, and to prescribe the regulations under which they may be sent in the mails, and it is not within the discretion of others to change the card so adopted. Such change of form or face, such as trimming, punching holes, or mutilation of any kind, will render the stamp impressed thereon valueless, and such mutilated card offered for mailing must have affixed thereto the full postage, viz.: one cent if the message is entirely in print, and the letter rate if it is wholly or partially in writing.

SECOND CLASS. — All regular newspapers, magazines and other periodicals issued at stated intervals not less frequently than four times a year, when mailed by publishers; the postage is 1 cent for each pound. A special rate of 1 cent for four ounces is made for all second-class matter mailed by other than publishers or newsdealers.

THIRD CLASS. — Embraces printed books, pamphlets, circulars, engravings, lithographs, proof-sheets with manuscript accompanying same and all matter of the same general character and not having the character of personal correspondence. Circulars produced by the mimeograph, hectograph, electric pen and other similar processes of transfer in imitation of hand or typewriting, not having the character of an actual personal correspondence, and easy of recognition, are mailable at the third-class rate of postage when presented to the postoffice or carrier station in not less than 20 identical copies. If mailed elsewhere or in less number, the letter rates of postage must be paid. Matter of the third class must be so wrapped as to be easy of inspection without breaking the seal or mutilating the wrapper. Rate of postage, 1 cent for each two ounces or fraction thereof. Full prepayment compulsory.

FOURTH CLASS. — All mailable matter, like merchandise not included in the three preceeding classes, which is so prepared for mailing as to be easily taken from the wrapper and examined. Rate, one cent per ounce or fraction thereof, except seeds, roots, cuttings, bulbs, plants and scions, which are 1 cent per two ounces. Limit of weight, four pounds. Full prepayment compulsory. Liquids and other like injurious matter not admitted, except under some conditions, which may be learned at any postoffice.

Private Mailing Cards. — 1. Cards must not exceed in size $3\frac{1}{4}$ by $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches, nor be less than 215-146 by 15-16.

2. The quality of the cards must be substantially that of the government postal cards.

3. The cards must bear these words at the top of the address side: "Private Mailing Card — Authorized by Act of Congress of May 19, 1898." ("Postal card — Carte postale.") When prepared by printers or stationers for sale they should also bear in the upper right-hand corner of the address side

an oblong diagram with the words "Place the postage stamp here," and in the lower left-hand corner the following words should be printed: "This side is for the address."

4. The postage rate applicable to cards for the United States, Canada and Mexico is 1 cent. For other countries the rate is 2 cents.

5. The face of the card is reserved exclusively for postage stamps, postmarks and the address, which may be in writing printing, by means of a stamp or by an adhesive label of not more than three-fourths of an inch by two inches in size. The sender may in the same manner indicate his name and address on the face or back of this card; and engravings and advertisements may be printed on the front if they do not interfere with a perfectly distinct address.

MONEY-ORDER FEES. — For domestic money orders in denominations of \$100 or less, the following fees are charged.

For orders for sums not exceeding \$2.50	3c
For over \$2.50 and not exceeding \$5	5c
For over \$5 and not exceeding \$10	8c
For over \$10 and not exceeding \$20	10c
For over \$20 and not exceeding \$30	12c
For over \$30 and not exceeding \$40	15c
For over \$40 and not exceeding \$50	18c
For over \$50 and not exceeding \$60	20c
For over \$60 and not exceeding \$75	25c
For over \$75 and not exceeding \$100	30c

Foreign.

Mail matter may be sent to any foreign country either directly or through the intermediary of some postal union state.

ON LETTERS. — Five cents for each half ounce or fraction thereof — prepayment optional. Double rates are collected on delivery of unpaid or short-paid letters.

POST CARDS. — Single, 2 cents each; with paid reply, 4 cents each.

Private Mailing Cards. — Two cents each, subject to conditions governing domestic private mailing card, printed in this almanac.

On newspapers, books, pamphlets, photographs, sheet music maps, engravings and similar printed matter, 1 cent for each two ounces or fraction thereof. Prepayment required at least in part.

TO CANADA (Including Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Manitoba and Prince Edward Island). — Letters, 2 cents for each ounce or fraction thereof; books, circulars and similar printed matter, 1 cent for each two ounces or fraction thereof; second class matter, same as in the United States; samples of merchandise, 1 cent for each two ounces. Minimum postage 2 cents. Merchandise, 1 cent for each ounce or fraction. Packages must not exceed four pounds in weight—prepayment compulsory.

CUBA.—Rates of postage same as to all foreign countries.

HAWAII.—Rates of postage same as to all foreign countries, except that merchandise must be sent by parcels post (See conditions below.)

GUAM, PUERTO RICO, PHILIPPINES. — Domestic rates and conditions apply to all classes of mail matter.

TO MEXICO.—Letters postal cards and printed matter, same rates as in the United States; samples, 1 cent for each two ounces; 2 cents the least postage on a single package; merchandise other than samples can be sent only by parcels post.

LIMITS OF SIZE AND WEIGHT—Packages of samples of merchandise to foreign countries must not exceed twelve ounces, nor measure more than twelve inches in length, eight in breadth and four in depth; and packages of printed matter must not exceed four pounds six ounces.

PARCELS POST.

Unsealed packages of mailable merchandise may be sent by parcels posts to Jamaica, including the Turks und Caicos islands, Barbados, the Bahamas, British Honduras, Republic of Honduras, Mexico, the Republic of Hawaii (Sandwich islands), the Leeward islands, the Republic of Columbia, Salvador, Costa Rica, the Danish West India islands — St. Thomas, St. Croix and St. John — British Guiana, the Windward islands, Newfoundland, Trinidad, including Tobago, and Germany at the postage rate and subject to the conditions herein prescribed. Parcels may also be sent to Chile, subject to these conditions, at the rate of 20 cents per pound or fractional part thereof.

Limit of weight 11 pounds
Greatest length 3 feet 6 inches
Greatest length and girth combined 6 feet
Postage 12c a pound or fraction thereof.

Except that parcels for Columbia, Costa Rica and Mexico must not measure more than two (2) feet in length or more than four (4) feet in girth.

A parcel must not be posted in a letter box but must be taken to window No. 10, general postoffice, or any carrier postal station, and presented to the person in charge, between the hours of 9 a. m. and 5 p. m., where a record will be made and a receipt given therefor.

INTERNATIONAL MONEY ORDERS.

For sums not exceeding \$10 10c
Over \$10 and not exceeding \$20 20c
Over \$20 and not exceeding \$30 30c
Over \$30 and not exceeding \$40 40c
Over \$40 and not exceeding \$50 50c
Over \$50 and not exceeding \$60 60c
Over \$60 and not exceeding \$70 70c
Over \$70 and not exceeding \$80 80c
Over \$80 and not exceeding \$90 90c
Over \$90 and not exceeding \$100 \$1

Note. — Puerto Rico and Cuba: Domestic fees.

International money orders may be drawn in the United States upon any of the following countries or places:

All countries in North America except Mexico.

In Central America: Salvador, Honduras and British Honduras only.

In South America: British Guiana, Chile, Panama (British Postal Agency) only.

In the West Indies: Cuba, Danish West Indies, Turks islands, Jamaica, Windward islands, Leeward islands, Bahamas, Bermuda islands, Trinidad and Puerto Rico only.

On all countries in Europe except Spain, Russia, Greece and Montenegro.

On the following countries and places in Asia: Aden, Bagdad, Bassorah, Turkey; Dutch East Indies; British India, Beluchistan; Beyroot, Turkey; Bunder Abdas or Gombron, Persia; Burma; Bushire, Persia; Caipaba or Haifa, Turkey; Canton, China; Ceylon; Chios or Scio, Turkey; Hankow; China; Haihow, China; Jaffa, Turkey; Jask, Persia; Jerusalem, Turkey; Kerrassunde, Turkey; Linga or Lingor, Persia, Mitylene, Turkey; Muscat, Turkey; Ningpo, China; Samsun, Turkey; Shanghai, China; Siam; Smyrna, Turkey; Swatow, China; Trebizond, Turkey; Hong Kong, China; Japan and Fusan; Chemulpo, Seoul, Yuensan and Mukho, Korea.

On the following countries and places in Africa: Accra, Gold Coast; Assab, Bogamoyo, East Africa; Banana, Congo Free State; Boma, Congo Free State; British Bechuanaland; Camerouns; Cape Coast Castle, Gold Coast; Dares Salaam, East Africa; Cape Colony; Egypt; Gambia; German Protectorate; Gold Coast Colony; Klein Popo, Togo; Kilwa, East Africa; Lagos, West Coast; Lamu, East Coast; Lindi, East Africa; Lome, Togo; Massowah, Matadi, Congo Free State; Mondasa, East Coast; Natal, Orange Free State, Pangani, East Africa; Saadani, East Africa; South African Republic; Panga, East Africa; Tangier, Morocco; Transvaal; Tripoli; Tunis, Zanzibar.

On the following countries and islands: Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania, Azores, Crete, Cyprus, Falkland islands, Iceland, Faroe islands; Madeira islands, Malta, Rhodes, St. Helena, Seychelle islands, Spice islands and the Straits Settlements, Hawaiian and Philippine islands.

TRANSMITTING MAIL.

Time required in transmitting mail from Baltimore to destinations named below.

Domestic.

Atlanta, Georgia 19 hours.
Atlantic City, New Jersey . . . 6 hours.
Brooklyn, New York 6 hours.
Burlington, Vermont 17 hours.
Buffalo, New York 18 hours.
Boston, Massachusetts 13 hours.
Cape May, New Jersey 6 hours.
Charleston, South Carolina . . . 16 hours.
Chicago, Illinois 1 day.
Columbia, South Carolina . . . 17 hours.
Cincinnati, Ohio 20 hours.
Council Bluffs, Iowa 2 days.
Concord, New Hampshire . . . 19 hours.
Denver, Colorado 2½ days.
Detroit, Michigan 1 day.
Galveston, Texas 2 days 5 hours.
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania . . . 3 hours.
Hartford, Connecticut 12 hours.
Indianapolis, Indiana 1 day.

Jackson, Mississippi 2 days.
Jacksonville, Florida 1 day.
Kansas City, Missouri 2 days.
Little Rock, Arkansas 1 day 18 hours.
Louisville, Kentucky 1 day 2 hours.
Memphis, Tennessee 1 day 5 hours.
Mobile, Alabama 1 day 8 hours.
Norfolk, Virginia 12 hours.
New Orleans, Louisiana 1 day 10 hours.
New York (City) 5 hours.
Omaha, Nebraska 2 days.
Portland, Maine 1 day.
Portland, Oregon 5 days.
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania . . 3 hours.
Pittsburg, Pennsylvania . . . 11 hours.
Providence, Rhode Island . . . 16 hours.
Raleigh, North Carolina . . . 13 hours.
St. Louis, Missouri 1 day 6 hours.
St. Paul, Minnesota 1 day 12 hours.
San Francisco, California 4 days 14 hours.
Topeka, Kansas 2 days.

Foreign.

Bremen 9 days.
Buenos Ayres, Argentine . . . 20 days.
Calcutta, East India 30 days.
Demerara, British Guinea . . . 16 days.
Hong Kong, China 25 days.
Kingston, Jamaica 5 days.
Liverpool, England 7 days.
London 8 days.
Luzerne, Switzerland 10 days.
Mexico (City) 5 days.
Moscow, Russia 12 days.
Panama, U. S. of Columbia . . 7 days.
Paris 8 days.
Quebec, Canada 2 days.
Rio de Janeiro, Brazil 25 days.
Rome 10 days.
St. Johns, Newfoundland . . . 4 days.
St. Petersburg 12 days.
Sydney, Australia 31 days.

Total Eclipse of the Moon. October 16 — 17, 1902.

An eclipse of the moon, especially a total one, is sufficiently rare to lose none of its interest at each recurrence. A clear sky and a seasonable hour add not a little to the enjoyment of the spectacle, and will arrest the attention of even the most indifferent. Such a treat is in store for our readers on the night of October 16, of this year. The hours are perhaps rather late for our friends in the east, but our western ones will surely not complain. At all events we must take the eclipse as it will actually be before the astronomer that predicts it is as helpless to change the hour of its occurrence, as the weather prophet is to bring on sunshine or rain.

A total eclipse of the moon cannot, of course, compare in grandeur and scientific importance with a total eclipse of the sun, such as our country has witnessed on May 28, 1900, but there are many uses to which a lunar eclipse may be put, and there are many scientific problems which it alone will solve.

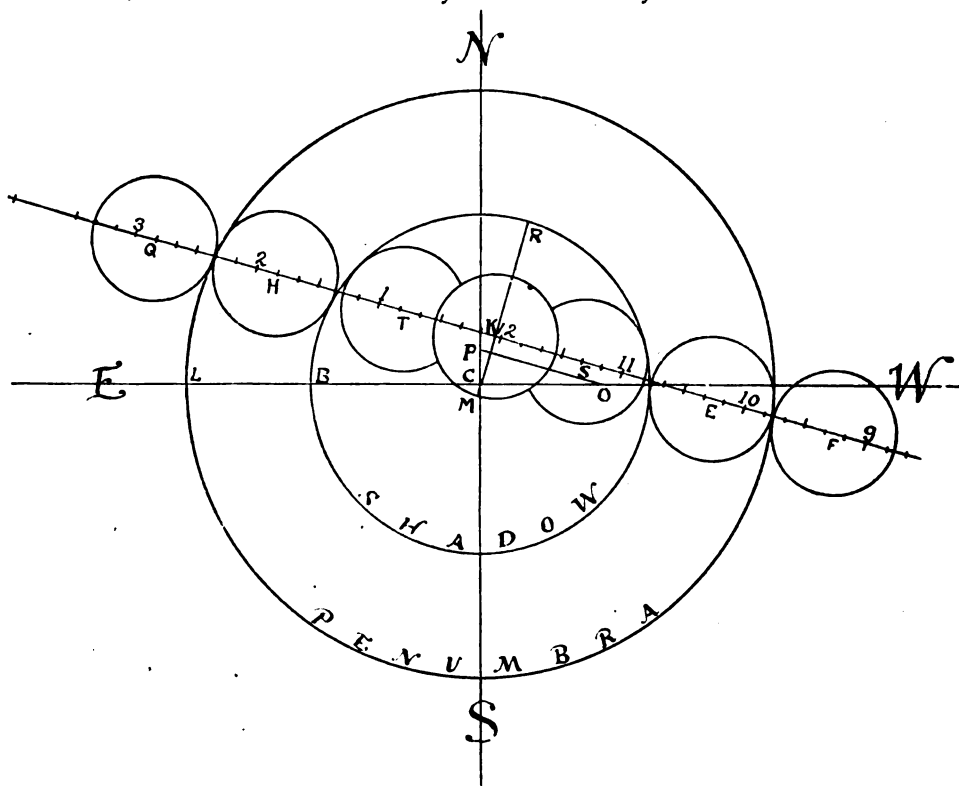
First of all, many historical dates are fixed by reference to certain lunar eclipses. Thus

for example, our present year 1902 is not the 1902nd year since the birth of Christ but the 1898th, because an error of four years has been detected by astronomers centuries after this Christian manner of reckoning years had been in use. And this is proved by the fact mentioned by the Jewish historian Josephus that upon the night that Herod died there occurred an eclipse of the moon.

With their present accurate knowledge of the moon's motion it was not difficult for astronomers to fix the date of this eclipse and thus detect the error in our era.

Secondly, it happens very often during a total lunar eclipse that the moon does not entirely disappear from view, but remains visible with a dull copper color. This is owing to the fact that the earth's atmosphere when free from

clouds acts like a huge lens and bends the sun's rays into the earth's shadow so that they fall upon the moon. These rays of the sun, therefore, traverse a great thickness of our atmosphere, and returning from the moon pass through it again. Under these circumstances the air exercises much greater absorptive power than usual, and the spectroscope is thus enabled to identify with certainty those lines which are



	Central time.				
F — Moon enters Penumbra	9:17 P. M.	Oct. 16.	K — Middle of Eclipse	12:03 A. M.	Oct. 17.
E — Moon enters shadow	10:17 P. M.		T — Total Eclipse ends	12:48 A. M.	
S — Total Eclipse begins	11:19 P. M.		H — Moon leaves Shadow	1:50 A. M.	
			Q — Moon leaves Penumbra	2:50 A. M.	

termed telluric, that is, those which are due to our own atmosphere and which must therefore be eliminated from the spectra of celestial bodies.

Thirdly, the invention of the bolometer, an instrument that detects almost infinitesimal variations of heat, enables astronomers to study the heat-radiating power of the eclipsed moon and of parts of its surface at a time when the sun's light and heat are suddenly taken away from them after they had been exposed to them for periods varying from a few minutes to nearly two weeks. Observations of this kind are extremely delicate and great additions to our knowledge are expected from them.

Fourthly, during an eclipse, when not only its intense glare, but at times even all of its light, is taken away from the moon, we are enabled to observe the moon's passage over many

small stars which could otherwise never be seen close to the lunar disk. These occultations of stars when observed from stations very far apart furnish the best means for determining the moon's position, motion, size and distance.

Fifthly, Barnard has photographed the moon when it was entirely within the earth's shadow but very near its border, that is, in other words, a few minutes after totality had begun and a few minutes before it ended, in order to see whether our moon had a satellite revolving about it, which under those circumstances, might be caught in the sun's rays while the moon itself was in darkness. While his results were negative, the experiment is worth repeating, although it is not likely that any such "moon of the moon" exists.

Lastly, a lunar eclipse is a picture hung up in the sky, and simultaneously visible to half the earth. The contacts of the lunar disk with the earth's shadow occur at the same absolute instant of time for all the observers of the world, and hence these contacts would furnish an excellent means of determining longitudes if they could only be accurately noted. Owing, however, to the indistinctness of the edge of the earth's shadow, caused by our enveloping atmosphere refracting the sun's rays, the times of the contacts can scarcely be observed within a minute, or half a minute at most. A larger telescope makes matters worse, as it rather increases this indistinctness of outline. The contacts with the earth's penumbra are altogether impossible to see.

The diagram accompanying this article will enable our readers to observe the eclipse of October 16, intelligently. The large circle is the earth's penumbra, and the smaller one concentric with it the earth's umbra or shadow, at the place where the moon crosses them. The earth, being a sphere, casts a conical shadow and a conical penumbra, the sections of which by a plane parallel to the background of the sky are the circles on our diagram. The letters N S E W at the ends of the vertical and horizontal lines denote the cardinal points, N being toward the north star and W on our right hand. This line N S, and with it the whole diagram, is variably inclined to the vertical for different places on the earth and even for the same place at different times. At midnight the line N S is exactly vertical, and the diagram is to be held up-side-up, just as one would hold it naturally without instructions of any kind. Before midnight the point N inclines to the left and after midnight to the right of the vertical. This inclination will be small and may pass unnoticed. Of course, the reader will know that of all the lines and circles on our diagram only one circle, the moon will be visible in the sky, and that only once in each position. When the moon is partially in the earth's shadow, we shall see only a part of the moon's circular border

and a part of the circular border of the earth's shadow, both being parts of true circles, the diameter of the shadow being nearly three times that of the moon.

The line F E S K T H Q is the path of the moon's centre relative to the shadow, and the seven equal circles on it denote the moon's positions at seven different moments, the positions at the full hours being the numbers 9, 10, 11, 12, 1, 2, 3.

If the reader will draw upon thin transparent paper a circle equal in size to the moon on the diagram, and move this circle along with its centre on the line F Q, he will have a perfect idea of the appearance of the moon at any moment during the eclipse. He will find that when the moon's centre is at F in the figure that is, at 9:17 P. M. on October 16, the "moon enters penumbra". This moment cannot be observed, because the loss of light is too minute to be noticed. The observer will see however that as the moon's centre advances to E, when the "moon enters shadow" at 10:17 P. M., the part of the moon's disk nearest the earth's shadow will be very much darker than the opposite part. At this moment, that is, at 10:17 P. M., the astronomer will notice a notch being cut out of the moon's bright disk at a point 86 degrees from the north point towards the east, or almost exactly upon the moon's left edge. This notch will slowly increase in size, until at 11:19 P. M. the entire moon will have entered the earth's shadow, and the "total eclipse begins." It may happen that the moon will disappear from view entirely, so that absolutely nothing will be seen in its place. But it is just as likely that the moon will remain visible, shining with a beautiful dull copper color, a sight worth sacrificing an hour of sleep for if the reader has never seen it and is interested in astronomical matters. At 12:48 A. M. October 17, the "total eclipse ends," and the moon begins to emerge from the earth's shadow, coming out of it completely at 1:50 A. M. and leaving the penumbra at 2:50 A. M.

The times of the eclipse given in this article are central or 90th meridian times, that is the railroad times used in the whole Mississippi Valley. If the reader uses eastern time, he must add one hour to the times given, and if he uses mountain or Pacific times he must subtract one and two hours respectively. Thus, the "middle of the eclipse" occurs at 1:03 A. M. Oct. 17, eastern time; 12:03 A. M. Oct. 17, central time; 11:3 P. M. Oct. 16, mount. time; 10:03 P. M. Oct. 16, Pacific time.

Let us hope that all, or at least, the majority of observers will be blessed with a clear sky: Who knows, but this eclipse may hasten the development of many a young astronomer among the readers of this calendar.

Wm. F. Rigge, S. J.
Creighton University. — Omaha, Neb.



OUR GREETING.

Veni, sancti Spiritus! — “Come Holy Ghost,” and inflame the hearts of Thy faithful! Come with Thy light, that we may be ever more enlightened, come with Thy love, that it may ever ever more inflame us, — come and take up Thy abode with us!

Have you not, dear reader, frequently and fervently sent forth this prayer not only on the holy feast of Pentecost, but also on many an occasion, when you found yourself confronted by an important and difficult problem of life?

If you have uttered this prayer with real piety and from the bottom of your heart, you must have felt an inward glow, a feeling, which raised you above all earthly feelings, and made you look upon the things of this earth in an entirely different light, — a feeling which filled you with courage and confidence and you have perhaps exclaimed with St. Peter: “Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life.” Or you found yourself at an all important turning point in your life for instance when you were about to choose your vocation, and you prayed: “O Holy Ghost, enlighten me, that I may desire and do only what is God’s holy will!” And you may have entered upon this vocation, against the advice of numerous friends and near relations only to find your path at the beginning strewn with thorns — and yet your innermost soul was filled with peace and happiness — why? because you know, that you were acting according to God’s holy will and therefore wisely!

It was the Holy Ghost who strengthened you in your purpose. And does He not accompany us with His graces throughout our whole life? Do not the streams of the graces of His seven holy gifts flow round our whole existence, from the first day to the last, and impregnate it with heavenly dew?

Does not in the holy sacrament of baptism the Holy Ghost the third person of the most Holy Trinity, breathe upon the infant and imprint upon it the seal of His grace, that grace without which naught can be accomplished? — And is it not the same Holy Ghost, who speaks through the mouth of the teacher, and instills into the child the teachings of the faith and shows him how to fear God and how to love Him?

And again, is it not the same Holy Ghost, who in the Holy Sacrament of Confirmation equips us for the further stages of our life’s pilgrimage?

It is the Holy Ghost, who descends and sanctifies that holy band, which indissolubly unites two hearts in the holy Sacrament of Matrimony, and who pours His graces over those who henceforth will go forth side by side upon the path to heaven to receive together with patience and resignation that which the Lord may send them, be it joy or be it sorrow.

In a still higher degree we see the working of the Holy Ghost in those, who following His summons, have entered into the service of the Almighty, i. e. in the priesthood. To them the Lord has promised the Holy Ghost most particularly and they receive Him in the holy sacrament of ordination. “Receive the Holy Spirit!” says the consecrating Bishop laying his hands upon the aspirant to express thereby the entering into him of the Holy Spirit which henceforth should wholly imbue him and equip him for his sacred office.

Have you ever felt within you the working of the Holy Ghost? — You should not say no, even if you have not been entirely conscious of the graces which the Holy Ghost has bestowed upon you, — but that the Holy Ghost is a faithful companion through life, — if we do not make ourselves unworthy of Him, and, as the

Apostle says. destroy His temple — He may demonstrate Himself perhaps to our eyes and our hearts at the end of our lives. When we are deserted by all, it is the holy church, in which He dwells and where He will dwell for all time, which comes to our aid in the last moment and offers us His consolation in the Holy Sacrament of extreme unction.

What can be more exalting and more consoling than to be always surrounded by the Holy Spirit and whoever does not believe it or has not experienced it, let him observe the miraculous disposition and working of the Holy Ghost in the holy Mother Church. She has the double promise of the Lord, to be always under the guidance of the Holy Ghost, which was imparted to her on the feast of Pentecost at Jerusalem and which has since guided in an unbroken line the successors of St.

Peter. The century just past, during which so many thrones have been destroyed, so many human arrangements have fallen into oblivion, so many follies been recognized by the world, looked with astonishment upon that heroic and venerable figure of Pius IX. of blessed memory and the whole world looks now with the same feelings

upon his successor, the eminent, august and wise Leo XIII. — Thrones may totter and tumble the chair of St. Peter stands firm; human wisdom melts like wax in the light of the sun — the wisdom of the Holy Ghost ever purifies and

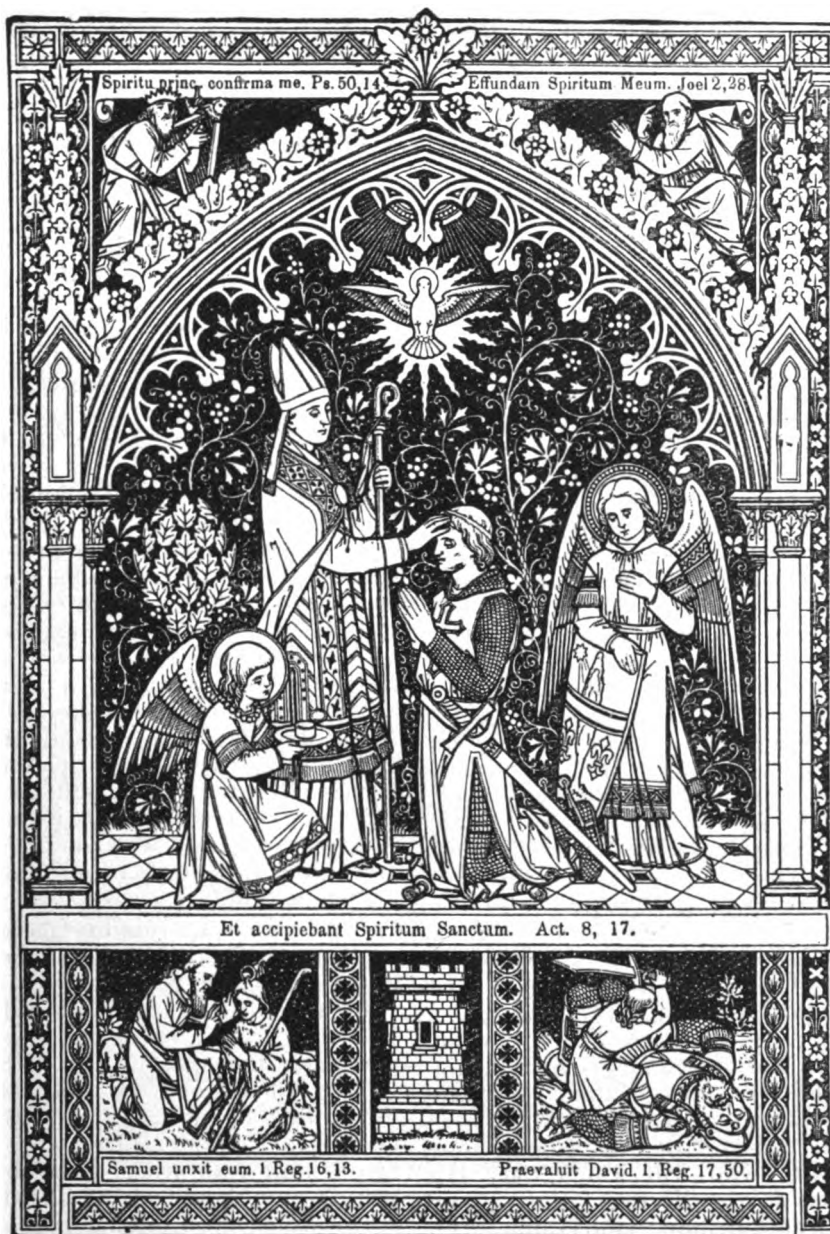
renews the strength of the church of God; for, has she not received the promise of the Lord, that the Holy Ghost shall be her guide unto the end of all days!

* * *

Go forth then once more our St. Michael's Calendar as a messenger of our hopes and our supplications and excite many hearts and many hands to help us along in our missionary work by prayer and by gifts.

First for the poor boys in our St. Joseph's Home to make them faithful Catholics and useful Citizens and also for other good and charitable undertakings which will be done by the different members of our Society.

But may you also awaken more and more in the hearts of your friendly readers the worship and thankful adoration to the dispenser of the heavenly graces, of Him, to whom you also owe your modest existence and that henceforth everywhere the fervent prayer may resound "Veni, sancte Spiritus!" "Come Holy Ghost!"





St. Cecilia.

A story of the second century.



Con the Campo Marzo, by the banks of the Tiber, there stood amongst the numerous palaces of the Roman patricians, a stately edifice, the proud palace of Cecilianus the Senator. Broad marble steps led to the handsome portico of marble columns, around which a busy life prevailed on this December day of the year 177. A number of slaves were busy decorating the stately Mansion, and everything indicated an approaching festive celebration.*)

In a cosy room on the second floor of this palace, young Cecilia sat sorrowfully at the feet of her mother, a venerable looking matron. Her luxuriant black hair held lightly by a golden circlet, fell about her neck and shoulders, her whole appearance marked her at the first glance as the daughter of a Roman patrician. A sweet innocence and grace illumined the seriousness of her noble face, and as she raised her lovely eyes to her mother, a tear stole its way under her eyelashes. "My dear Mother," she said, "what will be the end of it all? This is the last day, and yet I see no way of escape; father insists upon my marriage without further delay, this very evening he will take me to the house of Valerian, oh mother dear, help me!"

"My dear child," the matron replied consolingly, "you must not lose hope." This very day I went secretly to the catacombs to find Bishop Urban, and told him of your trouble. He who led you to consecrate yourself as a bride of Christ, exhorted me to have the fullest confidence in the Lord, who will watch over His bride with zealous love. "If the father is unyielding," said the holy Bishop, "God is almighty."

The face of the young girl grew calmer and more resigned at these words of consolation.

The mother continued: "Say to the daughter, the holy father added inspired with the Spirit of God, the Lord did not permit Sarah,

His innocent handmaiden to come to harm; He protected her from the sinful desires of the men, who approached her, and He sent His Angels to take charge of her, could He not send an Angel now, for the protection of His own spouse?"

Cecilia listened attentively to these inspired words, and lifted up her eyes in ecstasy. Encouraged and strengthened she folded her hands, and prayed silently. "O Lord Jesus, protect Thy servant; send a holy Angel to Thy bride in the hour of need!"

"Does not that holy hour," the matron again spoke, "stand out vividly before your mind's eye, when you, a happy child, consecrated yourself to the Redeemer, promising Him eternal fidelity, as you laid your wreath upon the Altar? At that moment your guardian Angel took the wreath, and carried it to the throne of God. If then the Angel should come again, and offer you a wreath of thorns, would you accept it? You know that Valerian will find out that you are a Christian. He has a noble heart, but it is inflamed with passionate love, the words of the Holy Ghost, "O how beautiful is the chaste generation," are unknown to him."

A shadow of timidity passed over Cecilia's face but she soon said with fervent strength of faith: "Oh my dear mother, I hope that my Almighty Bridegroom will help me, and that He will give me sufficient strength, to wear the wreath of thorns with a glad heart."

"I thank God, my dear daughter," replied the mother deeply affected, "that He has given you such courage, persevere steadfastly in it through all your trials, until the Angel calls to you: "Come thou bride of Christ, and receive the crown which the Lord has prepared for thee from all eternity."

"My mother's heart bleeds at the thought of such a sacrifice — and maybe the hour is near at hand — but I shall consider myself blessed, to become the mother of a martyr. Go forth then my child, full of confidence in God, to the house of your affiancing; the Holy Ghost will put the right words upon your lips and God's Angel will guard your chastity. A mother's blessing goes with you!"

*) "There was found in the year 1604, in the church of "Maria del divin Amore," on what was formerly the Campo Marzo, near the present Palazzo Borghese, a stone with the inscription: "Haec est domus in qua orabat St. Caecilia." "This is the house, in which St. Caecilia prayed."

Respectfully and silently the young girl bent her head over the trembling hand of her mother, and a holy submission to the will of God, shone forth from the eyes of both women, as they embraced each other profoundly moved. Then they left the room, to make the necessary preparations for the coming celebration.

II.

A festival had just come to an end in the Pantheon, a temple dedicated to all the gods. The magnificent cavalcade of the two emperors Marcus Aurelius and Commodus, was disappearing in the distance; a vast and noisy multitude filled the wide square in front of the temple, and was still issuing from the immense bronze portals of the vast rotunda. Numerous slaves with litters, carriages, and horses were waiting for their masters in front of the mighty Monoliths.*)

Under the gilded roof of the vestibule, Senator Septimius Ceciliaus, stood, engaged in eager conversation with the powerful young nobleman Valerian, at some distance, near the co-

*) The Pantheon was erected in the year 25 B.C. by Agrippa the son-in-law of the emperor Augustus, and is one of the grandest monuments of Roman architecture. Sixteen Monoliths, columns hewn out of a single piece of stone, support the vestibule up to the vast rotunda, the cupola of which stands out sombre and gloomy far above the surrounding buildings. An opening thirty feet wide in the centre of the cupola, admits the light of day; enormous bronze doors lead into the interior. In olden times the Pantheon was dedicated to all the Roman deities, to-day it is consecrated to the mother of God and the Saints.

lossal statue of Augustus, an imperial officer of high rank, and noble countenance, was joking with a handsome youth, who seemed hardly to have grown out of boyhood.

"Look there Valerian," said the Senator turning round, "those two, seem to understand each other thoroughly, you had better explain your ideas right now."

They approached them and Valerian addressed the officer: "Maximus my old friend, I would

speak a few words to you concerning my brother here, to whom you seem to have taken a great liking."

"Well, Tiburtius," the officer said smilingly to his companion, "you seem to know what is coming?"

With rising color the youth nodded his head.

"Let me hear what it is Valerian," Maximus replied, "You know that you can always depend upon me."

"Listen then!" I am afraid that after my marriage, I might neglect my brother's education, and I would ask you to assist me, as you have been the friend of our family for so many



St. Cecilia. (After Paul de la Roche.)

years. What think you of it?"

"I think," replied Maximus, after a few moments, "that it is time for Tiburtius to enter public life, and I make this proposition to you: leave your favorite in my charge, and I will procure a good position for him in the imperial guards under my command."

"What says my dear brother, to this arrangement?" inquired Valerian, of the youth, who

quickly replied, with a grateful look at the great warrior: "I should only be too happy, to win my way to victory under the leadership of the noble Maximus!"

A pleased smile passed over the bearded countenance of the soldier, and he laid his rough hand caressingly upon the youth's curly head: "Very well my young friend" he thus addressed him, "You will be able to win your way to victory soon enough, when we go with Marcus Aurelius to fight against the Germans, but I am afraid it will be too hard for you. What do you think gentleman?" Turning to the others with these words, he seized the slender youth by the shoulders, and lifting him up with a powerful grasp, placed him right in front of the group.

With youthful exuberance, Tiburtus pushed away his friend's arms, and exclaimed: "Many of my ancestors fought against those barbarians."

"And not a few of them," interrupted the Senator in a bantering tone, "remained on the other side of the Alps."

"It is certainly well," remarked Valerian, "that you will have such a powerful protector in Maximus."

And turning towards his old friend, he said: "I thank you for your friendship with all my heart, and I confide this youth to you in the same manner as my father confided him to me, on his death-bed."

With this he held out his hand which Maximus pressed warmly, saying:

"Say no more about it Valerian, it is nothing but selfishness on my part. When I return to my house there is no loving smiling wife to receive me, no fond children to embrace their father. In loneliness and coldness I pass my days: house and heart are alike desolate, and I am longing for a ray of sunshine. I believe, your brother will be a loving friend to me, will you not Tiburtius?"

The youth looked up at his friend with an affectionate glance.

"Be not so melancholy Maximus," Valerian said, "you know that my house is always open to you. The oftener you bring Tiburtius to see me, the more welcome will you be. Of course you will be with us this evening."

The Senator who was getting impatient, said, turning to Valerian. "One thing more before we part. When do you, with Cecilia expect to offer up a sacrifice to the new goddess Pudicitia, in accordance with the new imperial edict?"

"To speak plainly," replied Valerian, "I do not take kindly to such a farce. Faustina was a wanton woman, and I cannot understand why Marcus Aurelius should have placed such a spouse amongst the gods."

"Very philosophical indeed, my young friend," replied the Senator sarcastically, "one day she asked him for letters of separation, when the

emperor replied, "as a matter of fact my dear, You can go whenever you like; but I do not wish to lose my crown, besides losing the daughter of my adoptive father."

"You see, this is what Marcus Aurelius thinks, and so to protect himself against Faustina's relatives, he has given her a place amongst the gods, and commanded that all newly married couples should offer sacrifice to her."

"I will not demean myself to such an extent," objected the young nobleman, "and I hardly think that my bride will feel inclined for such a worship."

"That is so," assented old Cecilianus reflectively, "but I fear, that Almachius will let no opportunity pass to injure my house. I must seriously consider what is to be done under the circumstances, but now let us away."

He beckoned with his hand to the waiting slaves, and seated himself in the litter, which they brought him; the other noblemen departed in different directions.

III

On the evening of the same day, a festive procession with music and singing approached the Cecilian palace, which was brilliantly illuminated. A throng of pleasure seekers, moved up and down the spacious front of the palace when Tiburtius, followed by servants carrying rich presents, entered the vestibule. With agile step the youth sprang up the broad marble stairs, and was conducted into a room of state, which with its life size marble statues, its lofty metal mirrors, and mighty chandeliers, was a gorgeous spectacle to behold. After a short while the purple curtains parted slowly and Cecilia entered the apartment, in dazzling splendor and royal dignity. Clad in a pure white robe embroidered with gold threads, her hair adorned with myrthe, she was led by her parents. With graceful obeisance Tiburtius came forward and saluted the lovely bride, in a few well chosen words.

A gentle smile illumined the earnest mien of the maiden, when her eyes fell upon the radiant countenance of the youthful messenger, and addressing him in cheerful accents, she expressed her delight that Valerian had sent his own beloved brother to her father's house.

All eyes looked in admiration from the maiden to the youth, the one shining like the sun the other blooming like the springtime.

With a radiant look Tiburtius replied: "May the house and family of my dear brother find favor in your eyes; and bring joy to your heart. Valerian awaits with longing his exalted bride."

The aged Senator now laid his hand in blessing upon the bowed head of the maiden, kissed her brow and his voice sounded tremblingly through the silent hall: "Farewell, my child farewell! My only child, may happiness be thine!"

With tears in her eyes Cecilia turned to her mother. "Courage my child," whispered the venerable matron embracing her, "the guardian Angel is standing by thy side," and with all the self control which a Roman lady had at her command, with Cecilianus, she accompanied her daughter until they reached the brilliantly illuminated portico. They were greeted with acclamations of joy as the lovely bride made her appearance in the vestibule, and was led by Tiburtius to the sumptuously appointed litter.*)

To the strains of vocal and instrumental music, the bridal procession wended its way through the long row of princely palaces, with their lofty gables pointing proudly to the starry sky.

The red glow of the torches lighted up the cascades of the magnificent fountains with the colors of the rainbow, while from the firmament above, the moon's silvery rays lighted up the cupolas of the temple, the wide public squares, and spread a broad path of light along the river Tiber which the bridal procession was crossing on the bridge of Janus.

The stony stare of the double-visaged god, seemed to regard with wonder the red glare of the torches, and to follow with looks of astonishment the disappearing multitudes. The adjoining streets were wrapped in profound quietness and darkness, as were the remote quarters of the city, while the procession wound its way through the hilly streets past the Janiculus, like a fiery serpent.

But in the closed litter there remained, deaf to the surrounding tumult, and unmoved by the seductive strains of music, the bride of Christ, in fervent prayer. When Cecilia caught sight of the Janiculus, her supplications were made with renewed fervor, like a flame stirred by the wind, for was it not upon this hill that the Prince of the Apostles St. Peter, the first representative of her Bridegroom, had obtained his crown upon the cross. She bethought her of how he had been protected and saved in prison by an Angel, and she implored the intercession of the great Apostle, for her own deliverance. Higher and higher rose her hope, with the clear vision

*) At that time marriages generally took place in the presence of a pagan priest, in the bride's house before ten witnesses. In connection with the celebration there was a sacrifice of milk and wine and a cake (*panis farreus*) was broken between the bridal pair. The witnesses tendered their congratulations, after which the bride was taken by force from the arms of her mother, and conducted to the house of the bridegroom. During the celebration many equivocal songs were sung, the bridegroom threw walnuts to the children, as a token that he took leave of the pastimes of childhood, the bride was led by three boys, (*pueri patrini et matrini*), distaff and spindle were carried behind her, the best man carried a torch of hawthorne (*spina alba*) which was dedicated to the goddess Ceres, and with which the fire was afterwards kindled on the hearstone. With many ceremonies the bride was then led into the house, and received into the communion of fire and water. Such were the marriage ceremonies in ancient Rome. (See Marquardt: *Family life of the Romans*).

of a pure and unspotted spirit she saw the summit of the Janiculus gleaming in the moonlight, whence the blood of the venerable Prince of the Church had flowed forth, and with fructifying grace had fallen upon the mighty city, like dew from heaven.

Cecilia felt as if refreshed at sight of this hallowed spot, and she seemed to be enveloped in a dense cloud; she felt instinctively that above it there was One watching over the little sheep of His flock who was in danger.

At last the bearers stopped, the young leader of the procession dismounted, and led Cecilia up the wide marble staircase into his brother's house.

Massive candelabras illumined the walls of the entrance, and the balustrade of the broad staircase was hung with gold and silken draperies. At the head of the stairs, on an exquisite carpet of silk velvet, stood Valerian, clad in the sombre garb of a Roman knight, his left hand resting on his ancestral sword of gold, his right raised in welcome. From under a simple diadem of gold, his lustrous black locks flowed down upon his shoulders, joy and proud happiness shining from his dark eyes. The stairs were lined on either side with handsome youths dressed in blue and white garments, resplendent with silver ornaments.

When the bride led by Tiburtius entered the vestibule, sweet songs resounded accompanied by the melodious strains of instruments.

With blanched face Cecilia stepped upon the soft carpet, while her lips moved in prayer.

"Preserve my heart undefiled, O Lord, so that no harm may befall me."

With joyful mien Tiburtius now approached his brother saying:

"Receive my brother thy glorious bride!"

With a happy smile Valerian embraced his brother, and stepping forward he addressed the approaching bride:

"Welcome, O noble mistress to this house;" but suddenly he stopped in astonishment and wonder, for his bride appeared to him to become brighter and more glorious every moment, and filled with admiration, he led her into the beautifully decorated nuptial hall, followed by the numerous noble guests. Here seated upon a throne, Cecilia's demeanor was that of a queen in grandeur, and noble dignity, all fear and timidity had vanished, for since entering the house she was conscious of an Angelic form between her and Valerian. In a light veil of cloud, an Angel of God stood by her side.

Charmed at the majesty and loveliness of the young spouse, the guests at last withdrew after expressing the most heart-felt wishes for the future welfare of the newly married couple.

Valerian and Cecilia were now alone. When the heavy silken hanging had closed behind them, Cecilia said with solemn dignity: "Valer-

ian, listen to me!" I have a secret to reveal to thee; promise me that thou wilt not betray it to anybody."

Valerian looked up in astonishment, but replied without hesitation: "Thy words shall be buried in my heart."

"Know then," continued Cecilia, "that I am a bride of Christ, and that the Lord has sent an Angel, to watch over me, and to protect my virginity."

Speechless with astonishment Valerian stood gazing at her, a cold shudder ran through his body, like light and darkness, his alternate feelings of devoted admiration, and glowing, wounded love showed itself in his handsome countenance. Beholding the maiden as she stood now, raising her hands supplicatingly to God in heaven, her beauty, broke the spell which had hung over him, and in passionate excitement he approached her.

"Stand back Valerian," Cecilia exclaimed with unapproachable heavenly dignity, "an Angel is by my side, and guards my body with zealous love!"

Perplexed Valerian stepped back; after a while he replied: "Show me your angel, and I will believe you."

But the maiden replied, "My Angel cannot be seen by you until you are born again by Baptism and the Holy Ghost."

"Cecilia," exclaimed Valerian, "forcing himself by a great effort of will to remain calm, "I have always held you in high esteem. Explain to me the meaning of these obscure words; but woe to you, if you are deceiving me!"

Upon this Cecilia explained to her bridegroom the doctrines of the most Holy Trinity and the creation, redemption, and sanctification of the world, and perceiving the working of the Holy Ghost in Valerian's soul, she bade him go to Bishop Urban who sojourned in the Catacombs, under the vineyards of her father's garden. From this holy man he would receive further instructions, and soon long for Holy Baptism.

Before the early dawn appeared through the high arched windows, Valerian had left his house, and was walking towards the Appian way, his mind filled with awe and doubt.

IV.

On the morning after the marriage festival, Maximus readily obtained permission from Marcus Aurelius to enlist his young protege in the palace guard which was under his own immediate command. At the same time, the emperor heard of Valerian's marriage to Cecilia, and expressed the hope, that this noble patrician would be the first to do homage to the new goddess Pudicitia, in accordance with the law recently promulgated by him. He would himself witness the celebration, and he gave orders to the pre-

fect to have everything in readiness so that the ceremonial could take place upon the following day. He also dispatched an officer to acquaint the newly married couple with the imperial command. When in consequence of this Maximus appeared at Valerian's palace and heard from Tiburtius of the bridegroom's departure early that morning, he was greatly astonished, but anticipating nothing serious, he took his young favorite with him, so as to initiate him into his new duties in the praetorian guard. After another futile attempt to find Valerian he angrily returned to camp and informed Almachius of the unexplainable absence of his friends. As soon as Maximus had left him, the prefect called a servant, who had formerly worked in the house of Senator Cecilianus, but had been discharged for dishonesty, and said to him:

"Did you not tell me, that you believed that Cecilia, the daughter of Senator Cecilianus had become a Christian?"

The servant nodded affirmatively.

"And did not Valerian say at the Pantheon, that he would not offer sacrifice to the new goddess?"

"It is even so my lord, and he added that his bride would hardly be willing to do so either. This was to me another proof."

"You do not mean to tell me that Valerian himself is a Christian?"

"No I do not think that he was a Christian then, but he may even now be joining that sect, he has disappeared since early morning."

"Go, and find out for me, you are not unfamiliar with the whereabouts of these Christians."

The servant departed, and Almachius said to himself: "I may have lost Cecilia for my son, but their great fortune shall be mine, if Valerian has become a Christian, Let us wait and see." And with fiendish joy he rubbed his hands together.

We will now return to Valerian. He had found admittance to the Catacombs of Calixtus, by showing a small golden cross, and was now being conducted by an old servant through the narrow and dark passages. By the aid of the flickering light of a lamp, Valerian noticed on both sides, rows upon rows of recesses and tombs, many of the stones which covered them bearing the sign of a cross, a palm, or a dove, or a verse from the Scriptures. Beside several of these tombstones, he observed imbedded in the wall, small phials containing dried blood. After walking a long while, they entered through a narrow passage into a large room which obtained a dim light from a small aperture in the roof. Opposite the entrance, there stood in a crescent shaped recess, ornamented with sculpture, a stone sarcophagus, the lid of which served as an Altar. The grave over which it stood, held the mortal remains of a martyr, for at its side was the vial containing dried blood.



Before the sarcophagus an old man knelt in silent prayer. "Bishop Urban," whispered the servant entering with Valerian. The Bishop a tall venerable figure, with white hair, and flowing beard, arose, and inquired the object of the visit. Valerian told him everything, and asked for further instruction. With his heart overflowing with joy, the good Bishop turned to the picture of the good Shepherd over the recess, and prayed: "O Lord, Jesus Christ, who instillest chaste thoughts in Thy people, receive into Thy hands the fruit of the seed which Thou didst implant in the heart of Thy servant Cecilia. O good Shepherd, Thou didst send her a lion, and she brings back to Thee a lamb"*)

He then began to explain to Valerian the mysteries of the faith, and pointing to the pictures over the grave, he explained their hidden meaning.†) He showed him the heavenly Father seated upon His throne, on His right His only begotten Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, and on His left the Holy Ghost, both in human form, creating man as the united operation of the most Holy Trinity. Then he showed him, God the Son, as He walked upon earth dispensing benefactions, healing, consoling, and teaching. Then Peter, as the second Moses, leader of the new people, of Israel, striking his staff upon the rock, but the rock is Jesus Christ from whence flows the living stream of Sacramental grace. Over the head of a youth who is standing in the river, another form is pouring the holy water of Baptism, whilst a fisherman throws his line into the Baptismal water according to the words of Christ: "Henceforth ye shall be fishers of men." The holy Sacrament of Penance was symbolized by the healing of the paralytic, who took up his bed and walked, when the Lord said to him: "Be of good faith, thy sins are forgiven thee." Further on, the self sacrificing love of the Redeemer is typified by the picture of Isaac, who himself carries the wood upon which he is to be sacrificed up the mountain, as the Lord Himself carried His cross to Golgotha, and there consummated the symbolic sacrifice of the youth, in His own person. The picture of the Last Supper reminded the Bishop of the Sacred Banquet of the Lord's table in the Holy Eucharist and he spoke to his companion, and at the representation of the raising of Lazarus, inspired words he spoke of the resurrection of those who lived in Jesus Christ, and who died in Him.‡)

*) From the Breviary on the feast of St. Cecilia.

†) See De Rossi: "Roma sotterranea, the Catacombs of St. Calixtus."

‡) These pictorial representations of the mysteries of our holy religion are shown to this day by a genial Trappist guide, to the visitors who pass in awe and silence, through the dark alleys of the Catacombs of St. Calixtus. They are to be found in the vast vaults in which our forefathers strong in the faith assembled for worship and instruction. On the stone slab of one of the sarcophagi, surrounded by the tombs of martyrs with the above mentioned picture hanging between them, and above them, the holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered up.

Hours passed like minutes, whilst the Bishop prayed fervently for inspiration to the Holy Ghost, and suddenly before the rays of the divine sun, the scales of paganism fell from the visitor's eyes; the heart which had lain cold and dormant in the dead cult of heathenism, became inflamed with the fire of an exalted love, and filled with an indescribable longing for purification, redemption, and sanctification; he threw himself in ecstasy at the feet of Bishop Urban, and begged for the grace of holy Baptism.

Suddenly there appeared before him, a bright cloud of light, and in the midst of it appeared the great Apostle St. Paul, with an open book, and said to him: "Read and believe" And Valerian read: "One God, one Faith, one Baptism, and one God who is the father of all creatures, who is over us, and in us all."*)

The apparition vanished; Valerian deeply affected, sank upon his knees, and covered his face with his hands, while from the Bishop's hands there flowed upon his bowed head, the holy water of Baptism.

After this he received the white garment, a beautiful symbol of baptismal innocence, and he remained for a long time in silent thanksgiving.

In the meantime Bishop Urban, thought he heard a slight noise over his head, and whilst he was listening a small stone fell through the aperture right at his feet. Looking up quickly he imagined he saw a human head, which quickly disappeared. Uneasy at this, he ascended to the garden, and bade the attendants shut off a certain portion of it, and to make it as unrecognizable as possible; he then returned, raised Valerian, who was still praying, to his feet, and embraced him tenderly as his son in Jesus Christ.

My son, "he said to him," return now to thy sister Cecilia for it is only as a sister that thou must consider her, whom the Lord has accepted as His bride The grace of God and the blessing of the Holy Ghost will raise you above the impulses of human nature.

Pure and without spot thou standest now before the eyes of God, and His Angels behold with delight the beauty of thy soul. Preserve well what is now thy possession, and let no one rob you of your treasure, Listen to the Holy Ghost who says: "O how beautiful is the chaste generation with glory, for the memory thereof is immortal because it is known both with God and with men. When it is present they imitate it and they desire it when it hath withdrawn itself: and it triumpheth crowned for ever, winning the reward of undefiled conflicts." "Have courage my son. and great patience for the heavy trials that are before thee; have an unshaken con-

*) This apparition is according to the legend: the old, genuine acts of the martyrs are generally kept in a short and concise form, and the general supposition is that, these acts were used publicly for reading in church. They were augmented and embellished, so as to serve for the greater edification of the people.

fidence in the Lord. When He is with us, what doth it avail, if others are against us! For like a speck of dust upon the scales, is the whole world to Him, and like a dew-drop that sinks to earth."

Full of faith and courage, and with a heaven of happiness and bliss in his heart, Valerian took leave of the venerable Bishop, and hurried back to Cecilia, who awaited him praying. When he opened the door of her chamber, he found it filled with bright sun-light. An Angel, clad in dazzling raiment stood by the side of his kneeling bride, and an indescribable sweet perfume permeated the air. The holy messenger from on high, held in his hands two crowns of white and red roses. Cecilia said to Valerian: "Behold my brother, the Angel of the Lord whom I promised to show you."

Trembling and astonished, but with infinite rapture in his heart, he knelt down before the Angel, while the latter addressed him in a sweet celestial voice. "Because thou hast honored my sister, and opened thy heart to the holy spirit of God, thou shalt be crowned with eternal life."

With these words, he placed the crowns upon their heads, and turning to Valerian continued: "If thou still hast a wish upon this earth, announce it to me, and its fulfilment shall be assured thee."

"O holy Angel of God," replied the happy knight, "let my brother Tiburtius also see thy face, and give him faith to believe in Jesus Christ."

"He is already on his way to thee, and will follow in thy footsteps."

The heavenly spirit vanished and the happy couple passed the entire night in prayer, thanksgiving, and holy conversation. (*)

V.

The dawn of the new born day was sending its roseate rays, through the high arched windows of the Cecilian palace, when hurried steps resounded from the street below. It was Tiburtius, who quickly mounting the marble stairs, came hurrying through the familiar hall loudly calling his brother's name. As soon as Valerian stepped from his apartment, Tiburtius ran to him, and exclaimed agitatedly; "Valerian make thy escape, the prefect is going to arrest you."

With this he threw his arms impetuously around his brother's neck and looked anxiously and imploringly into his eyes; but dismayed, he released him, and looked with astonishment,

*) Remarkably sudden conversions were not so scarce in those days. It was a time of extraordinary events, when the grace of God manifested itself in an unusual manner, by apparitions and miracles. Even children, inspired by the Holy Ghost, became at a moment's notice courageous converts and martyrs. There are many examples of this to be found in the history of that time. And has not in our own times, the Holy Spirit of God converted Ratisbonne, a Jewish freethinker, in a few moments, into a shining light of our church?

now at Valerian, now into the opened chamber beyond.

"What has happened to thee, and why art thou so serious and solemn?"

"And whence comes this perfume of roses, now, in the midst of winter?"

Valerian took the youths hands, and pressing him to his heart, said jubilantly:

"Tiburtius! I am happy! Heaven has descended upon earth, and dwells in my heart. I have seen an Angel of God!"

The youth gazed with awe into the beaming face of his brother, and more and more charmed with the celestial perfume he asked again: "But whence comes this odor of roses?"

"The Angel has placed a wreath of heavenly roses upon my head and upon Cecilia's. I am a Christian, my dear brother, come and believe, and you also shall see the Angel."

At these words, Tiburtius remembered the reason of his coming. Seizing Valerian's hand excitedly he exclaimed: "That is just it. You are accused of being a Christian. Maximus heard of it, and sent me here to warn you."

Valerian smilingly took the hand of his excited brother, and replied: "Let us remain here in peace, I have no fear. If you had had the same experience as I have had during the last few days, you would be willing to meet even death itself with me."

With this he led his half resisting brother into the chamber, and told him everything that had happened, Valerian's and Cecilia's inspired words had an irresistible effect upon the innocent mind of the young man. Copious tears flowed over his glowing cheeks, as he thought of himself as a poor, miserable worshipper of empty idols, and with ardent longing he begged to be allowed to see the Angel, exclaiming: "O Lord Jesus Christ, I believe what Thy servants are telling me. Help my unbelief, and let me see Thy Angel!"

And then, filled with an ardent longing, he sank upon his knees, and raising his tearful eyes to heaven, he felt himself surrounded by the splendor of the heavenly messenger, and a voice of entrancing melodiousness resounded in his soul.

"Rejoice my child! Thy desire hath made thee holy thou shalt now receive the heavenly crown."

And the hand of the Angel waved a blessing over the head of the trembling youth, and the vision disappeared.

Intoxicated with delight Tiburtius followed with his eyes the disappearing heavenly radiance and he was so absorbed in his thoughts and feelings, that he took no notice of what went on around him.

In mad haste, a man on horseback came galloping up the street, and dismounting, pounded violently upon the door. When the slaves opened it, he pushed them impatiently aside,

and ascending the stairs hastily, he called loudly for Valerian.

When Valerian appeared, he at once recognized Maximus; the officer rushed up to him, and exclaimed breathlessly: "Unfortunate man, you are still here? The prefect's men are following at my heels, I could not tear myself away sooner: Where is Tiburtius?"

He looked wildly around in all directions, and when he saw the youth, he rushed up to him, and seizing him by the arm, he exclaimed greatly excited:

"They are looking for you too. Away with both of you out of the city, I will see to the rest."

"Why do you hesitate man," he shouted bitterly at Valerian, "do you want to be dragged to prison by the vile rabble? You have been denounced as a Christian!"

Valerian remained calm, and said: "I am indeed a Christian, and I do not even fear death, when it is necessary to confess it."

"Nonsense," exclaimed Maximus bitterly, "take care first that you gain time to reflect upon such a confession; You have been fooled by a woman. Come away from here: I will tell them that you have started upon a journey, and Tiburtius must go with you. Almachius has a suspicion that he is of the same opinion as you."

Trembling with impatience and anger he tried to force Tiburtius away with him. But the youth tore himself away from him, and clinging to his brother's arm exclaimed: "No, no, I too am a Christian, and will remain by Valerian's side."

With blazing eyes Maximus stared from one to the other, but suddenly his attention was drawn towards the foot of the stairs, where a number of armed soldiers were assembled.

"It is too late," he said gnashing his teeth, blind fools! "One single night was enough to have wrought all this mischief."

Raging with fury, he raised his hand menacingly at Cecilia in the background and rushed down the stairs. A tribune showed Valerian the order of arrest, which the knight acknowledged silently, and turned to give a last greeting to his bride. Cecilia stepped upon the threshold and said courageously:

"Persevere Valerian, and confess steadfastly the name of our Lord Jesus Christ."

In the meantime the tribune had ordered some of the soldiers to watch the house, and not to allow Tiburtius to depart from it; but Tiburtius exclaimed: "I will go with my brother, I also am a Christian". This not being objected to by the prefect, the youth was allowed to have his way.

Cecilia approached the ardent youth, and said greatly overjoyed. "Be steadfast my brother, thou shalt be baptized in thy blood. As divine love has given me thy brother for a bridegroom so it gives me in thee a new brother. Farewell

Tiburtius, the Angel of the Lord be with thee."

Then she continued in an inspired tone: "Farewell soldiers of Christ! Arm yourselves with the weapons of light! Before long we shall meet again."

With a proud carriage and glowing eyes, the two young men walked forth surrounded by the astonished soldiers.

VI.

Almachius, as we have seen was not disappointed in his calculations. Avarice, and a burning desire for revenge had led him on. Had not the Senator, Cecilia's father refused the suit of his profligate son for the hand of that fair maiden; and would he not on the other hand become possessed of the fortune of the two brothers if they had allowed themselves to be influenced to embrace the Christian faith? That Cecilia was a Christian he had known for a long time, through a faithless servant, but he had never ventured to proceed openly and directly against the highly esteemed daughter of the rich and powerful Senator.

Valerian's conversion had been witnessed by the same servant who was well acquainted with the location of the meeting places of the Christians, in spite of the great precautions taken by the Christian watchers, and the prefect hoped that Tiburtius would soon follow in his brothers footsteps.

Early in the morning he had the brothers brought before him. Joyfully they confessed their faith, and Almachius did not make the least attempt to divert them from it. He had the edict of Marcus Aurelius, and of his son Commodus who had been made emperor, read to them, which said: "It has come to our knowledge, that those who call themselves Christians transgress the provisions of our laws. Therefore these Christians are to be taken into custody, and if they refuse to sacrifice to our gods, various punishments are to be inflicted upon them. But as contempt of the state-religion, and the gods of the country was considered equal to treason, this edict meant capital punishment, and he ordered, that the prisoners should be taken to the fourth mile-stone on the Appian way, and should there be decapitated.

While the brothers were being led back to prison, the judge hurried to the imperial residence.

In the meanwhile Maximus almost driven to despair, hurried to Marcus Aurelius, and begged him for mercy for his young friends. When the emperor refused, Maximus became so embittered that he allowed himself to utter vehement protests and reproaches against the emperor's decision, and the latter commanded him angrily to leave the palace at once.

Senator Cecilianus had no better success; the enraged potentate demanded unconditional submission to his commands. At this moment

Almachius appeared, and reported the result of the examination of the prisoners. Angered still more, Marcus Aurelius gave orders for their execution that very day, unless they repudiated their new faith. The Senator then hastened to the prisoners, and tried to persuade them to recant, but his worldly-wise views made no impression upon their heaven-born ecstasy, and with profound sorrow in his heart, he returned to his home. Though he was firmly convinced of the vanity of worshipping the gods, yet he considered the renunciation of honor, happiness, and life, an utter impossibility. Towards evening Almachius commanded his son to lead the condemned men to the place of execution. Full of courage, as if in triumph, the two heroes marched to their fate, whilst the accompanying soldiers looked with wonder at their prisoners. The child-like happy smile upon the lips of the youth, and the radiant look in Valerian's eyes, was a complete puzzle to them.

As soon as they arrived at the place of execution, both knelt down, and bared their necks. Several soldiers, moved to pity by the tender age of the stripling, and the vigorous manhood of the other, murmured audibly, and when they perceived in the distance a hurriedly approaching rider, they emphatically demanded a postponement of the sentence; hoping that it might be a messenger bearing a pardon from the emperor.

But it was Maximus, who had found it impossible to remain in the camp of the praetorians, and leave his friends to their fate. On a foam flecked steed, he arrived upon the scene, and galloped right up to the doomed prisoners.

"Valerian, Tiburtius," he cried aloud, "have done with this folly! Tiburtius my dearest friend, do you want to leave me quite alone in this world?"

St Michael's Almanac.



These follow the Lamb withersoever he goeth.

I have no one to love me but you. O give in for my sake, and do not hasten towards such an untimely and horrible death!" With these, and similar words, he moved from one to the other, and was terribly affected by the non-success of his zealous efforts, the proud warrior felt broken hearted. "O Maximus," Tiburtius replied to him, "if you had seen the Angel, you also would die with us. But I will pray for you, that you too may obtain the faith."

Impatiently the judge commanded the executioner to proceed with his work.

"Farewell, my dear friend," said Valerian seizing Maximus' hand, "do not feel sad about our fate, and follow us soon!"

"Tiburtius my dear brother, we shall soon meet in Paradise!"

"Yes, my dear brother," was the reply, "there where the heavenly roses bloom." Meek as a little lamb, he bowed his beautiful head.

With a bitter pang at his heart, Maximus moved away, and covered his face with his hands. He could not see his beloved young friend die, and was at a perfect loss to understand what all this heroism meant. Again the melodious voice of the youth reached his ears, and he looked up.

Tiburtius knelt with folded hands, and paid no attention to what the executioners were doing, but gazing steadily with radiant look at a fixed point, he murmured: "O sweet, O holy Angel! I am coming, wait, I come!....."

A harsh command from the officer, forced the executioners to their work; suddenly there sounded a dull double-stroke, and two heads rolled into the sand. After a period of profound silence, Maximus stepped forward, and kissed the bloody heads. He then approached the spectators and said in a loud voice; "A religion which produces such heroism, and causes its adherents to look death in the face with such composure, cannot be a deception. I curse the gods, and proclaim myself henceforth a Christian." With these words he laid down his arms at the feet of Almachius' son.

This sudden action caused a great commotion, and several soldiers followed the example of the praetorian commander, and laid down their arms. Amazed Almachius' son ordered the other soldiers to pick up the arms, and take the men who had so publicly confessed their conversion, and who offered no resistance, back to the city as prisoners.

VII.

After the two condemned brothers had been marched out of the city, Almachius had gone to Valerian's palace intending to take possession of everything. How great then was his anger, when he found that all the gold and precious stones had disappeared, and when he was told by Cecilia herself, that she had given them to the poor.

He immediately placed her under arrest, and left his guards behind under strict orders to bring her in the morning before his tribunal. Cecilia spent the night in fervent prayer: she had witnessed in her mind's eye the triumph of her brothers, and she longed for the same happiness. At dawn of day she was carried silently in a covered litter to the court and appeared with modest and dignified mien before the judge; who immediately began to examine her, according to the law;*)

"What is your name?"

"Cecilia" the maiden replied.

"What are you?" continued Almachius.

"I am free-born, a descendant of a noble and renowned race."

"I am asking you for your religious belief."

"You begin your examination very foolishly, as you expect two answers to one question."

Irritated Almachius replied:

"Whence comes this boldness in your replies?"

"From a good conscience, and the true faith."

"Do you know what power I possess here?"

"You do not know yourself in what your power consists. If you ask me about it, I will answer you in all truth."

"Tell me then what you know about it," scornfully replied Almachius.

There upon Cecilia said with emphasis: "The power of man is like unto dust, dispersed by the wind. What is man? His days are like grass, and he fades away like the flowers of the field."

"Enough of this," interrupted Almachius gruffly: "Valerian has already felt the force of my power. Tell me is it true, that you are a Christian?"

"From the days of my childhood," replied the holy Virgin, "I adore Jesus Christ."

"And you know the imperial decrees against the Christians?"

"I am fully aware of them, but they are not binding upon me."

"If you refuse to sacrifice to the gods, you must die."

And the young Saint replied with courage: "With my whole soul, I long to die for my God. I beg of you, do not hesitate to condemn me."

Almachius rose irresolutely and left the court room for a while. He was afraid of the opinion of the public, and of the ire of the populace, if he should condemn this noble maiden to be executed in public. But an idea came to him, he returned and ordered Cecilia to be taken back to the house of Valerian, there to be locked in the bath-room which was to be heated in such a manner that death by suffocation must ensue.

On the threshold of the palace she met her mother who had been refused admission; in the most touching manner she took leave of her

*) According to the short records discovered by G. de Rossi the most celebrated examiner of the Catacombs.

daughter without shedding a tear. Cecilia asked for a few minutes delay, during which she arrayed herself in her bridal robe, and then entered the bath-room. Under the floor of this room a greater heat than usual was made, and all the out lets and crevices were hermetically closed.

None but the executioners remained in the house.

Alone and deserted, the noble maiden, looked forward to a cruel martyrdom. She sank upon her knees, and prayed to God for strength and fortitude for herself and for those, whose triumph she foresaw in her mind, for Maximus and his companions. The latter had to undergo a terrible ordeal; their comrades used every endeavor to induce them to recant, but when they found that their efforts were fruitless, they heaped reproaches and bitter accusations upon the faithful band.

The noblest tribunes of the praetorian guard, had come to divert the mind of their brave companions from their purpose. Marcus Aurelius was in the worst possible humor, and he absolutely refused to admit the venerable Senator, who hastened hither and thither to obtain pardon for his daughter. But Cecilianus was not to be refused: just then Almachius appeared, and driven to despair, the proud Senator humbled himself and begged on his knees for his daughter's life. "Too late," was the cold and haughty answer, and Almachius disappeared in the emperor's apartments. But with the strenght of despair, the old man still waited in hopes of obtaining an audience, and after a little while, which seemed to him an eternity, Marcus Aurelius accompanied by Almachius descended the steps. Cecilianus threw himself at the emperor's feet, and again begged for the life of his daughter. Shrugging his shoulders the emperor replied coldly: "You are probably too late; besides you should be glad to escape punishment yourself for harboring Christians. Does not your own wife belong to that same abominable sect?"

Shocked beyond endurance, the venerable man sank down; Marcus Aurelius motioned to some servants and they removed the unconscious Senator. He himself went into the court-yard, and commanding that the prisoners were brought before him, heaped reproaches upon them, particularly upon Maximus; the latter listened to him in silence, persevering nevertheless in his firm resolution, the other soldiers doing likewise. Incensed, the emperor called to the executioners to scourge the stubborn men to death with leaden balls. Angry at the ingratitude and infidelity of man, as he called it, he withdrew to his apartments. Behind him heavy blows resounded. With a deep drawn sigh Maximus the doughty warrior fell, the first heroic victim.

Well pleased, Almachius went home and sought his couch; his most dangerous rival, the

warm friend of the murdered brothers was dead, and the Senator's power was pretty well at an end. On the following morning, he repaired to Valerian's palace, and ordered the bath-room to be opened. He was met by a column of hot air that threatened to suffocate him, and caused him to stagger backwards. But his astonishment knew no bonds, when approaching the entrance, he beheld the maiden still living. In all the beauty and grace of youth she stood there in her wedding robe. With feelings of awe, that here a supernatural power was at work, the servants and soldiers stared speechlessly at the Saint. But Almachius was so hardened by rage and malice that this miracle had only the effect of increasing his wrath. Foaming with rage he turned, upon the slaves for not having done their duty. They pointed to the clouds of vapor pouring out, to the burst pipes, and to the tiled-flooring which was burst open by the heat. The prefect gnashed his teeth with suppressed fury, and ordered an executioner to enter the room, and behead the Saint.

At these words Cecilia knelt down and prayed, whilst her face glowed with heavenly rapture.

"I praise Thee, O Lord, my King, I magnify Thee, my God, and my Redeemer. Thou art my helper and my protector, and Thou hast preserved my body from destruction."

The executioner entered: fear had taken possession of him at sight of the angelical maiden, in the white robe of innocence. His hands trembled, and he dealt the first stroke falteringly, he was so deeply affected by the words of one so miraculously protected, that his eye could scarcely mark the spot; a wide cut only became visible on the snow white neck, and a stream of blood flowed down the martyr's breast.

Unwillingly the executioner passed his hands across his eyes, and gave one more blow; but his strength failed him in the midst of the stroke. The blood gushed from the gaping wound, and stained the white wedding garment. Stunned by the blow the martyr fell face downwards upon the floor. Still more embarrassed by an exclamation from the prefect, the executioner lifted his sword again and dealt an uncertain blow upon the neck of the unconscious victim, without being able to separate the head. Overcome with horror, he threw down his sword, and rushed out.

The law forbade more than three blows to be dealt.*)

With a shudder Almachius even turned away, and left the palace with the assembled guard.

) In the middle ages pictures were painted in the Italian churches representing the different martyrdoms of the Saints. After the discovery of the real facts we must not give credence to other tortures supposed to have been inflicted. The discovery of the sacred remains of her companions, attests to the manner of their death, the skull of St. Maximus was broken, the other two heads were separated from their trunks. 3

Then the servants and a number of Christians hurried in, and found the martyred virgin still breathing, lying bathed in her blood. The women cleansed the blood away as well as they were able and covered up the ghastly wounds.

They did not venture to remove the dying maiden for fear of hastening her death. After they had arranged a couch for her as best they could, the holy martyr regained consciousness, and beheld her deeply affected but happy mother by her side. In a weak voice she consoled them all, and bade them, seek Bishop Urban. She lived thus for two days, at last on the third day the Bishop came, he had been obliged to hide from the emperor's spies. He brought her the glad tidings that her father, instructed and baptized by him, had died resigned to the will of God. Cecilia made over to him all her fortune, and her possessions, for the purpose of building a church, and for the maintenance of the poor. She made known to him that she had implored her heavenly Bridegroom for the grace not to die before she had seen her spiritual father, and given her property to the church, also that she might

suffer until her pagan father should know the true faith.

Thereupon she bade adieu in gentle, consoling accents to her pious mother, and closing her eyes, like a tired child she fell into the eternal sleep, upon her mother's bosom. Her arms fell simply by her right side on to her knees, and the pure soul of the virgin heroine took its flight to heaven.

The mother laid her holy child in a casket of cypress wood, in the same touching position, in which she had breathed forth her soul. Tears of gratitude and joy welled from her eyes, when she noticed under the magnificent bridal robe, the girdle of penance which her innocent child had worn for love of that most lovely virtue, holy purity.

She then buried her daughter in the Catacombs, beneath her vineyards, beside the tombs of the Bishops of Rome. In the same spot she prepared a resting place



The beheading of St. Cecilia. (After Correggio.)

for her husband, and the holy martyrs Valerian, Tiburtius and Maximus, and in a few days for Bishop Urban too, who had at last been tracked by the officers of the law.

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At last the pious mother, whose dissolution was hastened by her ardent desire for heaven, and the company of her beloved ones, was laid to rest. On the spot where St. Cecilia suffered her glorious martyrdom, the church of Rome erected a magnificent house of God.

* * *

The greatest veneration is paid to St. Cecilia in Rome to this day. Her holy body has been solemnly interred three times. First of all in the Catacombs after her glorious death about the year 177. The second time it was transferred by Pope Paschal I. in the year 821, who

being warned in a dream, had the remains removed from the ruins and rubbish of the Catacombs, to the church dedicated to her in the house where she died, together with the relics of the martyrs Valerian, Tiburtius, and Maximus.— However her tomb was once more forgotten. Finally Cardinal Sfondrati discovered the body on the 20, October 1599, under the high Altar of the above mentioned church. The martyred Saint lay in the same position, and in the same garment, as when she breathed forth her soul on the floor of the bath-room. At her feet a linen cloth was found wherein was enveloped a splinter of bone from the neck, which fragments, Pope Clement VIII. permitted the



The marble statue of the holy virgin and martyr St. Cecilia. (After Maderno.)

It represents the holy martyr as she breathed forth her virginal soul, on the floor of the bath-room, and as her holy uninjured body was found lying in the grave where it was viewed several times by the sculptor Stefano Maderno.

afore mentioned Cardinal to take away. Under the high Altar in a crypt, the remains of this beautiful, noble and chaste virgin were solemnly interred for the third time; a chapel to the right, is the easily recognizable bath-room, in which she met her death. Priests who celebrate Mass upon her grave, can say the Mass of her feast instead of the Mass of the day, and they can gain several plenary indulgences; about fifty burning lamps surround this sanctuary of innocence and love.

If you enter the newly erected church on her feast the 22, of November, you may see her tomb brilliantly illuminated by innumerable candles. An abundance of flowers surround the marble statue which is a masterpiece of Christ-

ian art, and represents the Saint exactly as her glorious body lies in the tomb. The sculptor Stephano Maderno, saw her several times in the grave, it is a touchingly beautiful statue. Numerous devout persons, and above all lovers of music, are to be found here every year, paying homage to their patroness. Even in the middle ages, St. Cecilia was honored as the patron Saint of musicians, according to the words of the church uttered on her feast: "To the sound of instruments, Cecilia sang to the Lord, and said: Preserve my heart unspotted, that I may not be brought to shame."

Moreover the Saint, on account of her great love of purity takes a prominent place amongst those virgins who follow the Lamb

whithersoever He goeth, and who sing a song which no one sings.

Therefore, and because Cecilia preserved her heart pure and undefiled by ardent prayer and the divine praises, in the midst of the sounds of pagan wedding music which with its voluptuous sensual charm suggests to earthly pleasures, the Christian Choral Union has chosen this virginal Saint as their patroness and queen in the kingdom of melody, that this chaste patroness may keep far from the hearts of her disciples the choir singers, all worldly music, so that the Christian Church may be preserved from the strains of profane music. Beautifully and expressively is this depicted by the immortal master Raphael in his well known picture. Over-

flowing with rays of heavenly light, the Saint is seated in the middle of the picture, and listens with soulful up lifted eyes, to the celestial harmonies.

In her hand she holds the queen of instruments, the organ: the implements of worldly music lie broken at her feet. The veneration of the Saint received a powerful elevation through the Society of St. Cecilia; in all parts of the world the queen of sacred music is now highly honored. May she implore for all her followers, that their minds and hearts may be so inflamed with the Spirit of God, that they may devote themselves to their sacred art with fidelity, humility and pure love, for the service of the church.

B. Bachur.

THE EXILE'S LAY.

By Peter E. Dietz.

1

'Tis evening starry and sublime
In the sylvan Alpine Hills,
And blithely-clear the curfew-chime
The lovely valley fills.

2.

The landscape plumed with beauty's grace
Is lulled to peaceful sleep;
But I, an exile, sadly trace
The restless path and weep.

3.

In vain I list the cheerful chimes
To gladden and console;
The echoes of departed times
Are sad beyond control.

4.

The moonbeams break the fleecy clouds;
Few, melancholy rays;
And in my spirit sadness shrouds
"The light of other days."

5.

I am as yonder snow-crowned helm
On chaste Mt. Semring's brow,
For sunshine never cheers the realm
Of everlasting snow.

6.

Afar the silvery Danube glides
Meandering along,
'Till highland shadow jealous hides
The suavely-whispered song.

7.

Beyond upon the headland crest
Outlined against the sky,
A castle rears, long sunk to rest,
Its ragged walls on high.

8.

Amid the ruins, giant forms
Of old historic days
Medeems lament the cruel storms
That stripped its ancient grace.

9.

Sweet Nature, peerless fair Thou art
And worth a nobler lyre;
Aye, ravish some congenial heart
With more poetic fire.

10.

Thus kindled, with celestial spark
Immortal Schubert sung
Thy classic hill and woodland park
Till death his harp unstrung.

11.

Where Lorely her lyre wakes;
By Innis fallen's shrine;
I viewed the blue Killarney Lakes;
The song-frought German Rhine.

12.

I rambled 'neath Italian sky,
I sailed o'er Naples' Bay,
And on the Wall of Normandy
Saw breakers dashed to spray.

13.

In beauty's gorgeous diadem
These pearls of deathless sheen
Eclipse but cannot hide this gem
Of a starlit Alpine scene.

14.

Yet all Thy glories touch me not,
Nor rest my weary soul.
That yearns to dwell a lovelier spot
Beyond the ocean's roll.

15.

My own American azure sky
O'er spanning liberty,
E'en as the swallows homeward fly
My spirit hies to Thee.

16.

Columbia! Thy vision bright,
With true Elysian glare,
On chariot of golden light
Doth consecrate the air.

17.

Thy Stars and Stripes I see no more
Flung to the open breeze
Alas, Thy charm stops with the shore
It cannot bridge the seas.

18.

Why doth Thy word not rouse the world
Proclaim all nations free?
And crown with colors broad unfurl'd
The new-born dynasty?

19.

Then would I relish everywhere
The sweet entrancing spell,
That fascinates Thy native air
And bids my proud breast swell.

20.

Columbia! replendent star
Illumining the West;
Triumphant right escorts Thy car
With peace and plenty blest.

21.

Columbia! speak! Thy mandates shake
The columns of the earth;
Ah! speak, Thy blessings reawake
Forgotten "Poesy and Mirth."

22.

Columbia! I love Thy name,
The name that heroes won
And were my heart a Hall of Fame,
I'd throne them everyone.

23.

Columbia! while Thou dost nurse
The valiant heav'nborn clan,
Shall ever vaunt the universe
The free American.

24.

Withal Thy pardon if I chide
In Eulogy's domain,
The twentieth century's fairest bride
Is sacred not profane.

25.

Thy noblest blood was gladly shed
In Freedom's holy cause,

For freedom first Christ Jesus bled
And gave it through the cross.

26.

Thy "Resolutions" have forsworn
The old tyrannic dress,
"All men are free and equal born,"
Was spokeu from the Cross.

27.

Then take the Cross that made Thee great
And generous and free
Ah! let its lustre guide Thy State,
And none shall be like Thee.

28.

Columbia! The very sand,
The rocks that line Thy shore,
Salvation with one will demand
And mountains bring the encore.

29.

Uplift the Cross and let its light
Illumine every heart;
That rich and poor and black and white
May stand no more apart.

30.

But in the shadow of Thy Cross
They kneel to kiss Thy gown
A happier people never was
Bestowed on sceptre and crown.

31.

Columbia! Ye millions swell
This rapturous melody
Until the universe rebel
In silent ecstasy.

32.

Columbia! rule on with God
Thine is the nobler part
While others wield an iron rod
Thou sway the loving heart.

33.

Soon shall I gain behold Thy shores
Explore Thy hill and vale,
And glancing through Thy sycamores
Observe the starry trail.

34.

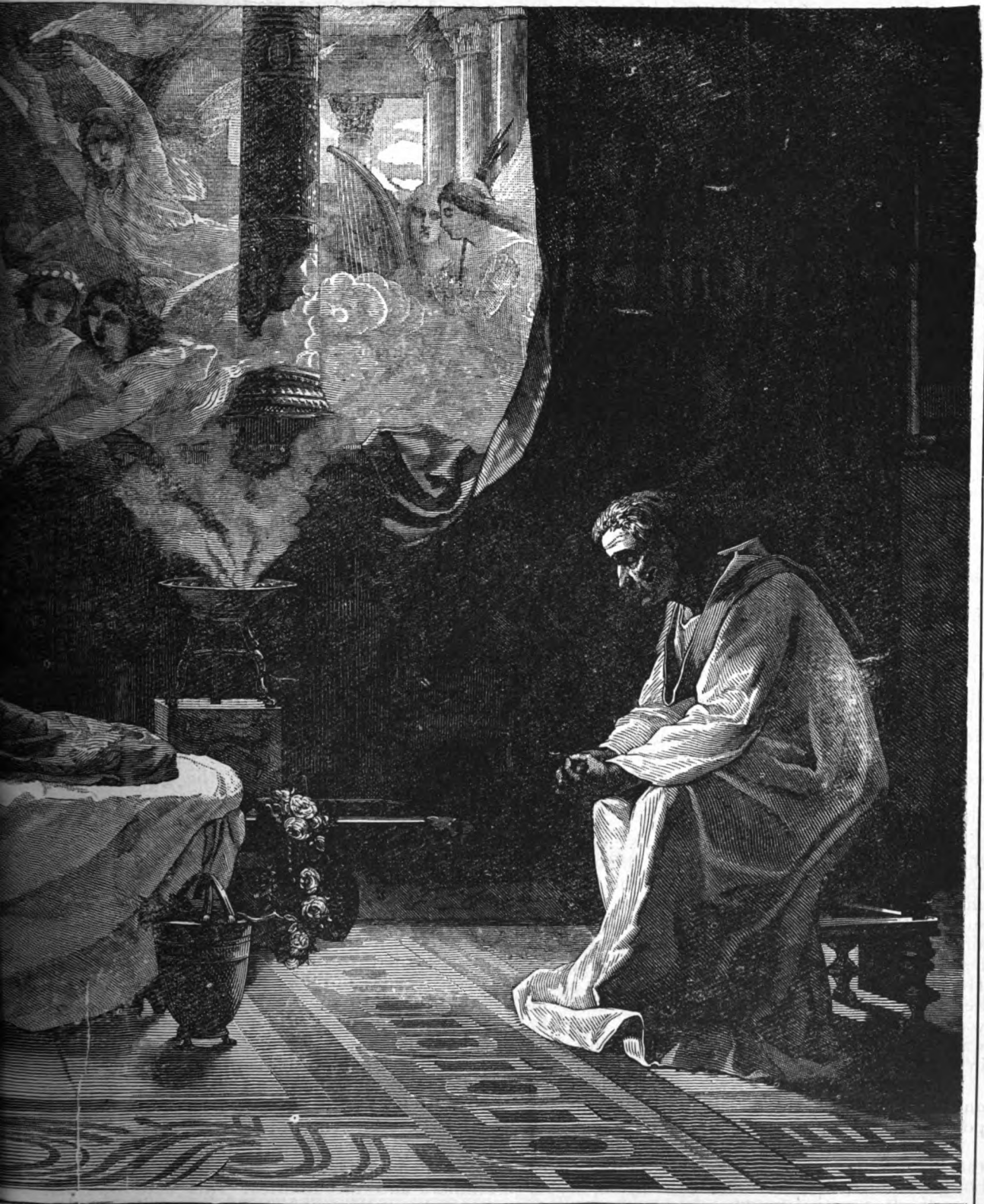
Then shall I sing a merrier tune
I shall be light and gay,
I'll greet Thee then, Thou selfsame moon
In quite another way.

35.

But while this ban of exile last
Bear Thou my greetings home
And tell me how Columbia's mast
Doth breast the ocean's foam.



St. Cecilia, the chaste Virgin.



Valerian, her Bridegroom.

—>• LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION. •<—

Frank! Frank!

The quivering voice of the aged woman put into these two words such an indistinguishable amount of sadness, serious admonition and touching request, that even the cold imbittered heart of him to whom they were addressed was deeply moved. Driven by one of those sudden impulses, of which we can never give ourselves an account, which we are just as little able to resist, the addressed arose out of the crouched position, that he had taken on the bench near the little window and stood with one quick turn before this old woman, who was formerly so dear to him and whose aged face and its sorrowful affectionate eyes he had avoided, since two weeks. The unhappy man! he wanted to flee from the rays of divine grace, which fell from the faithful eyes of his mother upon him. He did not understand the language of infinite love any more that spoke out of them. He imagined to read in them a repetition of that silent reproach, of that terrible accusation, which haunted him every where and always since the heavy doors of the penitentiary had closed behind him and he was given back to the world again, which seemed to face him now in a hostile manner, and which turned away from him in unconcealed contempt.

He fixed his eyes on the aged shriveled form, that was sitting there before him in the old arm-chair, on the venerable face, which he, when a child, had so often kissed and patted. And the sudden thought of the terrible possibility of losing perhaps, also his last precious treasure, that last refuge of despair affected him severely. — He sank down at the feet of his mother, while he twined his arms around her body as if he wanted to hold her and never permit, that she was taken from him, he hid his burning face in her lap.

The withered hand of the old woman rested on his head. "Frank!" said she; "Frank, my poor boy!"

"Yes mother dear!" sounded it sadly from the lips of the despairing man, whose robust body trembled in a feverish convulsion, "your poor boy! your lost boy!"

"Lost?" — "God beware! Trust in Him, He will not forsake you! — Look Frank, you have

failed and atoned for it. Even if it was terrible, so terrible, that I would gladly have given the few days, that I have before me yet, only to avert that from you, you must nevertheless overcome it, you are young, a whole long life lies before you yet, a life full of work and if you only want it, full of honesty and courage. Do not look back, but look up to the Savior, who died for us on the cross and seize it bravely. Then, believe your old mother, the people will also forget." —

The young man jumped up as, if struck by an electric ray. "That I was in the penitentiary?" he exclaimed wildly. "Yes, I believe that! The people will forget it, but I — I can not! Don't say any thing! No body can comprehend that, only he who has gone through it, can feel it. — Theft! Of course only poaching, but theft it was after all, and an insulting of the guard, and an offense against the weapon's patent, and who knows what else the learned gentle men get out of their books and paper bundles — and why? Because I took the gun and shot me a piece of game, as the Lord has created it for all man-kind. — And because I did not let the hunter take the gun from me my gun, which my father has left to me!" —

"Frank! my boy! Look." —

"Mother! — don't say anything. The hunter Sepp only watched me, because he knew, that I had given my heart to Mary Oedbauer — who — who — is now his girl. — And when the police led me through town — he stood with Mary on the side-walk and both laughed and he called to me: "God have you in His keeping Frank, and take care that you keep well! Come up again over the "Cut" to the Oed-farm, when you are out of the penitentiary." —

"Then I have sworn, — sworn and with a torn heart I sent my oath up to Him, who has forsaken me. Yes, hunter! I shall come up again over the "Cut" to the Oed-farm and there I shall meet you! And this oath I have repeated every day of that eternity, that I had to spend in the penitentiary, as companion of thieves, swindlers and incendiaries! This oath was the morning's greeting, which I gave myself at the awakening, it was the night prayer with which I went to sleep!"

"Frank!" called the old woman, shocked to the inmost heart at this out burst of hatred and revenge, called forth through the despairing remembrance, "have you forgotten God entirely?" Frank stepped back a little crossed his arms over his chest.

In this manner he looked a few moments at his mother, who stretched out her arms imploringly to him. — "You can not understand me!" said he, "and perhaps it is better too. Besides it has grown late and it is time to go to bed. Good night!" With that he turned around and left the room. —

When Frank opened the door that led into his bed-room his first glance fell on that place above his bed where formerly his gun had hung, but which was now empty. A whole flood of remembrance stormed in at his brain. He closed his eyes and leaned against the doorpost. The recent picture of the past with all its despair, its disgrace, and misery passed before his mind. He saw the curious, unmerciful eyes of the inhabitants of the village turned upon him, he heard the laughing and the scornful words of the hunter. — He saw himself again at the penitentiary, in that pit of vice and misery, he saw himself clothed in the robe of disgrace surrounded by the reprobates, that human society had cast out. He heard the cynical taunts and tales of those reprobates, their blasphemy and filthy jokes — and his heart cramped convulsively together at the thought, that these men treated him as their equal and had a right to do so.

He saw himself returning to his native village. And again he met that silent and yet so eloquent stare of all those that knew him. — Again he saw the eyes of his enemy turned up at him in scornful triumph. — He heard the whispering of the aged and saw how the children followed him curiously; he heard how they called to one another in naive unconscious cruelty: "There comes Frank Thalinger, who was in the penitentiary" — without having any idea

that each of these words hit his heart like a stab of a dagger.

Frank clinched his fists in an insane powerless rage, and a bloody cloud came before his eyes. — Then the devil came to him. —

With quick short steps Frank went to the closet, which contained a number of implements, such as are indispensable in a farmer's home, and took out of it, without considering, a short strong tree-saw. He hid it in the pocket of his jacket and then he opened the window. Limberly he swung his elastic body through the opening; without having caused the least noise the unhappy man was lost in the darkness of night.



An hour later a tired dragging step approached the little room, — something urged the poor mother to cast a look yet upon the face of her beloved unhappy child. — The room was empty — the bed untouched. —

A moan, like that of a dying wrung the heart of the old woman — a terrible suspicion had taken hold of her. A last indefinite hope of perhaps finding her son wandering about near the house came to her. This uncertain possibility in the truth of which the unhappy woman despaired the same moment when she had hoped for it, drove her notwithstanding, as quickly, as her aged body was

capable of, to the door. There she leaned deathly tired against the post and stared with burning, tearless eyes into the quiet dark night.

Up through the village street fluctuated the red shine of a lantern. The old woman looked at it unconcernedly; — it was not her child, that was coming there; — upon the roads that he walked now, the light was an enemy to him. —

The light came nearer and nearer; — the woman discerned and recognized at last the two persons, whose path it illumined.

Ahead walked with vigorous steps the parish Priest, whose hand concealed upon the breast the Body of our Lord, behind him with the lantern came puffing the old gray sacristan,

whose shattered form had difficulty to follow the impatience of the Priest.

A sudden terror, a terrible thought crossed the mind of the poor mother. She sank on her knees near the door steps, the Priest stopped a moment to give the blessing.

"For God's sake sacristan, what has happened?"

"A call for the Holy Viaticum, Mrs. Thaling, the goat-boy of Oed-farm came down; the hostler, the old Mat, had been kicked in the chest by a horse and is now dying. The Rev. Father hurries up there while the boy ran to the doctor in St. Martin. But go in Mrs. Thaling, the night air is not good for old people."

The last words were sounding already from a far. — The servant of the Lord hurried to bring the message of reconciliation to a dying. — A preparing call! To whom will the next call of the Priest be?

Mrs. Thaling looked after them as long, as their forms were marked by the light of the lantern. The Priest according to his habit stoutly ahead, the sacristan following. — Smaller and smaller grew the light at last it disappeared, it seemed extinguished.

The old woman staggered into the room; she threw herself on her knees before a picture of the Crucified and His Virgin Mother and lifted up her hands in speechless heart rending supplication.

A preparing call! A preparing call in the mountains! — But the mountains in alliance with the night are enemies of all creatures — in their edges and ravines, on their walls and precipices death is lurking, perdition stretches out its claws after the daring climber. Thousands of dangers chase back like a threatening

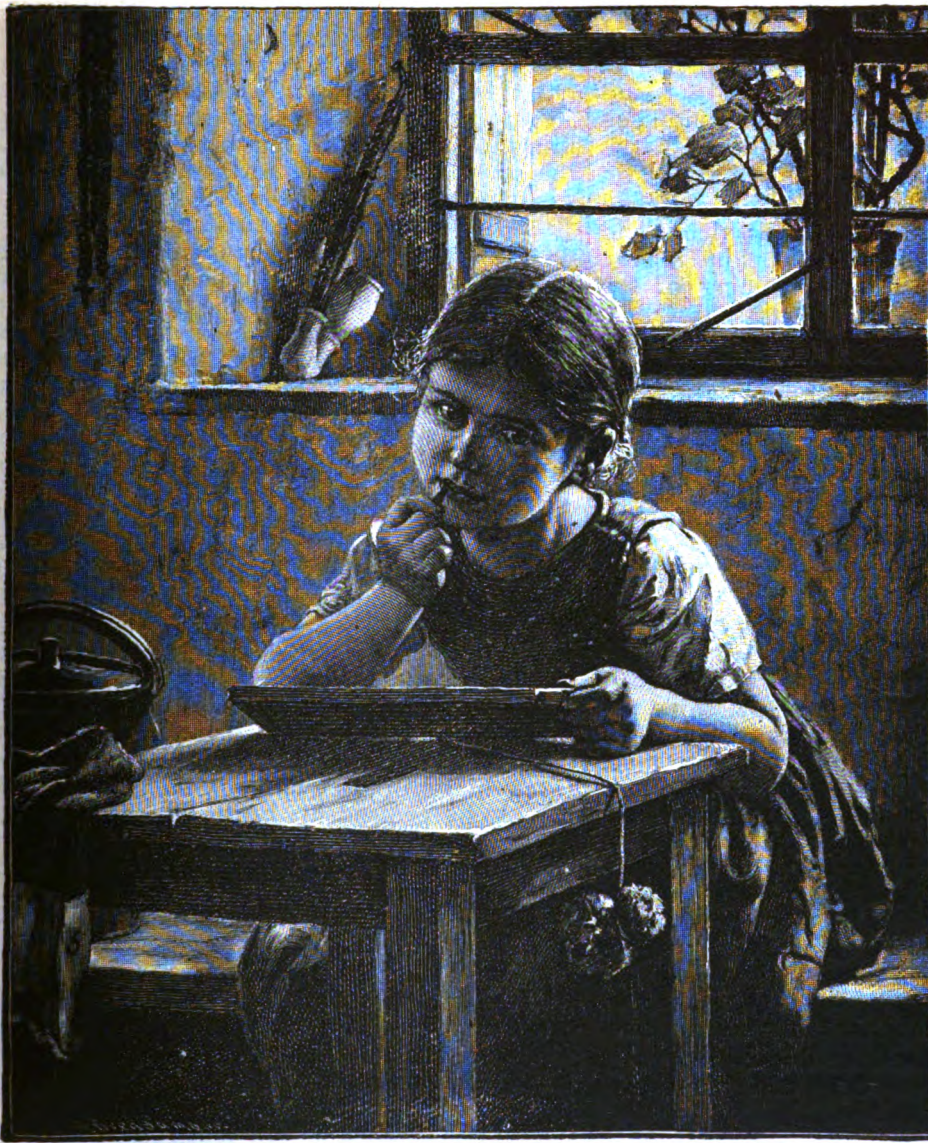


Home again.

spectre the temerarious, who dares to confront the ghost of the mountain without the protection of the golden daylight. Still Christ wants to be taken to him, who desires Him! The ministry of the Priest has to combat against the world and its living and dead powers; but the death for Christ is success, glory, victory, eternal bliss.

II.

The heavy clouds, which had darkened the firmament were dispersed a little in some places by the irregular blasts of wind. The not entirely visible moon spread a ray of her weak light over the high peaks of the mountain rocks. High upon the edge of a wild, towering, cleft wall her shine illumined a small wildly turning



A Hard Task.

path, which wound itself in irregular turns through a chaos of loose stones and scattered rocks, — the "Cut." In the midst of the wall there was a cleft. The water of the mountain chain fed by the never exhausted reservoir of the snow region, had dug this bed. This cleft also cut through the "Cut," but at the place where the path was interrupted there had formed in the course of time a deep perpendicular, precipitating ravine, almost that what the inhabitants of the mountains call a "Clam." This terrible precipice the mountaineers bridged by putting a hewn tree across it and affixing on one side a plain laths balustrade. This was the way by which the hunter Sepp came every evening when he returned from Oed-farm; this was the bridge,

which he had to cross. In the moment, when the moon shone through the clouds there crouched upon the trunk, which formed the bridge a form engaged in restless work. Through the monotonous, terrible rushing of the "Wild Creek," which sent its roaring waters along the bottom of the precipice, there was heard of and on the sharp creaking of a saw, with which the kneeling form was cutting through the beam in a wild frenzy hast.

He stopped a moment with his terrible work and pressed on the beam with his right hand to examine how much it needed yet to make it unbearable. A weak creaking and cracking of the wood proved that he had succeeded only too well in his murderous work that the weight of a person crossing this bridge would surely break it and the torrent would become the grave of the shattered victim.

The miserable wretch arose wiped with the sleeve of his jacket his sweat-

bathed forehead. His eyes glowed with an unnatural frenzy fire his chest heaved in quick gasping breath.

"Now, hunter!" muttered he, "the convict has prepared the way for you — now — come — you miserable wretch, you, who have robbed me of everything. Happiness — love — honor — everything. My life you have destroyed, now I take yours! And I shall shout and give vent to a yodel like a petulant Alpine-boy, when the wood breaks below you and a last scream of fright and of despair escaped your throat! — I shall kneel down and listen how your body falls upon the rocky edges and your bones break, until the Creek takes up your corpse and dashes it to thousand and thousand pieces on the rubble

stones! — A last salute I shall call after you, when your hand is stretched out in vain for a hold — the salute that you gave me when you met me on the way to the penitentiary! God be with you hunter, I shall call to you and keep well! Are you soon going again to the Oedfarm, when you come out of the "Wild Creek?"

Frank, for he it was, shook his clenched fists in the direction from which his victim had to come, then he crouched down behind a large rock to watch unseen for the coming of the enemy.

Like a tiger that waits for his prey he watched over the death-path. His ear sought to catch every sound that broke the stillness of this dismal solitude in the impatient hopes of hearing at last the resounding foot steps of the hated enemy on the stone wall.

The fever of an expectation strained now to the utmost, of a thirst wild for revenge, of a fear brought to frenzy, that the one destined for death might be somehow prevented to walk that path which had been prepared to be his terrible end, shook the body of the athletic man.

There suddenly appeared upon the gigantic plain of the rocky wall — a reddish shine the reflection of an unsteady light swaying to and fro. As if hit by a shot Frank jumped up. He at once understood, that this appearance of a light must come from a lantern, which was carried on that side of the wall, on which he, himself had climbed up and which was the opposite direction from where his deadly enemy had to come. In an excitement which brought this unhappy wretch near madness he stared down the path. The eye of a poacher is sharp like that of an Indian. Frank soon recognized the person that had the light, as the Priest and the sacristan.

Stoutly ahead climbed the Priest a few paces behind the old sacristan dragged himself wearisome upon his mountain-staff.

Rigid as if turned into stone, unable to move the murderer stared with burning eyes at the climbers. He at once comprehended what the matter was.

A preparing call — a preparing call in the mountains. — But the Priest must soon arrive on the top; he had to step on to the path — he would be precipitated — and the waves of the torrent would swallow up the unsuspecting one. The sharp edges and points of the rocky walls would shatter his body — "and with him the Body of the Lord!" —

Horrified, Frank looked around. It seemed to him, as if behind him a hallow voice had hissed the words.

He was alone. He began to comprehend that it was himself who had spoken these terrible words. — Frank lifted up his hands and pulled his hair in indescribable despair.

A ray of hope shot through his brain — if the hunter should come sooner.

And again his ear listened, if not from the other side there could be heard the sounds of steps, the tune of a merry song. — But every thing was quiet. — Even if the hunter was on the way at all, he was so far off that the Priest would reach the bridge much sooner.

That dare not happen — that must by all means be prevented. This was the only thought which made itself clearly known in this confused mind. But to warn the Priest, to prevent him from stepping on the bridge, that would mean to accuse himself, that would be to return to that terrible house, which he so recently had left. — At this thought reawakened so much more terribly all demoniacal powers, which had taken possession of the soul of the unhappy Frank.

He pressed his clenched fists against his breast and muttered to himself: "No, and a thousand times no! Back there never, never! — He must go his way! — I did not want that! — But the sacristan will speak — I must send him after the Priest, — the old man, — it is easy".

"But the Priest carries the Body of the Lord — I wretch — more malicious, more vile, than the soldiers, who nailed our Lord to the cross I murder God Himself," — And Frank threw himself flat down upon the ground behind a rock, he pressed his brow against the stony ground clutched his fingers into the rubble, that the nails broke and the skin tore off in bloody pieces. —

The steps of the comers sounded now very near him.

An unknown power, against which he fought with his whole strength, but which he could not resist, forced him to lift up his head and cast a last look at him, whom he, the accursed had doomed to die.

But when he saw the mild face of the gray-haired Priest, when he saw that venerable silvery white head, that was surrounded by the light of the lantern like a halo; when he looked at those hands, which formerly had so often rested in blessing upon his head, when he was still a good innocent child, listening to the words of the Eternal Truth, which coming from these divinely consecrated lips had lifted up his heart and strengthened it, the icy crust which passion and fatal circumstances had placed around his heart broke. These hands that carried the God-Man Himself, they were the only ones, which besides his mother's had been stretched forth to shake his, the hand of the dismissed convict, who came home from the penitentiary! These mild eyes had expressed care and compassion for the forsaken; this mouth had words of consolation encouragement and hope for him.

There was no trembling, no hesitation, no fear no thought of the consequences, only the urging

to preserve this beloved head and the Most Holy that the hand of the Priest carried.

With one mighty leap Frank had jumped up from the ground and placed himself between the Priest and the bridge of death.

Frightened and surprised when he recognized the form before him the Priest stood still.

"Frank Thalinger!"—

"Yes Rev. Father — I — it is I!"

"But Frank what are you doing up here at this hour?"

"I — I climbed about in the mountains — I could not stand it down below in the hut."—

"Frank, Frank! my son! take care that you do not walk on bad roads! But, now let me pass I am in a hurry."

"Rev. Father," said Frank with trembling voice, "do not go any further, — I have to speak to you."

"Then come to morrow to the parsonage, my son, I dare not — delay any longer; you see I am going with the Blessed Sacrament to a dying!"

And the Priest put his hand gently on the arm of the young man to push him aside. Frank seized the hand and held it. "Rev. Father! I — I — there is no time to wait, I must now — at once — speak to you."—

"But, my son! life — and death are at stake."

"Yes!" cried he not able to control himself any longer, "yes, life and death are at stake — and just for that reason I do not let you pass."

"A dying person wants to receive the last consolations of our holy Religion — he wants to confess."—

"Well! Rev. Father I — also want to confess now — here — that dying person's confession can not be as terrible, as the one that I must make to you, — death — hell — damnation — hear me for the sake of mine — of your soul's salvation — hear me."

And the unhappy man stretched out his hand, which a short while ago had wrought so terrible a work, to the Priest.

The Priest had fixed his eyes firmly on the young man's, he read in them something so fearful, such a terrible, real despair. The voice of the suppliant moved him so powerfully that it drew his heart spasmodically together at the thought of a fearful secret, which he forboded without being able to comprehend what it could be.

"Then come in the name of God!" And he stepped a side to a stone. Frank followed him with trembling knees and threw — himself at the feet of the aged Priest.

In the same moment there sounded — from the other side of the bridge, that was sawed through a clear youthful voice, which sang a merry tune.

The face of the Priest covered a fearful paleness, when he heard the words that the un-

happy man, who knelt there before him stammered out.

When the voice was heard, when the merry song sounded in his ears, he said with trembling voice: "There — unhappy man — hurry — save! it is your victim that — hears! my tongue is tied through the secret of confession, save — warn — that the Lord may forgive you!"

Then Frank jumped up from the ground and running in a frenzy hast to the edge of the precipice he screamed with a yelling voice, which drowned the roaring of the "Wild Creek," with a voice that scarcely seemed human:

"Stop hunter! stand still or you walk into death — don't stir from the place — the bridge is sawed through!"

The sacristan had sat down on a stone, when he saw the Priest speak to Frank. At the terrible sound of this voice he jumped up and remained standing trembling in all limbs.

"For God's sake, is it possible?" they heard the hunter — call, "but who is there that calls to me?"

"It is Frank Thalinger, who calls to you and I am also here," answered the Priest instead of Frank, who leaned against a rock unable to speak another word. "But — above all is there no other means to get over the precipice?"

"For you, at this moment not, — Rev. Father, but for me there is."

They heard how the hunter went back and then after a short run he put his mountain staff into the edge of the precipice and with a mighty swing the form of the daring hunter flew in a curve over the precipice. The first thing the newly arrived did, was he examined the bridge. In spite of his strength and courage he grew pale, when he noticed the creaking and creaking of the sawed wood.

"By God!" he said, "that is a narrow escape. I was just going to step on the bridge — who would think of jumping when, there is a bridge before him. Without doubt I would have been lost. The Lord and the holy Mother of God have sent you just at the right time to save me! May God reward you Frank that you have acted so nobly toward me."

The Priest sent up to Heaven a look of unspeakable thanks full of admiration for Him, who guides the destiny of man, for Him, who came Himself to prevent a terrible crime, to save the life of the one man, the eternal happiness of the other.

"That surely did one of the Bavarian poachers, who stroll about in the mountains, since a few days," said the hunter. And then stepping up to him, who had want to become his murderer he held out his hands to him.

"And you Frank! You had to come to save my life — you — you — and I have hurt you so, poor fellow! But I shall try to repair that. — Not long ago did the master of the forest

say that he needed a new woodward, he thinks a great deal of me — if I talk to him and Rev. Father does his part."

"That I shall" said the aged Priest.

"Then come Frank!" said Sepp, "and don't be sad any more! The Lord Himself has guided you up into the mountains to-day — no doubt you climbed, because of sheer sorrow you could not stand it at home; come to me."

And they lay in each others arms and tears of repentance and reconciliation, that flowed from the eyes of the unhappy man, whom the All-bountiful had so miraculously saved from a terrible crime, glistened like diamonds on the coat of the hunter.

"But how shall I get across?" said the Priest, "I must hurry to a dying on the Oed-farm." "To Mathias I know," said the hunter. "Frank and I shall run to the hut of the wood man at the lower mountain there are plenty of beams. In 15 minutes we are back again. Come Frank."

An hour later the aged Priest sat at the bedside of Mathias and prepared him for his journey to Eternity, he who only very recently had been nearer his grave, than the man, who was lying before him in his death struggle.

In the midst of the forest on a declivity of a woody mountain there stands a pretty little hut, whose windows are surrounded by beautiful foliage and whose gable decorate a pair of cham-oi's horns. — There dwells in peace Frank Thallinger, the woodward, and does his duty as an honest man and takes care of his aged mother, whose last days he beautifies and sweetens through child like love and his reconciliation with life and the world.

Two years did Frank save, then he erected a niche near that fatal path.

It contains the picture of the Holy Trinity and below it the Blessed Virgin the intercessor of the faithful. Below the picture are the words: "Lead Us not into Temptation!"

M. v. B.

THE HOLY FAMILY.

By Margaret M. Halvey.

Tw'as a dwelling meant for a poor man's biding.
On the quiet hamlet's further edge,
A square grey cot, that as if for hiding
Nestled close neath the rocky ledge;
But the simple herbs outset for growing
In its garden bounds were of rarest green
And like waving gold in the sunlight glowing
The tiny plots of maize between:
On its sycamore's boughs the birds sat preening
Their listless wings as tho' loath to leave
And tender vines, like a veil were screening
The cottage walls from base to eave.
Neath a door outworn from the rough rock's bosom
A frail pervinca sapling crept,
With bud of azure and starry blossom
Wreathing the couch whereon She slept —
Whom the Nazarenes named "a just man's daughter —
The Temple's Virgin" — now Joseph's spouse —
But the blue blooms knew how angels sought her
And abode with her in the Holy House.
The wondering angels who paused and tarried
To share with mortals those blissful hours,
While anon to Heaven their pinions carried
The incense - odor of Nazareth's flowers;
Its roses that flushed where soft descended
The sandalled feet of the Mother - Maid —
Its lilies, that over the rude bench bended,
Where Joseph toiled in the figtree's shade;
And blooms that no more on our earth are blowing,
Whose crimson petals the zephyrs shed,
To sheath as a carpet richly glowing,
Those garden paths neath the Christ Child's tread:
Here, while the red sun slowly seeking
The glittering calm of the western sea,
Was barring with gold and with ruby streaking
The darkling hillsides of Galilee: —
While brooding birds to their mates were calling,
Or hushing their weary nestlings' cries
And balmy evening dews were falling
Like tears of joy from Judean skies —

Here, neath the sycamore darkly drooping,
Where Anne once kneeled with her newfound joy,
Cherubs and Seraphs were gladly grouping
To wait His coming — the Wondrous Boy!
And Mary freed from each homely duty,
And Joseph, his daily toiling done,
Feasted their eyes on His matchless beauty —
The King in guise of the toiler's Son!
Came hither Mary, the sister - neighbor,
And James and Jude and Salome and John —
Never such respite as this from labor,
That Judean stars looked then upon!
He spake and His silvern tones seemed filling
The startled earth to its furthest bound,
And the hearts of the hearers waking, thrilling,
Echoed for ever His Voice's sound
"What is this trouble mixed with sweetness"
"That filleth our souls when His words we hear" —
"His coming lent to our joy completeness" —
"Why should our love be akin to fear?"
Tw'as so they questioned when homeward turning —
Salome and Mary — by paths they came,
While in John's young breast was the life love burning,
That grew with his growth to perfected flame.
Ask of the birds who waked to listen!
Ask of the blossoms that strove to cling
By His garment's hem — of the dew's a-glisten —
Of breezes that fanned as with perfumed wing!
They will not answer: not such His pleasure —
Nor yet will She, who, drawing apart,
Hearkened His words and as priceless treasure,
Harbored them each in her inmost heart.
But cometh the day o, ye true and tender!
When sharing her knowledge ye too shall weep —
When Joseph, her youth's revered defender
Shall long have sunk to the just man's sleep!
And ye shall stand by an anguished Mother,
With hearts sore laden and indrawn breath,
To gaze in the Face of that wondrous other
And fathom the secret of Nazareth!



≡ CORPUS CHRISTI. ≡

BY M. A. SPELLISSY.

Grandma darling, why do you take such particular delight in the celebration of Corpus Christi? inquired Irma, — I know that the feast appeals to you as the commemoration of the great mystery of the Holy Eucharist, I know that the love of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament is part of your very self, but on the recurrence of this especial feast, a human tenderness shines in your face, your eyes are dewy with tears that you repress except in church: I confess I would like to know if I am correct in my guess that away down deep in your heart is some experience of your early life that is associated with this Feast, yes, I see that I am right.

The eyes of the two women gazed earnestly each into the soul of her companion. Grandma's glance revealed her tenderness and compassion, Irma's uplifted eyes were as those of a wounded doe, in whose heart rests the arrow, — In an instant the experienced woman comprehended the situation. Sorrow had encompassed Irma, and, through her affections, pale dejected, and heart-broken the young girl stood before her. Never had grandma seen her darling thus. — Ignoring the sad evidence, she gave her reply to Irma's question.

"I had no idea that my darling was such a mind-reader, I must be very transparent."

"Do you not think that love quickens our perceptions?"

"I do not think it, I know it, I appreciate the sympathy that gives one the key to the heart of another. The heart of our Lord was quick to share the joys and sorrows of those who surrounded Him. The scripture records His compassion during those wonderful three years, and, as we become like to Jesus, we also shall grow sensitive to all that affects those, who are our companions in the way to heaven: but to change the subject, can you go with me? I have ordered the carriage, and I think the air of the park will refresh us, the chapel was very close during Benediction, I confess to feel quite exhausted."

"Indeed, grandma I will be delighted to go with you."

"A few minutes drive brought them to the river road, and, as they drank in the beautiful landscape, glorified by the slanting rays of the setting sun, Mrs. Harcourt said:

"Your question dear Irma," "why am I so attached to Corpus Christi," is quite a coincidence.

I resolved this morning to hand you a little story written forty years ago, I will give it to you on our return, and you will therein find your question answered."

It was with much satisfaction that Mrs. Harcourt perceived Irma brighten under the happy influence of their brief excursion; vivacity succeeded lassitude and the pretty flush returned to her cheeks. As they finished their drive the young girl turned to her grandma saying:

"You have done me a world of good, dearest. When I left the church I came from Calvary, but you have shown me Thabor — God is very good."

"To those who trust in Him my darling."

As Mrs. Harcourt left the carriage she handed an envelope to the young girl saying: "This is the little story dear." I must not detain you now lest they be uneasy at home but we will talk about it another time."

The family circle claimed Irma all the evening, but, before saying her night prayers, she seated herself in the seclusion of her room and opened Grandma's packet. Pasted in a little blank-book were the printed columns from a magazine, the story was entitled:

"June Memories."

Matilda was the pet of Father John's parish, in which she had grown to womanhood. Joyous and happy hearted, she had a smile and cheerful word for everyone. From the choir she delighted the souls of the congregation, by her devotional rendering of the music at Mass or Benediction, her fervid young voice refreshed the weary, and won her listeners to God.

In the Sunday-School her charm was potent and her discipline perfect.

Father John was anxious of late, he had just awakened to the fact that Matilda had passed from childhood. It was so natural that John Fitzherbert should escort the young girl to her home after the rehearsals that the fatherly man had noted it as simply a neighborly attention; but lately Matilda was unlike herself, and the Priest overheard a sentence that set him wondering about his two favorites.

Matilda was silent and preoccupied and her old friend was concerned about her. Entering the tribune one evening to say the Angelus, the venerable Priest noticed the young maiden before the Blessed Virgin's altar, her arms were

extended in the form of a cross; her supplication was voiceless, but the expression of her uplifted eyes impressed him and revealed the intensity of her sorrow.

In Matilda's pocket was a letter, the first she had ever received from a man. Only that morning it had come, and, like a thunderbolt from a clear sky — it read:

My very dear Friend:

When I parted from you I fondly hoped to see you soon again, but here I am, far from home. I received a telegram on Monday, telling me that my brother was ill, and bidding me come immediately. —

I took the first train, and travelled all night, but I arrived too late to find him alive. — He leaves a wife and a child, unfortunately his affairs are not in good condition. There is much money due, to him, but unscrupulous persons are about to dispute some of the bills, and his widow has probably at least two law suits before her. — I cannot desert her until I am assured that she has an independent income. — The funeral took place to-day. I am writing after every one has retired. This bereavement means so much to me. — I hoped soon to ask you to become my wife, and, without wishing to appear presumptuous I will say that I almost knew that my love for you found response, you are so sincere, so free from coquetry that I am sure you would not have shown me preference, if you did not care for me. — I must now absent myself from your home which to me has been a Paradise. — Since I left my home, an Irish lad, I have been an exile in a strange land. Fatherless, Motherless, and alone, but since I was admitted a visitor by your family, I have found the rose blossoming in the desert. — You are young, and a general favorite, I have no right to continue attentions indefinitely that discourage other men from seeking your society. Many years may pass before I shall be free to consider matrimony. — May God bless you for every happy moment you have given me.

Fondly yours,

John Fitzherbert.

February 2, 1860.

It was on Friday evening that Father John discovered Matilda at our Lady's altar, and he probably made use of the insight he then received, it prepared him to console and counsel Matilda, for the young girl's face was serene as she left the confessional on Saturday afternoon, and her step, as she sought her favorite corner near our Lady's altar showed that she had regained her usual elasticity. — Sunday afternoons after vespers, John usually joined Matilda. As she came down the long flight of steps from the church door on the Sunday af-

ter receiving the letter she looked steadily downward, conscious that the group of young people assembled for an interchange of friendly gossip would be quick to observe her. John's abrupt letter left her in ignorance of his plans, and she knew not what to expect. The young people often jested among themselves on the young man's shyness and his habit of waiting, in a little recess opposite the gate, until Matilda had turned the corner, before he joined her for a walk. — On this special afternoon Matilda crossed the church-yard, running the gauntlet of attentive eyes, her heart throbbed painfully as she asked herself:

"Will John meet me?"

Great was her relief when, as if sorrow had made him reckless of observation the young man claimed her, before she had passed through the church-gate. — After a few common-place remarks John asked:

"Did you receive my letter?"

"Yes," answered Matilda, "and I need not tell you that we, at home are sincerely sorry for your loss, I hope that your sister-in-law is recovering from the shock!"

"Yes thank you, she insisted on my coming back to my business, I reached the city early this morning. After Mass, and a few hours sleep I came out for a walk and could not resist one more talk with you." They were walking through a deserted street and free to consider the subject before them.

"I was prospering in my business," said John, "I had lately dissolved an unpleasant partnership, and thought myself the happiest man in the world, but my brother's death blights everything." — In vain did Matilda urge a more hopeful view of the subject, John adhered to the resolution expressed in his letter. When he escorted her to her home the "Good bye" and fervent hand clasp signified the conclusion of their pleasant intercourse. — Matilda retired early that night, an outburst of tears brought some relief, but the desolation of a future without her congenial companion seemed infinitely dreary.

Day succeeded day, as, with a sad heart the young creature performed her duties. Only at the Altar and at the shrine of the Blessed Virgin did she find relief. Daily Mass and frequent communion were the resting-places where she found refreshment. The Lenten services appealed to her more pathetically than ever before. Matilda was devoted, to good reading, and some of the sentences that she met during her passage through the *via dolorosa*, seemed winged to her especial need.

"No one need be down cast, for Jesus is the Joy of Heaven, and it is His delight to enter into sorrowful hearts."

"No one is helpless that has God to go to."

These two sentences she made her own, and the brief aspiration taught her by the tender-hearted Priest gave her a new idea of her relation to God and to life.

"May the holy will of God be accomplished in me, and through me in others." — This thought reminded her of the Blessed Virgin's response.

"Behold the handmaid of the Lord." Uplifted above thought of self, she grew in a beauty so spiritual that she impressed those who met her. Never before had her voice such pathos, never had she shown such tenderness toward the suffering.

Meanwhile John was alone, and lonely. Easter Sunday evening he called on Matilda, and found the same cordial welcome that had ever made her home so attractive. Matilda's parents made no comment on their daughter's visitors, all were made welcome to the family group. — Matilda was very silent during the evening, but when she was once more alone she cried out. "If he would but stay away entirely." — Only that afternoon a busy body had asked her as she left the Sunday-school:

"Where is John Fitzherbert?"

And as Matilda parried the question, her companion continued:

"I hear that he is attentive to Miss Vernon lately." To this thrust Matilda responded:

"He shows a good taste," she knew that John had been for many years a welcome visitor at the Vernon Home-stead — and she tried hard to restrain her affections but it was not without much suffering that she

schooled herself to look beyond man, to God, from Whom flows every charm possessed by His creatures. During the Novena for the Feast of Corpus Christi her principal petition was for detachment. The meditations of the Novena

brought to her heart a sweetness and a realizing sense of the generosity, the tenderness, and love of Jesus for man, proved, not only by the ignominy and tortures of His Passion and death but by the scene of the last supper. "I will not leave you orphans" rang in her memory, and so fervent was her devotion, that she seemed an eye-witness to that



final act, and to hear the words of the living Redeemer:

"This is my body, this is my blood." In her communion on Corpus Christi morning Peace came to her soul. For the first time since that Friday which brought her friend's sad letter, she could say from her heart, "Thy will be done."

The evening saw her return early to the church for Benediction, she was kneeling in the choir when an Altar-boy whispered at her side: "Father John wants you."

Descending to the parlor, she found her dear old Pastor, in a flutter of pleasurable excitement, some friend had provided a feast in honor of his birth-day, and messengers were sent flitting over the place to bid his young friends to his side. Only half an hour until Benediction, so this was despatched in the merriment, and choir-members and sanctuary-boys filed into their places just in time for the Devotions.

Mathilda's heart glowed with gratitude to God, in Him she recognized the source of all love, even the benevolence of the dear old Priest. As she left the church, after the devotions, she was surprised to find John awaiting her at the door.

Together they passed from the church-yard but when she would have turned homeward, John objected:

"The night is too delightful, it is still early, let us go this way. In silence they passed through the moonlit streets until they were almost the only pedestrians, John was first to speak, "I had a letter from my sister-in-law to-day."

"I hope she is well?"

"Yes, she is not only well, but she is succeeding in her business affairs far beyond my expectations, she has won the most important of her law-suits, and has accepted a compromise in the other, she has also secured a position that will give her a living salary. When shall we be married?"

* * *

Irma closed the book and laid her head on the cushion of her chair. In John and Matilda she recognized her own father and mother. From under her closed eye-lids the tears trickled silently over her cheeks. The tense lines about her lips showed her effort at self control. Their trial ended happily thought she, but mine?

A knock at the door startled her from sad reverie.

"It is only me, Miss Irma."

"Anything wrong Norry?"

"Only a note that Mr. Arthur just handed in, I saw the light under your door."

"Thank you Norry, Good night," "God bless the colleen," said the warm-hearted Irish girl as she ascended to her own room.

Irma knelt down before her crucifix, before opening her note, kissing the wound in the Sacred Heart she whispered: "O, my God make me love Thee above all creatures." — Calmly she began the perusal of the contents.

My dear Irma:

Join me in thanking God for the gift of faith.

When I turned from your door three days ago I was indignant at your refusal to consider my proposal. All that I had ever heard or read of the bigotry of catholics rushed to my mind — and for a few hours my rage obscured my judgement, going to my room that evening I collected your books intending to return them. — I opened one, and became interested in the brief, lucid, explanation of Catholic faith, but, whilst I enjoyed an intellectual pleasure, my heart was hardened by the thought of the abjection of the majority of catholics.

I passed a wakeful night, during which many of the answers you had given to my arguments recurred to me. — I began to agree with you in your conclusion that oneness of faith was the only basis of a happy marriage. — On the following evening I saw crowds hurrying to the Cathedral, following them I entered, and listened to the sermon, the preacher was no orator, but he was an apostle, and his love of Christ gave to his words a persuasion that melted my heart within me, I saw my Lord, at that awful moment, — when He instituted the Blessed Eucharist, I felt His living eyes upon me and learned that Jesus, setting out for Calvary, gave thought to me, to my needs, and, in the supersubstantial bread, provided for them. — The next morning found me at early Mass. When I saw you come from the communion rail I knew that you would speak of me in that sacred moment and I knew that your beloved Jesus would listen to you, and that in good time your prayers would be answered. I called on Father Vincent, this afternoon, he relieved me most cordially, and I am now beginning to learn my catechism. — Not love for you Irma, could have brought me into the church; dear as you have been to me since my boyhood, you have been indeed my beneficent guide, pointing the way, but when I refused to consider the reasons for your heroic fidelity to principle I saw you prepared to sacrifice your happiness rather than place yourself in a position wherein the practice of your religion might be interfered with. —

May we not now begin together our journey to Heaven? I thought I had always loved you my dearest, but I knew not the qualities of Christian love, and even now I realize that I have but a dawning perception of them. I can imagine a long life too short to reveal them to us mortals. I know that the past few days have been filled with cruel sorrow for both of us but "joy cometh in the morning" — and to me it came through "Corpus Christi."

Kindly and Faithfully yours,

Arthur Cuthbert.

OUR NEW PROFESSOR.

We were eight grade boys; would enter the big "High School" next term, and were proud of our position. We were much better than the others in the school, almost as important as High School boys, and much more so than our teacher, Miss Jones. We were not satisfied with a "Lady Teacher." It was either because we liked gallantry or did not respect old age.

Joy reigned supreme, then, in our class-room, when one morning the teacher's throne was occupied by Mr. H. lately from Germany. His first day was a successful one for the boys. They, by means of absurd questions and ridiculous answers, managed to waste one golden day of their youth. Flushed with success, they resolved to continue the good work by various tactics.

The smaller boys insisted on an "apple shower" for the following day to show their appreciation of the new teacher and, incidentally to waste a little more time. When the anticipated hour arrived it found the boys well prepared. At a signal from their leader and while the professor's back was turned the fusilade began. Dick Brodie who occupied a back seat, was one of the first to begin the innocent warfare. He threw a large and well decayed apple with such reckless dexterity as to strike squarely on the black-board blending into an indescribable chaos the a b c's and x y z's thereon. What immediately followed we must pass over in silence. The German professor did not do so.

But on the following day there were many long faces in that class-room. The professor occupied his place as usual but at his right hand rested a hickory cane of mammoth proportions. Again was class-work discontinued, but for a far different purpose.

The students were lined up in one long, gloomy line. Brodie was equal to the situation and calmly took his place at the head of the line while Alex Smith the "good boy" of the class, modestly stood at the foot. All too soon the dreadful question came. The professor began at the foot of the line. Alex hung his head, blushed deeply, and replied, "no, sir," in his sweetest tones. And thus it was up the whole rank.

Professor H. grew desperate. He knew well that he must show his authority with the boys or lose it forever. With this idea rankling in his brain, he came to the last scholar. Dick looked him in the face for a moment and then replied in a gruff, matter-of-fact way: "I did not". Then, like a thunder-bolt from a clear sky, came the question, "Why didn't you?" and in the same manner came to poor Dick that awful hickory cane.

From that day Dick was as quiet as a lamb and all of us sighed for the return of our "Lady Teacher." Still we afterwards learned to love our German professor and regretted that we had given him so rude a reception.

Thomas Lynch.

THE GESE, THE HARBINGERS OF SPRING.

Long has the world in the gloom of the winter
 Waited for Spring as the Jews did for God
 Reading the skies as the Prophets their
 [Scripture,
 Seeking the sigh that shall wave o'er the sod.

Lo! from the south come the season's precursors,
Winging their Hight in a riftless away;

Oft as did John when he preached in the desert
Cry they to earth that the Spring's on its way.

Far is their journey, but farther behind them
Rolls undulating the bud-sprinkled plain;

And as they float on the whimpering zephyr,
Spring on the turf sows the seedling and grain.

Slowly they melt as a cloud in the ether,
Circling their forms silhonetted in air;

Silently leave they a message to mankind,
Spring is at hand, but this life ends not there.

W. D. Brown,



❁ A HORRIBLE ORDEAL. ❁

Reader, did you ever step on death's dark threshold? Did you ever feel its chill breath on your feverish brow? I did, and though many a year had passed since then I have been unable to efface from my memory the dreadful experience of that occasion.

It was during the Indian troubles while I, a mere spratling of a lad, was spending a few weeks vacation on my uncle's ranch in Shell County, Nebraska. While there I was invited to accompany the ranchers on their semi-annual roundup. The trip, I was informed, would not be very congenial for a tender foot, and now that the Indians were giving trouble, would be fraught with dangers. But my young head craved for adventure as I wished on my return to tell my fellow class-mates of "hair-breath escapes," so I gladly accepted the golden opportunity.

We camped one evening in "dead man's gulch" a mile north of the Loup river. Here my roughing began in earnest, for our lunch consisted of corn bread and bacon with plenty

of river water to wash it down. After supper I lay down near the camp-fire listening to the men telling stories of Indian wars. I was aroused by the sharp crack of a rifle. It was too late for flight; the redskins were upon us. The moment my companions sprang to their feet they were pieced with balls. In fiendish glee the Indians scalped them before my eyes. My turn was next; and I shall never forget the hideous look of the monster who rushed towards me with uplifted tomahawk! I closed my eyes while all the blood in my frail body seemed rushing to my brain. Tighter and tighter became his grasp on my aching head, but suddenly it relaxed and I fell to the ground in an unconscious state.

How long I laid there I do not know, but when I recovered sufficiently to look around I glanced in the direction of my companions. Imagine my surprise to behold them still lying around the fire telling stories of Indian wars. Well I had fallen asleep, and the corn bread and bacon had done the rest. D. Hurley.

HOW JACK BECAME BRAVE.

Jack Hall, the baggage clerk, is not afraid of spirits in any form whatever; although when a young man he lived in a ghost country and even at the age of seventeen feared to venture out after dark. But that was long ago. How he became brave you may perhaps wish to hear.

Twenty five years ago Jack took a position in the Webster depot. He was book-keeper in the Express Office which was an insignificant and obscure building cut off from the main Depot and facing a narrow and dimly lighted alley. It sometimes happened that in the course of his duties he remained over time, then his terror of goblins would increase. One day, a long, coffin-shaped box, with an old and well worn aspect made its appearance among the other baggage. That day, as fortune so wished in accounting and arranging for the following morning he was kept a little latter than usual.

The oil in his lamp was sinking low, a feel-

ing of uneasiness began to creep over his frame when he distinctly heard a muffled, throaty groan like that of a man in agony. Then the thought of the coffin-shaped box flashed upon him. But now all was hushed, save the thumping of his rebellious heart. Scarce had he recovered when a second — a third groan was audible. Now leaving his chair with silent step he went to the door, but scarcely had he opened it, when that dreadful, muffled sound vibrated through the black and time-strained rafters, and to his horror he saw that it produced from the suspicious looking case. Seizing an axe with a determination either to see a ghost or face a dead man he advanced to the box. After much prying he succeeded in raising the lid. Lifting his lantern, he peeped into the mysterious enclosure — what do you think he saw? guess — an alarm clock and numerous other house-hold goods. C. J. M. Coffrey.

A Few Drops of Honey from the Chalice of Suffering.

Drawn from Saint Liguori. By Eleanor C. Donnelly.

The whole life of Jesus Christ was filled with pains and sorrows. In the same manner that God has treated His beloved Son, He still treats those whom He loves, and whom He receives as His children.

Our Lord said once to St. Teresa: "Know, my daughter, that the souls which are the most dear to My Father, are those who suffer most on the earth." So, when the Saint beheld herself in the midst of suffering, she declared that she would not exchange them for all the happiness of the world; and she used to say to her religious: "Endeavor to suffer something for the love of Jesus, without the knowledge of your companions." After her death, she appeared to one of her Sisters, and revealed to her that she was bountifully recompensed in heaven, less for her good works (and we must remember, dear reader, that St. Teresa is said to have converted as many souls as St. Francis Xavier did in his gigantic labors in the Indies), *than for the pains which she had suffered with resignation for the love of God during her life*; and she added, that if she could have a desire to return to the earth, it would only be that she might suffer something more for God.

Saint Francis of Assisi on any day when he suffered nothing feared that God had nearly forgotten him.

Saint Chrysostom declared that when God gives any one the grace to suffer, He gives him a greater gift than if He had endowed him with the power of raising the dead to life. And, indeed, our Lord appeared on one occasion to the Blessed Varani, and told her that the greatest favors He granted to those who love Him are:

1, Not to commit sin.

2, To do good, which is a still greater favor

3, To suffer for love of Him; "and this," said He, "is the greatest of My favors!"

Victoria Angelini, another faithful servant of God, assures us that one day passed in suffering is preferable to a hundred years devoted to all other spiritual exercises.

One "Blessed be God!" when things go wrong is worth a thousand *Te Deums* for things that please us.

You cannot, perhaps, pray; that is, you cannot attend, as you wish, to meditation. But can you not perform acts of resignation to God's will? And what more meritorious prayer can you offer to God than to embrace with resignation and love this cross which your Heavenly Father sends you? By this you will imitate St. Vincent de Paul, who, when dangerously ill, endeavored to place himself in the presence of God, and, without troubling himself about any one particular point, repeated from time to time acts of love, confidence, thanksgiving, and, particularly of resignation, whenever his disease became more violent. He might well assure us that if we knew the precious treasures contained in sickness and pain we would endure them with as much satisfaction as we receive the greatest favors. And he was accustomed to say that it was a great misfortune to suffer nothing in this world, adding, that a society or individual that suffers nothing is in danger of falling from grace.

You cannot pray? Oh! what more acceptable prayer can be said than to cast your eyes occasionally upon your crucifix, and to offer all your pains in union with the many and cruel sufferings endured by your Redeemer while expiring upon the Cross!

St. Lidwina was afflicted in many ways for the space of thirty-eight years — consumed by burning fevers, by disease of the throat, by agonizing gout in the hands and feet; but as she had continually before her eyes the sufferings of her crucified Savior, she was always gay and cheerful.

The pious Father Alvarez once beheld in a vision the glory and happiness prepared for a certain religious person in recompense for the patience and submission with which she had suffered for a long time a severe illness; and (attend to what follows, gentle reader, as it is most wonderful and consoling), at the same time, Father Alvarez learned from God Himself, that, during eight months of suffering, that patient invalid had acquired more merit than all the religious of her community had gained in several years!

THE MIRACLE OF OUR LADY'S CHOIR BOY.

By Eleanor C. Donnelly.

There is a legend in the annals of the Cathedral of Chartres, so pure, so precious, so redolent of the glory of God and of His blessed Mother, that it seems to spring like a white lily from the dust and debris of the past.

You may have heard or read the story. It is of our Lady's little chorister, two hundred years ago; a fair and graceful boy, like him of

Nain, "the only son of his mother, and she was a widow." A golden voice was his. He was the leader of the boy-choir of Chartres; and joyously, and out of the fullness of a clean heart, he sang the grand old chaunts and anthems of the Church.

All the town knew and loved the lad with the wonderful voice. But once, during a solemn



Ecce Homo!

function in the old Cathedral, when the aisles were densely crowded, and the worshippers absorbed in prayer, the little singer was sent hurriedly to the distant vestry to fetch a needed missal. The child did not return.

After a remarkable delay, a second messenger was dispatched, who brought back the missing book: and the grand, pontifical procession went on without further interruption. At its close, the mother of the little singer came to seek her boy.

He was nowhere to be found.

A vigorous search was made. Every available nook and cranny of cathedral, crypt and close were scoured — but in vain.

The poor widow was frantic. Her little fair-haired boy, her pet boy with the golden voice, had vanished out of sight as completely as if the earth had yawned and swallowed him. The searchers paused after their fruitless hunt, and looked gravely into each others' eyes.

In the ominous silence, some one whispered, with trembling lips: "*The well behind the grand altar!*" That hint was sufficient. Shuddering, they followed the wretched mother, as she flew to the spot.

It was an old, deserted well, of almost fabulous depth. In the dust, (by the light of the torches,) there was seen the print of little feet leading towards the margin.

There were no prints of little feet leading away from it!

The rotten board upon its mouth was crushed, as with a sudden weight. The boy must have made a short cut to reach the procession; and, dashing behind the altar, had either forgotten the well, or been totally ignorant of its existence.

They leaned over the black abyss, and saw, far, far below, the flutter of *a something white!*

The agonized mother had to be secured. She would have flung herself madly down into the yawning throat of the well. But, calming her as well as he could, the bishop himself, with the aid of a stout rope, proceeded to make the perilous venture.

It seemed an age to those who watched and waited on the brink, but it was, really, the work of but a few seconds. The good bishop was lowered carefully; the signal was given at the proper moment, and, in less time than it takes to tell it, the prelate was safely in their midst again, with the lost one, like a white lamb, in his arms.

The limp, lifeless form of the child lay prone upon his breast.

"Dear boy!" whispered the bishop, with tears, as he smoothed back the long flaxen curls from the closed eyes and marble brow, "dear boy! he sings to-day in Paradise?"

Ah! then the grief of the desolate mother burst all bounds. With one, quick movement she caught her darling to her bosom, and, before they could check her, she was off to the shrine of Our Lady of Dolors.

There, she laid her dead boy tenderly down. There, she poured forth a torrent of prayer and supplication to God and His Blessed Mother, so vehement, so heart-rending, that the whole multitude, (albeit there were some among them careless and faithless enough,) fell on their knees, and found themselves praying with her, "with a strong cry and tears."

The answer was quick in coming. There went up a sudden shout: "A miracle! a miracle!" And he that was dead rose up, with sparkling eyes and blushing cheeks, and sprang, a living, breathing joy, into the arms of his exultant mother.

All this is very beautiful; full of delicious, nourishing food for faith grown languid in these latter days. But, marvelous, as is the legend in itself, still more marvelous, to the reflective mind, are these words of the little singer, brought back so strangely from death to life, two hundred years ago: "As I fell into the pit, Monseigneur," he said, in answer to the bishop's question, "I distinctly heard you singing on the other side of the altar. You sang the words: '*Pax vobis!*' and as I went down, down, down through the darkness, I heard the most ravishing voices singing the response: '*Et cum spiritu tuo!*' I fell, unhurt, into the arms of the White Lady, as I already told you; and then I saw who the singers were. Monseigneur, they were beautiful angels. The whole well was filled with their light, and they sang so chastely, in tones so gravely sweet, so full of God, that my soul seemed to go out of my body, as I listened to them."

The legend closes with these significant words: "And so it came to pass, thereafter, in the Cathedral of Chartres, that when the bishop sang the '*Pax vobis!*' the choristers were silent; not only to commemorate the miracle of the little singer, but, furthermore, out of reverence for the heavenly chorus chaunting then and there the '*Et cum spiritu tuo!*'"



Uncle Charles.

From the German. By Rev. L. A. Reudter,

I.

Neither Mrs. Schantz, nor her daughters Hilda and Tillie dreamed, that the time would ever come, when they could dress in silks and tailor made garments, give balls and tea parties and have the bon ton pay their respects to the house of Schantz and withal this actually came to pass.

Mrs. Schantz' father, was the plain honest steward of a gentleman's estate, and Mrs. Schantz was one of many servants on the estate, when her husband, a simple country gardener, vowed and led her to the altar. The young couple started a small green grocery in the suburbs of the city, where Mr. Schantz had inherited a small truck farm and was selling the produce, of the soil and of his industry. As Mr. and Mrs. Schantz were friendly and obliging to their customers they prospered and Schantz was able gradually to add a few tracts of land to his small farm. Their two children Hilda and Tillie were now old enough to assist Mrs. Schantz in the kitchen and store. —

Thus matters stood with the Schantzes when all of a sudden their condition in life took an upward bound and the family grew rich over night. — Owing to the rapid growth of the city the suburbs were absorbed by it and Schantz' truck farm, which a few years ago, would have brought but a moderate price was laid out in building lots, for which great sums were paid. Mr. Schantz abandoned the grocery business and ventured into the commission department, where his knowledge of truckery stood him so well, that within a few years time, his house was the first commission house in the city. Socially too the family rose to the top of the scale. On the one hand money opened the doors of the best circles to the Schantzes on the other the wife and daughters displayed so much tact that their plebeian extraction was soon forgotten or at least never mentioned.

Naturally enough the old modest home had long ago been disposed of and a splendid mansion had been erected in the western part of the city, where the wealthy resided. Mrs. Schantz and her daughters, who had enjoyed the benefits of a good education acted, as already mentioned well their parts, as ladies of the house, and soon their parties and entertainments were among the most fashionable, especially since Mr. Schantz, who liked splendor, was lavishing money on his family and was delighted to see them move in the best circles.

They had their own carriage, with liveried coachman and the girls could often be seen in

the park on a fine afternoon, accompanied by gentlemen on horseback. Every winter Schantzes gave a ball, which was the principle event of social life, and of course the elite of town were there. Generals and army officers in their gala uniforms, university professors, learned doctors, famous artists, even the nobility could be seen there.

The Misses Schantz were of course the center of the illustrious circle, as they were tall well formed brunettes with attractive features, in a word, good looking, and it was said, Papa could give each of his beautiful daughters, a round million as a dowery, without impoverishing himself. No wonder rumor had it, that old Schantz would yet have two young noblemen, for sons in law, as two such young nobles were constant visitors at the villa Schantz and seemed to be the favorites of the daughters. —

However man proposes but God disposes. Like a cloud burst, appearing suddenly on a bright summer day and carrying destruction over a beautiful landscape, so an unexpected financial crash, shook many a stable firm to its very foundation, buried others completely and brought disaster to various business houses and many a shrewd financeer had to acknowledge, that he had been too daring in his risks after all. Schantz was one of them and lost heavily, yet he could in time and with renewed energy have reprieved his losses, had he been as prudent as of old. Unfortunately success had blinded him, as is only too often the case and instead of being careful he grew more daring in his undertaking and shared the usual penalty: Complete ruin. To fill the cup of bitterness to overflowing, Schantz, as well as his family, had in their better days neglected their religion and had forgotten how to pray.

Schantz allowed his misfortune to prey on his mind to such an extent that he became despondent and might have laid hands on himself had not brain fever carried him off. With his death the last ray of hope for his family disappeared.

Dear Papa will find means to rise again was the last dependence, to which the women clung, and when the bankrupt man sat in his chair brooding over his losses and mumbling figures, they thought he was devising means to turn the numbers into ready cash. Now the father had died before accomplishing it and had left them in poverty.

Friends there were none. The young nobles who had sought and gained the favor of the young ladies no longer found their way to the humble home of the Schantz's which was still above their means, for the little they had saved from the wreck was growing less daily and would soon be spent. And what then!

Mrs. Schantz would now and then go over the situation, but as soon as she would broach the subject to her daughters, there would be such crying and lamenting that the poor woman would fain be quiet and wish she were dead and in the grave. Once Mrs. Schantz had spoken of starting again a green grocery, but Hilda and Tillie had gone into hysterics, at the very idea of it, so that the poor mother gave up all thought of it. The girls would never think of selling vegetables to the cooks of their former friends or even to their own former servants. Thousand times rather would they die, than degrade themselves as low as all that.

While the three unfortunate ladies were thus bemoaning their hard lot the door bell rang and the mother went down, to find out who might wish to see them.

It could not be a caller! Who would think of them now! No it was not a caller, but the letter carrier who now was rarely seen. He had a letter for Mrs. Schantz.

At first Mrs. Schantz did not recognize the writing, for it was a long time since she had seen that hand. But all of a sudden, she thought of her brother. Yes it must be from him! Tears of tender emotion came into the poor woman's eyes. As children, they had loved each other dearly, but had become estranged in after life, since her husband and brother could not agree. Charles was a goodnatured easy going fellow, who lived from hand to mouth, while her husband was industrious and economical. On one occasion brother Charles had asked Schantz for a loan of money and had been refused, as Schantz, who was then still, in moderate circumstances, did not

feel himself justified, to throw away his hard earned savings on a splendor of a brother-in-law; one word brought the other and a quarrel ensued in consequence of which her brother was forbidden the house.

Soon after that quarrel Schantz began to grow rich and this completed the alienation between her and her brother. The last news Mrs. Schantz had of her brother's whereabouts, was,

that he had emigrated to America; nor did that information displease her. Later Mr. Schantz would gladly have helped his brother in law, but Charles never again asked for help, nor did he even correspond with Schantzes and thus it happened, that the brother was gradually forgotten.

No wonder, Mrs. Schantz received her brother's letter with strange feelings. What might her brother want?

Was it assistance or did he offer his helping hand and how had he come to her present address? She hastily tore the envelope and began to read. It was not a long letter.

Dear Sister:

I read of your husband's death in the

papers and Fred Lebrecht — you remember, gardener Lebrecht's son — with whom I have kept up correspondence, wrote to me of your present straitened circumstances. I am sorry, that you and your daughters, have such a hard time of it, and since, after many wanderings and hardships, fortune has at last favored me, my brotherly affection prompts me, to offer to you and your daughters as much of my wealth as you and they may need. I shall arrive with the next steamer, and hope to be with you short-



ly after this will have reached you.

Your loving brother
Charles.

Mrs. Schantz read the letter a second time. Was this a dream or a reality? — Was it really true, that her dear brother Charles wrote those lines? — That he had gained a fortune and was willing to share his wealth with them?

Surely it was so! And how could she doubt it, after reading his letter, where it stood in so many words: "Fortune has at last favored me" and

"my brotherly love and affection prompt me, to offer you as much of my wealth as you and your daughters may need." — Had not her own husband grown rich of a sudden! — Why could not Charles have acquired wealth in America, where the chances of amassing money were many. Charles she reasoned with herself has found his money in the goldmines. Speculating was not his forte; nor was he much of a business man, as her husband had been; but the unexpected often happens yet, Charles was rich and willing to share his wealth with her and her children.

Tears of joy rolled down the poor woman's cheeks as she called into the room in which her daughters were.

Hilda! Tillie! come! quick! I have received a letter from my brother Charles. He writes, that he has grown rich in America and that he is going to share his wealth with us. He is even now on his way.

II.

It is not difficult to conjecture, the change of feelings, the news wrought in the girls, when their mother acquainted them with the contents

of Uncle Charles's letter. Electrified they ran to their mother and read Uncle Charles' message — so full of import them — till the words were indelibly imprinted on their imagination and produced their magic effect. — Could it be? Yes! It was no deception! — For here it stood black on white! — Uncle Charles had wrestled with dame fortune and wrung enough from her to make them rich too. But it was high time, that something had turned up, for they should have soon died in misery.

Since the crash had come — Since father haddied, through the long year of mourning, they experienced nothing but grief and shame. But a look into the mirror was needed to show them the ravages of the last year. Misfortune had left its mark on their countenances and their fair appearance had all but vanished. No wonder! Who could think of dress and toilette in the sorrow and misery that had befallen them.

Now they could take courage and think of dress. Did not Uncle Charles write, that he might be expected any time? Haste must be made in preparing for his reception, nor was it to be one, unworthy of their good uncle.

What would it matter now, if they sacrificed the little sum, reserved for emergency? Dear Uncle Charles would provide! And he must by all means be received in a proper way and regardless of cost. — His sister and nieces must appear presentable. Of course mother said, Uncle Charles did not understand much about ladies' dress — But her recollections of Uncle Charles were dim and the girls knew what they owed to themselves. — The mother of course relented and there arose such a bustling such a fixing, altering and renovating till their gar-



ments, were according to the latest style.

When Uncle Charles announced the time of his arrival, the girls and their mother busied themselves with the table and there was little time for talk. — What a pity! They no longer had their own carriage; but one had to be engaged by all means, to take the Uncle from the depot to their home.

With a kind of self complacency, mother and daughters lay back in the cushioned carriage, on their way to the railway station. Just as they turned into the main street, Hilda and Tillie noticed two gentlemen, who had been frequent visitors at their home, when they were the wealthy family Schantz. Would the gentlemen recognize them? Yes! They raised their hats and the ladies carelessly returned the salute. Yes! The fortune of the Schantzes was once more in the ascendant and they, who had deserted them, when misfortune came, would surely receive a cold reception. The gentlemen in question no doubt guessed what was uppermost in the minds of the ladies; at least they could infer that much, from the careless and condescending manner, in which the ladies had returned the salutation. — It was also natural, that mother and daughters felt their former hauteur come back to them, after this encounter. Their walk on the platform, awaiting the arrival of the train was that of princesses rather, than of women, who had undergone the vicissitudes of fortune. But here came the train.

"Uncle Charles of course rides in the first class apartment." This Hilda and Tillie had long ago decided on, although Mrs. Schantz could hardly believe her brother a man of luxurious habits. Yet the girls had talked this into her head and thus it came that all three ladies watched the coupes of the first class and merely glanced at those of the second and third classes. But their eyes could not meet a gentleman of Uncle Charles' description, given by his sister. — There! that must be Uncle Charles, exclaimed Mrs. Shantz. Not because he looked like Charles, who had emigrated years ago, but because the man recalled to Mrs. Shantz's mind her father's likeness. The underset, powerful figure, the sunburned face, the blond beard lined with silver gray, the regular farmer's suit, all matched, with her father's appearance and withal the ungloved brown hands, in one of which was a stout cane, while the other held a travelling bag. Thus her father was wont to travel. The only apparent contradiction was, that her brother, who had grown rich in America, would travel in a first class coach, as her silly daughters had convinced her. In spite of this however, Mrs. Shantz's eyes were rivetted to the stranger, whose face looked so familiar to her; and he too began to take notice of her. He hesitated — stood still — and hastily stepping up to Mrs. Shantz exclaimed: "Why Sophie, is it you! Indeed I scarce-

ly recognized you!" Then setting his bag on the ground, he embraced and kissed her.

"Brother Charles! O Charles!" Tears were now filling Mrs. Shantz's eyes; tears of joy, for the heart conquered all feelings of vanity and disappointment. Sobbing she threw herself into his arms. It was her own dear, long lost brother, whose face brought back to her tender recollections of their youth, happily spent under their father's roof.

The girls betrayed deep disappointment.

"Can it really be Uncle Charles!" they whispered to each other.... "Just see, how ordinary he looks!".... "He does not even wear gloves".... "He is a crank, I can see that." "Show me the man that has amassed wealth and dresses as shably, as he does!.... He is a miser and we shall find it out."

Further the girls did not come with their bitter criticisms, for Uncle Charles now drew near and met them with outstretched hands "Are these your daughters Hilda and Tillie?" "Girls you look so fine, that your farmer Uncle, hardly dares to salute you." Not noticing the bystanders, Uncle Charles embraced and gave them a hearty kiss, while Hilda and Tillie turned crimson from shame and fury and humbled beyond expression the girls urged, to start for home.

"The carriage is waiting, Uncle," remarked Hilda, "I shall call a porter to carry your portmanteau" added Tillie, "Carriage! Porter! Well! Well! What is the matter girls! I have learned in America, never to leave another do, what I can do myself. We shall therefore walk home, and I shall carry my grip." Uncle Charles laughed loud and good naturedly and as he spoke in a high pitch, those nearby, must have heard every word that was spoken.... Mrs. Shantz too saw how matters stood and hurried for home.

"Let us take a carriage, dear brother! I am so overcome, that I can hardly walk home"... Well! Sister, if I am not mistaken, yonder car, will bring you right to the door. Take it. The girls and myself shall walk home, for the day is so beautiful and moreover I am stiff from the long ride and therefore a walk will do me good"... With those words, Uncle Charles, helped his sister into the car, while he proceeded on foot, leaving the girls no alternative, but to follow him. Their walk was full of mortification, as Uncle Charles seemed to be bent on exposing them to the ridicule of the passers-by, the more so, since he took the most frequented streets, not minding in the least, the inquisitive looks, which met them every where, on the contrary he seemed to delight in the attention he was attracting, or else he certainly would not have talked so loud, nor laughed so boisterously.

Not satisfied with the chagrin he caused them, Uncle Charles also talked of their chang

ed circumstances, expressing his sympathy and telling them, that after all they had good health and were able to work and would in course of time be happier than they ever were in their days of wealth and indolence.

III.

Uncle Charles had now been a month with his sister and nieces, though to them it seemed much longer, for Charles had taken every thing into hand and had his own way. According to the girls, Uncle Charles had tyrannised over them from the time he entered the house. He had not even appreciated the dinner, given in honor of him and instead of complimenting them, he had remarked: "Do you always make such ado when you eat? But if this is in honor of me, then let me tell you once for all, I prefer a plain table, without any fuss".... How closely did he not superintend the house expenses! How did he not carry on, when, what he considered an unnecessary purchase, had been made! To cap the climax, he went to market and compelled one of the girls to carry the basket. As though they were his drudges! And the amount of work Uncle Charles had forced on them! With dismay the girls beheld their hands, once snow white, but now rough and all but callous from work.... Since their father had lost everything, servants had to be dispensed with, but mother had done the house work. Now Uncle Charles would not allow mother to touch any thing, but insisted, that they — the girls — should do all the work. — "They are young" he said "and must learn how to keep house." — Nor did he offer them much of an encouragement. Now and then a ride in the cars or a walk in the park, as though it were an honor to promenade with a farmer of an Uncle, who continually embarrassed them, with his boisterous talk and laughter. — No! What Uncle meant as a treat, they considered a punishment. Nor would they endure this sort of treatment much longer! Either Uncle Charles would keep his promise and share his wealth with them or they would rebel!.... Hilda and Tillie had acquainted their mother of this fact. They were determined to submit no longer to Uncle Charles' tyranny and only by promising to speak to her brother, did poor Mrs. Shantz succeed in preventing her daughters from openly rebelling against their Uncle.

Uncle Charles had been away to see his friend Lebrecht, the gardener. That this visit was more than a friendly call, the girls conjectured from their Uncles tell-tale eyes, though he was always in the best of humor. He had even dropped a word now and anon, concerning the importance of this visit. The girls however had lost all confidence in their uncle, and thought he was merely trifling with them, which they would resent by every means, even at the cost

of their great expectations. With such effusions of discontent, they contrived to make their mother's burden still heavier.... What would happen, were Uncle Charles to find out the true character of his nieces? Up to now, they had put up with him tolerably well or had at least only complained and carried on when he was not about. Nevertheless Charles had a poor opinion of the girls and considered them vain fools, as he repeatedly had told her.... Had not Charles stood before her like a stern judge and upbraided her for having allowed God's image and likeness in her girls, to wither away and die! Yes! those words Charles had used. He had called the girls brainless fashion dolls and had laid, the blame of it all, on her, because she had allowed the girls their own way.

"Do you not remember" he said, "our Divine Lord's parable of the talents?" "And do you think, we make proper use of our gifts, by leading lives of vanity and pride? By living for dress and the pleasures of the world? You know in your own case, moths have eaten your treasure. Your daughters are as shallow and useless as a perforated vessel!".... Those were hard words for the poor woman and they burned the more, since she began to see the truth of them.... And to think that the girls might make a scene before their Uncle, as they had only too often done, when he was absent.

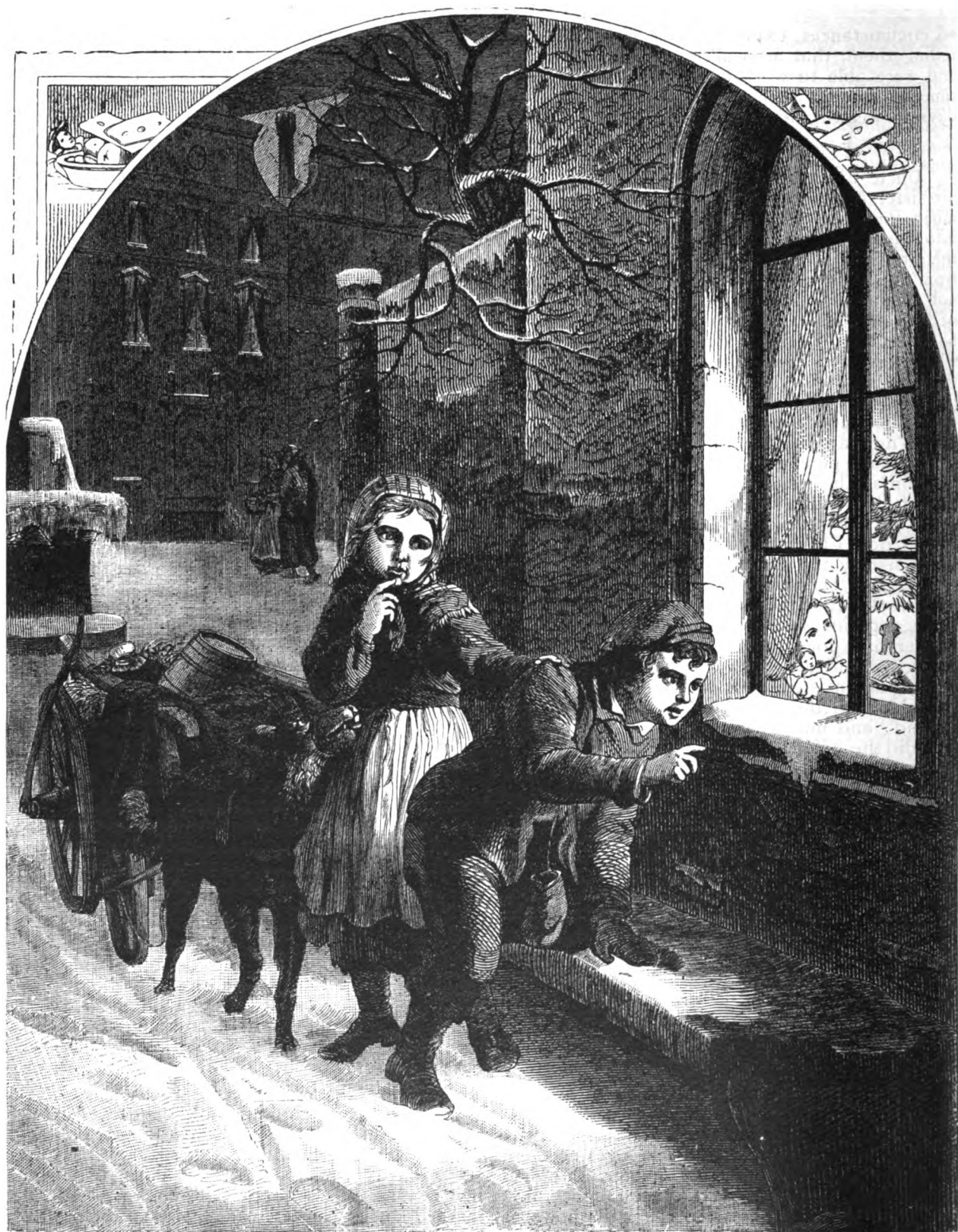
Then her brother would surely turn against them all and would leave his money to strangers.... Had he not remarked of late. It shall not be my fault, if my money does not go to you, for neither you, nor your daughters know how to appreciate it.

It was too bad, that the girls would not listen to reason. She would have to talk with her brother, to prevent an open rupture, and he might perhaps be more indulgent with them and let them enjoy life more as they had been accustomed to during her husband's better days.

IV.

"Here I am again" Uncle Charles called out goodnaturedly — his face beaming with joy when he greeted sister and nieces, on his return from the journey. And I brought along a ravenous appetite and good news as well. Run therefore girls and prepare a feast; We shall also have a glass of wine this evening and drink to the health of our good future.

The alarmed anxious look of Mrs. Shantz brightened at those words and the girls prepared the meal with astounding alacrity.... In less than half an hour they sat down to a very inviting meal.... "Now fill the glasses," remarked Uncle Charles, "and listen to the news." "I have purchased a residence in the country — one just like I always wished to possess — and hope you will like the life there, as you of



Poor Children on Christmas-eve.

course shall go with me, if the country life is agreeable to you."

"A country seat!" cried out Mrs. Shantz, her face lighting up with joy; "O brother Charles, this is indeed good news; for oftén of late have I longed for the country and I am only too willing to give up our humdrum city life to the quiet of the country."

"A country seat!" Exclaimed the girls with radiant faces. If it was over with their finelife in the city, a country seat would be just the thing and it augured well for the future. No doubt Uncle Charles was peculiar, but they were going to let him have his way. Did he wish to surprise them and choose to keep the details from them! Well! They could wait... The mask of tyranny, which Uncle Charles had chosen to wear, did not sit so close any more and perhaps the time of probation — cruel and hard as it had been — was drawing to its close.... Animated by such thoughts the girls willingly took upon themselves the extra work, which the change of residence entailed. How lively they could run up and down steps? How their countenances were aglow with zeal? They could work when they chose to do so.... Uncle Charles noticed all this with pleasure, nor was he stinting in his praise.... "You begin to understand me girls" he said smilingly, "and your reward will be sure to come."

Those words pleased Hilda and Tillie, for they confirmed the hope, that Uncle Charles' cruel trial of his relatives would soon be over, and gave them reason, to believe, that they were soon to lead once more the life of ladies. Uncle Charles had even advised, to sell the furniture,

as the old stuff would not be suitable in their new home. But if Uncle Charles, called the furniture, which had been saved from their fine home, old stuff, how costly and exquisite must not every thing be in the home he was bringing them to!.... The great day — the day of departure, to the country seat, — came at last. And though the dear, strange Uncle still chose to hold on to his pocket book, it was just non-

sense of Mama, to suddenly grow apprehensive and caution them from entertaining too many great expectations, which might not realize — It was so long since they had been able to travel! — Hilda and Tillie were in the best of humor and even condescended to enter into conversation with their travelling companions. Madame von Roden and daughter — were going to Switzerland and later on they would go through Italy, to spend the winter in Florence. Hilda and Tillie had been in Switzerland — that was when Mr. Shantz was still the wealthy commission merchant — and their Uncle would take a trip with them early next fall and perhaps they might meet Madame von Roden in Italy. — Then the girls fell so boasting of their

rich Uncle from America, who had bought a beautiful country seat for them, which they were now going to inspect.

There were but few people at the station when the train pulled into the little country town. There was no trace of the fine equipage, that was to bring them, to their destination; only a modest one horse vehicle — such as farmers make use of — just came in sight.

Did Hilda and Tillie look towards that direction. Did they, like their mother recognize



Uncle Charles, in the man, who alighted from the wagon? They at least turned very pale suddenly and bade a hasty adieu to their travelling companions.

"Au revoir in Italy!" — "No! Uncles' carriage has not yet arrived, but will be here in a minute or so." —

The girls rushed to the waiting room, to escape the glance of their fellow passengers, for Hilda and Tillie would have died of shame, should their refined travelling companions, take that plain farmer for their Uncle, about whom they had made such a braggadocio. —

But it was of no avail. Hollo girls!"

Now shouted a stentorian voice. — Where are you rushing to in such a hurry? Here I am? And the wagon is here too! Let me look to your baggage. Where is your mother?... O! here she is!... Welcome! Welcome! — What is wrong!... You look so crestfallen? — With those words, Charles embraced his sister, while Hilda and Tillie stood as though rooted to the ground, for although nearly insensible from shame and mortification, they had noticed the amused faces of their travelling companions, while the train slowly pulled out of the station. — Nothing remained now, but to climb into the wagon, though they were boiling over with rage and fury. — Mother sat in front with brother Charles, who was in the best of humor. Hilda's and Tillie's air castles had exploded so suddenly and with such stern reality that the girls now gave themselves up to utter despair — fortunately the rolling of the wagon made their sobs inaudible to their poor mother and Uncle Charles.

V.

The farm — such the country seat, which the girls had pictured to themselves, with the fine old castle and other grand buildings, turned out to be — was not far from the railroad station. It was a well arranged country place, with good buildings, a well stocked barn and stable with eight clean cows, while chickens, ducks and pigeons were running around in the yard. Later on Uncle Charles intended to add geese and turkeys; he also was going to realize a good sum by raising pigs. For the present two horses would do, to cultivate the land, as the garden and the meadow were the principal factors in a truck and dairy farm. Horticulture had always been Uncle Charles' hobby and the proximity to the railroad facilitated the sending of truckery, moreover Lebrecht the gardener being his next door neighbor, good advice could be had and thus this new venture ought to bring a good living for all concerned in it as well as a neat sum annually to be placed in bank to their credit

Yes! Uncle Charles too could build air castle, though his plans generally had a substantial basis and would mostly materialize. For once

he seemed to have miscalculated, as far as his nieces were concerned, in his plans. — Hilda was to help her mother in tending to the dairy and hennery, while Tillie was to become his assistant in the garden. — And now the girls carried on as though they were about to die! What was wrong anyway, with the foolish girls? Did they think, Uncle Charles had bought this place, for them to idle on? To lounge on the sofa and act the ladies while he and their mother would work for them! They had committed a great blunder, if such was the case and the sooner they would appreciate this, the better. In the Charles' farm, there were to be no parlors or ladies boudoirs either, nor every thing was to be according to the good old days. Plain furniture but of the best make. An easy leather arm-chair for their mother, to rest in after the day's work was over, but no sofas for her lazy daughters. — Goodness! What an amount of patience it demanded, to teach sense to his nieces! Would he ever be able to accomplish it? — Somewhat vexed Charles called his sister. — "Tell me, Sophia, what do you and your girls mean? Why do you act, as though I had brought you to jail? Please! no evasions."

"Tell me the plain truth!... What did you and the girls expect, in coming with me?"....

Then the poor woman told her brother amid many tears and sobs, of their great expectations. She told him, how they had taken him for immensely rich and had expected to share in his wealth. How they had thought, that he had purchased a gentleman's place, with a fine residence, where a number of servants would do their bidding, while they should be able to dress and live, as they had done, in her husband's better days.

Charles listened to his sister without saying a word nor did he interrupt her till she had finished her recital of expectations and disappointments, and then looking at her full of sympathy he said: "Ah! Is that it! Well! Then I must not be too strict with you, nor with the girls either.

Poor sister! so you thought, you were coming to a castle! Well! Well! I shall now slightly raise the curtain, which conceals that big fortune of mine and shall give you all a peep. Tell the girls, that they have correctly guessed some of their Uncle's plans. I was indeed playing them a game, behind the scenes of which however stern reality lurks. You may also say to them, that they shall have all my wealth, if they do not spoil my little game, but act their parts well. — Nor need I give you any advice my dear sister, for a mother has always her children's welfare at heart and since your former wealth is gone, you will allow me to provide for your children." With those words, Uncle Charles took his sister's hands and looked at her with eyes, so earnest, that all opposition to his plans melted away in her, and she there

and then resolved to stand by her brother, no matter whether he was rich or not.

VI.

Meanwhile Hilda and Tillie were sitting in their chamber, which, though plainly furnished, looked very neat and inviting, with the snow white beds and the holy pictures on the wall. In a word it was an ideal room for girls. Neat and clean to be sure — the Motto for the pious and pure.

The girls had taken notice of the plain furniture and had cried their eyes red. — No wonder, Mrs. Schantz, found them, altogether unwilling at first, to listen to any words whatever. The raised corner of the curtain, which allowed a glance at Uncles' fortune, was much too small to give them any hope and their parts in the play, were far too realistic, to be taken up. They knew full well, how exacting Uncle Charles would be with them, had they once consented to his plans, nor would he release them till all the arrangements were carried out. Much rather would they find a home with strangers or work in a factory and if it came to the worst, they could die!

The word was out and a shudder ran over the girls, for they still had some sense of religion, though the practise of it had been given up. Mrs. Schantz was not slow to notice this and told her daughters not to be fools, but to dry their tears and listen to what she had to say.

"There is no need of despair. If you listen to Uncle Charles and do his will, you shall sooner or later receive your reward, and though he has not specified any set time it will come the sooner, the more readily you bow to the inevitable. Moreover it will be easier to live with Uncle than with strangers and you will at least have a good home here with Uncle Charles and myself, for I have decided to accept his offer."

When the girls heard their mother talk to them, as she had never done before, they submitted from sheer surprise and accepted their parts in Uncle Charles' household, though at first with bad grace and gloomy faces. . . . Uncle Charles acted as though he had not noticed this at all. He was so kind to the girls and showed and explained to them every thing with such a good will, that they could not hold out against him, very long, but commenced to look less gloomy and began to walk about more briskly and moreover each of the girls had her daily work to do, nor was there time for crying and strangest of all, the work grew daily lighter as it grew daily more interesting to them. . . . Mrs. Schantz of course had made the beginning. To her it seemed, as though she were living her young days over, when the work on the farm had not only been her calling, but also her delight, nor was it long, till she had completely mastered her share of the farm work. Her brother

was not slow in appreciating the interest his sister had taken in his undertaking and was full of praise for her. — It was not long till the Charles' farm became well known in the market, for its fine butter and cheese. Mrs. Schantz was equally successful in the hennery and had added geese and turkies to the flock of hens and ducks. In short Uncle Charles' plans matured well. Just as he had correctly surmised that Hilda would take an interest in her mother's work, so was he no less correct in expecting a good assistant in Tillie, — for such she had proved herself — but then everything would have had to go wrong if a girl with Tillie's temperament would not have liked a garden, like the one on the Charles' farm — where beautiful flowers grew in well arranged beds; where all kinds of delicious fruit could be seen on the trees and where the vegetables looked charming in their variegated beds and green houses. — Uncle Charles, the philosopher that he was, had taken into consideration, the fact, that a certain amount of activity was inherent in everybody and that some kind of engagement was needed for one's contentment and salvation. Such work proved itself for the Schantz girls

Uncle Charles could well be satisfied with his cure, even after a few months trial — for the girls had, in that short time, undergone a complete change, physically as well as morally — even the girls themselves acknowledged, that they were happier on the farm, then they had been since, their father's financial ruin, and they were now ready to act their parts to the end. . . .

Even winter, which the girls had dreaded so much had passed, they knew not how. During the day there was always some work to be done and in the evenings, while they and mother were engaged with knitting or sewing, Uncle Charles would read for them or tell of his life in America. — Then they had excellent neighbors in the Lebrechts and Pusselers, who lived on the adjoining farms. More than once did Hilda and Tillie think with a feeling of shame how those very neighbors had at first been considered by them as illiterate and unfit for the society of educated young ladies. Fortunately they had learned to respect those good people and had long since found good companions in Catherine Pusseler and her brother, who played the Cither and in Charles Lebrecht, who was Uncle's Godchild and an accomodating young fellow and a genius of a gardener. Tillie learned ever so much from young Lebrecht, who understood not only gardening, but also botany, as he had graduated from an agricultural school. With the knowledge of flowers and plants, their beauty and order, she was also reminded of her God — for Lebrecht was a practical Catholic and often would explain the necessity of faith in God — and thus, she, whose religious instructions had been neglected, gradually found her

faith returning. Having learned the A. B. C. of love towards God, from one leaf of the book of creation, she did not stop there, but commenced to practice her religion and became a devout Catholic. Nor was Tillie's example lost on her sister, for what one of the girls took up the other followed. Or shall we say each one came to the same result in her own sphere of action?

Hilda, having her mother's practical turn of mind took a deep interest in every thing animate. It was a pleasure to her, to see how soon all the inhabitants of the hennery knew her, and how they came running and flying as soon as she appeared in the yard. The pigeons alighted on her shoulders, the peeps ate out of her hand, even the ducks and geese would leave the pond and ran to meet her with their, quack, quack. The cows and calves too were a source of delight to Hilda. And the wagon, which she once so despised, she was now not ashamed to drive to town nor was it beneath her dignity to sell the produce of dairy and hennery. Now and again the recollection of high life would force itself on her memory and produce a temporary feeling of desolation and discontent and then an occasional tear would steal down her rosy cheeks, which would be brushed off with the corner of the apron and with it the sadness too would go, for having become of a different frame of mind Hilda knew the uselessness of allowing such thoughts to disturb her and was not slow in shaking them off. Work and prayer had taught both girls to conquer themselves.

One spring morning the girls were standing at the open window of their chamber, after their short, but devout morning prayer and were inhaling the balmy fragrance of the morning air. "We shall have an ideal day" said Tillie, "and since the frost is over, I can bring the flowers from the green house into the garden. Charles

Lebrecht too said it would be safe to plant out as we shall have no more frost! And what do you think, he assures me, that my cucumbers are much nicer than his! They are large and will bring a big prize at market. And my cauliflower will be excellent also! But the pride of my life, are my roses. I shall make a mint on them. Charles says I have good chances of getting a premium at the next flower show." Hilda smilingly replied: "With such assistance, as Charles Lebrecht gives you, success cannot fail. Him you may thank for that beautiful

Marshal Nile Rose of yours." "Yes Charles is good to me and we wish each other success, nor are we envious of each other and fighting all the time, like you and Joe Pusseler.... O! Ho! replied Hilda "Do you think, I believe everything Joe Pusseler tells me! For example, that they make a pound of butter from less than a gallon of milk or that their hens lay daily. Joe exaggerates and Katie, his sister, helps him"

"Poor Joe, would be bad off if Katie did not help him, for you would not leave a sound hair on his head." Then the clock struck five. It was time to begin the days work.... The girls inhaling one more breath of the invigorating air ran down stairs briskly.

VII.

Uncle Charles was now three years on the farm, during all of which time, his sister and nieces, had faithfully helped along to make his undertaking successful; nor had it been to their disadvantage either, as Mrs. Schantz had shared in the proceeds from the dairy, while the girls were liberally rewarded for their assistance, and the self-earned money had been a source of pleasure to them. This money was not spent foolishly, on dress and finely — though the girls dressed well — but was placed in the bank at interest, for emergencies.



By this time too the girls suspected, that Uncle Charles's game, might not be a game after all and that his wealth might consist in contentment and honesty rather, than in so much cash and the more they thought of this, the less they looked forward to the time when Uncle Charles would make a statement of his affairs to them. No wonder then, that Uncle Charles' announcement of celebrating the anniversary of their coming to the farm, caused consternation rather than joy. They understood him now, and felt that he was up to something. Now he would be full of mischief, the next moment he would look so earnest and almost gloomy, that both girls and mother began to fear something unusual might happen.

Was he going to withdraw the curtain, that hid his wealth from their view?

"I don't know, what Uncle Charles means nor whether he has any money or not, but I know, that he has been like a father to us all, and that we have spent three happy years with him." Such were the words of Mrs. Schantz. Hilda and Tillie gave utterance to the same sentiments. It was as their mother had remarked nor could they have gainsaid it, for their healthy and joyful appearance, bore out mother's statements.

A few days after, Tillie, while watering her bed of roses, was thinking, that she could never have received a premium in the flower show, had it not been for the assistance, received from Charles Lebrecht, when of a sudden Uncle Charles and young Lebrecht appeared from the greenhouse, engaged so earnestly that they did not notice her, in their approach. — Involuntarily Tillie advanced to where the men stood. What might be the matter? Did she have a presentiment? Did she know that Charles Lebrecht had asked Uncle for his niece's hand?.... But suppose Uncle would tell Charles, that his nieces only consented to come on the farm, because that was the only way to get his hoards of money!

Tillie watched the men through the branches

and was now seen by them. Charles greeted her but did not approach; when Uncle Charles had come up to her, making a sorrow face he said:

"The poor boy?"

"What is wrong! What has happened to Charles? Tell me Uncle!"

"What is wrong? Why, he is a foolish boy, that is all." "Why do you call him that, Uncle? I know Charles to be a good and sensible man."

"Really? Well, a short time ago he did not prove himself such. Just think of it, he asked me in all seriousness if I and your mother would con-

sent to his asking you to become his wife. I of course told him, not to think of such a thing. Day after tomorrow, when the three years of probation will be over, Uncle Charles will let his birds fly and they of course will return to the fashionable world."

"Who told you so, Uncle Charles? O! Uncle Charles, how could you be so cruel? Why did you not speak to me, before you gave such an answer? And if you open your cage a thousand times and liberate us, we, at least I, shall remain in the country, with my garden and flowers and if the Lord grants it, I shall become the wife of an honest man and if you have no objections, the wife of"....

"Charles Lebrecht?" Laughing with merriment Uncle Charles called out and teasingly giving the girl a few light strokes

on her blushing cheek he went away abruptly without saying another word, while, Tillie did not know whether to laugh or to cry.... Just then Hilda entered. She too was blushing all over and was also as it were laughing and crying simultaneously. — Have you heard the news, Tillie? Joe Pusseler was here and told Uncle Charles that he was tired of everlastingly quarrelling with me and that the only way out of the difficulty would be, to offer me his poultry farm and make me his wife. But just think Uncle Charles has told him a lot of stories and the simpleton believes it all. I shall of course run over to Joe and undeceive him on that score. I shall tell him



that we have long since found out in what Uncle's wealth consists and that we have come to our senses and do no longer expect the impossible. . . . Thus the words gushed from Hilda's lips, till Tillie embracing her sister, proposed to go for Uncle Charles and make war on him.

VIII.

Arm in arm the two sisters came into the house to tell Uncle Charles that they were going to be the wives of the young men, who had asked him for his consent. Uncle Charles was sitting in his big leather armchair and it seemed as though he was expecting the call from his nieces. "You wish to remind me of my promise," Uncle Charles said, before the girls found time to utter a syllable. And really you have a perfect right, for you have acted your parts so well, that even I myself am sometimes tempted to take the whole affair serious. Neither is it surprising at all, that two such fine young men — the best I ever have met — should be deceived and should have taken you for the ones, whose parts you played, namely, for industrious unassuming girls and such as are willing to begin life at the side of honorable young men, though farmers. — I told Charles Lebrecht and Joe Pusseler about our agreement; that Hilda and Tillie Schantz are young ladies, who will take none but gentlemen for husbands and expect to dress in silks and satins. I told them that I shall take mighty good care, not to give my wealth, which I gathered in the mines of California to the wife of a gardener or poultry farmer. —

Uncle Charles was silent after his little speech and so were his nieces for a moment, for Uncle's words had made them speechless — then the spell broke and the girls rushed to their Uncle and embraced him.

"No! Uncle Charles, you cannot scare or fool us either" the girls cried out: "You know it has been over with the acting this while back and you have cured us."

"So! Have I cured you?" Uncle Charles replied smiling. — "Yes! Really, Uncle, and when

you go into the great world and there meet the Misses Schantz, give them our best respects. But we, your gardener and assistant, shall stay right here, till you have returned and have convinced yourself of our happy life, happy in diligent labor and conscientious fulfillment of duty."

"Well! Well! How wise you have grown girls? And what will become of the best men in the world — of Charles Lebrecht and Joe Pusseler?" Uncle Charles looked at his nieces roguishly, but they bent their heads blushing and whispered: "You might tell them, Uncle, that it was not play after all, or that the play has changed into reality and your nieces have long ago, made use of your wealth without exactly knowing it."

Uncle Charles' face was beaming with joy, while the girls were speaking and when they had finished he kissed them. Yes! the play had changed to real life and the anniversary of the coming to the farm, was thus made the occasion of a double engagement.

That Mrs. Schantz was pleased, could be gleamed from her happy face. And the preparations that were going on in the kitchen! Such a baking and cooking! The fattest turkey was killed, the choicest fruits were plucked and the table decorated with cut flowers, from Charles Lebrecht's nursery and Pusselers insisted on furnishing the butter, while Uncle Charles provided the wines.

The best of all were the happy faces around the table. Uncle Charles, with his sister and nieces and the Lebrecht Pusseler families. Hilda and Tillie were liberally provided for by their Uncle. Both made good house wives, ideal mothers and were the pride of their husbands. The loss of their wealth, the hard schooling which Uncle Charles had made them undergo, the example of their industrious husbands, — all contributed towards the improvement in Hilda and Tillie, nor would any one who came in contact with them, ever have supposed, that they had once been the proud, indolent saloon Ladies of the former house Schantz.

"The Footsteps of Columb".

BY M. M. HALVEY.

If environment and association count for aught, then Eithne Moore's first Latin lesson should have been a success — so would any observer have said who happened on the June afternoon of its occurrence to take the "short cut" path, that winding by the old churchyard of Gleann Abban, led directly through the ruined Abbey from which the townland borrowed its ancient name and modern fame.

There, on the boxlike tomb stone that marked the centre of the great nave, known through all Ireland for its architectural beauty and wondrous preservation, Eithne Moore sat, her bright head flecked by the passing shadows of bird and cloud, bent above a well-thumbed prayerbook whose contents included the "Serving of Mass."

For Eithne did not pretend to begin with beginnings.

The extent of her lingual ambition was to know correctly the responses of the "De Profundis" which sounded so strangely sweet as she heard it intoned at the crossroads near her home, where rested always the bearers of the honored dead who were being carried by reverent hands to this hallowed restingplace of their fathers.

And Dominic O'Byrne had promised to teach her the pronunciation in which he, as the oldest altar-boy and most advanced Latin scholar of the local schoolmaster, was rarely proficient.

Only in Latin would Eithne condescend to accept help from this bright particular star of the Gleann-Abban "Boys' National:" in English branches she owned the reputation of holding her own even with him, the highest praise which kindly neighbors could bestow.

Indeed, remembering that Eithne was but a half year younger than the boy prodigy, yet not so tall by a head and a half, there were those who believed her abnormal brightness had stunted her stature, while others, like the wise peddler woman of the county, averred that the "girl-sha's growth had all gone in her hair."

A beautiful wondrous growth it boasted, the crinkled shining hair, that like a curtain of red gold tissue shielded the glowing face of the girl student from the June sunlight and coiled its curling length around her on the warm grey stone she had chosen for resting place.

But the artistic temperament which should enable even a boy of fifteen to appreciate this charm was evidently not in Dominic's gift, for his first command in the role of tutor to his whilom rival was, that she must "put her hair out of her eyes and get in earnest to the lesson—he had so many school tasks this evening he should hurry."

The discourteous introduction went unheeded, owing to Eithne's present anxiety in the matter of pronunciation and not even captious Dominic could pick a flaw in her accurate reproduction of his pattern phrases, until as they were about to depart, the clatter of hoof beats and halt of carriage wheels at the entrance of the graveyard, proclaimed the arrival of other visitors.

"It's the Cowper party I'm sure" Eithne remarked, springing quite as lightly as Dominic could, from the old tomb to a gaping aperture, opposite, that had been a "three light lancet window" in the days when no white roads cut or crossed the green expanse of fair Gleann-Abban then its sainted abbot's broad demesne.

"Yes, it's the Cowpers, Dominic, Miss Eva on horseback as usual and Miss Constance in the carriage with two strangers. I hate to meet them and hear them talk as though they had any right to show off Gleann-Abban and the abbey. I should think they would be ashamed to mention it, when the first of their tribe came in with Cromwell the desolater."

"Descend then, daughter of a hundred kings! and do the honors of Abban's sanctuary as is your hereditary right" and Dominic lifted hand and voice in declamatory gesture and tone which amused Eithne so, that all traces of Celtic temper had vanished from her sunny face before the Cowper party came within hearing distance."

"Why, little Eithne Moore!" called Miss Eva, picking her way towards them amongst the crowding graves, her mincing steps impeded by her clinging habit. — "What a fortunate chance to find you here! Now you shall tell these foreigners some of the charming legends of our abbey."

The foreigners — two literary lions lately imported by the viceregal court and now enjoying a conducted tour of the adjacent counties, seated themselves beside their lady guides on the stone just vacated by the Latin students: one of them was instantly busy with the sketching apparatus brought by the footman from the carriage, while the other not to be outdone in industry, produced notebook and pencil, in conspicuous readiness for anticipated contributions.

"You must know the legends by this time Miss Cowper" said Eithne stiffly, the unfortunate phrase — "our Abbey" having quite destroyed her accustomed pleasure in all expressions of admiration for her beloved ruins, besides which incentive to silence, she was endeavoring with a little awkward help from Dominic in the background, to twist her heavy hair into more decorous fashion, an effort that Miss Eva's quick eyes speedily discovered.

"O, please now Eithne, do not "wisp" your hair so" — One of the lady's pet affectations was the use of localisms, particularly when in company where her pretty struggle with Irish accent was sure to attract attention. "Mr. Fortescue might have sketched you as we saw you from the road." —

"I would not care to pose in that window Miss Eva" said Eithne decidedly, recalling numerous occasions when she had been "coaxed" to stand for Miss Cowper's tourist friends — "We have often thought — haven't we Dominic? that it was from there our dear Abbot looked his last on Columbkille for he would be likely to start in that direction Dominic says."

"That is according to the legends" interrupted the boy, lifting his cap in answer to the ladies' smiles of recognition. "We are told that Columba went from here to St. Brendan's of Birr which is north, and it is under the north wall the blessed stone is set — you know it Miss Cowper — "Cos-Ceim-Columb."

"Indeed I do not! I positively have never heard of "Cos-Ceim-Columb."

The name came slowly with Miss Eva's fascinating pauses and stumbles over Celtic prefixes "But it is delightful to have a brand-new story, for Mr. Colclough. Who shall tell it is the next question?"

"Dominic has studied it all up the history of the Abbey I mean, for this is the country of his ancestors — their rightful possessions lie all around us" — Eithne was quick to explain. The descriptive wave of her outstretched arms included the Cowper holdings and many another such, while her eyes danced with delight for this proffered opportunity to better the new heirless in her own game of "showing off" before strangers.

"I am afraid I have forgotten a good deal of what I read before I began Latin and algebra" said the boy apologetically "and anyway it would be mostly dates and genealogies. But if you care to see the stone, this way is shortest."

Once again, Eithne vaulted to the crumbling ledge and thence on the velvet turf beyond, honey-combed by blossomed graves. Dominic followed more sedately, holding aside with uplifted hands the swaying ivy tendrils to afford easy passage for the ladies and their attendant cavaliers. Before them in the recessed angle formed by an abutment of the sturdy walls, Eithne knelt, where between two sunken graves, there showed amongst the rank grasses, a plain gray stone that slanted earthward. On its sloping upper side the imprint of a sandalled foot is perfectly distinct, the depression of the heel being most noticeable, particularly when, as was the case that sunny afternoon, it was filled to its level with sparkling water like a miniature lake walled in by granite.

With tender touch Eithne pushed away the hindering luxuriance of green, that the stranger's eyes might mark the characteristics of the storied stone, but it was to Dominic she beckoned and spoke, lowering her tones reverently, as though they two stood within the consecrated walls of their parish chapel.

"See!" she said "the tears are still here — you tell them of "Deoira Columb" too, but I am going to dip them out" and suiting the action to her word, she plucked a giant ivy leaf from

the guardian wall whose shadow was perhaps responsible for this phenomenon of "Deoira Columb" and using it as ladle, the tiny receptacle was soon emptied.

"Deoira Columb — the tears of Columb" translated Dominic, forestalling Miss Cowper's expected effort to master the phrase — "Our abbey was called in olden times "Cealt na ndeor," the Cell of Tears, because the grace of weeping for



Look Pleasant, Mama!

sin was specially obtained through St. Abban's prayers. But Columb's tears are another story; they are here when no rain falls — maybe the dews fill the heel-cup but our people say the tears will never dry until emigration ceases because St. Columb weeps with all the Celts who part as he did from the graves of their fathers. You have heard of his exile for conscience sake." "Tell it again, Dominic" urged Miss Constance. "The gentlemen will like to hear" and in an aside to her guest she added "There

are sometimes delightful idioms one cannot catch at second hand." Dominic overheard and smiled: he knew how thoroughly the domination of English speech had mastered his generation. Was he not often obliged to confess that he could not twist his tongue around the coveted Irish phrases with which his white haired grandmother garnished her local tales and had she not as often

lumkille's life history, told in Iona as frequently as his own land? He is the Saint of all Ireland; his father was Prince of Ulster but his mother was the daughter of a Leinster chief and of the same family as Eithne here, who is named in her memory. So, when our Saint had accepted the heavy penance imposed for one rash deed, he turned his face towards Leinster, his

mother's country, but not to seek her people, though they were plentiful and powerful then. Columba in his great grief sought the holy hermits who would pray with him and for him, and of them all, our gentle Abbot Abban who dwelt here with his numerous monks, was first to comfort the wanderer. St. Abban was extremely old and venerable; it has always been said that an angel walked with him daily, and to the angel's friend it was given to assure Columba that his penitence was accepted.

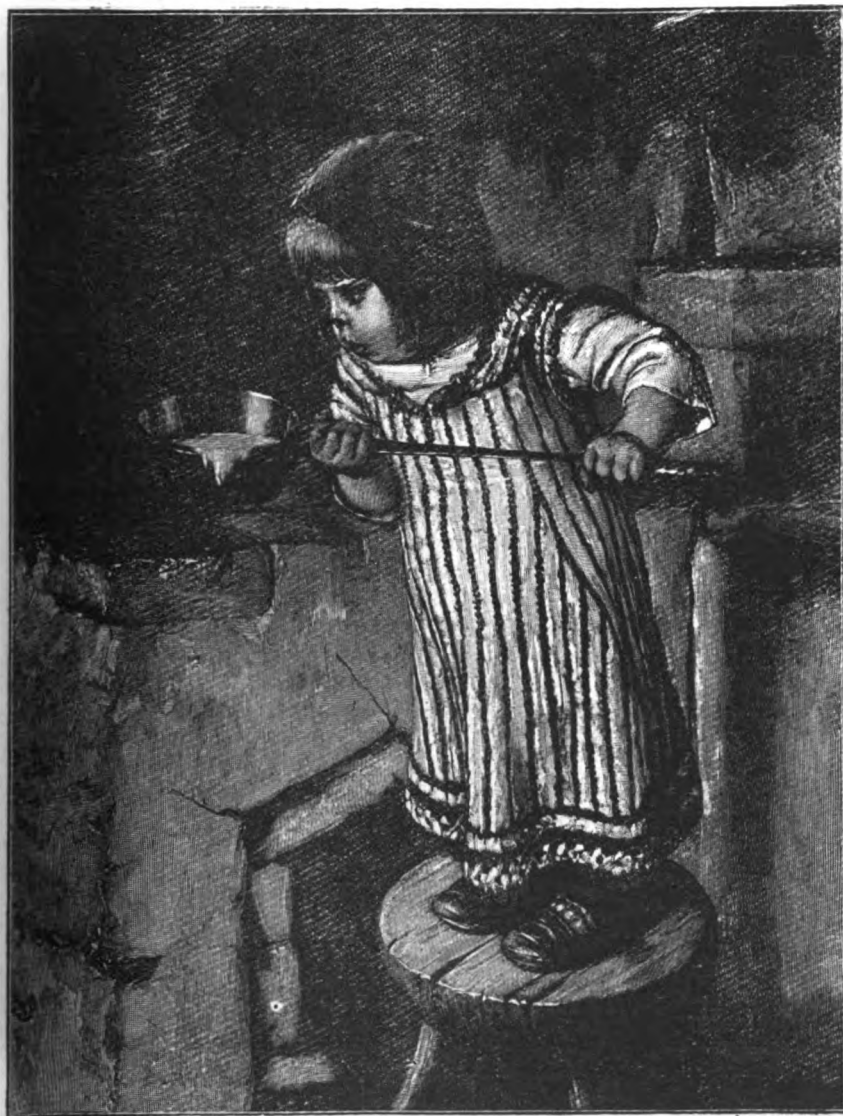
Then for the first time, since the dreadful day of Cooladrummon, Columba felt that he might rest his weary frame and raise his voice once more with those blessed brethren of his, who chanted within these walls daily and nightly hymns of praise."

"To think of it!" sighed Eithne, as forgetful of hearers, she laid her cheek caressingly on the stone her arms encircled: "That here where we sit now, they walked and prayed and their chapel would be ours to-day if Cromwell had not come."

"The Cowpers came with Cromwell" observed Miss Eva, partly addressing her guests and yet answering the younger girl's thought — "I think I understand how you feel about it Eithne, but I could never blame them for staying."

"Nor should I" remarked the English artist emphatically, "it was only human nature, little Colleen! to covet Gleann-Abban."

"But not human to destroy it and kill the dear monks" exclaimed the Irish girl with another flash of the resentment she had expressed to Dominic a little while before. Again his voice recalled her equanimity. "If I am to tell the story of the stone Eithne" was all he said and she resumed at once her attitude of protective ownership beside it, while he proceeded.



The Young Cook.

told him "that same was no brag for an O'Byrne."

However, seeing the visitors dispose themselves in listening attitudes on sod and sill, he took his stand against the northern wall where pendant masses of ivy cushioned his leaning shoulder, and at his feet, Eithne still pursued her loving labor of tending the traditional stone.

"I am sure" he began — "that the gentlemen are familiar as we with the facts of St. Co-

"Columba had come afoot as the lowliest kern of his fathers might; the legend runs, that advised and encouraged by the gentle abbot, he left Gleann - Abban for Brendan's home on horseback, with an armed attendant as became a prince's son, who had relinquished the crown of Ulster for the cowl of the monk. This stone lay then by the great north door and stepping upon it as he mounted, the impress of his foot was left on the granite — a reminder for ever of the famous pilgrim who found peace at Gleann-Abban."

"What a country it is" the English scribe commented, while he tried to classify the hurried notes which the artist eyed enviously, for, although its story is readable material enough, the gray stone of Columba is alas! decidedly not paintable.

"How strange that no one has ever thought to carve the name here — Say it once again Eithne" — coaxed Miss Eva, bending by the girl whose Celtic pride of lineage made her a picturesque personality in the estimation of the "land-lord's daughter."

With all the caressing intonation of the Irish tongue, Eithne repeated "Cos-Ceim-Columb" before she answered in her own frank fashion the opening suggestion of the speech.

"What is the need to carve such names or write such stories? Our fathers trusted to the memory of the Shanachie and the skill of the bard and they never failed them. In English speech our legends lose their flavor, as the old people tell us, but at least they will not die from the land of birth. Cos-Ceim-Columb has yet another charm which Dominic has forgotten; the foot that closely fits the impression will surely tread in the footsteps of Columb. And always in the O'Byrne family there has been one at least so chosen from each generation. Is it not so?" Eithne asked, turning to her friend.

"True, but not strange, that of a clan so numerous one should serve the Altar. 'The Footsteps of Columb' — Dominic explained to the strangers "means with us the missionary life and

as Eithne says our family so far has always been so favored."

"Does Dominic's foot bid fair to fit" Miss Constance queried and Eithne answered for the embarrassed boy — "We cannot tell — the impression is of one fully grown;" then with a quick thought of Dominic's widowed mother — "There are many older boys of the O'Byrnes now" she said, dropping unconsciously into one localism that her hearers were not slow to notice.

"I cannot help wishing that some one else — another 'boy of the O'Byrnes' beside Dominic may win the distinction in this generation" was one comment of the literary Englishman, when talking incidents over in the Cowper drawingroom a little later. "It would seem the spoiling of an idyllic romance to part these two whom I mean to mate in my projected story: they are both such perfect types of their country's best."

"But that country's pride is to speed her best in the footsteps of Columb" Miss Eva told him with the knowledge born of honest observation — "Eithne, truly typical, would rejoice in Dominic's selection though her own trampled affections should pave the way."

Ah, Miss Eva! for all your Saxon lineage, the birthright of Celtic second-sight was yours and the day came when you knew yourself possessor of the gift!

It was the day when in quest of souls Dominic O'Byrne turned, following in the wake of Columba, from his father's home for ever, and forgetful then of race distinctions, your friendly shoulder pillowed a bright head, that held high through months of silent struggle, would only bow where eye of kith or kin might never gaze.

But still Gleann - Abban owns for aye the spell of peace — its gentle Abbot's legacy, and can any doubt that its plenteousness is for such as she, the daughter of the old race, who in the selfsame spirit of the 'Angels' Friend' smoothened the way for him she loved, so that all unconscious of her sacrifice, he might walk untempted in "the Footsteps of Columb."

"I will bet you a new hat," said a gentleman to his friend, "that you will come down out of that chair before I ask you twice"

"Done!" replied his friend.

"Come down," cried the other.

"I will not," said his friend, with much obstinacy.

"Then stop till I ask you a second time," said the other.

Perceiving that he would never be asked a second time, the gentleman in the chair came down in a double sense.

Old Young Lady (coquetishly) — "How old are you, little boy?"

"Four years."

"And can you guess how old I am?"

"No, I can only count up to thirty."

Creditor (roughly) — "Say, when are you going to pay me that bill?"

Debtor (genially) — "My friend, you put me in mind of a little child."

Creditor — "I do, Why?"

Debtor — "Because a little child can ask questions that the wisest men cannot answer."

THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION.

BY REV. E. W. BERTHOLD.

The Pan-American Exposition, known as "the Rainbow City", at Buffalo was formally dedicated on May 20, 1901. The conception of a New World's Fair sprang into being at a memorable dinner two years ago when the idea was formed to exploit the development of electrical energy on the Niagara frontier. That very night its reality was assured by an almost instantaneous backing of nearly one million dollars. At first resolutions were passed to limit the exhibits to the Western Hemisphere; but this limitation was soon set aside, the original plans were widened enormously, and now in 1901 Buffalo welcomed the people of all countries to one of the largest and most beautiful expositions the world has known.

And this without public grants from either State or nation other than the cost of the buildings and exhibits. The Pan-American was an instance of purely municipal enterprise, it proved to be an epoch-making exposition, and stands without a parallel.

The Exposition Grounds.

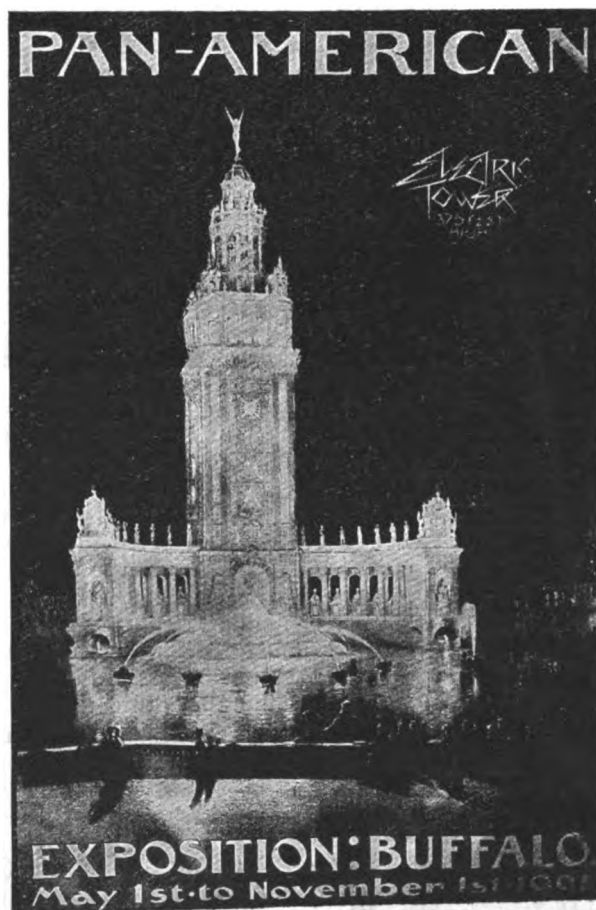
The site is but two miles from the business center of Buffalo, and, unlike any recent fair, is compact, being rectangular in shape, over a mile long and half a mile wide. A part of Buf-

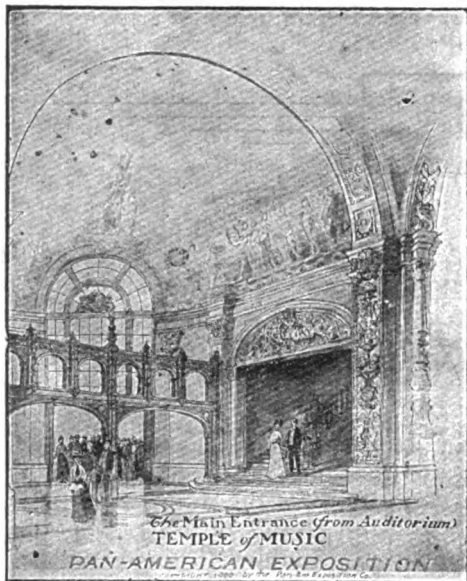
falo's principal park, constitutes the foreground, the best entrance to enjoy the architecture and colors of the exposition to the full. The best point to enjoy the full glories of this exposition has proven to be the Triumphal Bridge, a cause-

way of gigantic pylons and symbolic sculptures as imposing as the corresponding peristyle at Chicago. Standing at this point the State and foreign buildings are to the right, and the New York, the Women's building, and the tulip and rose gardens to the left.

The block plan is that of a large double cross of open spaces. This open space is skirted with buildings so connected with pergolas, arcades, and colonades as to form a continuous series. There is symmetry of composition everywhere. The Government group fronts a like group on the west across a great court, called the Esplanade, which is large enough for a quarter of a million of sightseers. The temple of Music and the Ethnology Building stand like huge sentinels at the entrance of the Court of Fountains, which

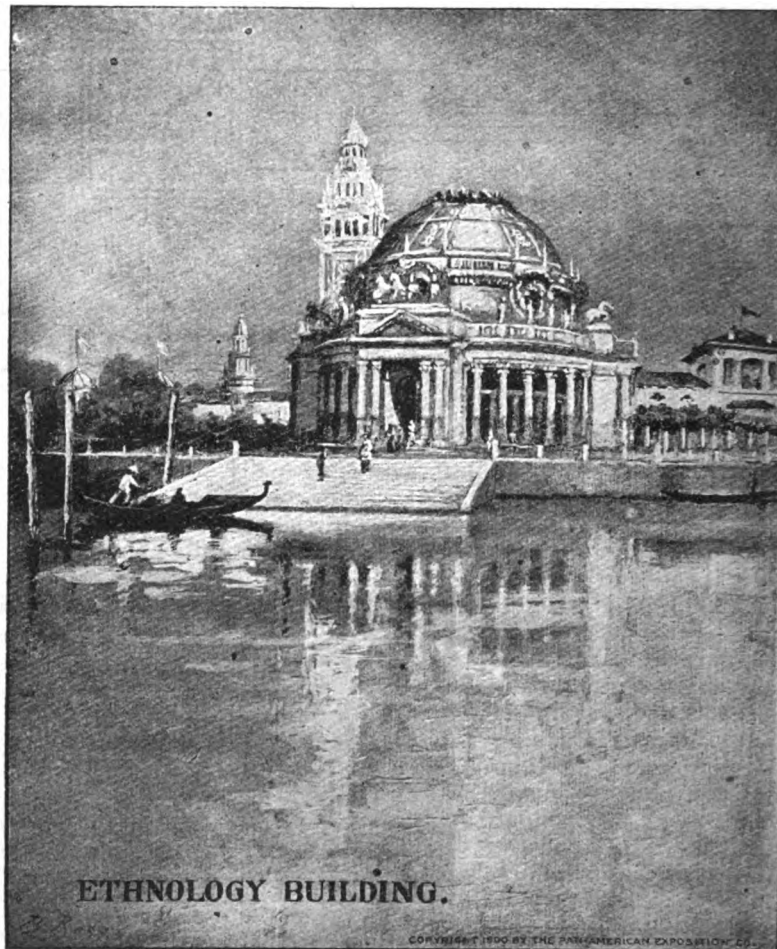
resembling the Court of Honor at Chicago, separates the largest exhibit buildings and points the way to the Howard Electric Tower, which rises nearly four hundred feet, a steel-framed but beautiful Giralda. Flanking this monstrous





tower are the buildings assigned to Electricity and Agriculture. A canal circuits this chain of buildings widening into mirror lakes near the Triumphal Bridge.

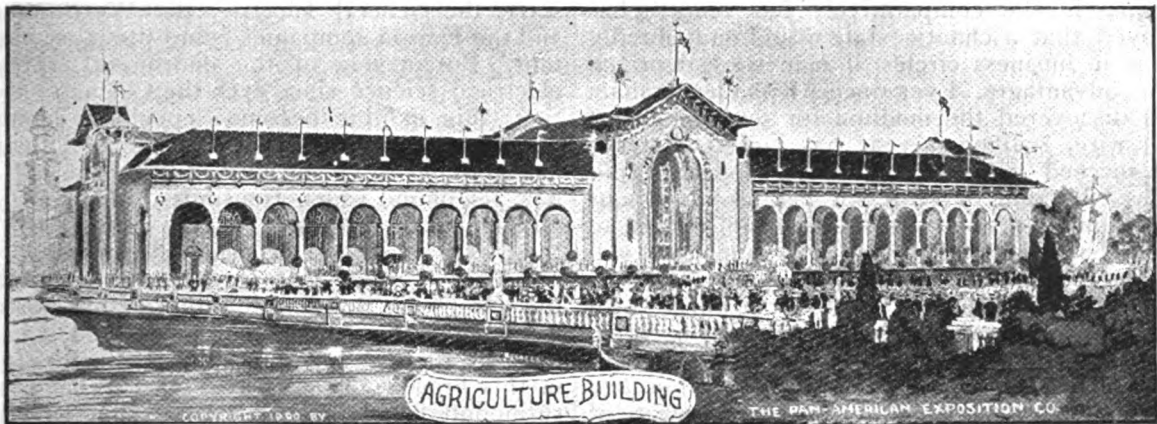
There are also amusement features; a massive Stadium for athletic contests, and like the Columbian Exposition, a Midway of \$ 3,000,000. It will embrace fifty or more acres and is not a mere side show, but a splendid aggregation of the novel and exciting, the fantastic and picturesque, the strange and marvelous things brought from all the quarters of the globe. An effort was made from the beginning to impart a kind of educational influence in all novel attractions, and to bar out everything that proved to have degraded other expositions.



The Midway shows: The Beautiful Orient, a Giant Seesaw, the African Village, the Glass Factory, Bostock's Wild Animals, the Scenic Railway, and Alt Nuremberg, the last including a Bavarian Military Band, recalling Chicago. The House Upside Down, fresh from the Paris fair, a Trip to the Moon, the Colorado Gold-Mine, Darkness and Dawn, Dreamland, the Infant Incubator, and Venice in America, and a dozen more of minor importance, are new features which, as a rule, describe instruction in somewhat allopathic doses.

Electrical Exhibits.

It is already evident that the electrical exhibits at the Pan-American Exposition were one of the most attractive features of the great fair. So rapid has been the advance in the use of electricity and its appliances that the majority of visitors to the Pan-American has found something in the electrical section that interested them. Year after year electricity has been creeping into various industries until it has made many of them captive in a greater or less degree, and it is constantly winning new friends and entering new fields.



For a long time electricity was only used in the electric telegraph. Since Morse's great discovery that signals could be transmitted over a wire to a great distance, some very important improvements have been made so that to-day messages are sent from land to land with wonderful rapidity.

To-day all important lines use what is called the "multiplex system" which permits the sending of one or more messages at the same time. This is one of the steps of progress made during the last half century. But this is not all. An automatic apparatus has been developed by which messages may be sent at the rate of 1000 or more words a minute, a fact which affords interesting comparison with the common rate of 40 to 50 words a minute by hand.

The recent Spanish-American war has made the public familiar with the fact that telegraphy is a weighty factor whereby commanders are enabled to quickly communicate with government or various bodies of troops under them. President McKinley stood in the closest communication at the White House with army and navy. He knew and directed nearly every movement of the army in Cuba and Porto Rico and

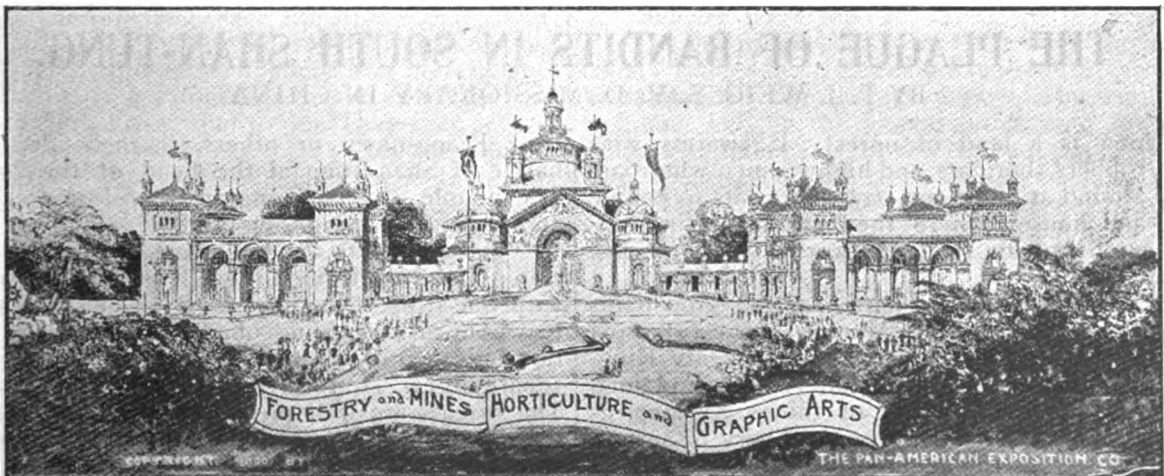
within an hour he had the detailed reports of the terrible destruction our illustrious naval squadron meated out to Cervera's battleships.

Just at present the public mind is occupied by the possibilities of wireless telegraphy. Marconi's name has become very familiar to the people of both continents, and the world admires his feat of establishing perfect communication between St. Catherine's and the Lizard, a distance of 200 miles, on the first day of the reign of King Edward VII.

This grand discovery of Marconi has been utilized in transmitting electrical waves or impulses, through space without using any tangible conductor as a medium.

In the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo all of these new features in the electrical world were fully illustrated. All who had the opportunity to see them have found a display and an exemplification of progress that promises to influence much of the future.

Next to the telegraph the telephone industry is a field of the most wonderful inventions. What would result in our large cities if the telephone were removed from the world for a short time? So important has the telephone



become in the comparatively few years it has enjoyed that a chaotic state would undoubtedly ensue in business circles, if men were deprived of its advantages. Ever since Alexander Graham Bell discovered the medium for sending speech over wire, scarcely a year has lapsed that did not succeed in perfecting these modern appliances. By dint of Professor Pupin's inventions at Columbia University there is no reason to doubt but what telephonic communication will be possible over ocean cables.

We are much more familiar, however, with the application of electricity to lighting than with the other branches. The reason is obvious. We are in closer touch with its operation and application to this field. Thus we are aware of the superiority of the inclosed arc lamps over the old style of open lamp. In the incandescent lamp the carbon burns in an atmosphere which permits the carbon to be consumed quite steady and at a very low rate. This lamp was given to the world by Edison in 1880.

Since American genius has been instrumental in giving the world such stupendous improvements in the field of incandescent lighting, both in the lamps and in the machinery, it is quite deserving that the electrical building and tower took the foremost place in the Pan-American Exposition. The incandescent decorative lighting by night was a spectacle unéqualed by anything of the kind the world has ever seen.

The Electricity Building is not large and the individual exhibitors do not number over

sixty, the General Electric, the Westinghouse, and the Edison companies being the most important. But in view of the enormous strides of electrical science since even the Chicago exposition, this exhibit becomes epochal. There is much to interest us here in the line of heating and cooking by electricity, and above all the new telephone which transmits the roar of the Niagara from the Cave of the Winds so distinctly at a distance of nearly 30 miles.

There is also a storage battery exhibit in the Electricity Building that thoroughly portrays the wonderful advancement made, and it is evident to all that many of the obstacles found in this branch of electrical service have been surmounted and that we are entering on a new and promising era in which the storage battery will play an important part.

It is only 14 years since the first electric street railway was established, but the progress has been so great that the city and country are now connected by magnificent equipped, electrically operated roads. To a certain extent this progress has revolutionized the methods of living, for it enables people to live in suburban towns and reach the business centers with little loss of time. The people enjoy the improvements, but they pay little attention to the apparatus by which those results have been reached. The progress has indeed been so rapid that it requires a careful student to keep up with the pace. The phenomenal development in electric motors has received due notice at the Pan-American.



THE PLAGUE OF BANDITS IN SOUTH SHAN-TUNG.

BY P. J. WEIG, S. V. D., MISSIONARY IN CHINA.

China is a land of unrest. It swarms with robbers, burglars and highwaymen who roam around at night and pay their visits to people and houses, where they expect to find sufficient booty to make it worth while to risk their lives.

South Shan-Tung is particularly favored in this respect. Confucius and Mung-Tse, the two most renowned men of letters of the "Heavenly Kingdom," both natives of Shan-Tung complained bitterly about this state of things as long as 2000 years ago. Whenever a robbery or an outrage occurs in the neighboring provinces, Tshe-

li or Kiang-na-en or others, there is always a native of Shan-Tung at the head of the band. The people of Shan-Tung are therefore dreaded and despised throughout the land.

These bandits are the most audacious rascals. They are formed in well organized bodies with one from their own midst chosen as leader to whom all owe blind obedience and who stations his people often over a region of 80 or 90 square miles. He receives a share of each booty. The rascals are well provided with knives, daggers and lances, sometimes even with pistols and repeating rifles; they are mostly armed

much better than the Chinese police. They hold up lonely travellers and make well planned attacks upon the houses of well-to-do country people; sometimes upon a whole village and have even been known to threaten fortified towns. Of course everything is well arranged beforehand and they know exactly where to find their prey. They are perfectly familiar with the details of the home of some rich man or other, to whom they have planned to pay a visit; they know where the owner sleeps, where the servants are where gold and silver is hidden and where to find the opium (a precious article of luxury in the home of a rich Chinese).

The robbery is generally accomplished very quickly and it is just this promptness and order with which these robberies are manipulated which confuses the victims and allows the rascals to escape capture and death. Each man is assigned to his post. Two or three armed men are left as guard at the gate. The others climb over the wall of the outer courtyard, and suddenly discharge a fearful volley from their guns, which throws the inhabitants of the house into the greatest confusion. In a moment the door is broken in, or cut down with axes. First two strong fellows seize the head of the house, drunk with sleep, and stand before him, one with a loaded pistol, the other holding a naked sword between his teeth. The poor man unwillingly gives up his keys, and shows where valuables are kept. Now begins a hurried search of the house, one seeks for the gold and silver, another the opium, a third the clothes, while a fourth leads the needed horses, asses, and mules from the stables and a fifth loads the plunder upon the stolen animals. Woe to the servant or householder who attempts to defend himself, he will be killed quickly!

If the rascals do not find what they want then the poor man is to be pitied, for he is terribly beaten with clubs, burned with torches, or hacked with swords. If the robbers do not succeed in breaking down the strong house-door, they set fire to the house, with astonishing rapidity, sometimes it happens that the villagers have time to get together, but even in this case the robbers know what to do. They take several strings of stolen copper coins — for the Chinese carry their copper money on strings, the coins having holes in the center for that purpose, — and throw the coins among the people, with the desired result. For so soon as the Chinese see money, they forget all else, and throwing themselves upon the ground in search of the money they allow the robbers to escape in the darkness. The audacity of these robbers is extraordinary. Often even the dwellers in the cities do not feel safe from them. How often have I found the city-gates closed in broad daylight for fear of a robber band!

I know of several cases in which the robbers have robbed the mandarin (magistrate) himself in his magisterial dwelling and have carried off the magistrate's seal. It has happened that the robber chief has clothed himself as a chief mandarin, and in the midst of his followers, dressed as soldiers, has gone to the city court, has announced himself as a Chief magistrate, and as such has been welcomed with festal honors by the deceived mandarin.

It happens quite frequently that the robbers carry off children of rich parents and demand a high ransom or cruelly murder the little ones, when the ransom is refused. For two years these fiends held the only child of some rich parents in the vicinity of the city of Tong-hein, and demanded a large sum as ransom. The exasperated parents appealed to the mandarin, and what was the result? The next morning they found their loved one, fearfully mutilated, dead on the door-step.

The worst part of the story is that in many parts of the province of Shan-Tung this condition of outlawry has become hereditary. The criminal life is handed down from father to son. The account of their adventures is wonderful and on this account contagious. The young peasants hear and recount the wonderful tales of the robbers. Such a wonderful life of adventure is unknown to them, they look upon it with curiosity and by embracing it.

I myself know of one such interesting case. The son of an honest well-to-do family, which lived in a robber neighborhood, had often heard these tales recounted, the life appeared to him to be a pleasant one. He went without the knowledge of his parents to join the robbers. As soon as the good father heard of it, he admonished and punished his son. Yet all in vain.

Then the enraged father took radical measures, which although horrible were allowed by the Chinese law. Singlehanded he broke both the legs of his bad boy, and thus made him a life long cripple.

But are there then in China no police?

Do the robbers carry on their work unpunished? Indeed the "Heavenly Kingdom" in the far West has police but alas such police! These are to be found only in the largest cities and towns. They are fellows who receive no pay either from the state or from the mandarins and besides they must buy their positions and must do so as often as a new mandarin is appointed. Therefore the police are in league with the robbers they have their share in the booty of every robbery. Most of the police are old worn out robbers. If in China a robber chief is captured, he is usually scourged and must suffer imprisonment for a couple of years but his life is usually spared, and later on he has made a policeman, for he already knows the thieves, their tricks and devices. And so these "honorable" Chinese

police rule in time over their magistrates, that is, the men who are supposed to look after the safety of the public, openly extort money from the poor, money which would otherwise be taken by the robbers. If a poor man gives these people nothing, then his complaint before the mandarin is of no avail, his case has no prospect of being decided in his favor. At night the estimable policeman goes with the robbers to rob. If the mandarin has the robber arrested, and eventually condemns him to the deserved punishment, then the police substitute for him some poor man, some poor devil, and declare him if not a robber, yet an accomplice, or a receiver of stolen goods and compel him to gain exemption with a large sum of money.

Now and then they catch a small robber or even a robber chief if he has not given them a large enough share of the booty.

Yet it is to be said to the honor of the Chinese police that they are very crafty and catch very many robbers when the mandarin is an upright honorable magistrate.

The real Chinese robber seldom dies a natural death — either he falls during some robbery, for the Chinese peasant will defend his own skin, and every one may kill a robber without fear of punishment, or he is likely to be killed by his own followers if he quarrels with them, or he may be executed if caught. I have been told that in Tsi-nan-fu alone, the principal city of the province of Shan-Tung, an execution takes place daily, and how many take place in the neighboring cities! None may be executed except he confess his crime before the judge. This often takes place only after the infliction of the most fearful torture, for a proud robber will remain silent even under the most horrible punishment. The mandarin near, where I was a missionary, was a notable "robber baiter." Almost daily he went with his bailiffs on this hunt. Wherever he caught a robber, there he cut off his head, or had — him whipped to death, or shot.

Only the worst criminals were taken into the city.

If these did not confess their crimes, then he had them hacked until their flesh hung down in little pieces. With his own hand he cut them with knives and after pouring boiling oil in the wounds he set fire to it. He was even inhuman enough to cut the flesh from the ribs of a silent robber who even then refused to speak.

The usual method of execution is beheading in public. The criminals often go laughing to their execution. There are many very cruel

ways of execution. I know a mandarin who crucified two robbers, nailing them to the joints of the brick on the city wall. Another good mandarin who could not hear the sight of blood allowed the captured robber to starve to death in jail. I myself have seen the dead bodies of five or six such unfortunates taken out in one day. They were not buried, but were thrown to the foot of the city wall where they were later eaten by dogs. The number of skulls and bones lying around told me that this was no unusual occurrence. Yet more horrible is another means of death.

The condemned man is put in a strong wooden cage, only the head sticking out. He can scarcely reach the bottom of the cage with his toes, so that the entire weight of his body rests on his chin. After a while the neck stretches so that the poor man rejoices that he is



Condemned Robbers.

able to stand on his feet. But then comes the jailer and takes from under his feet the bricks upon which he has been standing, and then the old torment begins anew and lasts until he is relieved by death, which frequently does not occur until after two days have passed. Meanwhile the unfortunate one is the object of an insolent gaping crowd and must listen to the abuse and invective of these inhuman onlookers. Very often the head of the executed robber is sent to his home village, and is there openly exhibited in a cage hanging on a tree as a warning. I have counted eight such heads in one

village. The countenances are pitch black, for as I have been told the heads are put into boiling oil so that they may not decay too quickly.

Every one knows where the robbers are, but woe to him who betrays a robber!

He and his family would be destined to destruction, he would lose all: house and home body and life. He would be the enemy of the entire robber fraternity. For this reason no one attempts to gain the large rewards which the mandarins from time to time offer for the heads of certain robbers. The poor man may fly far away but the robbers will find him. I know a young man who betrayed a robber chief into

the hands of the police. The angry robbers followed him and his wife for a year over a distance of 400 miles. A rich family which had the temerity to offend these scoundrels, was brought to the greatest poverty. One was shot by the out-laws. The wife and children wandered about in foreign lands for many years as beggars; their land lay uncultivated. Even the mandarin himself must be very careful. Woe to the policeman who falls into the hands of these scoundrels! I have known of a case where such an unfortunate one was tortured to death.

They first drew down his scalp over his eyes, cut his hands and feet off, then one of the



Young Chinese at School.

thieves tore his heart out and ate it up. Such is the rage of these robbers!

The danger from robbers is not always equally great. Indeed in this "Celestial Kingdom" one must always be on guard, but the danger increases in times of famine and scarcity, and at certain times of the year.

The worst months are from December to April. And if in summer the fields are covered with sorghum, 10 to 12 feet high, then it is not judicious to travel unarmed or without military escort. On this account I am glad that in the province of Shan-Tung there are no forests!

I have often pitied those Chinese peasants, who are somewhat better off than other people.

They must watch the whole night. Every village has its night watchman, who rattles about the village with his wooden drum. So soon as the sun has set one hears in every village shot after shot fired: the robbers must be frightened off. We missionaries must also look out. Every missionary must have his revolver or gun. The Chinese keep watch over him in his room. The good people often do not close their eyes during the whole night. They smoke and talk in little mud huts in which the missionary is trying to sleep — for outside it is too cold. There one cannot sleep properly.

It is not very reassuring to the Christians when after the evening prayers the stars appear,

to have the little hut filled with swords, and spears and clubs. Nearly every one of us has an acquaintance with these disguised, dark colored robber countenances, and has felt the weight of their blows. I have sometimes lived where even in broad daylight I could scarcely travel a mile without being accompanied by a band of armed Christians.

Beloved reader! Surely you would not like to live in China! What I say is true. I am not a brave man. How many nights have I been unable to sleep! How often have I lain in my bed trembling and shaking, while outside a robber raid was in progress, when men cried: "the robbers are here" and the bell rang and the drum rattled, the guns cracked, the bullets whizzed over my mud hut, and the flames of the burning thatch roofs and houses illuminated the night! Then I have often thought of the advice given me by a worthy Chinese judge: "Be prudent and build for yourself a strong house in which you will have little danger." But this good advice has to this day not been acted upon because of an empty purse! And so I have always had to console myself with the few days in the year in which I could stay in the bishop's residence, and hope that it will be pos-

sible at some future time. Perhaps you will contribute a little mite so that I may build for myself a little "Chinese castle" in which I may sleep in safety? It would not cost much — about a couple of hundred dollars would be enough.

Yet a missionary must not despair. Only last year one of our missionaries who had been robbed of his all and had been shamefully beaten, wrote to Bishop J. B. von Anzer: "All is lost but courage," every missionary will say the same thing under like circumstances.

That spirit belongs to the calling, and it is beautiful to work as a missionary for the conversion of the heathen. All Chinese however are not robbers, no, these are only a few among the many, many millions of good Chinese. We rejoice also in the powerful protection of God, and if every Christian has one guardian angel then surely every missionary has two! When thou goest to thy bed at evening so securely and so restfully forget not to offer an "Ave Maria" for us poor Chinese missionaries, who are often hounded like wild beasts, or give a small sum as a thank offering, for the sake of the good Lord.

➤ A DOUBLE VICTORY. ➤

BY REV. HENRY S. SPALDING, S. J.

A young lad, named Owen Howard had won the prize in the yearly shooting-match in Kentucky, 1815, when Charlie Bowen an older boy who competed and who was last in the contest sought revenge. Owen was returning home after the shooting-match with his young friend and companion, Martin Cooper, when he met Charlie who was waiting for him at the edge of a dark wood; with the latter was a man who worked on the Bowen farm, — this individual was to prevent Martin from interfering while Charlie chastised Owen Howard.

I.

"Good evening, Charlie; come along home with us."

"I reckon you won't get home very soon to-night, Owen Howard!"

"Why?" asked the unsuspecting lad.

"Why! I'll soon show you why!"

"Are there any gipsies around?" inquired Martin Cooper with forced pretense of fear, for while he and Owen noticed the agitation in Charlie's face neither suspected the real cause.

"I'm not talking to you, Martin Cooper; Sam here will take care of you. Owen laughed at me for missing the target and he has got to fight me."

Martin was the same age as Charlie; he was heavy-set, freckled, and red-headed, — the boy who wished to pick a quarrel had no intention of attacking him.

"Yes," put in Sam, "jest let the two roosters fight it out; they's jest 'bout the same age, though one's a little taller than the tuther. Stan' 'side, red-head, and let 'em at each tuther."

In the mean while Charlie drew up his horse quite close to Owen.

"If you want a fair fight," said he "let us get down and hitch our horses but if you are afraid to do that, I'll whip you right here."

With this challenge Charlie leaped from his horse and threw the reins over a rail in the fence near by, at the same time warning Sam not to let Owen escape.

"Now come on! I'll show you how to laugh at a fellow in public. My rifle hung fire or I'd have hit the bull's-eye; I'll beat you next time, and I'm going to whip you now."

Owen did not answer. His face was flushed and within his bosom there were emotions which he mastered with difficulty. Charlie misinterpreted his silence as a token of cowardice.

"So you won't fight! well, I'll make you fight!" With this exclamation he pulled Owen by the leg and tried to force him from his horse. The latter was mounted upon his favorite animal

called Old Hickory. A quick jerk of the rein and Old Hickory reared himself upon his hind-legs and threatened to crush the boy at his side.

"You mean cowardly dog! cried out Charlie as he jumped back to avoid the impending danger.

"That ain't no fair fight," yelled Sam "Git down boy and meet 'im square."

"You shut up!" interposed Martin, who was waxing warn, and who felt that he was a match for the burly man assigned as his keeper. He could not decide whether or not he should urge Owen to accept the challenge which was being forced upon him. Owen was Charlie's superior in quickness if not in strenght, — this Martin knew.

"Well if you won't get down, I'll get up. Watch him, Sam, and don't let him ride off. If he won't fight I'll whip him like a little boy and then send him home to his mother."

There comes a time when forbearance is no longer a virtue. Owen had once heard good old Father Badin tell a story of himself how he, the priest, had acted when attacked by an enemy on a lonely road. Having denounced one of his parishioners publicly in church for the scandal which he was giving, the man swore that he would take revenge, and for this purpose waited for his accuser. Father Badin was a man of powerful frame. When told by his enemy to dismount and accept his chastisement he obeyed coolly, seized the man, threw him over a bluff, and rode on. Owen felt that he was justified in treating Charlie Bowen in the same manner as Father Badin had handled the unruly parishioner.

The incident narrated by the priest rushed to his mind; his resolve was taken at once. There was a steep embankment at the side of the road, and over that embankment Charlie Bowen was going, if Owen had the strength and skill to force him near to it. A really brave boy never picks a fight, if he is a generous manly fellow it is still more difficult to make him fight. It is only the boastful, unmanly bully who is always looking for a quarrel, — and if you watch him closely you will find that he seeks for a boy smaller and weaker than himself. Owen Howard was not a coward, and although he had not begun the fight he was not afraid to meet his enemy.

"Charlie Bowen!" he replied, "there's no need of your sending me home to my mother; whip me first!" The boy sprang from his horse with a quickness that startled Charlie; and without waiting to tie his horse darted towards his opponent.

There were no preliminary movements to test each others strength. The fight was on at once. Sam cheered and called them game roosters; Martin did not utter a word, but from very be-

ginning he saw the tactics which his friend had adopted. Owen was as wily and lithe as the wild cat in the forest. He did not strive to strike his enemy a telling blow, but was careful the while not to fall into the grasp of his stronger foe. He retreated, paused, sparred, retreated, and paused again. Charlie became bold and reckless thinking that he was gaining an easy victory. Nearer and nearer the two came to the steep slope. Owen watched his chance — a single blow, and Charlie went heels over head down the ascent. The boy was in a rage; he dashed up the hill and madly struck at Owen; the latter dealt another blow and again Charlie reeled backwards and rolled fully twenty feet before he regained his footing. When he returned a third time to the charge he was so winded and exhausted that Owen simply shoved him down the hill side with the palm of his hand.

"Let me up this hill! let me up this hill!" cried he.

Owen did not answer; he kept his enemy below him forcing him backwards whenever he attempted to advance.

"You can't fight unless you have a fellow down this way!"

Owen was silent; but his fists were clinched, his features were set and earnest.

"Come and take him away, Sam!" called out the vanquished boy.

"No, you don't", exclaimed Martin putting his horse in front of the man's.

The man looked at the daring boy; muttered some words of contempt, but made no effort to bring assistance to his friend.

"Well!" said Owen coolly, "if you have enough, I'll go home to my mother!" With these words he walked over to Old Hickory and mounted.

II.

Charlie, too, mounted his horse and riding up closely to Owen struck him with his riding whip. The latter carried in his belt a large pistol, which he had received as a prize at the shooting-match; this he brandished in the air to protect himself from the impending blow. At once Sam put spurs to his horse and galloped down the road; for he thought that Owen had been provoked to use this weapon with the intention of killing and knowing from experience how well the boy handled a rifle, and judging that a pistol would be equally dangerous in his hand, sought safety in flight.

As Charlie struck at Owen he lost his balance and fell heavily to the ground, cutting a deep gash in his forehead, which struck against a sharp rock. The blood flowed freely so that the boy soon lost consciousness, remaining in this state for fully half an hour; when at last he opened his eyes he saw Owen bathing the wound with a dampened handkerchief while Martin supported his head upon his knee.

"Keep away from me!" he muttered with a curse, at the same time putting out his hand to force the boy from him.

"Don't move until we bandage up this cut," pleaded Martin.

"Who struck me?"

"You fell from your horse."

"It's a lie; Owen struck me when I was not looking."

"No! Charlie; you struck at him and fell."

"Where is Sam?"

"He ran away."

"Are you the only two here?"

"Yes."

"Well, you can fix the cut; but I don't want that coward of an Owen near me. I'll have that fight some other day."

"No! Charlie we'll not fight again! come let us be friends."

Charlie spit upon the hand of friendship extended to him.

When Martin had bandaged his wound he arose and uttering imprecations against the two boys mounted his horse and rode off.

III.

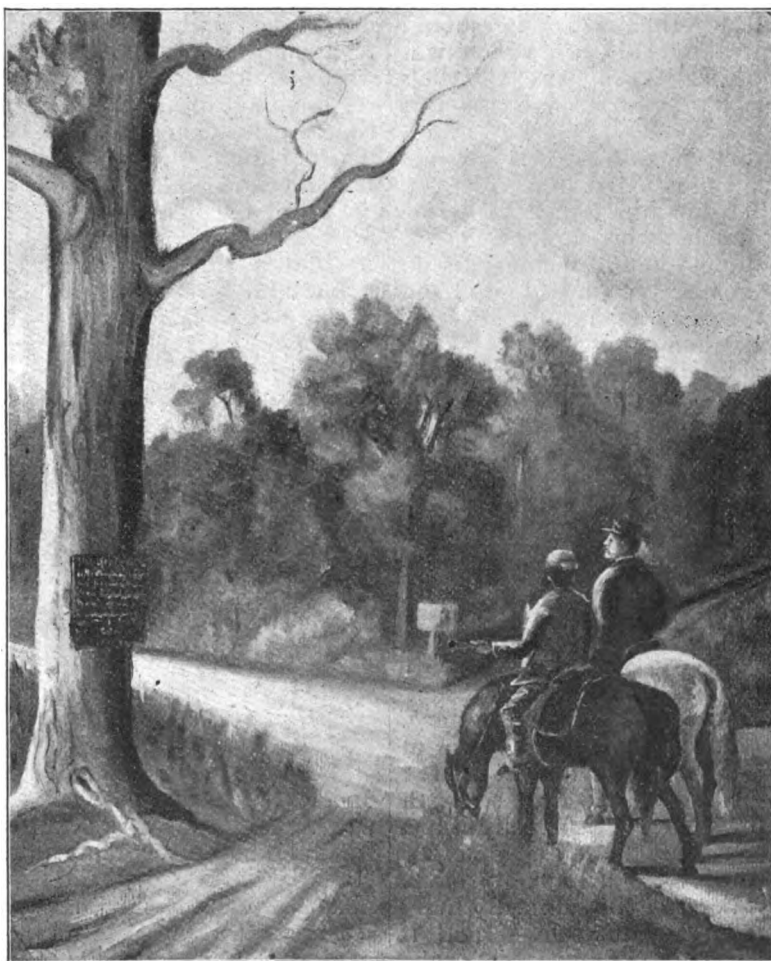
Misfortune came to the Bowen family. Louis Bowen was arrested by the sheriff of Nelson County for illicit

distilling and met a violent death; his slaves whom he had maltreated burned his house and destroyed his property; his farm was mortgaged, then sold at auction; his wife and three children were forced to live in a small cabin formerly occupied by the poor negroes. In their misfortune the Bowens had but few friends, among them was Zachary Howard, the father of Owen, — although he and Louis Bowen had always been personal enemies, and the latter had sought to injure the Howards in every possible way.

Delia Bowen, the youngest of the three

children, followed a number of young companions to the Howard home one day where Father Badin was instructing them for their First Holy Communion. Connected with the house was a room used as a chapel, where the scattered flock of Father Badin assembled for Mass; here, too, he came at intervals to teach the little ones their catechism. Those were golden days for them; how they enjoyed the company of the good old priest and the hospitality of the farmer! How strange it all appeared to the little visitor! how

beautiful the altar with its bunches of wild flowers, and its lights of home-made candles! how kind and cheerful and happy were the children! That night when the truant returned and narrated her pleasant experiences, the mother was horrified to hear that her daughter had entered the Romish chapel; for the Bowens were of old Puritan stock, and believed that to pray with the Papists was to associate with the friends of the devil. In vain did the little daughter beg to return on the following day; the permission was refused, and Delia spent the long, long hours in bitter tears. That night Charlie returning from the



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fields seated himself near his mother and said:

"Mother let Delia go to the Howards."

"Charlie!" exclaimed Mrs. Bowen.

"Listen to me mother; when we were rich, we would not speak to the neighbors around us; now no one speaks to us, — let us begin and make friends."

"You surely don't want the Howards for friends; you have the Speeds the Cooks, and the Pottengers."

"Mother, if we have a friend in this state it is Howard."

"What has happened to you, Charlie? do you want to go to that Romish chapel too?"

"Mother only listen to me for a few minutes. Do you remember when we came to this miserable hut to live, that some one left a large basket of provisions at our door early one morning."

"Certainly."

"And do you know who sent them?"

"No, we could never find the name of the person."

"Mother, it was Mr. Zachary Howard."

"Never! he was your father's greatest enemy."

"But, mother he did; and not only this, he sent many other things which we thought came from the Speeds."

Mrs. Bowen did not answer.

"And let me tell you what Owen Howard did for me one day, the day of the shooting-match."

"When I was jealous and struck him he treated me as if I had been a friend; both he and Martin Cooper were kind to me; and now I want to be their friend."

That night the mother slept but little; she could not understand the change which had so

suddenly come over her son, nor could she understand the kindness and the forgiveness on the part of Zachary Howard. She knew that her husband had wronged him in many ways, — that he had cursed him, — that he had sworn to take his life. Had Zachary Howard forgiven all this? had he forgotten it? Could it be that he was the first to bring help to the family? Charlie had never before spoken a good word in favor of the Howards, — what could have produced this sudden change?

The mother did not know the thoughts which were passing through her son's mind for

weeks and months; — that one act of forgiveness on the part of Owen Howard had borne its fruit.

On the following day Delia joined the other children on their way to the catechism class. Such interesting accounts did she give, on returning of her day's experience that Charlie was anxious for an excuse to be present at one of Father Badin's instructions; nor did he have to wait long for the opportunity. One day the rain fell in such torrents that the children

did not return to their homes, for the small creeks along the road were so swollen that it was impossible to ford them. Charlie decided to ride over to the Howard's and bring his little sister back when the creeks had fallen. On reaching Pottenger's Run he attempted to cross, not thinking that the current was too strong even for a horse to pass.

Both horse and rider were swept down the streams, then a drift of brush caught the boy, and carried him along while the horse swam ashore.

Charlie succeeded in holding on to an old stump until he was thrown against the bank by the force or



the narrow and winding current.

Just then he heard distinctly the piteous cry of a child. Had some child tried to cross the creek? Was it his own little sister? Surely the Howards would not let her go away alone? He listened again. The cry was repeated, oh, how sad and plaintive; it was like the cry of an infant. But the boy was not deceived a second time. He looked over head and there in the fork of a tree poised for its fatal spring was a wild cat. Charlie shrank back as the animal repeated its cry and bent upon its fore-legs; — the report of a rifle rang out, the cat screamed,

leaped far out into the stream where it disappeared below the water in the convulsions of death.

The boy looked around, but saw no one.

Slowly trudging along the bank through the damp underbrush he found his horse near the ford and mounting it continued on his way to the Howards. As he approached the house, his courage failed him. What excuse would he give? What would the Howards say? What would Owen think? The boy whom he had injured and cursed, would this boy again hold out his hand and say: "Charlie, let us be friends." The boy turned aside into the barnyard where he sought protection under a shed from the rain which was still falling fast.

Son," said Mrs. Howard to Owen, "some one is out there under the shed; go and bring him in."

"Who can it be? I don't see how he crossed the creek," replied the boy looking out at the object which was just visible in the gloom of the evening.

"Hurry on, son, the poor man must be drenched to the skin in such a rain as this; bring him in and we'll have supper ready for him."

Here was genuine Kentucky hospitality; friend or stranger, the man was to receive a welcome and he seated at the family board.

Charlie had dismounted, and with his back turned towards the house was hitching his horse so that he did not notice any one coming toward him; nor could Owen recognize the stranger.

They stood face to face and hand in hand before either knew who the other was.

"Charlie!"

"Owen!" and the two boys were friends.

The glance of the eye and shake of the hand proved more plainly than words could do that the past was forgotten. Of course Charlie accepted the invitation to come to the house and on his way narrated his experience at the creek.

"Do you know who killed that wild cat?" asked Owen interrupting the story of the narrow escape.

"You did, of course; why didn't I think of it?"

"I never thought at the time that any one was near."

"How did it happen that you were there?" inquired Charlie.

"The robber of a cat was trying to steal a young lamb; Bounce ran it into the woods so I mounted Old Hickory and followed."

"And how did you manage to keep your rifle dry during the heavy rain?"

"Sister made me a little case of deer skin which keeps out the water; only one has to be a trifle careful just when he is firing."

"Well, I came over after Delia, Owen."

"You must not take her home to-night, Charlie, for all the other children are going to stay with us and it will break her heart to leave."

"She certainly does enjoy the company of the other children; but I'm afraid that you have n't room for so many."

"We could keep twenty more. Mother spreads quilts on the floor for them, and they sleep like onions in a row."

"Then, I don't know what they will think at home when they hear that Delia is to stay all night," objected Charlie.

"If the creek doesn't fall rapidly, both you and your sister must stay. Just step into the dining room, Charlie; supper will be ready for you in a few minutes."

When little Delia heard that her brother had arrived she began at once to weep, nor could her companions comfort her until she was assured that she would not be taken home. The two boys joined the children and listened to good old Father Badin telling them stories of his experiences in his missionary work. The Priest took special delight in narrating a mid-night adventure with the wolves which cost him his horse, and in which he himself escaped by a seeming miracle. Then Uncle Pius brought in his fiddle and entertained the little guests. So pleasantly did the time pass by that Charlie regretted when the hour came to leave; he did not depart until he promised Owen to return with his sister to Mass on the morning when the children made their First Holy Communion. Owen accompanied him to the creek and saw him safely across; there was no longer any danger as the water had fallen almost to its usual level.

IV.

The morning of First Holy Communion came, balmy and cloudless. Along the roads and paths which led to the Howard homestead could be seen Father Badin's scattered flock,—some a foot some in cumbersome wagons, but most of them on horseback. The oaks overhead were unfolding their summer canopies; the poplars were gemmed with golden flowers, which scattered sweetest perfume through the great forest, and invited myriads of yellow-thighed bees to seek the sweet riches within their petaled doors; the thickets were redolent with the odors from the tender buds of the wild grape vines, and gladdened by the whistle of the cardinal, the mimic cry of the mocking bird, or the carol of the speckled-thrush. Often, too, the country urchin sang aloud, for he could not restrain his joy as he drank in the freshness and the beauty of that bright spring morning. The little chapel was fragrant with clusters of wild-flowers which adorned the altar and was bright with numerous candles. The vestments which Father Badin wore on that occasion were of the finest silk, having

been presented to the cathedral of Bardstown by the king of France.

Delia could not understand why she had been separated from her companions on this the last day of their happy gatherings; she and Charlie sat together in the rear of the chapel and with almost breathless interest watched the beautiful services of the Church. During the Mass Uncle Pius played upon his fiddle; when first the old negro began Charlie smiled, for in his mind Uncle Pius and his fiddle were associated with picnics and dances. But when he heard the soft, sweet notes, and saw the negro's face turned heavenward while tears of joy trickled down his cheeks, the boy's heart was touched as it had never been before.

A little bell rang and the people knelt, but Uncle Pius continued to play, — softer, sweeter came the notes. The bell rang a second time, every head bowed low; Uncle Pius joined the kneeling throng with his hands clasped before his breast. What could it all mean, this silence, this joy, this peace? A third time the bell rang. Two by two the children arose and clustered around the altar. Then Father Badin turned and began to speak. It had been his privilege, he said, to be the first priest ordained in the United States; it had also been his privilege to say one of his first Masses in the little church where most of the old folks there present had made their first Holy Communion.

He pictured the church of St. Inigo, in old St. Mary's County, in far off Maryland, — that

hallowed spot where came Lord Baltimore in the Ark and the Dove to establish in the New World the first colony of religious freedom; he mentioned the holly trees which clustered around the church and the walnuts which shaded the graves near by. As he spoke many sobbed aloud. Then he turned to the children and told them of the joy and happiness of First Holy Communion; his voice was broken, tears streamed down his cheeks. Sweet memories of our own First Communion better than words will make known to us the scene which followed. Add together all the beauties of that Spring day, the greening bough, the song of the bird, the roseate tints of awakening flowers, — all were but a shadow when compared to the beauty of one of those innocent souls which received First Communion that day in the chapel by the banks of the Beech Fork River.

* * *

Two years passed, and good old Father Badin again gathered around him the children to prepare them for First Communion. Delia was in the class, not a visitor now, but one of its brightest members; by her side were two others who had come for instruction — mother and brother Charlie.

Owen's act of forgiveness had borne its fruit. On the day of the great shooting-match he had gained a double victory; but his second victory in which he forgave Charlie Bowen was the greater of the two.

—❖❖❖ FAMILY PRAYER. ❖❖❖—

BY HENRY JANSSEN.

There are, thank God, still families in which prayer has a loving home. Christian parents, particularly the mothers, have the touching privilege to be the first of bringing up their children for God and Heaven. The learned statesman and author, count Joseph of Maistre, writes: — "At the knees of the mother the most precious thing that there is in the world is produced!" Is there a more beautiful and touching picture than that of a mother teaching her children to pray, and to raise their innocent childish hearts and hands to the Father above? The mother points out to the child the crucifix and the holy pictures upon the wall, teaches it to lisp the Holy Name, to make the sign of the Cross and to say different prayers. In such families the mother prays with the children, when the Angelus rings, when the signal for the holy Consecration is given, and the death bell sounds. There in the morning holy mass is attended together, and the prayer at table and the evening prayer are offered aloud, and the prayers to the Holy Family and the Rosary are

said. For where two or three are gathered together in the name of Jesus, there the Lord — he has pledged his word for it — will be in their midst, and will pour out rich blessings into the hearts and the houses.

The angels will lay the prayers before the throne of the Most High. Good impressions are deeply and ineffaceably stamped upon the soft and impressionable heart of the child. The spirit of prayer of the parents, and the worthy traditions of the family stay with the children to the great blessing of this and the coming generations. We can also approve the following words of the above cited author: — "When the mother makes it her business to impress the godly character deeply upon the forehead of the child, one may be sure that the breath of evil will never entirely blot it out. Many a man wanders during his life in by ways and forbidden paths, yet the remembrance of the mother who taught him to pray, who upon earth prayed for her child, and in heaven does not cease to pray, these recollections bring many wandering ones back to the right path."

The genial poet Clemens Brentano wrote in 1836 to his niece: "Child prayer was the single thread wherewith I saved myself, all other means were without avail".

The American statesman John Randolph remarked: "I would have been an atheist if one thing had not held me back: the recollection of the time when my blessed mother took my little hands in hers and made me kneel down and pray: Our Father, who art in heaven!"

Father Kolping declared:

"Do you know what held me upright in the midst of total depravity? I had a poor mother but one from whom I never saw or heard anything which I could not respect.

When temptation came to me, I thought of my worthy mother and the tempter departed from me, since her death it has become clear to me how much I owe to her bringing up and to her prayers."

The distinguished bishop von Ketteler of Mainz exclaims: "A Christian mother is the greatest among the gifts of God!"

The Holy Father Pius IX. sends these truly golden words to the catholics throughout the world "Give me christian mothers and I will save the fallen world."

A mission was being held in a catholic city on the Rhine. A celebrated preacher stood in the pulpit and told the following story: "A mother lay dying. At her bed knelt her son and daughter. One a wandering lost son is missing. He is in prison. The keeper of the prison gave orders that the son, manacled and guarded by two soldiers should be led to the mother. He goes to the death-chamber. What a scene! He kneels down and the dying mother stretches



The first Teacher.

out her withered hand to bless the unfortunate one, a last look of love, a devout sight, and the heart of the mother has ceased to beat. The son returned to the prison, he sinks upon the ground and sheds bitter but repentant tears. From this time he is another man. Released from prison he renounced the world, entered an order, studied and became a priest, and this priest, so concluded the father, stands before you in the pulpit." Great is the power of the prayers of a truly christian mother!

These are instances of worthy mothers:

"I will make a saint of my son" declared the mother of the holy Athanasius.

"A thousand times be thou thanked Oh God, that thou hast given to us a saint for a mother, cried at her death the two sons of the holy Emmelia, Basil and the holy Gregory of Nyssa.

The four brothers and sisters of the holy Basil, bishop of Casarea, the holy Gregory of Nyssa (Bishop) the eldest sister St. Maxtrina and the youngest brother St. Peter, Bishop of Sebaste, thank for their sainthood next to God, their holy parents St. Basil the elder and St. Emmelia together with their ho'y grandmother St. Maxtrina. The holy Pope Gregory the Great has left us a memorial of what he has to be thankful for his worthy mother Sylvia. He has had her pictured as standing dressed in white garment with the headdress of a scholar, the two fingers of the right hand outstretched in the act of blessing, and in the left hand holding a copy of the scriptures before the eyes of her son who is standing near her.

In order to instil a fear of sin into the mind of her little son, said the holy Blanch of Castile Queen of France to her boy, later St. Louis: "My child if you only knew how I love you! yet I would rather see you dead at my feet than to have you deeply offend God."

Then she folded his little hands and made him pray: "I would rather die O God, than to offend thee deeply!"

As the saintly Pastor John Vianney of Ars once thought with emotion of his childhood, some one said to him: "You are fortunate to have tasted the desire for holiness so early in your life." The preacher answered: "Next to God this is the work of my mother, she was a saintly woman."

Ozanam founder of the society of St. Vincent dePaul said: "Nothing brings us nearer to God

than the memory of our upright God fearing mother."

If we did not know it, Augustinus, the holy son of St Monika, would prove it to us without any doubt. Fortunate children those who have devout parents! From such families there go forth good christians, worthy men; men who do the most good for mankind; priests who in the vineyard of the Master win for Heaven unnumbered souls; consecrated nuns; heroes of charity; apostles to the lepers, who sacrifice their lives and their strength to their suffering fellow-men. Priests and Nuns who magnanimously leave

all to take the light of truth to the heathen. From such families so many saints have gone forth, who by their ardor and their worthy deeds, by their prayers, virtues, and writings edify and inspire instruct and convert thousands throughout the world and lead numerous souls to christian perfection and to the contemplation of God.

John Francis Vaughan of Courtfield numbered among his six brothers and sisters, three priests — among them William Vaughan consecrated Bishop of Plymouth in the year 1855 — and three nuns. The same Colonel Vaughan had thirteen children

of whom not less than ten dedicated themselves to the spiritual life; six sons and four daughters. Two sons became bishops, namely the English cardinal Herbert Vaughan (born 1832, made 1872 Bishop of Salford, and 1892 successor of Wisemann and Manning as Archbishop of Westminster and head of the Catholic Church in England) and Bede Vaughan the late Archbishop of Sidney Australia, who died in 1884.

Of the remaining four sons two became secular Priests and two joined religious orders, among the latter was the distinguished Jesuit father Bernard Vaughan, the most learned and popular preacher in England of our time. Unfor-



Lesson with Grandma.

tunately in these days it is entirely different in many families. The ruinous spirit of reform forms an ever widening circle. Many men turn their countenances away from heaven to earth, upon which there is for us no lasting abiding place; they seek to establish heaven for themselves. The unchristian worldliness the determined state of mind of many people, drives away christian conversation and thought and they forget their prayers, and become lukewarm, nay completely cold in the fulfillment of their religious duties.

Add to this in the large cities and industrial communities the changed economical and social conditions. The search for profit, gain and pleasure, the contrast of riches against great poverty and lack of employment, and want of a home, disordered family relations, promiscuous marriage relations, evil speech, perverted belief, evil thoughts in regard to the Church: all these things act with their nameless sad consequences upon the hearts and minds of adults

and children. Prayer departs from the family hearth and with it christian education and a religious life vanish.

It is you, christian parents, who are called upon to act here as Missionaries, your duty it is to renew and hold up the faith and good morals. If the house is a really christian one, the family imbued with the faith and truly pious family prayers are said regularly and the Sunday observances strictly adhered to, then our christian faith will cling to us, no matter whether the waves of infidelity may rage as ever increasing torrents round holy Mother Church, no matter whether the Holy Name of God be banished from our schools and the Crucifix and holy pictures be banished, no matter how public life may be imbued with the spirit of godlessness — our faith will live through it all by the strength of christian family life and sooner or later the true Church of Christ will surely triumph over all her enemies.

PUNISHMENT OF AN UNWORTHY COMMUNION.

One time a poor man begged St. Paulinus for an alms. The Bishop noticed, that the beggar had one withered hand; he asked him therefore compassionately, what the cause of this was?

The beggar looked cautiously around to see, if any one were listening and then he made the following manifestation:

To you as a Bishop, I can make known my terrible secret. — In my earliest youth I was already disobedient toward my good mother, a widow and later I squandered her money through my reckless life. When she did not want to give me her last mite, which she as I knew, had hid in some corner of the house, for a time of need, I came into a quarrel with her and seized of a devilish anger I killed her with this my withered hand! This happened in the night before Holy Thursday, where I wanted to go to my Easter Communion.

And really — after I had secretly interred the corpse of my mother and had removed all the traces of the committed murder, I dared — to go to the Lord's Table.

But behold! — scarcely had I received the Sacred Host, when my hand became numb and commenced to wither under the most terrible pains. I cried aloud, and all that were around looked at me with horror. I hurried off, fled from my native home, and now, I carry continually this withered hand as a just punishment. But how gladly would I suffer this if I had not to suffer the pain of hell for my terrible crime!

These last words he spoke in tones of despair.

The Bishop asked him: "Are you really sorry for your sins?"

"Ah, yes!" he answered depressedly, "but what good does my contrition do me?"

"Then do penance," replied Paulinus, "and you will be forgiven!"

With a look of beaming joy the poor man said: "Yes willingly! but what shall I do?"

"Go," was the answer, "and stand every Sunday and Holy-day, barefooted and bare headed at the church door — during seven years and show there your withered hand to the people, that go into the church, tell them the cause of your punishment and beg them for their intercession."

And the man went; willingly did he perform this hard public penance.

The faithful were at this sight and through the penitent confession of this poor man greatly moved; and when three years of his time of penance had elapsed, they begged the Bishop to dispense that zealous and contrite penitent of the remaining four years.

The Bishop granted their request and took him into church and after he had solemnly absolved him, he gave him Holy Communion.

And behold! scarcely had he received the Body of the Lord with glowing devotion, and there came warmth, life and strength again into his hand, that had been withered so long and it became perfectly well again.

This short story should teach us never to despair in the mercy of God. For no matter how numerous and great our sins may be, if we are truly sorry for them, confess them and do penance, God, our Mercyful Father will forgive us.

S. B.

Beginning of St. Joseph's Home at Shermerville.

A few years ago, the small village of Shermerville, which is situated on the Chic., Milw. & St. Paul R. R. about twenty miles north of Chicago, was hardly known to the inhabitants not living within its immediate vicinity. The dwellings which were few and far between did not attract the attention of the traveler.

There was neither a Catholic church nor a Catholic school to be seen, a proof that there were few, if any people of this denomination, inhabiting the district.

About two years ago, two priests and three lay brothers of the Society of the Divine Word, whose mother-house is in Steyl, Holland, ar-



First Chapel and Dwelling-place in the Village of Shermerville.



Russel Farm, the First Property of the Society at Shermerville.

rived here with the intention of erecting an Industrial School for boys. Their only wealth consisted in an unbounded confidence in Divine Providence, and in a love for their praiseworthy calling. Having purchased a large farm from the board of the Guardian Angel Orphan Asylum in Chicago, they settled in Shermerville, about a mile from the R. R. station.

In order to begin work immediately, the Society rented a building which by turns had



Frame Chapel on the Farm,

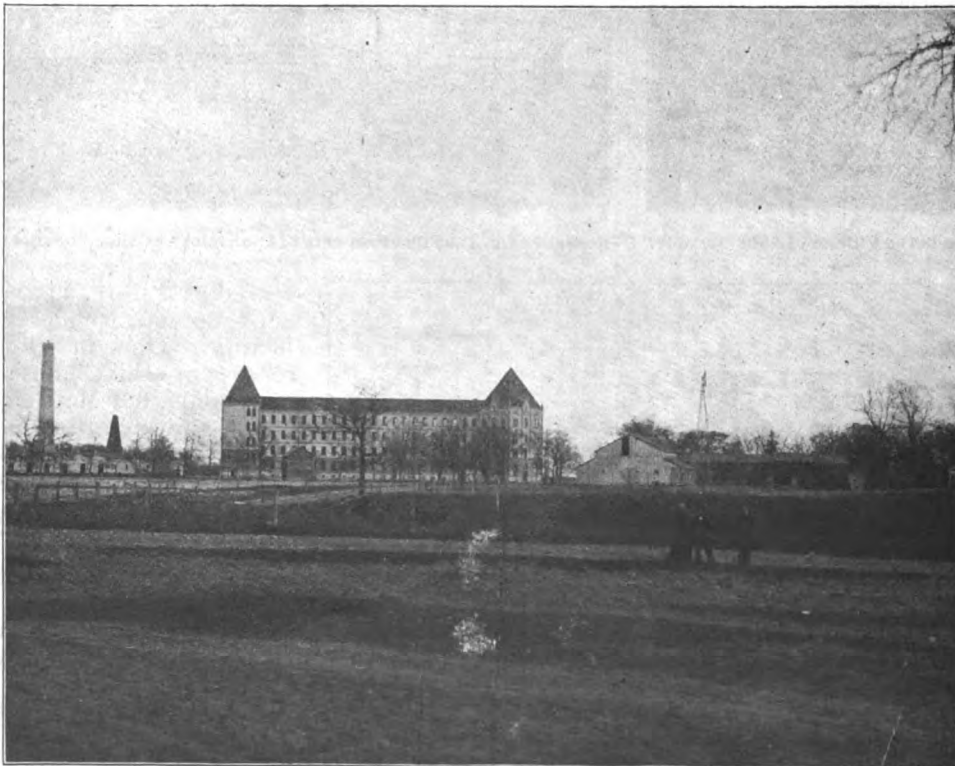
served as a store, a barber-shop and a cheese-factory. One of the rooms of this house was converted into a chapel in which the Divine Service was held for the members of the community, and also for the Catholics in the immediate vicinity. This humble dwelling served its purpose during the space of twelve months, at which time they occupied their own house on the farm.

More Priests and Brothers had arrived from the mother-house,

in the mean time, and the little cottage became inadequate to lodge them all. The poor religious, however, did not lose courage and hit upon the idea of converting a neighboring barn into a temporary dormitory, where the Brothers after a day of labor and prayer, had a chance to imitate the Divine Babe of Bethlehem, who was bedded on a couch of straw in a poor and lonely stable. These poor men were certainly not to be envied, for in winter the cold and icy northwinds blew through the chinks and crevices and chilled them to the very marrow of their bones, whilst in summer, they were



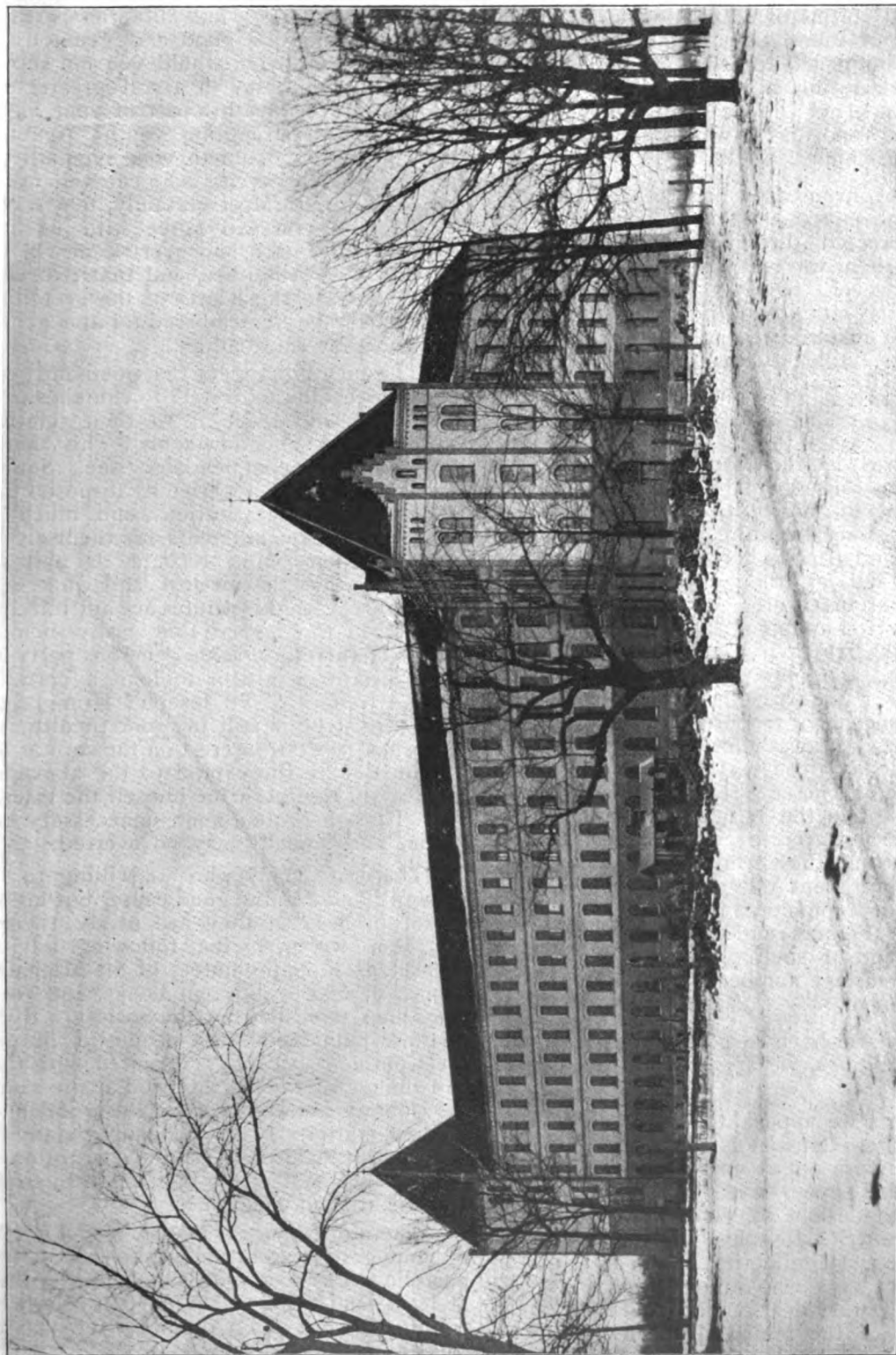
Farm Buildings with Dormitories and Dining-room for the Community.



St. Joseph's Home with workshops. (North Side View.)

nearly prostrated by the almost insupportable heat.

The only available room in which the Fathers and Brothers could convene for recreation was in the book-store near by, which had been a horse-stable before. A long dark hall beside the cow-stable served as a dining-room. The frame chapel having been erected by the Brothers during Lent in the year of 1900 was large enough to accommodate the little community and the few Catholics living in the neighborhood; but owing to the short time used in its erection and also to the poverty of the Order, the chapel could not be built weather-



St. Joseph's Home, opened 1901. (West Side View.)

proof; and hence the worshippers were greatly exposed to the inclemency of the weather. The rain and storms of autumn were frequently the cause of inundations. On one occasion a man who happened to attend Divine Service in the chapel during a heavy rain was heard to say: "I was not in need of an umbrella whilst on the road, but I was greatly in need of one in the chapel."

These inconveniences had to be endured until December 1900, when a few rooms of the newly erected dwelling were completed, and one of them was set apart to serve as a chapel. However, poverty showed itself at every step; the altars were poor and the pews of the rawest material; though the chapel was weather-proof, still the inmates had to suffer from the cold, as the steam heating was incomplete and could be operated only in part.

There was another item on the list of sorrows which caused great uneasiness, and that was the want of money to furnish the house with the necessary furniture. It is true that a number of kind friends helped to some extent in this line, but as their means were scant, their contributions were comparatively small. Some money was obtained by the sale of books and almanacs; but having only a small number of solicitors, the proceeds, in consequence covered only a part of the expenses. To obviate this deficiency, recourse was had to another means, viz., to ask for loans. Difficulties in securing loans arose very soon and appeared on the surface. The new Society being unknown to the people and the business community, as yet, failed to get credit. Some, however, promised loans, but they were not true to their word. As time went on a few well-meaning persons became confident, and sent loans, thus enabling the Fathers and Brothers to continue their work, and of sheltering under their roof an ever increasing number of promising boys and young men.

Although we have succeeded in erecting the necessary buildings, we are still involved in a heavy debt.

Therefore, we appeal to the good will of our kind readers to assist us in our great distress. If large sums are not at your disposal, then, at least, contribute your mite. If, however, you are willing and able to give a large amount, then befriend St. Joseph's Home, and be a benefactor to a struggling institution and a patron of the poor boys who are reared under its paternal roof. My dear reader, could you make a better use of the temporal means the good God has entrusted to you? Some people wish to immortalize their names, and have monuments erected in their honor; others bequeath every

cent of an immense fortune to their relatives, no matter what use the latter make of it; others again endow schools and libraries with their wealth, this shows a good and generous heart. Now let me ask you, would you not show your generosity, I dare say in a still greater degree if you would bequeath a part of your legacy to the poor and struggling youth? Again, have they not greater claim to your sympathy, than the sons of rich parents who can well take care of their children? Most certainly, they have, and we are sure you will agree with us and be convinced that each and every cent will be put to the best possible use, and that you will find a warm spot in the hearts of the grateful boys, and will ever be remembered for the generosity you have thus shown them.

It frequently happens that good and generous people bequeath their estate to churches or pious institutions, and leave it to their relatives to dispose of these endowments. This method is not always a commendable one. Sometimes those relations are not friendly disposed towards such churches or institutions, and much prefer to keep the bequeathments for themselves, and to obtain their point, recourse is had to the courts and thus time is lost, and what is more, these churches and institutes are not infrequently deprived of the legacy that justly belongs to them. If therefore, some generous party is willing to bestow a gift, or to loan a certain sum for the welfare of St. Joseph's Home, let him do so whilst he is still in good health, and if he wishes to draw interest on the capital loaned, let him donate the capital to the above named Institution, reserving for himself the interest for life. Thus discontentment, unnecessary complications and lawsuits may be averted.

There are many who are willing to lend a helping hand for the good cause, but are unable to do so, because they are needy themselves. To them we give the following advice and counsel. Become promoters of St. Michael's Almanac, or of the different books and monthly magazines published by the Society. By means of these publications the people in all parts of the Continent become acquainted with the aims and doings of the Society and at the same time they obtain knowledge from this good and solid reading matter. Many a family, many a boy and girl is thus preserved from corruption, which is so easily instilled into their hearts by irreligious and unchristian magazines.

Therefore my dear reader, may I not appeal to your good will to undertake such a truly apostolic work? Can you not induce others, or at least lend a helping hand to those who are willing to work as a promotor for such a good cause?

We take this occasion to thank our patrons and promoters for their good will and gene-

rosity and wish to inform them that they are ever included in the prayers of the community.

Now dear friend, after having read these lines thus far, I entreat you not to proceed before you have determined upon a cause of action in favor of St. Joseph's Home. Please help and

rest assured that you will ever be gratefully remembered by the members of the community, and we will place your petitions in the hands of St. Joseph that he may present them to his Divine Son to obtain their fulfillment.

THE SACRIFICE.

In my native city, a pretty and quiet little place in the blessed fields of Flanders there ruled a good spirit, the spirit of uprightness and the fear of God.

But as everywhere else in the world there were here also wandering sheep, who after they had departed from the right way, led that life which is so void and empty, so full of thorns and bitterness, the life without God.

It could not long remain concealed among the few inhabitants of the little city, when one failed to fulfill his religious duties. Even the children when they heard it said of such people "Ah they do not observe their Easter!" looked upon them with frightened eyes and with a certain sadness in their little hearts, as if they were able to understand the full meaning of such a misfortune.

To these poorest of all poor belonged the wealthy Mr. X. He was otherwise a man of good character, one who did right and he was a special friend of the poor. God had not left this nobly endowed nature entirely to itself.

A reflection of that light, and that faith which once illumined his soul still remained and therefore he led outwardly a well ordered life. The sincerest expression of pity was often heard when acknowledging his otherwise praiseworthy qualities.

"How sad that he no longer fulfills his religious duties!"

Mr. X. belonged to one of the most distinguished families of the city and possessed in addition to his large income a fortune of which one might have envied him, two amiable, agreeable, and deeply religious daughters, in whom were joined with virtue and beauty, rare gifts of spirit and heart.

Both loved their father tenderly. The father returned their love the more earnestly, because death had early deprived him of his wife.

How often had these pure kindly souls bewailed in earnest Conferences the religious shortcomings of their beloved father, without however losing the respect which they in duty owed him.

How many sighs and prayers ascended to God from these dear hearts for his conversion! But for a long time all seemed in vain. The father so tender and loving at other time remained deaf to all prayers and remonstrances.

One day the filial love of the two young girls gave rise to a sublime thought, to a sacrifice, so great and beautiful such as only angelic souls like

theirs could have conceived.

Both wished to offer their lives as a sacrifice to the Lord, and win in the quiet of the cloister by the service of heaven, the soul of their father.

Who would not wonder at so noble a resolve prompted by the purest filial affection?



The world seems usually to young people the more lovely and desirable the less they know of it.

There was a similar struggle on this account in the hearts of these young ladies; it seemed as if every opportunity for earthly pleasure had been given them. But courageous and strong, they decided by the grace of God for the sacrifice, through which they wished to ransom a deadened soul and redeem it by the blood of Christ.

A short time afterward the eldest daughter went to her father and said: "Father I wish to become a nun."

Like a flash of lightning out of a clear sky did these words strike the worldly minded man who loved his child with an almost idolatrous love; stunned at first he sank back in his chair and could only stammer: "O my child, my dear child!" But the great love which he bore to his daughter moved him to consider her determination. He was too reasonable and just to deny his child one of the most cherished rights of men, the right to choose ones own calling, and with bleeding heart he gave his consent. "If you believe, my dear child, that your happiness depends on this, I will not oppose it, for nothing lies nearer my heart than this," said he.

However, I attach one condition to it, which you will find only just, that is you will put the matter aside and wait for a year.

She waited. She travelled with her father, who wished to show her the world in all its beauty and grandeur, to Germany, Switzerland, Italy and France; she tasted all the empty pleasures, which belong to youth, beauty and riches, only to come forth victorious from every temptation and to remain unshaken in her resolution.

When her father knew this he himself took her one day to Paris to the convent of the Ladies of the sacred Heart, which she had chosen for herself. With tears in his eyes he embraced his child for the last time; the heavy gate closed behind her, and deeply troubled the old man returned alone to the Flemish city. His youngest daughter received him lovingly at home. He had her yet. He was not entirely isolated.

A year passed by. Then the youngest daughter came to him with these words: — "Father I wish to enter a convent." This time the blow was too hard for the poor man. He could not answer. Silently he took her in his arms and wept bitterly. But at last he no longer opposed

her demand and gave his consent, for he knew from his eldest daughter that there was to be found in the cloister, what men for the most part fail to find in the world, namely, happiness and contentment. So he made with the younger daughter the same painful journey which he had made with the elder, and in the great city of Paris the doors of the cloister closed upon his last well beloved daughter.

But what took place in the unbelieving soul of the father on his return home? God alone knows. One day they saw him take his way thoughtfully and earnestly to the old church which he had not visited for years. Long, long he remained in the house of God and when he came home, he had again become a believer in Christ. The same day a friend of the two sisters who was sojourning in the neighborhood, took to them the good news in Paris where they also lived in the same convent. Who can describe their joy when they heard the news of the ardently longed for and ardently prayed for conversion of their beloved father! Melted in tears they embraced each other, and a prayer of thanks so warm so glowing, such as had never before passed their lips arose to Heaven, who desires not the death of the sinner but that he should repent and live.

They both one after the other had given themselves as a sacrifice for the soul of their father and the sacrifice had been accepted by God. But Heaven was gracious to the old man. During the Franco-Prussian war, before, the siege of Paris this society of consecrated women was scattered in all directions. It so happened that the two sisters were able to fly to their father. He willingly vacated a wing of the house for them, a large hall was changed into a chapel, and so they formed with the lay sisters who had followed them a little sisterhood there at home. The old father could now enjoy the company of his daughters again. After the conclusion of peace they returned to France. The departure after this happy time was a sad one for all but on the whole not so sad as the first time. Again a sacrifice was brought but this time it was made on the part of the father with christian submission in the hope of eternal reward. A couple of months afterward he died a holy death.

Indeed the sacrifice is the most intelligible expression of love. Man fears to make it as if thereby he was to lose something, but he gains thereby not only the thing sacrificed but also other things.



— Japanese Face Artist. —

The Japanese have a peculiar love for caricatures; their peculiar art is full of them; their sculptors and designers endeavor to create in their work the most impossible distortions, and show often an incredible mastery and genius thereat. The Japanese show this trait also in their daily life; it is their greatest pleasure to attend the exhibitions of professional face distortionists, who to the delight of the public make the oddest faces.

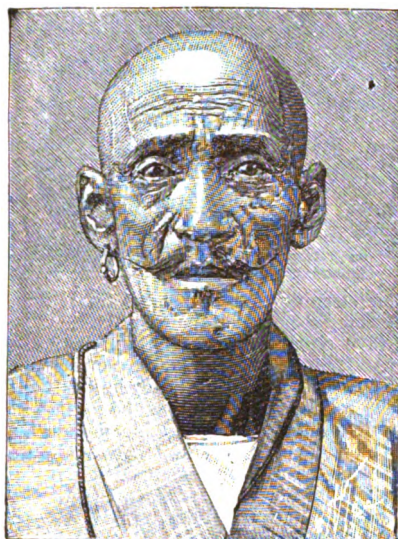
One of the most celebrated of these "face jugglers" is Morimoto, whom we here reproduce for our readers in four different pictures, and from which one would scarcely believe that he beheld one and the same man.

The illustrations are made according to photographs which a European traveller took at Kioto, where he attended one of these exhibitions. Morimoto received the greatest applause when he represented the god

of the earth and the demigod Daruma. In the role of the first he carried on his back a sack purporting to be filled with gold, and struck upon the ground with a hammer in order to uncover treasure and assumed a pleased grin to indicate that he had made a good find, and later assumed a fearful grimace to show that he had been disappointed. He represents the national demigod Daruma who is usually represented as without legs in an entirely different way.

Daruma who in the 6th. century came from India to Japan to teach Buddhism, is supposed to have wandered so long through a desert mountain region during a great plague that he wore off both his legs!

In order to represent this legless demigod, Morimoto wrapped himself up in a large red cloth drew his limbs together so that one seemed to see a trunk without legs, and assuming



Face-Artist Morimoto.



A Good Find.

Disappointed.

Representation of Daruma.

a suitable face for the worn off legs, formed a fearful caricature.

Morimoto is right when he represents the heathenish gods with distorted, horrible faces, for the heathen gods are not different to what he represents them to be sad caricatures of the true God.

Would that the heathen could be led back from the devilish caricatures of gods to the eternal true God, the ideal of all beauty and loveliness and perfection! To accomplish that, we will work with zeal and diligence.

Lord John Bullry's Trip Trough Africa.



John Bullry sat on Congo's strand,
Quite low in spirits, chin in hand:
"I want to make a little journey,
That mortal never made before me
Through Africa; I'll think it out."



"Hey Bob!" He called his servant-man,
"Get me a barrel I've a plan;
A barrel yes, a mighty one," —
And with his orders he went on:



"At the top end there should be a door
Latched from within; then we must bore
Quite near the bung two other holes,
A third as a flag-hole up on top.
And now the inside: Fit it up
With victuals: sausage, bread, and wine;



For sleeping then a mattress fine;
A flag, some rifles, powder, ball;
Leave room for tourists twain withal.
"And here my friend 's a thousand pound:
We're goin' to do the thing up brown."
The following morning trundles Bob
With a mighty barrel hobble-de-hob.
Well dressed within and bare without
Just as Lord Bullry mapped it out.
He shook his head quite satisfied,
Examined all and then replied:
"Yes, all is well, now roll my boy,
The cask just on the plains ahoy!"
Bob shook his head, no word he said
But thought, "my lord has lost his head."
He quickly rolled the barrel meanwhile
Into the desert an English mile.



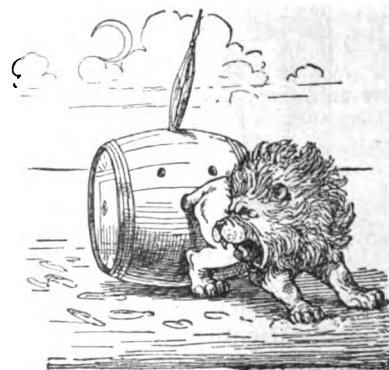
His Lordship trudged behind: "Halt dear,
And open the door of the barrel here.
Crawl in my friend we'll take a rest
Before our travelling coach we test."
Bob now surveyed the situation,
And smiled at Bullry's hallucination.
Then they crept in. The barrel stands
Upon the desert's burning sands.
John with his "Punch" the vigils kept,
Bob on his tick lay down and slept.
The night drew on; as in deserts fit
Things living get just up a bit.
The jackal howls, the elephant
Plods round with curious discontent;
Giraffes, zebras, rhinocrosses,
Gnus, ostriches and sly foxes:
Passed by the barrel a whole procession,
To hold their evening water-session.



The lion's roar from far away
Resounds. All scatter. No delay.
He comes: and on the desert's sands.
In moonlight's glare the barrel stands.
"That thing was never here before,"
Mused he, "aha, there's meat in store."



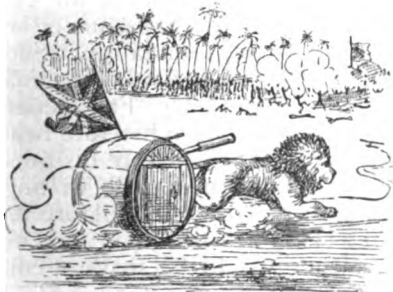
He crept up close, sniffed all about,
Trying each hole with hungry snout,
With appetite's anticipations.
Swung round his tail in great rotations.



But forth from bung-hole comes a hand
Grasps hard the lion's tail-piece, and
Draws it into the cask that stands
Upon the desert's burning sands;
And on the tail makes mighty knots,
While the lion roars in deep-toned notes



Of woe, bounds off in mad career,
The barrel bringing up the rear.
"Hurrah!" yelled Bob, "a bully row,"
And raised Old England's flag up now
Through the bung-hole. Furiously
The beast tore on o'er sandy sea
At lightning pace, — a mile a minute
With barrel and tourists snug within it.
The day had dawned; by noon they went
Clear o'er the darkest continent.
Then Bob scanned round him through the
And cried: "Mylord, there dark-skinned
[peep-hole
[people



Attack the Flag; Mylord just-hear
The shouts of howling blacks; it's war!"
Lord John with great deliberation
And field glass fell to meditation
Upon the scene: "There is a row;
The rifles, Bob, be quick rah! rah!"
Lord Bullry's actions were wellgrounded,
A troop of soldiers were surrounded
By an army, — big and howling blacks.
They turn: a beast with speed of wind



Drawing a mighty egg behind,
From which Old England's flag floats high
In pomp and pride and majesty.
And now from out the cask resound
Two shots, two niggers bite the ground.
The lion roars, he smells fresh meat
Which for him is quite as a treat.
The leader cries: "Away, yi, yi."
Then thousand blacks turn back and fly,
King Lion with good appetite



Occasion takes to set it right,
And on behind the scattering host
He tears with howls and clouds of dust.
The soldiers at this glorious route
Take heart: "Hurrah! Old England shout
And then they run with utmost speed
Behind the strong and galloping steed.
Two palms stood close upon the route,
The lion got through, the barrel not;
The journey ends. Up came the troops



The latch within now ope's with whoops,
Lord Bullry John and servant man
Came forth amid a shouting clan,
Which shout for savers, countrymen:
And cheers, and cheers, again, again.
They gave the lion as his fee
A stone-dead aborigine.
He grateful for such lib'ral ration
Swung round his tail in great rotation;



The cask flew far away somewehre,
And made a great curve through the air.
John took a fancy to the beast;
And this was not the last or least
As pet-dog great from foreign strand
He took him home to Old England.
Sometimes a thought that strikes us, bears
More profit than at first appears.
An unexpected thought 'tis true
Brings joy to us and others too.

Miss Jellus (to Miss Mature, who is handsome, but not so young as she used to be):

"I belive you paint your cheeks."

Miss Mature: "No, I don't nature paints them."

Miss Jellus: "Then I must say I wonder at nature choosing such a worn out piece of canvas to work on!"

Mr. Teeters: I "was sorry to see you coming out of that saloon."

Mr. Staggers: "I was sorry to leave, but my money was all gone."

Judge — "Are you aware of any mitigating circumstances in your case?"

Criminal — "Yes, your honor, this is the fiftieth time I have been arrested for vagrancy and I thought that perhaps we might get up a little jubilee."

"COBBLER STICK TO YOUR LAST" or "EVERY MAN TO HIS TRADE".

A HUMOROUS TALE BY B. M.

Dominic Patch 28 years old, by profession a tailor, or as he called himself on his door-sign "Maitre Tailleur," was a nice clever little man. He understood his business, dressed always after the latest fashion and possessed also a "Tailor's pride," as wicked tongues named it, but he called it "Self-possession" in short he was a tailor as — well — as you find him in books. Work he had more, than enough; about wife he did not need to complain, for he had none and yet Mr. Patch was not satisfied. The why — he would perhaps have not been able to answer himself; but it was so and on that we have to count.

Mr. Patch imagined since years already, that he was much too fine for a tailor. He thought, he was made for a traveling agent, handsome, galant, eloquent. These attributes he really possessed, for otherwise he would not always have been voted for, as speaker at singing and theater clubs and at Carneval societies. Formerly, about three years ago, he had believed yet in his future as book-keeper. But, since he had become a tailor-master, he had given up that thought, because at that time he saw into it, that he wrote a miserable "scratch." He himself could make out yet all the strokes and bars that he put down. But when he had written out his first bills, his customers declared in symphathetic harmony, that they were unable to read his cryptograph, for the key of it was wanting to them. At that time he engaged a young merchant to keep his books for him and take care of his other writings. This young man came every Sunday morning to Mr. Patch's shop to keep books or to write letter and make out bills, just as it was needed.

The business went on splendidly. Mr. Patch could have been satisfied; but he was not, for he wanted to be a traveling agent. As a man of sound principles he had also subscribed for the "General Announcer," because in there were to be found the most announcements, also the offering of positions in the commercial line. And perhaps no reader studied these announcements so carefully, as Dominic Patch did. There were often wanted: Route traveling men, Traveling men with branch knowledge, Young men for Office and traveling, Agents with first class reference. But so far nothing suitable had been announced for our hero, because no one was looking for a tailor, that wanted to become a traveling agent.

All at once however the long hoped for luck seemed to appear for Mr. Patch. One day the following announcement, printed in big fat letters made a great show in a most conspicuous place of the "General Announcer:"

"For the sale of groceries and cigars is wanted an agent by one of the first Hamburger Houses.

Ask Offer u. C 1243 the Expedition."

So quickly as he did after the reading of this announcement had Mr. Patch in the 14 years, that he squatted with crossed legs on his table never yet come down from it. Yes, that was just the thing! No Office work, no routine, no reference nothing was required, — why! there everybody could become an agent! Again and again did his eyes look for the announcement; more and more his resolution was strenghtened. "I'll send in my offer!" At last he went to his work again; but when after a quarter of an hour, he noticed how under his otherwise skillful hands, one leg of a pair of pantaloons had united its self with the half of a coat sleeve of the same material, it was over with the work. A promenade should quiet his excited nerves.

Mr. Patch dressed up and walked out to the promenade. The wording of the announcement he had already imprinted upon his memory. It had become the foundation upon which Dominic Patch was erecting the most magnificent air castles; buildings — as they were perhaps, never before put up on such a weak foundation. Suddenly however, the work of his lively imagination falls all at once together. Frightened, with thick drops of perspiration on his fore head he suddenly stands still. There before his mind stood like a "Scare crow" his miserable writing! Would this then be pushed as a bolt before the gate of his dreamed Paradise for him? No, no, that must not be, rather would he make a confident of his book-keeper, Mr. Korfer, and ask him to write the offer for him. A hundred boxes on the ears and two hundred writing tasks did he wish now, that his father and teacher had given him during his school days besides those, which he had received, before they let him go with such "Henscratching." But that remained a pious wish rescue was only to be found with Mr. Korfer.

It was Friday, when this just, now pictured incident took place. Until Sunday therefore, poor Patch had to have patience; no wishing did him any good there. He went home and for two nights and one day his future greatness, consisting now only of dreams and imaginary pictures, was well lived through — and then it was Sunday.

With the usual punctuality Mr. Korfer entered Dominic Patch's sitting room. A sympathizing question of the writer about Mr. Patch's health, brought the latter quickly to the desired theme. "Oh! thank you, I feel passably well," answered he, "only that since the last few days severe cramps in my stomach trouble me." "Cramps

in the stomach? That is no doubt the fault of your sitting mode of life" said Mr. Korfer.

"The physicians said that also" lied the tailor for he had never perceived any cramps in his stomach and during the last three years he had never consulted a physician. But he wanted to get to his point, no matter on a crooked or on straight road; he therefore continued to lie: "One physician even advised me to say good bye! to tailoring and adopt an occupation, that would give me more outdoor exercise."

"Perhaps he wanted to make you his baggage carrier?" taunted Mr. Korfer. Mr. Patch pretended not to notice the cut and continued: "Long I fought against it to give up my dear business but the last week has taught me that through my stubbornness I am only digging an early grave for myself. I have therefore come to the conclusion to choose an other profession."

Mr. Korfer who at first had considered the remarks of the tailor as a mere jest, became attentive through the set tone of the last sentence. His voice sounded very earnestly, when he replied: "I would decidedly dissuade you of a change in your profession. If a person finds now a days in his profession such a good subsistence, as you do, he ought to consider it well, before he changes his saddle. A new profession requires preliminary knowledge, the acquirement of which takes much trouble and time. But, if it is then after all not successful to find an existence in the new profession, one must necessarily return to the old one."

So far did Mr. Patch want to get his writer. Now, it was time to come out with his plan. "With me the matter lies differently" he answered, "the profession, which I am going to adopt does not require any special preliminary knowledge."

"Do you really want to give up your fine business?" asked Mr. Korfer much surprised.

"Yes," said the tailor with an emphasis, that proved only too plainly the firmness of his resolution. Then he took up the paper, that contained the announcement and explained his plan to the writer.

"But such a traveling position is indeed like Lottery play," put in Mr. Korfer, "Proviso agents have now become a real plague of the country. They wear off the people's stairs and make for themselves mutual life as hard as possible."

That was well aimed; but it did not divert our hero's resolution. Mr. Korfer at last saw himself compelled to do as the tailor wished; he wrote the offer and was glad in the end, that he could go. For the tailor's complaints about his shattered health, his boasting of a large circle of acquaintances, eloquence etc. became at last also, too much for the patient writer.

II.

The next week had already passed until Wednesday and Mr. Patch's fear that some one else had got ahead of him, began to become a certainty and caused him unspeakable sorrow. There at the noon hour the mail carrier came. He brought a closed letter and an envelope that contained printed matters. "From Hamburg" shouted Mr. Patch, opened the letter and read.

Hamburg,

Feb. 12, 1897.

Mr. Dominic Patch:

Ready to leave to you the sale of our ware for that district there, we refer to the following price list with the remark, that we allow on articles 1-20 each 25 per cent commission, but on the others only 10 per

cent and on cigars 5 per cent. If you are willing to work for us upon this foundation, we beg you an immediate answer, when we shall send you samples.

Respectfully,

E. W. Kamp & Co.

Mr. Patch was overjoyed! Presently he took the list studied the prices; made with chalk long rows of numbers on his tailoring table and figured out, that at some sale he could easily earn 10-15 mark daily. Yes, that was different, than being a tailor and thereby he could always be elegantly dressed and call himself merchant and count upon a good match etc. etc. Directly he



went therefore to Mr. Korfer, who had to write down his declaration of readiness.

That was soon done and still quicker was the letter delivered at the Post-Office! On his way home he bought an oil cloth and a strap; now the agent only needed his samples yet, and the business could begin. In the following days Mr. Patch memorized different addresses with which he wanted to introduce himself to the customers. He thought of many contradictions for the occurring difficulties and entirely initiated himself in his new profession, when the package of samples reached him. That same night yet all the little bags and boxes were neatly packed into the oil cloth. The next morning bright and early did Dominic Patch begin this long wished for journey.

III.

When he stepped out into the street he wanted to enter one of the next grocery-stores; but he remembered, that the grocer was an acquaintance of his. That was disagreeable, for he would have to give a long explanation and reason on the account of the change in his profession and that seemed too much for him. The same thought caused him to go out of the way of several acquaintances that he met on the street.

For what long explanations; for all he knew, they might even ridicule the traveling tailor.

He looked therefore, for a more remote part of the city; after he once had success, said he to himself, the scoffers could come and he would soon give them the "bounce." While he was thus reflecting on the future glory of his new profession, he strutted along as proud as a peacock.

He just wanted to turn a corner, when a gang of wild little urchins spied him. Boldly and saucily they followed several blocks hooting at him and singing:

Meck, meck tailor dude;

Where are you going in such a good mode?

Are you going to get you a wife,

Because you are tired of your lonely life

You had better go home and make the clothes,

For your beautiful, lovely future Rose.

Poor Dominic Patch, was that really the beginning of the dreamed of glorious career, that

was before him? Indignantly he turned around and made those little raga-muffins an eloquent speech; but they shouted all the more. Fortunately, they, spying the Polic from afar, dispersed, and Mr. Patch reached a more remote part of the city in safety.

But also there where he did not need to fear the meeting of acquaintances, it was hard for him to enter a store. At last he took heart and went into the first best retail store.

Behind the counter stood a robust looking woman, who stared at him with a questioning look.

"My name is Patch, representative of the House Kamp & Co. in Hamburg. I take the liberty to ask if you are in need of Coffee, Tea, Rice, Sago, Spices or Cigars?"

Stammering, did this so well memorized sentence come from Mr. Patch's lips. The person addressed opened eyes and mouth widely. To fill out the painful pause, that ensued our agent pulled at his package strap. At last did the store-keeper find words.

"So you are such a scamp such an agent as they say, that induce people to give them orders. They show good samples and send bad ware, and afterwards, if the people do not want to pay for such thrash, they send the Police after them." "No, no," she gesticulated with both hands. "you had better make yourself thin and get out of here, if you know what is good for you."

"With such rogues such raga-muffins, such pick-pockets and vagabonds, honest people don't bother. Go get out of here," pressed the woman coming forth from behind the counter. And she accompanied her speech with a gesture, which caused poor frightened Patch to close his half opened bundle quickly and with hat under his arm he hurriedly left the store.

At some distance of the house, which was inhabited by the unkind store-keeper Mr. Patch halted. He was like crushed after this first salutation in his new profession. "Poor Patch," he sighed audibly. "That was a decided blunder into such a den he would never, never go again," that was his firm resolution. It needed the walking through several streets, before poor Patch had subdued his excitement so much, that he could think of a new trial.



Two large mirrors behind, which were stapled large bags of coffee, boxes with all kinds of fruit and also the blue clad sugar loaves, invited him to a further step into his new profession. A heroic act of his will, brought him into the store where he asked one of the clerks for the proprietor.

"Whom may I announce?" "Patch of the House Kamp & Co. in Hamburg," was the prompt reply.

"Then there will scarcely be any use that you trouble yourself, for we buy from first hand only," answered the young man.

"Oh, if you please! I can make some very favorable offers in Coffee, Tea etc.," defended Mr. Patch astonished about his ready answers.

The Chief of the house most likely heard the last part of the discourse, for he opened the door between the store and the Office and invited with a short "Please" our agent to come in.

"Patch of the House Kamp & Co. in Hamburg" he introduced himself in the Office and began to unpack. Good average Santo at 180 mark he offered. — A humorous laughter was the merchant's answer.

Mr. Patch turned alternately red and pale, about what did that gentleman laugh so unmercifully? That would soon become clear to poor Patch for the merchant brought forth a bank paper and pointing to the bank news he said: "No Sir, Santo is noted 145 mark; we have nothing to do with the noting of last week." A hearty laugh followed these words in which two young men, that were working at large desks joined him.

Patch was beaten, he tied up his bundle murmuring some incoherent words and ran rather, than walked out of the store.

How that wormed our hero! Every body he imagined was able to read it of his forehead, that he had just, now been terribly mortified. He hastened on; the thoughts ran confusedly around in his head. Only the call of a gentleman, that met him.

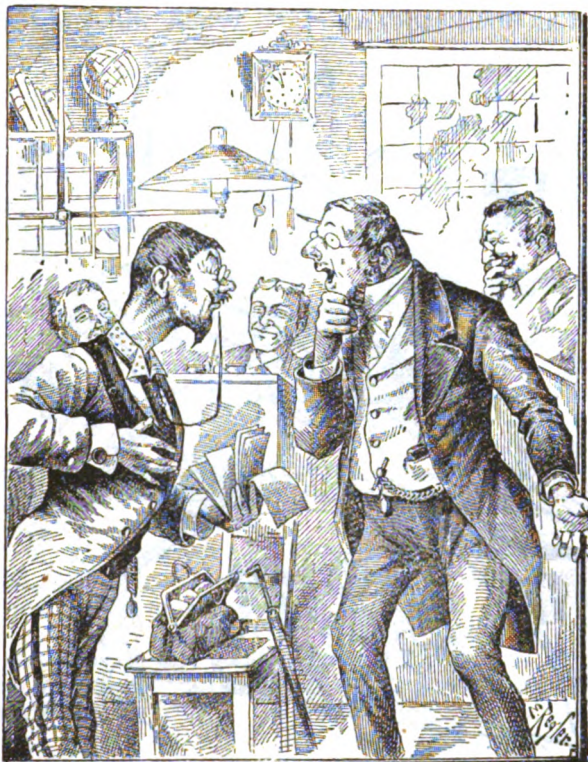
"Where to then my dear? Why you are running as if some one was behind you with a whip," brought the agent back to himself again. "Only don't let him notice any thing," was his first thought. "I just had an unpleasant scene with a customer,

about three months ago I delivered a suit of clothes to that fellow and now, when I come for the money, the suit should n't fit him," he lied to his acquaintance. Lying was otherwise not Mr. Patch's habit, but what all would he not have done so as not to be known as a groceries' canvassing tailor.

Luckily had the friend not noticed anything. He proposed to Mr. Patch to wash down his anger with a tumbler of beer in a near by saloon. A proposal which poor Patch so much more readily accepted, since he felt the need of rest for a little while, after the hardships of his first journey.

An hour the two might have chatted away

in the restaurant, when the friend of Mr. Patch reminded of the time for departure, and took leave of him on the street with a hearty hand shake. The combined tailor-agent was again alone with his sample package and first experience. — What should he do now? All what still lived in him of the tailor revolted against a repetition of that kind of scenes unworthy of a free tradesman. He who was just about stormed at with orders, who could scarcely work half of that what was wished of him, should go begging from door to door to get an order for entire strangers in Hamburg. Then the agent came again: "All beginning is hard; you are two experiences richer now; who would let himself be frightened



out of his wits right way? Afterwards the thing will work better," so said the part of his "I" that wanted to carry through the agent — and it won the battle. With the determination to try again Mr. Patch turned the next corner.

Of small stores he did not take any notice, for there he was not understood; larger ones especially, those with gentlemen clerks, filled him with disgust. A neat newly fixed up window excited his attention; behind the counter bustled about a pretty blonde, here he would try his luck once more.

In the next moment he stood, bowing politely before the young lady. "Have I the honor to salute the proprietress of this business?"

"Yes, I am joint-proprietress" was the simple reply.

"Then allow me: My name is Patch representative of Kamp & Co. in Hamburg, wanted to see if you have any need of Coffee, Tea, Spices etc."

"I am very sorry, we have no need yet, since we only opened yesterday we have a plentiful assortment."

"But you might look at my samples, that does not cost any thing and is not binding," was Ms. Patch's ready reply.

And thereby he unpacked and spread out his samples before the young lady not saving compliments and praising his ware as excellent, prima, insuperable.

In his eagerness Mr. Patch had not noticed that in the frame of a into an adjoining room leading door there appeared an other lady, who remained standing there, looking surprised and scrutizing the busy agent so long, until he became aware of it. With a bow, that had to give rise to a just doubt of the existence of a back bone and with "A humble servant your honor" saluted Mr. Patch the lady.

Coming nearer that latter asked: "With whom have I the honor?"

"Patch of the House Ka....."

"Patch, right, I thought, that I had not been mistaken!"

Jovially the lady stepped nearer. "Don't you recognize your partner in dancing at the last singing-club?"

There it was done — Mr. Patch was recognized He stammered confusedly rummaging among his things: "Ah! yes, I remember I had the honor."

But you were then introduced to me as tailor-master?" Asked the lady who perhaps scented something mysterious.

Mr. Patch was shocked, looked confusedly, at the on account of her slyness, smiling beauty and stammered, like before something about cramps of the stomach, better existence, bad business and the like. Packed at the same time his bundles and turned with a very crushed sounding: "Excuse the disturbance, good bye Ladies," to the door.

He was terribly excited. Therefore he did not notice, that a girl, who was wiping up the floor had just placed a pail of dirty water before the door. He stumbled — a frightened scream from within; but there he lay already —

the agent, under him the contents of the pail, forming a dirty puddle.

Although he jumped up with ape like agility, it did not hinder it, that his shirt bosom and cravat, coat, vest, but above all the pretty light, blue pants showed plain signs of the fall.

Instinctively did the unfortunate man turn into the next alley, cleaned there his clothes as well, as he could and hurried home avoiding frequented Streets.

But before he reached his haven of refuge the saucy little band, that had hooted at him in the morning, was, as it seemed waiting for him again. They gave a yell like an Indian war-woop and following him they sang:

"Tailor, tailor, tailor!"

Where did you leave your valor?

It seems yon took a dirty bath,

To wash away some indignant wrath.

Or did you try to catch a fish,

To make yourself a savory dish?

You'd better go home and clean your clothes

Why! you are dirty way up to your nose!"

Poor, poor Patch!

that was more, than he could stand. He took his heels and ran all the rest of the way, of course followed by the malicious little band. Well at last he reached his home.

Here he sank down exhausted on a chair. There on the table stood his dinner yet, cold and stiff in the fat, for noon was long past. He had no desire for food and

drink; he needed rest to wear off the feeling of shame, that he had for himself.

Dressed he lay down on his bed and Morpheus was kind enough to spend him his grace. But in spite of this there was no rest. In a dream he saw how he was robbed of his sample box and brought before a man, who gave him a bank paper in which could be read in giant letters "Good average Santo 145 mark." This man compelled him to dance with a lady who gave him the title of Tailor master, so that it got too close for him.

Then came screaming a woman, who accused him of theft and fraud and wanted his death. Lastly came the wild little band of urchins and sang his funeral kneel. Ice cold it ran over poor Mr. Patch. He awoke, rubbed his eyes, perceived his situation and sighed audibly:

"Cobbler stick to your Last!"



Catholic Events of a Year.

FROM JULY 1, 1900 TO JULY 1, 1901.



Amongst the closing paragraphs of last year's letter which attempted within specified limits a condensed record of Catholic events interesting to Americans, there was one bearing on a subject of engrossing importance to our readers. For they, as subscribers and supporters of St. Michael's Almanac are naturally conversant with the work of Foreign Missions the world over — that great work delegated so many hundreds of years ago to the fishermen of Galilee.

"News from China"—we then wrote—"and the 'Boxers' is at this writing eagerly looked for, the indications being, that once again those whom some of us have been privileged to know in the flesh, stand at their post of duty beneath the shadow of the martyr's coveted crown and palm".

Were one to judge from the garbled reports of the secular press, Catholics had little reason to share in the general anxiety so far as the fate of co-religionists was concerned, for from their showing it would appear, that Catholic Missionaries there, were a mere handful as compared with the small army of sectarian representatives.

This version is however easily disproved by statistics which testify to the glorious martyrdom "of at least three Bishops, and several priests and nuns," while from one centre alone come echoes of the massacre of 600 converts and from Peking the news, that 5000 native neophytes met death triumphantly.

So the very month which saw the beatification at Rome of the 77 martyrs sacrificed in China and Tonquin from 1798, to 1856 witnessed also the ripening and ingathering of this new harvest of the Church Militant.

As an offset to the saddening tale of desecrated folds and smitten shepherds, came the announcement of the Vicar Apostolic that religious liberty had been at length decreed in Thibet, so long known as 'the Forbidden Land'.

Here at home the work of general progressiveness went bravely on: reports from the Catholic Summer Schools of the East and West prove the season of 1900 the most successful yet experienced, while the South, no longer content with the winter assembly of New Orleans, initiated too, a summer session.

About this time the protest of Mr. Fitzgerald the eloquent representative from Mass. Against the Government's attitude towards Catholic institutions, rang through the land: An able second it was to Senator Vest's famous speech in Washington last year, when he arraigned the bigots who withheld the appropriation from St. Joseph's Asylum of that city, "the only home of hundreds of little boys fatherless, motherless, homeless, except for those kindly Sisters of the Holy

Cross, who have given their lives to the little ones of their Master's flock."

Surely behind these men the Massachusetts representative with the courage of his Catholic convictions and the western Senator who claims "to belong to no church but speaks as a legislator, a practical man and an honest one" the force of outspoken Catholic opinion should be arrayed and the banded influence of clergy, lecturers, writers and societies, whose organized action could scarcely fail to effect this reform of equal religious rights.

On the death-roll of those summer months we find the names of Mother Magdalen Taylor, founder and first Superior General of the "Poor Servants of the Mother of God," herself familiar to Americans through her writings in the pages of the 'Ave Maria' under the name of "The Author of Tyborne," and Bishop Healy of Portland, Me., who a few months before, had celebrated the silver jubilee of his elevation to the Episcopate. Significant indeed was the written request of this practical, pious Bishop, that there should be neither flowers nor eulogy at his funeral and that the school catechism of his simple boyhood might be buried with him.

For another noted Catholic, America too sorrowed because of religious and personal associations, although only as a representative of another nation had he trod our shores. This was England's Chief Justice, the Irish Lord Russell of Killowen, perhaps best known to our readers as brother of the famous Jesuit poet — Father Mathew Russell S. J. and of Mother Mary Baptist Russell, one of California's pioneer Sisters.

The Cuban Marriage Law alluded to in last year's letter was annulled, credit for this wise step being mainly due to the Bishop of Havana; and a party of Cuba's Public School Teachers, ninety-eight per cent of whom were Catholics, were the summer guests of the American people, while studying the workings of our school and University system.

It is gratifying in this connection to note, that the manners of these women, Catholic born and bred, were every where most favorably commented upon: well wishers of Cuba will echo the hope that the same criticism may remain in order when our vaunted system of public education shall have long supplanted the conventual culture which has hitherto been the perquisite of the Cuban maiden.

The month of September saw two dreadful disasters which may be characterized as national, so wide spread was the sympathy evoked: one was the conflagration at the Hoboken wharves, (N. J.) when in sight of the horrified spectators, the holds and decks of great ocean liners were

as a sacrificial pyre with human beings for victims. The other sad event will live in American History as the "Galveston Distaster." There are chapters in both stories that must read as a repetition of what was written last year, recording the heroism of our Sisters and Priests in like emergencies. At Hoboken, Father Brosnan and a companion priest faced death in its most appalling form, while endeavoring to convey the consolation of faith to those unfortunate brethren of all denominations. At Galveston, the Sisters who conducted the orphan asylum, tied their little charges together in companies of eight or nine, fastening a guardian Sister to each bunch, so there might be no mistake regarding their determination to save their proteges or die in the attempt.

Death was the portion met by the Master to those self sacrificing daughters of His church — a night of horror in the cruel waters of Galveston followed by the dawn of life everlasting in the Father's Kingdom.

Catholic charity for the survivors knew no bounds; the collection from New York City alone amounted to \$15,000, in addition to which Abp. Corrigan telegraphed an offer to provide for all orphans committed to his care.

Amongst Anniversaries honored about this time was that of the establishment here some twenty five years since, of the Poor Clares, who published as souvenir, an illustrated life of their foundress with the History of the American foundation.

On the occasion of California celebrating the Golden jubilee of her admission to statehood "Dominicana" the popular monthly published the story of Catholic progress there during the same period: "One-third of a million rejoicing in the faith of Rome-governed by three Apostolic Bishops, ministered to by a goodly army of Priests and Brothers and Sisters" is a heartening record!

Mention of Bishops recalls the number of consecrations chronicled during these closing months — Archbishop Keane to the archdiocese of Dubuque, Bishop Alerding to the diocese of Fort Wayne — Bishop Moeller to that of Columbus and Auxilliary Bps. for Indianapolis and Peoria.

At least two other religious Centenaries of importance occurred: Nov. 21st. was the hundredth anniversary of the foundation of that far-famed Order of the "Ladies of the Sacred Heart." Festivities in honor of the great occasion were held at the Convent of Eden Hall and the wonderful commemorative sermon there delivered by Bishop Spalding, will live without doubt to be reproduced when another century shall have sped.

The second celebration referred to, while not so widely heralded, nevertheless was truly significant, recalling the establishment: in New York City of the first free school ever in-

augurated there, by the poor immigrant congregation of grand old "St. Peter's."

Congratulations were in order too for the Sisters of Notre Dame (of Namur) whose magnificent educational institute, Trinity College at Washington, was formally dedicated in November, opening with more than twenty pupils notwithstanding the high standard of requirements. Truly in manifold ways are the virgin spouses of the Lamb laboring "to prepare His ways on earth and make straight His paths."

Meanwhile, the important agitation for the federation of Catholic societies continued, as it well may until its great object is definitely attained: The Catholic Total Abstinence Union with a strength nearing 100,000, decided through its executive council to join the new movement, on conditions which seem so naturally part of the federation project, that there should be no difficulty in effecting fusion. These conditions are, that the independance of the Holy See — the advancement of Catholic education and the support and furtherance of the apostolate of the press be amongst the principles presented and advocated.

An item of worldwide interest was the issuance of a decree by the Congregation of Indulgences and Relics, proclaiming a universal act of homage to the King of kings during the last hours of the old century and the opening ones of the new, with the plenary indulgence of 1900 regrantd for all the faithful fulfilling the conditions of confession, Holy Communion and the usual prayers for the Papal intentions.

Again, the glorious bells of universal Jubilee extended for another year, were heard throughout the land; again, earnest millions gathered around the midnight altar and as with one heart and mind, Catholic America rejoiced in such news from Rome as the "Closing of the Holy Door" — the blessing of the new Century — and all the splendid ceremonials whereof the beloved Father of the faithful was central figure — a Pope triumphant.

As might be expected, the press of the world at this juncture bristled with statistics, aiming to prove the extent of human achievement during the century just ended: we cull the following from the pages of the "Ave Maria" as being peculiarly interesting in this particular line:

"Not to speak of European-born missionaries, thousands of native priests and religious and hundreds of thousands of laymen suffered for the faith in China, Tonquin, Korea, Japan, Uganda and Oceania. A single organization — the Paris Society of Foreign Missions — counts 100 native priests and 90,000 native converts among the martyrs of its missions. In Cochin China, during the persecution of 1885 seven native priests, 60 catechists, 270 native nuns, and 25,000 of the Chinese laity shed their blood for Christ."

Early in January, another American prelate. Rt. Rev. Winand M. Wigger, third Bishop of Newark surnamed "the friend of the poor" was called to his everlasting reward by Him who had also loved poverty and taught its lessons.

Much interest was shown in the launching of a newly organized movement known as the "Catholic Converts, League" for the mutual encouragement and support of converts, as well as their temporary financial relief where necessary. The initial public meeting was held in New York, Abp. Corrigan being on the platform.

"The Filipinos and the Friars." and "Reforming the Filipinos" remained favorite headlines of sensational journalism, attracting however slight attention, now that the true condition of affairs had become better understood.

It was tacitly admitted that the wholesale evangelizing plans of the energetic Mission Boards, Presbyterian and others, had failed most ignominiously and the day of vindication had arrived for the long suffering friars.

On March 17th. the ninetieth anniversary of his birth, there passed away in Boston a namesake of the Irish Apostle, whose name more directly than that of any other living layman, is associated with the American apostolate of the press! Patrick Donahoe, founder of the Boston Pilot and of Donahoe's Magazine was truly the veteran of Catholic literature and admirable as is the example of his ambitious youth and arduous prime, the most impressive lesson of his life, as was well said in the columns of the Pilot, was "that of his serene, laborious and cheerful old age."

The same month saw stricken at her post of duty, a Catholic Sister who, already beyond the three score and ten limit, still directed one hundred and twenty homes of her order and 1700 members of her honored community. This was Sister Mariana, Mother Superior of the Sisters of Charity in the United States, who died at Los Angeles, Cal. while engaged in her work of annual visitation.

On the Feast of St. Joseph too, another venerable religious went to seek her promised place amongst the privileged ones who follow the Lamb — Madame Elizabeth Ten Broeck of the Sacred Heart Order, who in her 86th. year retained all the vigor of an intellect that made its possessor famous as writer, translator, and teacher.

In Philadelphia at this time the noble work of the "Catholic Guild" a charity that deserves to be more than locally known, received new impetus by the installation of the Dominican Sisters of the American Congregation of St. Catherine De Ricci, who assumed charge of its enlarged home. This charity which aims "to help the poor to help themselves" is well worthy of consideration and wide spread imitation.

At the Catholic University of Washington in April, died Mgr. Mc'Mahon, for whom Mc' Mahon Hall was named in memory of his magnificent generosity to the young institution, where his loss is now sincerely mourned.

The successor to the see of the lamented Bp. Wigger was found in the person of very Rev. J. J. O'Connor, Vicar-General of the Newark Diocese and at the same time, Mgr. O'Connell Rector of the North American College at Rome was nominated to succeed Bp. Healy of Portland.

On April 30th. an event occurred at the Apostolic Delegation of Washington, the probability of which had been widely and persistently discussed for many months in secular as well as clerical circles. This was the simple ceremony whereby Abp. Martinelli received formal notice of his elevation to the Sacred College. Count Colacicchi a member of the Noble Guard of the Holy Father was the bearer of the consistorial letter and the red cap emblematic of the new dignity.

On May 8th. in the famous old Cathedral of Baltimore, the scarlet biretta was bestowed in public by Cardinal Gibbons and the Legate donned the robes that shall hereafter mark his princely rank. The attending ceremonies were the most imposing ever witnessed on the American continent, eighty-one Archbishops and Bishops being present.

Most Rev. P. J. Ryan Abp. of Phila. preached the sermon, echoes of which yet resound throughout the listening land. And yet magnificent as was that day's tribute, it was but the commencement of a varied series whereby the people sought to express their boundless affection and loyalty for this worthy representative of the sainted Pontiff, this one-time stranger whose beautiful gentleness and rare humility have won all hearts. There was but one sad note in the poem of universal gladness and that of expectancy, for the Cardinal's recall is considered imminent and though successors may be found to fill acceptably the high post of Delegate, there shall still be a vacancy that not even papal command can fill at will, a place in the heart of the people, sacred for ever to the memory of this beloved "Cardinal in black."

The early days of the month of Mary brought trial once more for the children who call her "Mother," for while the great fire of Jacksonville may be ranked as a national misfortune, it was mainly the Catholic citizens who suffered loss. Bishop Moore's circular issued immediately after, tells us, that practically everything the Catholics owned has been destroyed, hospital tents taking the place of their churches and their priests, sisters and orphan charges being left homeless.

The faithful were asked once more to come to the assistance of their afflicted brethren and response continues still in order.

On the first day of May a beautiful life closed at Notre Dame, Ind. when Mother Ascension of the Sisters of the Holy Cross rendered her pure soul into the Hands of the Master she had served so long and faithfully. She was the last survivor of the little band of Sisters who with Father Sorin, saw the planting on this foreign soil of that seed destined to attain such speedy and splendid fruition.

The Laetare Medal conferred annually by the University of Notre Dame, went this year to Hon. W. Bourke Cockran of New York to whom it was presented by Abp. Corrigan. In Mr. Cockran's speech on its reception, the "Necessity of Christian Education" was set forth with all the forceful eloquence for which the speaker is justly famed.

Amongst recent items from Rome, are two of peculiar interest to Pennsylvania: one is the creation of the new diocese of Altoona with Mgr. Eugene Garvey as first Bishop; the other the nomination by the Holy Father, of Rev. Thos. F. Kennedy D. D., the popular professor of Overbrook Seminary to succeed Mgr. O'Connell as Rector of the American College at Rome.

Accounts of College and Academy Commencements fill the pages of our journals proving the progress of education and emphasizing the wonderful changes wrought within the century.

They are all favorable changes for our Mother Church and it rests with us of to-day to improve the golden opportunities proffered, so that the opening chapters of the twentieth century may read as an incentive and example for future generations of American Catholics.

M. M. Halvey.

Annual Report of the Society of the Divine Word.

1. The Society of the Divine Word had its beginning Sep. 8, 1875 when the Mother-house was founded at Steyl. His Holiness Pope Leo XIII canonically approved it Jan. 25, 1901.

2. Outside of Europe this Society has one Mission in Asia (South-Shan-Tung, China), two in Australia (German New Guinea and a Parish with a Procuracy in Sidney), one in Africa (Togo), two in South America (Brazil, and Argentine Republic), one in North America (Shermerville near Chicago). In these Missions there were at Easter 1901, one Bishop and Apostolic Vicar, two Apostolic Prefects, 115 Priests, 72 Brothers and 24 Sisters.

3. In South-Shan-Tung there are now 1 Bishop (Mgr. v. Anzer Apostolic Vicar) 35 European and 11 native Priests and 10 Brothers. At Easter 1901 there were 15,252 baptized Catholics. During the last years there were a great many disturbances in this Mission. The secret society the "Big Knife" "Tadauchuidi" which the Mandarins partly prohibited and partly protected and that since 1896 destroyed many Christian houses and Christian parishes in the West of the Mission and murdered Nov. 1, 1897 the Missionaries Fathers Nies and Henle and then was announced as suppressed, rose up again under the protection of the inimical governor Juehsien and destroyed two thirds of the Christian parishes; still the main station was preserved. Then these Tadauchuidis went under the highest protection to the Province Tsheli, where in the summer of 1900 the war with the foreign powers raged.

Many Christians and Missionaries were murdered, nearly all of the remaining Missionaries in North China had to flee. Also our Mission-

aries in South-Shan-Tung, where in place of Juehsien, the better disposed Juaenshikae came, had to flee to the German protected district only a very few could stay in the East. The Provicar P. Freinademetz went with Bro. Ulrich into the most severely threatened Western district, although repeatedly attacked he was nevertheless preserved. In Dec. 1900 the Missionaries could return to the interior.

4. The Apostolic Prefecture Kaiser Wilhelm's Land was opened Sep. 5, 1896 and has now 1 Apostolic Prefect (P. Limbrock) 8 Priests, 6 Brothers and 4 Sisters. In the first station of the little Island Tumleo (294 natives) there were until now 188 persons baptized of these 151 are still living. The grown up persons are nearly always present at the Divine Service and those that are not yet baptized get their children baptized. In the two schools of the Fathers and Sisters there are 65 boys and girls. On the opposite main land and also on the two neighboring islands Ali and Seleu there are schools or stations. About a day's journey south east the Station Monumbo, (Potsdam Port) was opened in 1899.

5. The Apostolic Prefecture at Togo, Africa, founded Aug. 28, 1892 has now 1 Apostolic Prefect (P. Buecking) 12 Priests, 7 Brothers and 7 Sisters. The coast stations Lome, Little Popo Port Seguro and the newly founded interior station Atakpame, 25 schools about 950 pupils and 1331 Christians.

6. In Brazil are now active under the superiority of P. Tollinger 16 Priests and 8 Brothers in the three Dioceses Espiritu Santo, Marianna and Curityba; in Espiritu Santo since 1895 among the colonists of St. Isabel and St. Leopoldina;

in Marianna in the extensive parish Juiz de Fora where they erected a College; in Curityba in the three parishes St. Jose dos Pinhaes, St. Joao do Triumpho and Palmeira.

7. In Argentine Republic there are 34 Priests 24 Brothers and 13 Sisters under the Provincial P. Colling. The Priests have charge of 11 parishes resp. Vice-parishes to which belong villages and churches in 4 Dioceses. Buenos Ayres (Las Heras in the capital, where a church is being built for the 50,000 Catholics of the parish and where a Printing Office was opened, in which the weekly "Argentinean Volksfreund" is published) in La Plata (Hinojo and the three Vice-parishes containing Colony of the German Russian General Suarez) in Santa Fe (Esperanza, Humboldt, St. Geronimo) and in Parana (Diamante, Marienthal and Crespo). In Parana our Society took the Bishop's Seminary at his urgent request; in Esperanza they founded in 1898 an Educational School; in Diamante, Marienthal and Hinojo are the Institutes of the Steyler Mission Sisters.

The District Misiones between Paraguay and Brazil, formerly a part of the large Jesuit Mission Paraguay, our Fathers took in 1898 at the request of the Bishop of Parana under whose jurisdiction it is and they are at present active in the capital Posadas, in Concepcion and the Polish Colony Apostoles.

8. Here in the United States we have 5 Priests, 22 Brothers and 10 Sisters; the first came in 1899 to Shermerville, Ill. 20 miles North of Chicago and erected there according to a universal desire and need (an Industrial school for boys.) Superior Rev. P. John Peil. At this school, which was opened 1901, boys of the whole Union are admitted; they will receive a good Catholic education and can fit themselves for any profession or trade they wish to pursue in their future life.

9. In Europe our Society has five houses with 117 Priests, 526 Brothers 897 pupils and a Sisters' Convent with 186 Sisters.

a. At Steyl in the Mission-house St. Michael (founded Sep. 8, 1875, General-Superior Arnold Janssen) where 656 inmates among them 41 Priests (including those that are active outside) 303 Brothers and Postulants 309 pupils of the Latin classes. (Adr. Steyl postl. Kaldenkirchen, Rheinl.)

b. At Heilig Kreuz, near Neisse in Silesia (opened Oct. 24, 1892 Rector P. Jos. Weber), there are 370 inmates, among them 23 Priests 78 Brothers, 269 pupils of the Latin classes.

c. At St. Wendel in the Diocese of Trier (Superior P. John Bodems) are 8 Priests, 46 Brothers, 56 pupils of Latin classes. The new beautifully situated Mission-house (consecrated Nov. 11, 1900) is also a recruiting home especially for sick Missionaries. It stands under the protection of the Queen of Angels and the holy shepherd and hermit Wendelinus, who lived there in the 7th century.

d. At St. Gabriel near Vienna (opened Oct. 4. 1889), Rector B. Eikenbrock there where 391 persons: 37 Priests, 263 Students of philosophy and theology and 91 Brothers.

e. In St. Raphael at Rome there were, for the purpose of more advanced theological studies, five priests and one brother.

f. The Society of the "Servants of the Holy Ghost" founded and conducted by our society, has its mother house in Steyl and consists of two branches: Cloistered Sisters (founded Dec. 8, 1896) and Missionary Sisters (founded Dec. 7, 1889). Both have as their special object the adoration of the Holy Ghost, prayers for the priesthood and the support of the Missions by prayer and work. The former devote themselves to the perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament and to needle work; the latter also go out to the missions to work there for the benefit of persons of their own sex.

g. The pupils of the society repeat annually the written declaration, that it is their firm intention to become missionaries. The studies comprise thirteen courses (six in Latin and seven in philosophy and theology). During the ninth course the three vows are taken, first for three years and then for ever.

To all our benefactors, amongst whom we also count the solicitors for this calendar and our other books, we offer our most heartfelt thanks. The missionary applicants belong with few exceptions to poor families, who can pay little or nothing. How many of them there are already, who have become zealous missionaries through the support which is given to us by our benefactors! Our Missionaries' good work and the beneficent results which will come of it for time and eternity, will be reward for those who make this possible by their gifts.





❁ ST. JOSEPH'S HOME, ❁

INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL FOR BOYS, SHERMERVILLE, ILL.

Heartily recommended by His Grace the Most Rev. P. A. Feehan, D. D., Archbishop of Chicago.

➤ Prospects and Conditions for Entering. ➤

The object of St. Joseph's Home is to take care of Catholic boys, to make of them good Catholics and faithful citizens. Boys who enter should be at least 12 years old, though in some exceptional cases they are received under that age.

Boys who are affected with contagious or incurable diseases cannot be received.

In order to obtain admission the following documents must have been sent to the institution:

1. Certificate of birth and baptism;
2. Certificate of health;
3. Testimonial of good conduct from the pastor, and information concerning the talents of the applicant and his ability to pay;
4. By pupils who are able to pay an exact statement, signed by the father or guardian, concerning the yearly allowance.
5. Declaration of the father or mother or guardian, saying that the applicant shall remain in St. Joseph's Home until he is 18 years old, or at least for three years.
6. Sketch of life of the applicant, composed and written by himself.

The yearly allowance for pupils is \$72.

Boys without means may be admitted at a lower price, and even entirely free.

On entering each pupil should be furnished with:

- 3 Suits of clothes, i. e. one Sunday, one every day and one working suit. The latter should be a pair of overalls.
- 2 Pairs of shoes,
- 2 Pairs of slippers,
- 6 Shirts,
- 3 Pairs of drawers,

- 3 Blouse waists,
- 12 Pairs of stockings,
- 12 Handkerchiefs,
- 6 Towels.

Each of these articles is to be marked with the number, the pupil receives at his admission.

All that is beneficial or necessary for physical health, bodily and spiritual development, learning a suitable trade or business, moral or religious education, is offered free of expense to the pupil by the institution.

No distinction is made in treatment of pupils who do pay and pupils who do not pay, in regard to education and alimentation.

Pupils may remain in the institution to the age of 18 years, or until their chosen profession or trade is thoroughly learned. Should a pupil prefer to remain in the institution after the completion of the learning of his chosen profession, e. g. to join in any way the Society, he may state his intention with confidence to the superiors of the institution.

When leaving the institution the pupils receive a certificate of behavior, also of their profession, and their proficiency therein. Even after leaving the institution the pupils may claim its assistance if wanted.

Pupils who endanger good discipline and morality, by constant obstinacy, disobedience and indolence, will be dismissed without a certificate if they do not listen to repeated warnings and admonitions.

Professions pursued are as follows: Type-setting, printing, bookbinding, besides supplying the necessary material and illustrations for pressing; also the preparatory work done in leisure time, as stereotyping, photographing, drawing and

the like, including the selling of books. Agriculture, cultivating of meadows, breeding of cattle, poultry and bees, the culture of gardens of vegetables, grapes and fruits, berries, also nursery garden for decorative plants and trees, together with the cultivation of flowers, etc. is thoroughly taught.

In the learning of all the professions the newly invented machines will be applied, although handwork will be preferred.

Afterwards architecture shall receive more attention in combination with an architectural school.

Further-more plumbing, smithing, locksmithing, practical method for tending steam boilers, steam and electrical machines, joinery, stone cutting and sculpture, art of carving, mosaic, annealing, tailoring, besides a school for making church ornaments; shoemaking by hand and machine, weaving of stockings, candle, soap and brush making, grinding grain, slaughtering and baking, washing, burning of bricks. sawmill, drawing medical science, attending and care of sick, etc.

A good number of these trades has been put in operation; others will be practised as soon, as chance is given. Until all branches are executed, it may take some years to make duly arrangements for them.

Besides the studies for said professions the pupils will have opportunity to advance in other study, thus acquiring the necessary knowledge for future success in their labors. A daily instruction of two hours or more if necessary is given to the pupils. Aside from this theoretical instruction concerning their professions the pupils will study arithmetic, bookkeeping, letter writing, business writing, formulas, reading, grammar, history and geography of the United States, religion, music and singing, natural philosophy, chemistry and mechanics. The instructions are given in both English and German.

A pupil who is extraordinarily diligent, obedient and skillful in learning his chosen trade may occasionally receive a reward, either of money or something else which will be useful to him. Such a pupil is the owner of the present as long as he behaves well.

To teach the boys economy and enable us to give them a small sum of money upon leaving the institution we save for them the money which they bring on entering, or receive from guardians, or in any other lawful way. These savings are returned to the pupils when leaving

the institution. Pupils who are sent away, or leave St. Joseph's Home before 18 years, and without the consent of the director of the institution, have no right to any presents they may have received from the institution.

Should boys of a higher class of wealth wish to enter, the usual conditions for entering will be modified. Still, in regard to study, treatment and board no difference can be made.

The institution will endeavor to fit the pupils entrusted to its care to become good, useful, practical Catholics, and loyal citizens. They shall be well drilled in order, economy and diligence.

With such intentions, and the blessing of God upon the institution, it may hope to be a great blessing for our boys, and at the same time to render a great service to society and to the Catholic Church.

This undertaking is a great act of charity, extending itself first over the city and diocese of Chicago, and then over the entire United States.

We, therefore, kindly ask all good, noble-hearted friends of human society and common humanity, to assist as much, as possible in our undertaking for the welfare of our boys.

In sending offerings for the institution, or soliciting admission of pupils, the address is: St. Joseph's Home, Shermerville, Ill.

Our good work can be supported by buying and distributing our monthly journals, books and almanacs. "Stadt Gottes" (German), \$1.20; "Steyler Herz Jesu Bote" (German), 50 cents; "St. Michael's Almanac (English, German and Dutch), 25 cents. Also by sending alms; in the reading of holy Masses and gifts of charity, loans for life for annual interest.

Every one please, kindly do what is in his power to help us in our good work. All the donations given for the support of St. Joseph's Home at Shermerville are for the benefit of all those boys cared for by the Institution and are for that reason a great deed in the sight of Almighty God, whose blessings will last for ever and ever. Every American Catholic or citizen should deem it an honor to give his contribution for the poor, but very useful and necessary Institution.

May God reward all those who assist us in any way, shall be the prayer of the

Society of the Divine Word.



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St. Michael's Almanac

for the Year of Our Lord

1903

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Industrial School for Boys.

With the Approval of the
Most Rev. P. A. Feehan, D. D.,
Archbishop of Chicago.

Fifth Year.

Printed and published by the
Society of the Divine Word,
Shermerville, Illinois.



Chronological Cycles.

Epact 2, Golden Number 4, Solar Cycle 8, Roman Indiction 1, Dominical Letter D.

Eclipses 1908.

There will be two solar and two lunar eclipses this year.

1. An annular eclipse of the sun will occur on March 28, invisible in the United States, visible in central Asia.
2. A partial eclipse of the moon will take place on April 11, partly visible in the eastern portion of the United States. The magnitude will be 0.973.
3. A total eclipse of the sun will take place on Sept. 20, visible only at points near the South Pole.
4. A partial eclipse of the moon will occur on Oct. 6, invisible in the United States. Magnitude of the eclipse 0.868.

Signs of the Zodiac.

Aries γ	Cancer ♋	Libra ♎	Capricorn ♐
Taurus ♉	Leo ♌	Scorpio ♏	Aquarius ♒
Gemini ♊	Virgo ♍	Sagittarius ♐	Pisces ♓

Planets.

Mercury ♿	Venus ♀	Earth ♁	Mars ♂
Jupiter ♃	Saturn ♄	Uranus ♅	Neptune ♆
	Sun ☉	Moon ☾	

Other Symbols.

- $\circ$ Conjunction, or nearest approach of the heavenly bodies to one another.
- $\square$ Quadrature, or at right angles.
- $\oslash$ Opposition, or 180 degrees or 12 hours apart.

Morning and Evening Stars. A planet is morning star when it is above the horizon at the time of sunrise; it is evening star when above the horizon at sunset.

Movable Feasts.

SeptuagesimaFeb. 8	PentecostMay 31
Shrove TuesdayFeb. 24	Holy TrinityJun. 7
Ash WednesdayFeb. 25	Corpus ChristiJun. 11
Palm SundayApr. 5	Sacred HeartJun. 19
Good FridayApr. 10	1st Sun. of Advent Nov. 29
Easter SundayApr. 12	
Low SundayApr. 19	4 Sundays after Epiphany.
Ascension DayMay 21	25 Sundays after Pentecost.

Holy Days of Obligation.

On which mass is of precept.

- Every Sunday throughout the year.
- 1. New Year's Day, Thursday, January 1.
- 2. Ascension Day, Thursday, May 21.
- 3. Assumption B. V. Saturday, August 15.
- 4. All Saints, Sunday, November 1.
- 5. Immac. Conception B. V. Tuesday, December 8.
- 6. Christmas, Friday, December 25.

Days of Fast.

Upon which only one full meal is allowed.

- 1. The 40 days of Lent.
- 2. Wednesday, Friday and Saturday in the four Ember weeks.
- 3. The vigils of Christmas, Easter, Pentecost, Assumption B. V. M., All Saints.
- 4. In some dioceses the Fridays of Advent.

Ember Days.

- First week of Lent, March 4, 6, 7.
- Pentecost week, June 3, 5, 6.
- Third week in September, Sept. 16, 18, 19.
- Third week in December, Dec. 16, 18, 19.

Days of Abstinence.

Upon which flesh meat is not allowed.

- 1. Every Friday in the year.
- 2. Every fast day in the year, except Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday (except the second and last Saturday) in Lent, upon which flesh-meat may be eaten once.

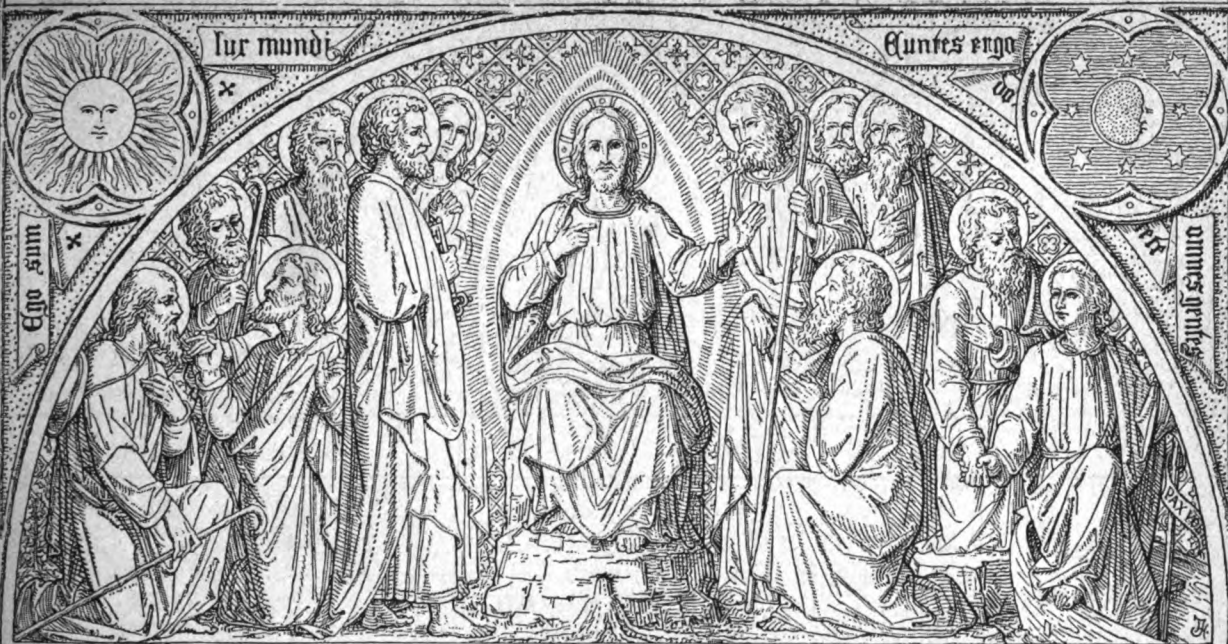
Exceptions to Fast and Abstinence.

- 1. Sunday is never a day of fast or abstinence.
- 2. All persons that are not obliged to fast may eat meat as often as they like on those days on which meat is allowed.
- 3. Working people are allowed to eat meat on all days of the year except all Fridays, Ash Wednesday, Wednesday and Saturday of Holy Week, and the vigil of Christmas. When any member of such a family lawfully uses this privilege, all the other members may avail themselves of the same privilege, but those who are bound to fast cannot eat meat more than once a day.
- 4. United States soldiers in field or in garrison may eat meat every day of the year, except Ash Wednesday, Good Friday, Holy Saturday and the vigils of Assumption B. V. and Christmas.
- 5. Persons under 21 or over 60 years of age if men, over 50 years if women, are not obliged to fast. All those that perform severe and exhausting labor, the sick, nursing women, and all those whose health would be injured thereby, are exempt from fasting.
- 6. Fish and flesh are never allowed at the same meal on days of fast throughout the year, nor on Sundays in Lent. They are allowed on days of abstinence, such as Fridays, to those who are not bound to abstain. This rule does not apply to the sick.

Note.

As the United States are very extensive, embracing, as they do, about 20 degrees of latitude and 60 degrees of longitude with a difference of local times between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts of nearly four hours, it is impossible to edit only one calendar whose times will be correct in all the States. In order to reduce these differences to a minimum, we have computed this calendar for a point which, we judged was nearest to the geographical centre of the country, as well as to its centre of population, and as such we have adopted the city of St. Louis. Accordingly, 90th meridian, or Central times, have been given in the times of the eclipses and of the moon's phases. Should the reader be using Eastern time, he will add exactly one hour to these times, but subtract respectively one and two hours for mountain and Pacific times. But the times of the rising and setting of the sun and moon, the transits of the planets, and the like, had to be expressed in local times. In order to use these, the reader must know how much the railroad or standard time he is using is fast or slow of the true time of his locality. This difference may amount to as much as 50 minutes in some places. Again, when the sun and moon run high, difference of latitude may accelerate the time of sunrise 40 minutes and of moonrise 50 minutes, and retard the time of their setting by an equal amount for places along the northern border. The reverse is the case for the southern border, although there the difference is somewhat less. And, vice versa, when the sun and moon run low. The farther, therefore, the reader is from St. Louis, the more considerably should he deal with the figures in this calendar.

Long-range weather predictions as generally given in calendars, are impositions upon the credulity of the reader, and we have therefore omitted them. If the U. S. Signal Service, which receives telegraphic statements of the weather twice a day from all over the country, ventures to forecast the weather only one, two or at most three days in advance, and that with a probability of about 87 per cent; how then can a private individual forecast the weather a whole year in advance? If one were honestly day by day to write down the predictions of these prophets together with the actual weather, he would soon see what little reliance is to be placed upon them.



St. Michael's Almanac.

FOR THE YEAR OF OUR LORD

1903

For the Benefit of

ST. JOSEPH'S HOME,
INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

WITH THE APPROVAL OF THE MOST REV.
P. A. FEEHAN, D. D., ARCHBISHOP OF CHICAGO.

FIFTH YEAR.

Printed and published by the
Society of the Divine Word, Shermerville, Illinois.



S. Michael
orator pro nobis.



S. Eusebio
orator pro nobis.



JANUARY. Saints and Festivals.

Moon's		Moon	
A.	C.	Rises.	Sets.

Memorandums.

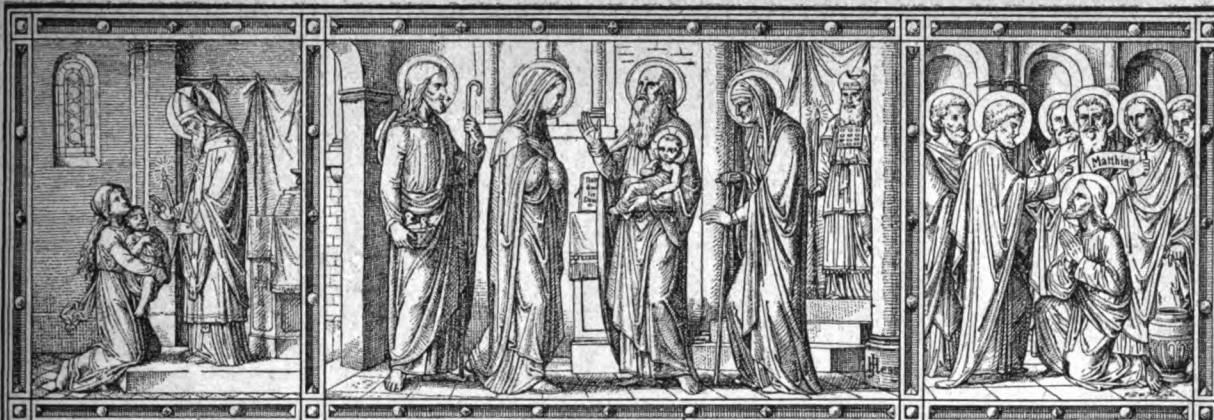
1 T	Circumcision of Our Lord.	4	≈	8 47	7 44
2 F	Macarius, Ab. Martinian, Bp.	5	≈	9 20	8 40
3 S	Genevieve, V. M. Florentius, B. M.	6	⊗	9 53	9 38
1. S. G. Return of the Child Jesus from Egypt. Matth. 2. Sun R. 7 18 Sun S. 4 51					
4 S	Sund. a. New Year's. Rigobert.	7	⊗	10 25	10 36
5 M	Telesphorus. Simeon Stylites.	8	☿	10 55	11 36
6 T	Epiphany of Our Lord. Melanius. ☽	9	☿	11 28	Midn
7 W	Lucian, M. Clerus, M. Crispin, B.	10	☿	12 4	12 37
8 T	Severin, A. Patiens, B. Eugentian, M.	11	☿	12 43	1 42
9 F	Julian a. Basilissa. Marciana.	12	☿	1 27	2 48
10 S	Agatho, P. John the Good, B.	13	☿	2 20	3 53
2. S. G. The Child Jesus in the Temple. Luke 2. S. R. 7 18 S. S. 4 58					
11 S	1. Sund. a. Epiph. Hyginus.	14	☿	3 20	4 59
12 M	Tatiana, M. Satyrus. Arcadius.	15	☿	4 26	6 2
13 T	Potitus, M. Agritius, B. Veronica. ☺	16	☿	5 35	6 58
14 W	Hilary, B. D. Malachy, Pr. Felix Nol.	17	☿	6 48	7 49
15 T	Paul, first hermit. Maurus, Ab.	18	☿	7 58	8 32
16 F	Marcellus. Berard. Priscilla.	19	☿	9 6	9 12
17 S	Anthony, A. Sulpicius. Leonilla.	20	☿	10 13	9 47
3. S. G. The Wedding Feast at Cana. John 2. S. R. 7 16 S. S. 5 5					
18 S	2. Sund. a. Epiph. H. Name of Jesus.	21	☿	11 15	10 23
19 M	Canutus. Januarius, M. Julius.	22	☿	Midn	10 56
20 T	Fabian a. Sebast., M. Neophyte. ☾	23	☿	12 15	11 31
21 W	Agnes, V. M. Meinrad, Ab. Patroclus.	24	☿	1 14	12 7
22 T	Vincent a. Anastasius. Gaudentius.	25	☿	2 10	12 45
23 F	Espousals B. V. M. Emerentiana.	26	☿	3 4	1 27
24 S	Timothy, B. M. Felician, B. Suranus.	27	☿	3 56	2 12
4. S. G. Jesus Heals a Leper. Matth. 8. S. R. 7 11 S. S. 5 13					
25 M	3. Sund. a. Epiph. Conv. of St. Paul.	28	☿	4 43	2 59
26 S	Polycarp, B. M. Paula. Theogene, M.	29	☿	5 27	3 50
27 T	John Chrysostom, B. D. Vitalian, P.	30	☿	6 9	4 43
28 W	Flavian. Valerius. James, Hermit. ☺	1	≈	6 48	5 38
29 T	Francis de Sales, B. D. Aquilinus.	2	≈	7 23	6 34
30 F	Martina. Hyacintha Marisc., V.	3	⊗	7 56	7 32
31 S	Peter Nolasco. Louisa Albertonia.	4	⊗	8 28	8 31

January.

☾ First Quarter 6.	3:56 P. M.	
☾ Full Moon 13.	8:17 A. M.	Perigee, 12.
☾ Last Quarter 20.	5:49 A. M.	Apogee, 25.
☾ New Moon 28.	10:39 A. M.	

Phenomena. — January.

1	Mercury, evening star.
3	Earth in Perihelion.
8	♀ in Aphelion.
21	♂ ♃ ☿ Saturn morning star.
30	♀ Greatest Latitude South.



FEBRUARY. Saints and Festivals.

Moon's
A. C. Rises. Sets.

Memorandums.

5. S. G. Storm at Sea. Matth. 8.

S. R. 7 07 S. S. 5 21

1 S	4. Sund. a. Epiph. Ignatius. Bridget.	5	☾	9 0	9 30
2 M	Candlemas. Cornelius. Flosculus, B.	6	☾	9 32	10 29
3 T	Blase, B. M. Anschar, B. Raymond.	7	☾	10 5	11 32
4 W	Andrew Cors. Joseph a Leonissa.	8	☾	10 42	Midn
5 T	Agatha. Phil. of Jes. 26 Jap. Mart. ☽	9	☾	11 22	12 36
6 F	☿ Titus, B. Dorothy, Theophilus.	10	☾	12 9	1 39
7 S	Romuald, Ab. Richard. Theodore.	11	☾	1 3	2 41

6. S. G. The Laborers in the Vineyard. Matth. 20.

S. R. 7 00 S. S. 5 29

8 S	Septuag. Sunday. John of Matha.	12	☾	2 4	3 44
9 M	Cyril of Alex. Apollonia. Raynald.	13	☾	3 11	4 41
10 T	Prayer of Christ. Scholastica.	14	☾	4 20	5 35
11 W	7 Found. Serv. B. V. M Lazarus. ☽	15	☾	5 31	6 21
12 T	Eulalia. Modestus. Gaudentius, B.	16	☾	6 41	7 2
13 F	☿ Catherine Ricci. Maura. Fusca.	17	☾	7 50	7 41
14 S	Valentine. Auxentius. Dionysius.	18	☾	8 56	8 18

7. S. G. A sower went out to sow Luke 8.

S. R. 6 52 S. S. 5 37

15 S	Sexag. Sunday. Faustinus a. Jovita.	19	☾	9 59	8 53
16 M	Juliana. Onesimus. Porphyrius, M.	20	☾	11 1	9 28
17 T	The Pass. of Christ. Fintan. Silvinus.	21	☾	Midn	10 6
18 W	Simeon, B. M. Helladius, B. Flavian.	22	☾	12 1	10 43
19 T	Conrad of Placentia. Mansuetus. ☾	23	☾	12 56	11 24
20 F	☿ Eleutherius, B. M. Eucherius, B.	24	☾	1 49	12 8
21 S	Maximian, B. Felix. Severianus.	25	☾	2 39	12 56

8. S. G. Jesus Cures a Blind Man Luke 18

S. R. 6 43 S. S. 5 44

22 S	Quinguag. Sund. Peter's Ch. at Ant.	26	☾	3 24	1 45
23 M	Pet. Damian. Milburge. Florentius.	27	☾	4 7	2 37
24 T	Shrove Tuesday. Matthias, Ap.	28	☾	4 46	3 32
25 W	☿ Ash Wednesday. Tharasius, B.	29	☾	5 23	4 28
26 T	Margaret of Cortona. Nestor, B.	30	☾	5 57	5 24
27 F	☿ The Crown of Thorns. Leander. ☽	1	☾	6 30	6 22
28 S	Theophilus. Romanus. Justus, M.	2	☾	7 2	7 22

February.

☾ First Quarter 5.	4:12 A. M.	
☽ Full Moon 11.	6:58 P. M.	Perigee 10.
☾ Last Quarter 19.	12:23 A. M.	Apogee 22.
☾ New Moon 27.	4:20 A. M.	

Phenomena. — February.

- ☿ ☽ ☾ Inferior; Mercury morn star.
- ☽ Greatest Latitude North.
- ☽ Stationary.
- ☿ ☽ ☾ Jupiter morn. star.
- ☽ Greatest Elong. West 26° 59'



MARCH. Saints and Festivals.

Moon's
A. | C. Moon
Rises. | Sets.

Memorandums.

9. S. G. The Temptation in the Desert. Matth. 4. S. R. 6 34 S. S. 5 52

1 S	1. Sund. in Lent. Albinus. Swidbert.	3	☾	7 34	8 23
2 M	Simplicius. Ceadda, B. Jovinus, M.	4	☾	8 8	9 25
3 T	Cunigund, V. Marinus, M. Asterius.	5	☾	8 45	10 29
4 W	☾ Ember day. Casimir, K. Cajus.	6	☾	9 23	11 31
5 T	John Jos. of the Cross. Frederick.	7	☾	10 8	Midn
6 F	☾ Ember day. Lance and Nails. ☾	8	☾	10 57	12 34
7 S	☾ Ember day. Thomas Aquinas.	9	☾	11 53	1 34

10. S. G. Transfiguration of Our Lord. Matth. 17. S. R. 6 23 S. S. 5 59

8 S	2. Sund. in Lent. John of God.	10	☾	12 56	2 31
9 M	Frances of Rome. Catherine of Bol.	11	☾	2 1	3 25
10 T	40 M. of Sebaste. Victor. Macarius.	12	☾	3 10	4 13
11 W	Sophronius, B. Eulogius. Firmus.	13	☾	4 19	4 55
12 T	Greg. the Great, P. D. Egdunus, M.	14	☾	5 27	5 35
13 F	☾ The Holy Shroud. Nicephor. ☾	15	☾	6 36	6 11
14 S	Mathilda. Aphrodisius, M. Roger.	16	☾	7 40	6 48

11. S. G. Jesus casts out a Devil. Luke 11. S. R. 6 13 S. S. 6 6

15 S	3. Sund. in Lent. Longinus. Clem.	17	☾	8 44	7 23
16 M	Heribert, B. Agapitus. Abraham.	18	☾	9 45	8 0
17 T	Patrick. Joseph of Arimathea.	19	☾	10 44	8 38
18 W	☾ Gabriel, Arch. Alexand. Sibyl, V.	20	☾	11 39	9 19
19 T	St. Joseph, Spouse B. V. M. Amantius.	21	☾	Midn	10 2
20 F	☾ The H. 5 Wounds. Cyril of Jerus. ☾	22	☾	12 31	10 49
21 S	Benedict Ab. Philemon. Serapion.	23	☾	1 18	11 37

12. S. G. The Multiplication of Loaves. John 6. S. R. 6 02 S. S. 6 13

22 S	4. Sund. in Lent. Cather. of Sweden.	24	☾	2 2	12 28
23 M	Fidelis. Victorian, M. Theodosia.	25	☾	2 43	1 22
24 T	Child Simeon. Latinus. Seleucus.	26	☾	3 22	2 17
25 W	☾ Annuntiation B. V. M. Desiderius.	27	☾	3 55	3 13
26 T	Ludger. Braulius, B. Theodosius.	28	☾	4 29	4 12
27 F	☾ Most Prec. Blood. John Dam. D.	29	☾	5 2	5 11
28 S	John of Capistran. Dorotheus, M. ☾	1	☾	5 34	6 12

13. S. G. The Testimony of Christ. John 8. S. R. 5 51 S. S. 6 20

29 S	Passion Sund. Eustasius. Berthold.	2	☾	6 8	7 15
30 M	John Climacus. Quirinus. Zosimus.	3	☾	6 44	8 19
31 T	Amos, Pr. Balbina, V. Benjamin	4	☾	7 23	9 24

March.

☾ First Quarter 6.	1:14. P. M.
☾ Full Moon 13.	6:13. A. M.
☾ Last Quarter 20.	8:08. P. M.
☾ New Moon 28.	7:26. P. M.

Perigee, 10.
Apogee, 22.

Phenomena — March.

8. ☾ in Aphelion. — 12. ☾ Stationary.
17. ☾ ☽ . — 18. ☽ ☾ ☽.
21. Spring commences. — 22. ☾ ☽ ☽.
28. Annular Eclipse of Sun. invis. in U. S.
29. ☽ ☽ ☽ Mars evening star. — 31. ☽ Stationary.



APRIL. Saints and Festivals.

Moon's
A. C.

Moon
Rises. Sets.

Memorandums.

1 W	Hugh. Theodora, M. Walericus.	5	♂	8 7	10 28
2 T	Francis of Paula. Nicetius. Abundus.	6	♂	8 55	11 29
3 F	Seven Dolors B. V. M. Richard.	7	♂	9 48	Midn
4 S	Isidore, B. D. Plato. Zozimus. ☽	8	☾	10 48	12 28
14 S.	G. Triumphal Entry into Jerusalem. Matth. 21.	S. R. 5 40	S. S. 6 26		
5 S	Palm Sund. Vincent Fer. Juliane.	9	☾	11 51	1 20
6 M	Celsus, B. Coelestine. William, Ab.	10	☾	12 57	2 9
7 T	Herman Joseph. Calliopius. Cyriac.	11	☾	2 4	2 52
8 W	Albert. Redemptus. Perpetuns.	12	♂	3 11	3 31
9 T	Holy Thurs. Mary of Egypt, Pen.	13	♂	4 18	4 8
10 F	Good Friday. Apollonius.	14	♂	5 23	4 44
11 S	Holy Saturday. Leo. I P. D. ☼	15	♂	6 27	5 18
15 S.	G. Resurrection of Our Lord. Mark. 16.	S. R. 5 29	S. S. 6 33		
12 S	Easter Sund. Julius. Constantine.	16	♂	7 28	5 54
13 M	Easter Monday. Hermenegild. Ida.	17	♂	8 30	6 33
14 T	Easter Tues. Justin. Tiburt. Valer.	18	♂	9 27	7 12
15 W	Crescens, M. Basilissa, M. Anastas.	19	♂	10 21	7 55
16 T	Benedict Joseph Labre. Lambert, M.	20	♂	11 11	8 40
17 F	Anicetus, P. Robert. Innocent.	21	♂	11 56	9 29
18 S	Amidaeus. Apollonius. Eleutherius	22	♂	Midn	10 19
16 S.	G. Jesus Appears to His Apostles. John 20.	S. R. 5 19	S. S. 6 39		
19 S	1. Sund. a. Easter. Low Sunday. ☼	23	♂	12 39	11 12
20 M	Theotimus, B. Agnes, V. Sulpicius, M.	24	♂	1 18	12 6
21 T	Anselm, B. D. Arator. Simeon.	25	♂	1 53	1 2
22 W	Soter and Caius, P. Leonides.	26	♂	2 27	1 59
23 T	George, M. Adalbert, B. M. Gerard.	27	♂	3 0	2 56
24 F	Fidelis of Sigmaringa. Egbert.	28	♂	3 32	3 57
25 S	Mark, Evang. The Great Litanies.	29	♂	4 5	4 58
17 S.	G. I am the Good Shepherd. John 10.	S. R. 5 11	S. S. 6 46		
26 S	2. Sund. a. Easter. M. o. G. Counsel.	30	♂	4 40	6 3
27 M	Turibius. Pet. Can. Theophilus, B. ☼	1	♂	5 19	7 9
28 T	Paul of the Cross. Vitalis. Valeria.	2	♂	6 0	8 15
29 W	Peter of Verona. Paulinus. Robert.	3	♂	6 49	9 20
30 T	Catherine of Siena, V. Sophia, V. M.	4	♂	7 42	10 21

Phenomena — April.

☾ First Quarter 4. 7:51 P. M.

☼ Full Moon 11. 6:18 P. M.

☾ Last Quarter 19. 3:30 P. M.

☼ New Moon 27. 7:31 A. M.

Perigee, 5.

Apogee, 18.

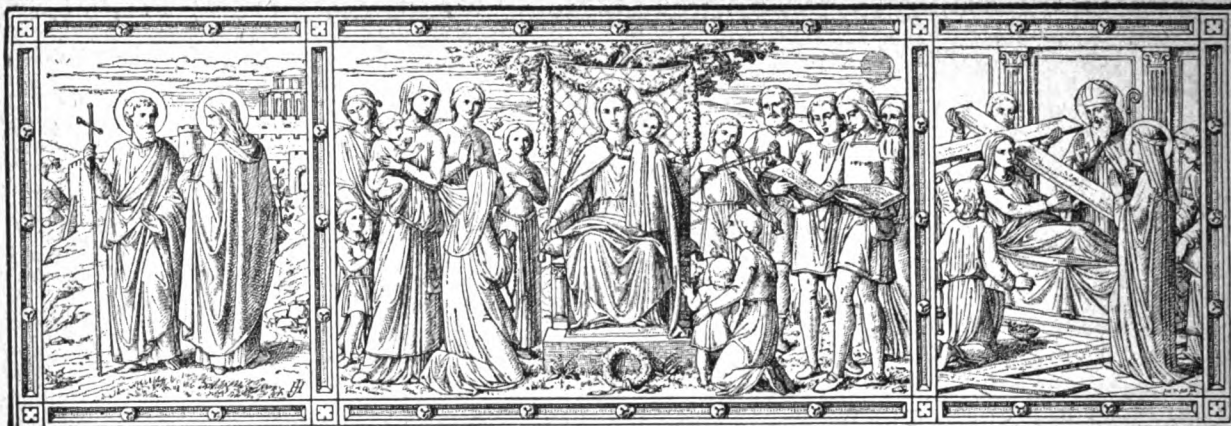
Perigee, 30.

11 Partial Eclipse Moon, vis. in the East of U. S.

12 ♂ ☿ ☼ Superior. Mercury eve. star.

16 ♀ in ☾. — 21 ♀ in Perihelion.

30 ☐ ♄ ☼. — 30 ♀ in Perihelion.



MAY. Saints and Festivals.

Moon's
A. | C. Moon
Rises. | Sets.

Memorandums.

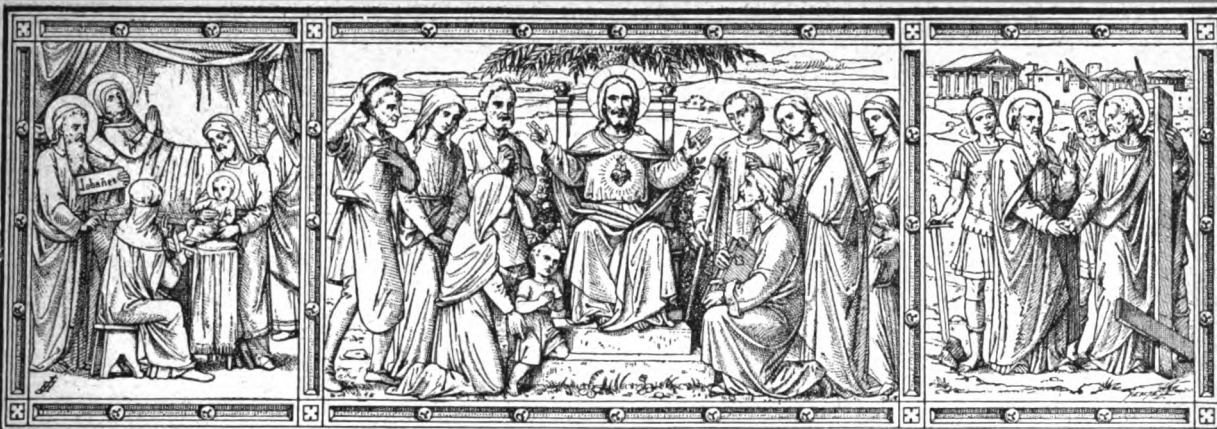
1 F	Philip and James, Ap. Walburga,	5 ☾	8 42	11 17
2 S	Athanasius, B. D. Vindemial, B.	6 ☾	9 45	Midn
18. S. G. In a Little While. John 16.		S. R. 5 01 S. S. 6 53		
3 S	3. Sund. a. Easter Patronage of St. Jos.	7 ☾	10 49	12 9
4 M	Monica. Antonia, M. Florian. ☽	8 ☾	11 56	12 54
5 T	Pius V. P. Angelus, M. Nicetus.	9 ☾	1 2	1 31
6 W	John bef. the Lat. Gate. Benedicta.	10 ☾	2 7	2 9
7 T	Stanislaus. Flavia. Domitilla, V. M.	11 ☾	3 12	2 44
8 F	Apparition of Mich., Arch. Wiro.	12 ☾	4 15	3 19
9 S	Gregory of Nazianzen, D. Hermas.	13 ☾	5 17	3 53
19. S. G. Christ goeth to the Father. John 16.		S. R. 4 54 S. S. 6 59		
10 S	4. Sund. a. Easter. Antoninus.	14 ☾	6 18	4 30
11 M	Francis de Hieron. Florentius. ☺	15 ☾	7 16	5 8
12 T	Nereus and Achilleus. Domitilla.	16 ☾	8 11	5 49
13 W	Peter Regalati. Servat., B. Lucius.	17 ☾	9 3	6 33
14 T	Boniface. Pachomius. Justina, M.	18 ☾	9 51	7 21
15 F	Isidore. Dymrna, V. M. Sophia.	19 ☾	10 35	8 10
16 S	John Nepomucen, M. Ubaldus, B.	20 ☾	11 15	9 3
20. S. G. Ask in My Name. John 16.		S. R. 4 47 S. S. 7 5		
17 S	5. Sund. a. Easter. Paschal Baylon.	21 ☾	11 52	9 57
18 M	Rogation Days.	22 ☾	Midn	10 51
19 T		23 ☾	12 25	11 46
20 W		24 ☾	12 59	12 44
21 T		25 ☾	1 30	1 41
22 F	Ascension of Our Lord. Felix of Cant.	26 ☾	2 5	2 41
23 S	Rita, W. Julia, V. M. Aemilius, John Bapt. de Rossi. Michael, B.	27 ☾	2 35	3 44
21. S. G. When the Paraclete shall come. John 15.		S. R. 4 42 S. S. 7 12		
24 S	6. Sund. a. Easter. Mary Help of Christ.	28 ☾	3 12	4 49
25 M	Gregory VII. Urbanus. Aldelmus.	29 ☾	3 53	5 56
26 T	Philip Neri. Eleutherius, B. M. ☼	1 ☾	4 38	7 2
27 W	Bede the Venerable, D. John, P.	2 ☾	5 30	8 7
28 T	Augustin, B. Podius, B. Germanus.	3 ☾	6 29	9 8
29 F	Mary Magd. of Pazzi. Alexander.	4 ☾	7 32	10 2
30 S	Ferdinand. Emmelia. Felix. Vigil.	5 ☾	8 38	10 51
22. S. G. The Paraclete will teach you all things. John 14.		S. R. 4 38 S. S. 7 17		
31 S	Pentecost Sund. Angela Petronilla.	6 ☾	9 47	11 33

May.

☾ First Quarter 4.	1:26 A. M.	
☺ Full Moon 11.	7:18 A. M.	Apogee, 16.
☾ Last Quarter 19.	9:18 A. M.	Perigee, 28.
☾ New Moon 26.	4:50 P. M.	

Phenomena — May.

2 ☽	Greatest Latitude North.
10 ☽	Greatest Elong E. 21° 31'
10 ☾	Stationary. — 20 ☽ Stationary.
22 ☽	Greatest Latitude North.
22 ☽	Stationary.



JUNE. Saints and Festivals.

Moon's
A. | C. Moon
Rises. | Sets.

Memorandums.

1 M	Pentecost Monday. Juventius. M.	7	♌	10 54	Midn
2 T	Pentecost Tues. Marcellinus. Pet. ☽	8	♍	12 1	12 12
3 W	☿ Ember day. Clotilda, Q. Oliva.	9	♎	1 5	12 47
4 T	Francis Caracciolo. Clateus, B. M.	10	♏	2 8	1 22
5 F	☿ Ember day. Boniface. Dorotheus.	11	♐	3 9	1 55
6 S	☿ Ember day. Norbert, B. Paulina.	12	♑	4 10	2 30
23. S.	G. Go teach all Nations. Matth. 28.	S. R. 4 36 S. S. 7 21			
7 S.	1. Sund. a. Pentecost. Trinity Sunday.	13	♒	5 8	3 7
8 M	Medard B. Gildard, B. William, B.	14	♓	6 5	3 46
9 T	Primus and Felician. Richard. ☺	15	♐	6 58	4 30
10 W	Margaret. Maurinus, Ab. Zachary.	16	♑	7 47	5 16
11 T	Corpus Christi. Barnabas, Ap. Felix.	17	♒	8 32	6 4
12 F	☿ John of St. Facundus. Nazarius.	18	♓	9 14	6 55
13 S	Antony of Padua. Felicula, V. M.	19	♑	9 52	7 49
24. S.	G. The Great Supper. Luke. 14.	S. R. 4 35 S. S. 7 25			
14 S.	2. Sund. a. Pentecost. Basil. Eliseus.	20	♒	10 27	8 42
15 M	Vitus. Modestus. Crescentia, M.	21	♓	10 59	9 38
16 T	John Francis Regis. Benno, B.	22	♐	11 31	10 33
17 W	Gundolphus. Himerius, B. Rainer.	23	♑	Midn	11 30
18 T	Mark and Marcellian. Leontius. ☾	24	♒	12 2	12 28
19 F	☿ Sacred Heart of Jesus. Juliana. Gerv.	25	♓	12 33	1 28
20 S	Silverius, P. M. Florentina, V.	26	♑	1 7	2 30
25. S.	G. The Lost Sheep. Luke. 15.	S. R. 4 35 S. S. 7 27			
21 S.	3. Sund. a. Pentecost. Aloysius Gonz.	27	♒	1 45	3 35
22 M	Paulinus, B. Alban. Consortia, V.	28	♓	2 26	4 41
23 T	Agrippina, V. M. Zeno. Ediltrude.	29	♐	3 15	5 46
24 W	John the Bapt. Faustus. Theodulph.	30	♑	4 11	6 50
25 T	William, Ab. Lucy. Adalbert. ☼	1	♒	5 13	7 49
26 F	☿ John and Paul, M. Vigilius, B.	2	♓	6 20	8 43
27 S	Ladislau, K. Sampson. Crescens.	3	♑	7 29	9 30
26. S.	G. The Miraculous Draught of Fishes. Luke. 5.	S. R. 4 37 S. S. 7 28			
28 S.	4. Sund. a. Pentecost. Leon. Benig.	4	♒	8 40	10 11
29 M	Peter and Paul, Ap. Benedicta. Cassius.	5	♓	9 49	10 48
30 T	Comm. of St. Paul. Ostian. Lucina.	6	♑	10 56	11 24

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June.

☾ First Quarter 2.	7:24 A. M.	
☾ Full Moon 9.	9:08 P. M.	Apogee 13.
☾ Last Quarter 18.	12:44 A. M.	Perigee 25.
☾ New Moon 25.	12:11 A. M.	

Phenomena. — June.

3 ☿ ☿ ☿ Inferior. Mercury morn star.
4 ☿ in Aphelion. — 13 ☐ ☐ ☐
15 ☿ Stationary. — 15 ☿ ☿ ☿ Uranus evening star.
22 Summer commences. — 25 ☿ ☿ ☿ Greatest Latitude South.
25 ☿ ☿ ☿ Neptune morn. star.



JULY. Saints and Festivals.

Moon's
A. C. Moon
Rises. Sets.

Memorandums.

1 W	Aaron. Theobald. Rumold, M. ☾	7	☾	12 0	11 59
2 T	Visitation B.V.M. Proc.Mart. Otho.	8	☾	1 3	Midn
3 F	☿ Anatolius. Hyacinthus. Eulogius.	9	☾	2 3	12 32
4 S	♄ Osee. Aggaeus, Pr. Theodore, B.	10	☾	3 3	1 10
27. S. G. True Justice. Matth. 5. S. R. 4 40 S. S. 7 28					
5 S	5. Sund. a. Pentecost. M. Prec. Blood.	11	☾	3 59	1 47
6 M	Goar. Isaías, Pr. Tranquilinus.	12	☾	4 54	2 29
7 T	Cyril a. Method., B. Willibald, B.	13	☾	5 44	3 13
8 W	Elisabeth of Portugal. Kilian, B.	14	☾	6 30	4 1
9 T	Martyrs of Gorcom. Veronica. Jul. ☼	15	☾	7 13	4 51
10 F	☿ Seven Brothers, M. Rufina, M.	16	☾	7 53	5 43
11 S	Pius I., Abund. Savinus. Godfrey.	17	☾	8 28	6 37
28. S. G. The Multiplication of Loaves. Mark 8. S. R. 4 45 S. S. 7 26					
12 S	6. Sund. a. Pentecost. John Gualbert.	18	☾	9 1	7 31
13 M	Anacletus, P. M. Silas. Turian, B.	19	☾	9 34	8 26
14 T	Bonaventure, B. D. Optatian. Justus.	20	☾	10 4	9 23
15 W	Henry II., Emp. Catulinus. Bonosa.	21	☾	10 35	10 18
16 T	Our Lady of Mt. Carmel. Valentin.	22	☾	11 7	11 17
17 F	☿ Generosus, M. Leon. Alexius. ☾	23	☾	11 42	12 16
18 S	Camill. of Lell. Arnold. Frederick.	24	☾	Midn	1 19
29. S. G. Beware of False Prophets. Matth. 7. S. R. 4 50 S. S. 7 22					
19 S	7. Sund. a. Pentec. M. H. Redeemer.	25	☾	12 20	2 23
20 M	Jerome Emiliani. Margaret, V. M.	26	☾	1 4	3 27
21 T	Praxedes, V. Daniel, Pr. Arbogast.	27	☾	1 54	4 29
22 W	Mary Magdalen. Meneleus, Ab.	28	☾	2 52	5 31
23 T	Apollinaris, B. M. Liborius, B.	29	☾	3 57	6 27
24 F	☿ Christina. Francis Sol. Vincent. ☼	1	☾	5 5	7 19
25 S	James the Greater, Ap. Christopher.	2	☾	6 18	8 4
30. S. G. The Unjust Steward. Luke 16. S. R. 4 55 S. S. 7 17					
26 S	8. Sund. a. Pentecost. Anna, M. B.V.	3	☾	7 30	8 44
27 M	Pantaleon. Natalia, M. Liliusa, M.	4	☾	8 40	9 22
28 T	Nazarius and Celsus, M. Victor.	5	☾	9 49	9 59
29 W	Martha. Flora. Beatrice. Simplicius.	6	☾	10 53	10 34
30 T	Abdon and Sennen, M. Ursus.	7	☾	11 58	11 11
31 F	☿ Ignatius of Loyola. John Col. ☾	8	☾	12 55	11 48

July.

☾ First Quarter 1. 3:02 P. M.
 ☼ Full Moon 9. 11:43 A. M.
 ☾ Last Quarter 17. 1:24 P. M.
 ☼ New Moon 24. 6:46 A. M.
 ☾ First Quarter 31. 1:15 A. M.

Apogee 10.
 Perigee 24.

Phenomena. — July.

2 Earth in Aphelium.
 9 ♀ Greatest Elong. E. 450 30' 11 ♀ Stationary.
 17 ♀ in ☾ 18 ♀ in Perihelium.
 26 ☿ ☿ ☼ Superior, ☿ eve. star. 29 ☿ Greatest Latitude North.
 30 ☿ ☿ ☼ Saturn evening star.



AUGUST. Saints and Festivals.		Moon's A. C.		Moon Rises. Sets.		Memorandums.
1 S	St. Peter's Chains. Machabees Br.	9	♍	1 54	Midn	
31. S.	G. The Destruction of Jerusalem. Luke 19.	S. R. 5 01 S. S. 7 11				1
2 S	9. Sund. a. Pentecost. Alph. Lig., B. D.	10	♊	2 49	12 29	2
3 M	Find. R. of St. Stephen. Nicodemus.	11	♊	3 40	1 12	3
4 T	Dominic. Aristarchus. Euphronius.	12	♋	4 28	1 58	4
5 W	Our Lady of the Snow. Oswald, K.	13	♋	5 12	2 47	5
6 T	Transfigurat. of Our Lord. Xystus.	14	♋	5 52	3 38	6
7 F	☞ Cajetan. Donatus, B. M. Albert.	15	♌	6 31	4 31	7
8 S	Cyriacus. Largus. Smaragdus, M. ☼	16	♌	7 4	5 26	8
32. S.	G. The Pharisee and the Publican. Luke 18.	S. R. 5 07 S. S. 7 03				9
9 S	10. Sund. a. Pentecost. Romanus, M.	17	♌	7 37	6 20	10
10 M	Lawrence, M. Deusedit. Paula, V. M.	18	♌	8 9	7 17	11
11 T	Philomena. Tiburtius, M. Susanna.	19	♌	8 38	8 14	12
12 W	Clare, V. Herculanus, B. Euplius.	20	♍	9 10	9 11	13
13 T	John Berchmans. Hippolyt. Wigb.	21	♍	9 43	10 9	14
14 F	☞ Eusebius. Ursicius. Demetr. Vigil.	22	♎	10 20	11 10	15
15 S	Assumption B. M. V. Tharsicius ☾	23	♎	10 58	12 12	16
33. S.	G. Jesus Cures a Deaf and Dumb Man. Mark 7.	S. R. 5 14 S. S. 6 55				17
16 S	11. Sund. a. Pentecost. Joachim.	24	♎	11 45	1 13	18
17 M	Myron, M. Juliana, M. Emilia.	25	♏	Midn	2 14	19
18 T	Helena. Clare of Montef. Agapitus.	26	♏	12 38	3 15	20
19 W	Louis of Toulouse, B. Donatus.	27	♏	1 37	4 12	21
20 T	Bernard, Ab. Samuel. Christopher.	28	♏	2 42	5 5	22
21 F	☞ Jane Frances de Chant. Ptolemy.	29	♐	3 52	5 53	23
22 S	Timothy. Hippolyt. Symphor., M. ☼	1	♐	5 4	6 35	24
34. S.	G. The Good Samaritan. Luke 10.	S. R. 5 20 S. S. 6 45				25
23 S	12. S. a. Pentec. M. P. Heart B. V. M.	2	♐	6 15	7 15	26
24 M	Bartholomew, Ap. Aurea. George.	3	♐	7 26	7 54	27
25 T	Louis, K. of France. Genesisius, M.	4	♑	8 35	8 30	28
26 W	Zephyrinus. Rufinus, B. Victor.	5	♑	9 40	9 7	29
27 T	Joeseeph Calasanctius. Rufus, B. M.	6	♑	10 43	9 46	30
28 F	☞ Augustine, B. D. Hermes, M.	7	♑	11 44	10 26	31
29 S	Beheading of St. John Baptist. ☾	8	♊	12 41	11 9	
35. S.	G. The Ten Lepers. Luke 17.	S. R. 5 26 S. S. 6 35				
30 S	13. Sund. a. Pentecost. Rose of Lima.	9	♊	1 34	11 55	
31 M	Raymond. Paulinus, B. Aristides.	10	♊	2 24	Midn	

August.

☉ Full Moon 8.	2:54 A. M.	
☾ Last Quarter 15.	11:22 P. M.	Apogee 6.
☀ New Moon 22.	1:51 P. M.	Perigee 21.
☾ First Quarter 29.	2:34 P. M.	

Phenomena. — August.

12 ♀	Greatest brilliancy.	21 ♀	in Aphelium.
21 ♀	in ☿		
25 ♀	Stationary.	28 ♂ ♀ ♀	
31 ♀	in Aphelium, ☿ Stationary.		



SEPTEMBER. Saints & Festivals.

		Moon's		Moon	
		A.	C.	Rises.	Sets.
1 T	Giles, Ab. Anna, Pr. Constantine, B.	11	☾	3 10	12 43
2 W	Stephen, K. of Hung. Nonnosus.	12	☾	3 51	1 34
3 T	Serapia, V. Mansuetus, B. Phœbe.	13	☾	4 30	2 26
4 F	Rose of Viterbo, V. Rosal. Moses.	14	☾	5 6	3 20
5 S	Lawrence Justinian. Obdulia, V.	15	☾	5 39	4 15
36. S. G. No one can Serve Two Masters. Matth. 6. S. R. 5 35 S. S. 6 24					
6 S	14. Sund. a. Pentecost. Zachary. ☺	16	☾	6 11	5 11
7 M	Regina, V. M. Clodoald. Pamphilius.	17	☾	6 42	6 7
8 T	Nativity B. V. M. Hadrian. Nestor.	18	☾	7 13	7 5
9 W	Peter Claver. Gorgonius. Seraphina.	19	☾	7 45	8 4
10 T	Nicolas of Tol. Theodard. Victor.	20	☾	8 21	9 4
11 F	Protus. Hyacinth. M. Patiens, B.	21	☾	9 0	10 5
12 S	Guido of Anderlecht. Autonomus.	22	☾	9 42	11 6
37. S. G. The Young Man at Nain. Luke 7. S. R. 5 39 S. S. 6 14					
13 S	15. Sund. a. Pentecost. H. N. of Mary.	23	☾	10 32	12 6
14 M	Exaltation of the Holy Cross. ☾	24	☾	11 26	1 6
15 T	Nicomedes, M. Aper, B. Porphy.	25	☾	Midn	2 2
16 W	Ember Day. Cornelius. Cyprian.	26	☾	12 27	2 55
17 T	Impr. Stigm. St. Francis. Lambert, B.	27	☾	1 32	3 44
18 F	Ember Day. Joseph of Cupert.	28	☾	2 42	4 27
19 S	Ember Day. Januarius, M. Elias.	29	☾	3 52	5 8
38. S. G. The Man with the Dropsy. Luke 14. S. R. 5 45 S. S. 6 02					
20 S	16. Sund. a. Pentecost. Sev. Dolors. ☾	1	☾	5 2	5 45
21 M	Matthew, A. Ev. Eusebius. Iphigenia.	2	☾	6 13	6 25
22 T	Thomas of Villanova. Maurice, M.	3	☾	7 20	7 1
23 W	Linus, P. M. Thecla. Constantius.	4	☾	8 26	7 40
24 T	Our Lady of Mercy. Gerard.	5	☾	9 29	8 21
25 F	Cleophas, M. Pacificus. Lupus, B.	6	☾	10 29	9 2
26 S	Cyprian. Justina, M. Senator.	7	☾	11 25	9 48
39. S. G. The Greatest Commandment. Math. 22. S. R. 5 51 S. S. 5 51					
27 S	17. Sund. a. Pentecost. Cosm. a. Dam.	8	☾	12 17	10 36
28 M	Wenceslaus, M. Eustochium, V. ☾	9	☾	1 5	11 26
29 T	Michael, Archangel. Fraternus, B.	10	☾	1 48	Midn
30 W	Jerome, D. Sophia, W. Victor.	11	☾	2 28	12 18

Memorandums.

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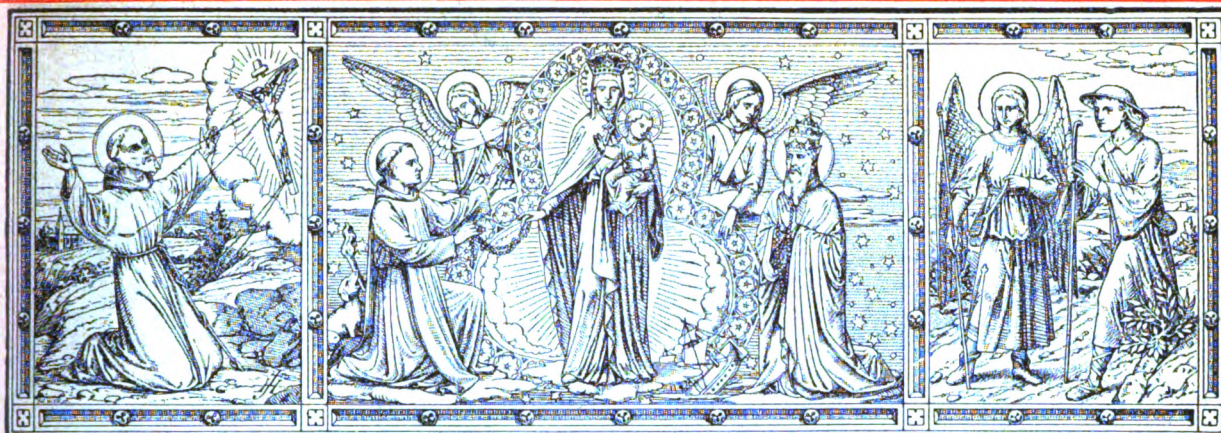
September.

☾ Full Moon 6.	6:20 P. M.
☾ Last Quarter 14.	7:14 A. M.
☾ New Moon 20.	10:31 P. M.
☾ First Quarter 28.	7:08 A. M.

Apogee 3.
Perigee 18.
Apogee 30.

Phœnomena. — September.

7 ☾ Greatest Elong E. 27° 0' 12 ☾ ☾ Jupiter eve. star.
12 ☾ Greatest Latitude South.
17 ☾ ☾ Inferior, Venus morn. star.
20 Total Eclipse of Sun, invis. in the U. S.
21 ☾ Greatest Latitude South. 23 Autumn commences.



OCTOBER. Saints and Festivals.

		Moon's A. C.	Moon Rises Sets.	
1 T	Remigius, B. Bavo. Aretas, M.	12 ☾	3 4	1 12
2 F	☞ H. Guardian Angels. Leodegar.	13 ☾	3 39	2 7
3 S	Cand. M. Gerard, A. Ewaldus, M.	14 ☾	4 12	3 2
40. S.	G. The Man Sick of the Palsy Math. 9.	S. R. 5 58 S. S. 5 40		
4 S	18. Sund. a. Pentec. H. Ros., B.V.M.	15 ☾	4 43	3 59
5 M	Placidus, M. Flaviana, V. Galla, W.	16 ☾	5 14	4 56
6 T	Bruno. Magnus. Mart. of Treves. ☺	17 ☾	5 47	5 55
7 W	Mark, P. Sergius, Bacchus, M.	18 ☾	6 22	6 56
8 T	Bridget, W. Simeon, Pr. Nestor.	19 ☾	7 0	7 57
9 F	☞ Denis. Publia. Abrah. Deusdedit.	20 ☾	7 42	9 0
10 S	Louis Bertrand. Francis Borgia.	21 ☾	8 29	10 1
41. S.	G. The Wedding Garment. Math. 22.	S. R. 6 04 S. S. 5 30		
11 S	19. S. a. Pentec. Maternity, B.V.M.	22 ☾	9 20	11 1
12 M	Walfrid, B. Maximilian, B. Seraphim.	23 ☾	10 19	11 57
13 T	Edward, K. Chelidonia. Coloman. ☿	24 ☾	11 21	12 51
14 W	Callistus, P. M. Burchard. Donatian.	25 ☾	Midn	1 40
15 T	Theresa, V. Thecla. Severus, B.	26 ☾	12 27	2 24
16 F	☞ Gall, Ab. Lullus, B. Florentinus,	27 ☾	1 35	3 4
17 S	Hedwigis, W. Marg. M. Alac., V.	28 ☾	2 43	3 41
42. S.	G. The Ruler's Son. John 4.	S. R. 6 11 S. S. 5 20		
18 S	20. Sund. a. Pentecost. Purity, B.V.M.	29 ☾	3 52	4 18
19 M	Peter of Alcantara. Aquilinus.	30 ☾	5 0	4 55
20 T	John Cant. Wendelin. Caprasius. ☿	1 ☾	6 6	5 33
21 W	Ursula. Hilarion. Viator. Justus.	2 ☾	7 10	6 13
22 T	Cordula, V. M. Mary Solome. Mark.	3 ☾	8 14	6 54
23 F	☞ Severin. Verus. Peter Paschas.	4 ☾	9 13	7 40
24 S	Raphael, Arch. Evergistus, B. M.	5 ☾	10 7	8 27
43. S.	G. The Unforgiving Servant. Matth. 18.	S. R. 6 19 S. S. 5 10		
25 S	21. Sund. a. Pentecost. Chrysantus.	6 ☾	10 57	9 17
26 M	Evaristus, P. M. Rusticus. Gaudiosus.	7 ☾	11 43	10 9
27 T	Florentius. Sabina, M. Elesbaan, K.	8 ☾	12 25	11 2
28 W	Simon and Jude, Ap. Faro, B. ☿	9 ☾	1 3	11 56
29 T	Narcissus, B. Zenobius, M. Eusebia.	10 ☾	1 37	Midn
30 F	☞ Alphonsus Rodriguez. Eutropia.	11 ☾	2 10	12 51
31 S	☞ Wolfgang. Ampliat. Vigil.	12 ☾	2 41	1 46

Memorandums.

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October.

☺ Full Moon 6.	9:24 A. M.	
☾ Last Quarter 13.	1:56 P. M.	Perigee 16.
☾ New Moon 20.	9:30 A. M.	Apogee 28.
☾ First Quarter 28.	2:32 A. M.	

Phenomena — October.

3 ☿ ☿ ☿	Inferior, Mercury morn. star.
5 ☾	Partial Eclipse of the moon, invis. in the U. S.
6 ☿ Stationary.	8 ☿ Stationary. 9 ☿ Stationary. 10 ☿ in ☾
11 ☿ Stationary.	14 ☿ in Perihelium.
18 ☿	Greatest Elong. West 18° 14' 24 ☿ ☿ ☿
24 ☿	Greatest Brilliancy. 25 ☿ Greatest Latitude North.
27 ☐ ☿ ☿	



NOVEMBER. Saints & Festivals.

Moon's
A. | C. Moon
Rises. | Sets.

Memorandums.

44. S. G. The Tribute to Caesar. Matth. 22.		S. R. 6 26 S. S. 5 01	
1 S	22. Sund. a. Pentecost. All Saints.	13	☾ 3 13 2 43
2 M	All Souls. Justus. Tobias. Eudoxius.	14	☾ 3 45 3 42
3 T	Hub. Pirminius. Winefreda. Sylvia.	15	☾ 4 19 4 42
4 W	Charles Borromeo. Vitalis M. ☼	16	☾ 4 56 5 44
5 T	Zachary. Elizabeth. Philotheus.	17	☾ 5 37 6 48
6 F	☼ Leonard. Winoc. A. Atticus.	18	☾ 6 24 7 50
7 S	Engelbert, B. M. Willibrord, B.	19	☾ 7 16 8 53
45. S. G. The Daughter of Jairus. Math. 9.		S. R. 6 34 S. S. 4 54	
8 S	23. Sund. a. Pentecost. Godfrey.	20	☾ 8 13 9 53
9 M	Dedic. Basilica of Savior. Theodore.	21	☾ 9 15 10 48
10 T	Andrew Av. Tryphon. Monitor.	22	☾ 10 19 11 39
11 W	Martin of Tours, B. Mennas, M. ☼	23	☾ 11 27 12 24
12 T	Martin, P. Livinus. Cunibert. B.	24	☾ Midn 1 4
13 F	☼ Stanislas. Homobonus. Nicholas.	25	☾ 12 33 1 42
14 S	Josaphat, B. Jucundus. Clementine.	26	☾ 1 40 2 17
46. S. G. The Grain of Mustard Seed. Matth. 13.		S. R. 6 41 S. S. 4 48	
15 S	24. Sund. a. Pentecost. Gertrude.	27	☾ 2 47 2 54
16 M	Didacus. Edmund, B. Othmar, Ab.	28	☾ 3 52 3 30
17 T	Gregory the Wonderw. Anianus.	29	☾ 4 55 4 7
18 W	Dedic. Basilic. of Sts. Pet. a. Paul. ☼	1	☾ 5 58 4 48
19 T	Elizabeth of Thuringia. Pontian.	2	☾ 6 59 5 31
20 F	☼ Felix of Valois. Edmund, K. M.	3	☾ 7 56 6 17
21 S	Presentation B. V. M. Honorius.	4	☾ 8 49 7 7
47. S. G. The End of the World. Matth. 24.		S. R. 6 49 S. S. 4 43	
22 S	Last Sund. a. Pentecost. Cecilia, V. M.	5	☾ 9 37 7 58
23 M	Clement, P. M. Felicitas, N. Trudo.	6	☾ 10 21 8 52
24 T	John of the Cross. Chrysogonus.	7	☾ 11 1 9 45
25 W	Catherine, V. M. Mercury, S. M.	8	☾ 11 36 10 41
26 T	Silvester. Pet. Alex. Leon. Conrad. ☼	9	☾ 12 9 11 35
27 F	☼ Barlaam and Josaphat. Virgilius.	10	☾ 12 42 Midn
28 S	Hortulanus. Sosthenes. Gregory.	11	☾ 1 11 12 31
48. S. G. There shall be Signs. Luke 21.		S. R. 6 56 S. S. 4 40	
29 S	1. Sund. in Advent. Saturninus, M.	12	☾ 1 42 1 27
30 M	Andrew. Ap. Maura. Justina, V. M.	13	☾ 2 15 2 26

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November.

☼ Full Moon 4. 11:28 P. M.
 ☾ Last Quarter 11. 8:46 P. M.
 ☼ New Moon 18. 11:10 P. M.
 ☾ First Quarter 26. 11:37 P. M.

Perigee 10.
 Apogee 25.

Phenomena. — November.

7 ♀ in ☾ 9 ♀ Stationary. 17 ♀ in ☼
 21 ☼ ☼ Superior, Mercury eve. star.
 27 ♀ in Aphelium.
 28 ☼ Greatest Latitude South.
 28 ♀ Greatest Elong. W. 46° 46'



DECEMBER. Saints & Festivals.

		Moon's		Moon	
		A.	C.	Rises.	Sets.
1 T	Eligius, B. Nahum, Pr. Olym. M.	14	☾	2 51	3 26
2 W	Bibiana, V. M. Silvanus. Paulina.	15	☾	3 30	4 29
3 T	Francis Xavier. Sophonias, Pr.	16	☾	4 14	5 33
4 F	Pet. Chrysologus, B. D. Babara. ☺	17	☾	5 4	6 37
5 S	Sabas, Ab. Bassus. Pelinus, B. M.	18	☾	6 1	7 39
49. S. G. John in Prison. Math. 11. S. R. 7 03 S. S. 4 39					
6 S	2. Sund. in Advent. Nicholas, B.	19	☾	7 4	8 39
7 M	Ambrose, B. D. Polycarp, M. Urban.	20	☾	8 9	9 34
8 T	Immaculate Conc. B. V. M. Sophron.	21	☾	9 17	10 23
9 W	Leocadia, V. Gorgonia. Proculus, B.	22	☾	10 25	11 6
10 T	Transl. H. House of Lor. Melchiad.	23	☾	11 33	11 45
11 F	Damasus. Daniel. Barsabas. ☾	24	☾	Midn	12 21
12 S	Our Lady of Guadalupe. Synesius.	25	☾	12 39	12 57
50. S. G. John's Testimony. John 1. S. R. 7 09 S. S. 4 39					
13 S	3. Sund. in Advent. Lucy. Othilia.	26	☾	1 43	1 32
14 M	Nicasius, B. M. Eutropia. Agnellus.	27	☾	2 46	2 8
15 T	Christiana, V. M. Valerian. Max.	28	☾	3 49	2 46
16 W	Ember Day. Eusebius. Albina.	29	☾	4 49	3 27
17 T	Lazarus. Sturmius. Olympias, W.	30	☾	5 47	4 12
18 F	Ember Day. Expectation B. V. ☺	1	☾	6 40	4 59
19 S	Ember Day. Nemesius. Adjutus.	2	☾	7 31	5 50
51. S. G. The Mission of John. Luke 3. S. R. 7 13 S. S. 4 41					
20 S	4. Sund. in Adv. Liberatus. Theophil.	3	☾	8 16	6 42
21 M	Thomas, Ap. Themistocles, M.	4	☾	8 58	7 36
22 T	Zeno, S. M. Ischyron. Honoratus.	5	☾	9 36	8 30
23 W	Victoria, V. M. Servulus. Gelasius.	6	☾	10 10	9 25
24 T	Adam and Eve. Tharsilla. Vigil.	7	☾	10 42	10 20
25 F	Christmas. Anastasia. Eugenia.	8	☾	11 13	11 16
26 S	Stephen Protomartyr. Denis, P. Zenon. ☾	9	☾	11 43	Midn
52. S. G. The Prophecy of Simeon. Luke 2. S. R. 7 17 S. S. 4 45					
27 S	Sund. a. Christmas. John, Ap. Ev.	10	☾	12 13	12 13
28 M	Holy Innocents. Theophila, V. M.	11	☾	12 47	1 10
29 T	Thomas of Canterbury. David.	12	☾	1 23	2 10
30 W	Anysia, M. Sabinus. B. Rainer, B.	13	☾	2 2	3 13
31 T	Silvester, P. Columba. Hermes.	14	☾	2 49	4 15

Memorandums.

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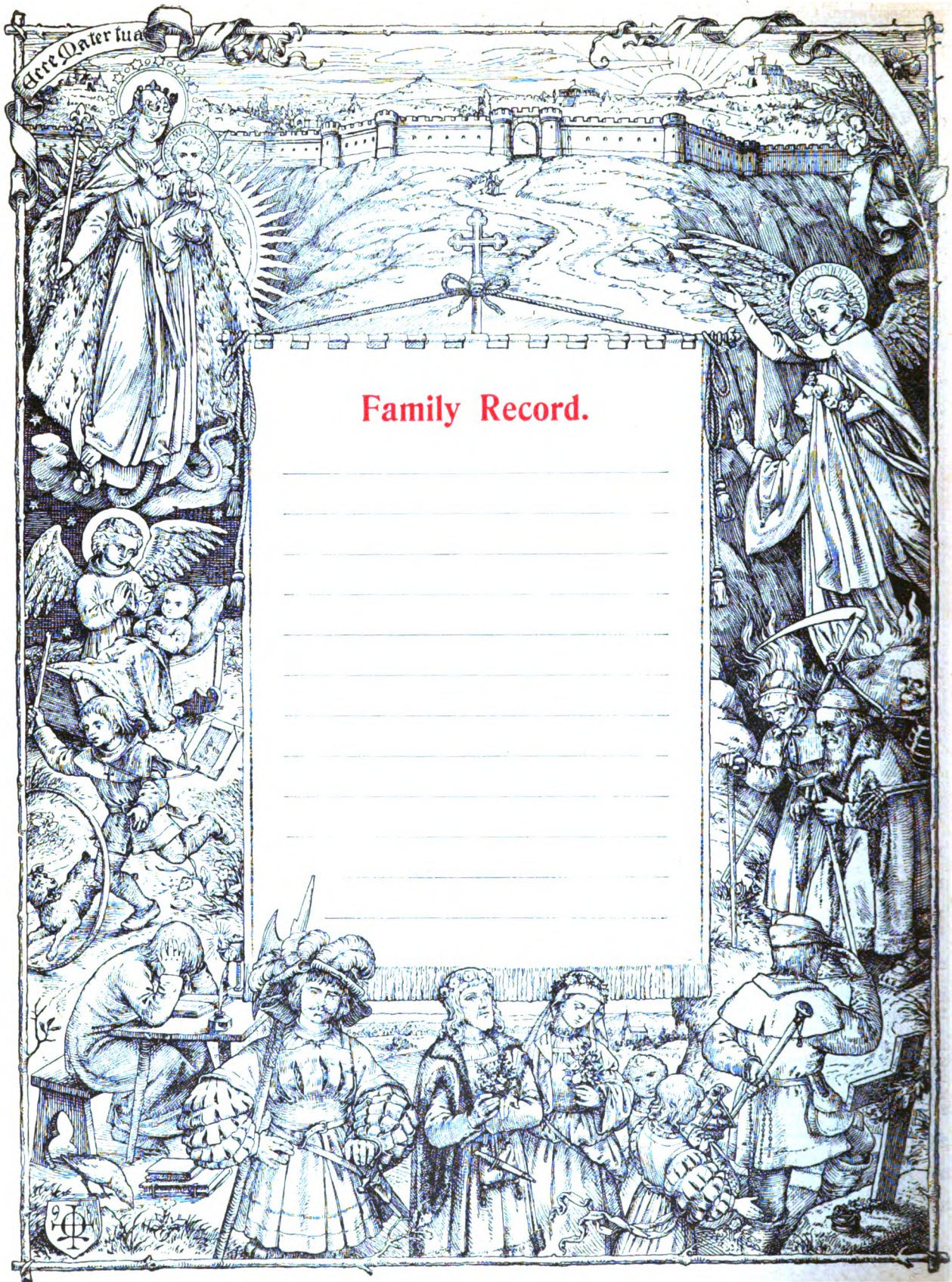
December.

☾ Full Moon 4. 12:13 P. M.
 ☾ Last Quarter 11. 4:53 A. M.
 ☾ New Moon 18. 3:26 P. M.
 ☾ First Quarter 26. 8:22 P. M.

Perigee 7.
 Apogee 23.

Phenomena. — December.

8 ☿ ☿ ☿ 11 ♀ in Perihelium 18 ☿ Greatest Latitude South.
 18 ☿ ☿ ☿ Uranus morn. star.
 22 ☿ in Perihelium.
 22 Winter commences.
 27 ☿ ☿ ☿ Neptune evening star.



Family Record.

CALENDAR OF INDULGENCES,

containing the plenary indulgences of 30 confraternities and pious practices.

I. PLENARY INDULGENCES WHICH CAN BE GAINED ONCE A YEAR.

General Conditions:

The good works usually prescribed for gaining a plenary indulg. are as follows:

1. *Confession.* (those, who go to confession every week, can gain all indulgences offered in the interval without going to confession again).

2. *Holy Communion.*

3. *Visit to a church* (whether to the confraternity church or parish church or any church, every one has to look up his enrollment booklet).

4. *Prayer for special intentions of the Sovereign Pontiff* (5 Our Fathers and 5 Hail Marys or any other prayer of about the same length are sufficient).

Confraternities.

1. White Scapular.
2. Blue "
3. Brown "
4. Black "
5. Red "
6. Sodality of the Bl. Virgin.
7. Confraternity of the Holy Rosary.
8. Archconfraternity of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.
9. Archconfraternity of Mary Consolation.
10. Ingolstadt Mass Association.
11. Archconfraternity of the Immacul. Heart of Mary.
12. Confraternity of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.
13. Archconfratern. of the Precious Blood of Jesus Christ.
14. Apostleship of Prayer.
15. Archconfraternity for the Veneration of St. Joseph.
16. Bona mors Society or Soc. for a happy death.
17. Confratern. of Jesus, Mary and Joseph.
18. Society of the living Rosary.
19. Archconfraternity to help the Poor Souls.
20. Society for the propagation of Faith. (Francis Xavier).
21. Association of St. Boniface
22. Third Order of St. Francis of Assisi.
23. Association of St. Vincent.
24. Medal of St. Benedict.
25. Apostolic Indulgences.
26. Society of the Holy Family.
27. Archconfraternity of Perpetual Help.
28. Confraternity of Christian Mothers.
29. Holy Ghost - Mass - Association.
30. Archconfraternity of the Guard of Honor of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Remark.

In the following Calendar the day of the months or the feast is given first, then the No. (instead of the name as seen above) of each confraternity, by which on a certain feast a plen. indulg. can be gained; if one confraternity can gain more than one indulg., may be seen from the number in parentheses; but in this case the members will have to comply with the respective conditions of the different indulgences.

When a person desires to gain 2, 3, 4 plen. indulgences for each of which a visit and prayer for the intent. of the Sov. Pontiff is required, he must repeat the visit for each of these indulgences; it is necessary to leave the church at the end of each visit and enter again for the next.

January.

1. New year's by 11, 13, 15, 18, 26.
6. Epiphany by 2, 8, 9, 13, 15, 16, 24, 25, 26, 28, 29.
23. Espousals B. V. M. Raym. Pennaf. by 7, 15, 26.
25. Conversion of St. Paul 11.
28. Apparition of St. Agnes 1.

February.

2. Candlemas by 1, 2, 3, 7(5), 8, 10, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, 18, 19, 24, 25, 26.
4. S. Andrew Corsini 3.
8. John of Matha 1.
11. Seven Founders of Serv. B. V. M. 4.
13. S. Catherine of Ricci 7.
14. John B. of the Concept. 1.
24. S. Mathias Ap. 16, 25.

March.

7. Thomas of Aquin 7.
12. Gregory the Great 12.
17. Patrick Ap. of Ireland 9, 18.
18. Gabriel, Arch. 29.
19. Joseph spouse B. V. M. 2, 3, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, 18, 19, 22, 25, 26, 28.
21. Benedict 24.
24. Joseph Mar. Thom. 2, 10.
25. Annuntiation B. V. M. 2, 3, 6, 7(6), 8, 9(3), 10, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, 18, 19, 20, 24, 25, 26.
28. Miracle of the Sacred Blood at Ferrara 13.

April.

5. Vincent Ferrer. 7.
12. Canonization of S. Cajetan 2.
20. Agnes of Oltiano 7.
29. Peter of Verona 7.
30. Catherine of Siena 4, 7.

May.

1. Philip and James Ap. 16, 25.
3. Finding of the Holy Cross 2, 10, 13, 20.
4. Monica 9(2), 28.
5. Pius V. 3, 7, 12.
8. Apparition of S. Michael Arch. 19.
10. Antony 7.
16. Bl. Simon Stock 3.
24. Mary Help of Christ. 13, 28.
29. Mary Magd. of Pazzis. 3.
31. Our Lady of the Sacred Heart 8.

June.

5. Boniface 21.
12. John of S. Facundus 9.
17. Paul Buralis 2, 10.
19. Juliana Falcon. 4. Sunday before 24 June, Feast of Perpetual Help 27.
24. John Bapt. 2, 9, 10, 11, 13, 16, 25.
29. Peter Paul Ap. 2, 9, 10, 12, 13, 16, 19, 25.

July.

- Feast of the Precious Blood (1st Sunday of July) 13.
2. Visitation of Mary 3, 7(4), 15, 18.
5. Michael of Santis 1.
9. John of Gologne 7.
10. Mary of Mount Carmel 3, 13.
19. Vincent of Paul 18, 23.
20. Margaret Hieron. 3.
- 3rd Sunday of July (feast of the most Holy Redeemer) 13.
25. James Ap. 16, 25.
26. St. Anne 28.

August.

2. Portiuncula Indul. 2, 27.
4. Dominic 7.
7. Cajetan 2, 3, 10.
12. Clara 22.
15. Assumption B. V. M. 2, 3, 4, 6, 7(6), 9(3), 10, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, 18, 19, 20, 24, 25, 26.
- Sunday after the Assumption day 3, 9(8) and Portiunc. ind.
16. Hyacinth 7.
23. Philip Beniti 4.
24. Bartholomew Ap. 16, 25.
25. Louis King of France 22.
27. Piercing of the heart of S. Teresa 3.
28. Augustine 2, 9(3), 10.
30. Rosa of Lima 7.

September.

8. Nativity B. V. M. 1, 2, 3, 6, 7(4), 8, 9(2), and Port. Ind. 10, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, 18, 24, 25, 26.
10. Nicolas of Tolentino 9.

14. Exaltation of the Holy Cross 2, 10, 13.
15. Dominic in Soriano 1, 7.
17. Impr. stig. of St. Francis 22.
18. Thomas a Villanova 9.
- Seven dolors B. V. M. (3rd Sunday of Sept.) 4, 13, 16, 18.
21. Mathew Ap. Ev. 16, 25.
28. B. Simon of Roxas 1.
29. Michael Arch. 2, 9, 10, 19.

October.

- Holy Rosary (1. Sunday Oct.)
7. Portiuncula Indul.
4. Francis of Assisi 10, 21, 22.
11. Louis Bertrand 7.
15. Theresa 2, 3.
28. Simon a. Jude 16, 25.

November.

1. All Saints 2, 7, 12, 13, 16, 24, 25.
2. All Souls 12, 13, 19.
9. All saints of the order of St. Dominic 7.
10. Andrew Avellini 2, 10.
13. All saints of the order of S. Aug. 9.
15. Gertrude 3.
19. Elisabeth of Hungary 22.
20. Felix of Valois 1.
21. Presentation B. V. M. 3, 7(3), 13, 18.
30. Andrew Ap. 16, 25.

December.

3. Francis Xavier 13, 18, 20.
6. Nicolas B. 13.
8. Immacul. Conc. B. V. M. 2, 3, 6, 7(4), 8, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 18, 19, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 28.
13. John Mar. 2, 10.
16. a. 24. The first & last day of the novena before Christmas 2, 10.
21. Thomas Ap. 16, 25.
25. Christmas 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7(2), 8, 10, 12, 13, 15, 16, 19, 22, 24, 25, 26.
27. John Ap. Ev. 11, 12, 16, 25.

On the movable feasts.

- Sunday before Septuagesima 11.
- Ash Wednesday 1.
- Passion Sunday 2, 4, 10.
- Friday after Pass. Sun. 2, 4, 7, 10, 13.
- Wednesday in Holy Week 2, 9, 10.
- Holy Thursday 1, 2(2), 3, 4, 7, 9(2), 10.
- Good Friday 2, 9, 10.
- Easter Sunday 1, 2(2), 3, 4(2), 7(3), 8, 9(3), 10, 13, 16, 18, 22, 24, 25, 26, 29.
- 2nd Sunday after Easter 23.
- 3rd Sun. after Easter 3, 9, 15, 16, 19, 26.
- Ascension of Our Lord 1, 2(2), 3, 6, 7(3), 8, 9(2), 10, 13, 15, 16, 18, 24, 25, 26.

CALENDAR OF INDULGENCES.

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| Pentecost Sunday 2, 7(2), 9(3), 10, 13, 15, 16, 18, 22, 24, 25.
Trinity Sunday 1, 2, 9, 10, 16, 18, 24, 25.
Corpus Christi 4, 7, 9, 13, 15, 16, 18, 19, 24, 25. | Sacred Heart of Jesus 8, 12, 14, 22, 29, 30.

On special occasions during the year.
1. During the Forty Hours devotion 2, 3, 4, 10. | 2. On any day selected by the Individual 2, 7, 10, 28.
3. On every Sat. of the year 9.
4. Every Sat. of Lent 2, 9, 10.
5. On the 6 Sundays or Fridays preceding the Feast of the Sacred Heart 12.
6. On the 15 Tuesdays and Saturdays preceding the Feast of the Holy Rosary or preceding the Feast of St. Dominic 7.
7. Every Friday of March 13. |
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II. PLENARY INDULGENCES WHICH CAN BE GAINED MORE THAN ONCE A YEAR.

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| Every Month.
1. Every first Sunday of the month 2, 7(5), 10.
2. Every first Friday or Sunday 12, 30.
3. Every third Sunday of the month 18.
4. On any Wednesday chosen during the month 3.
5. On any Friday chosen during the month 14.
6. On any day chosen during the month 12, 13, 14, 19, 22, 23, 30.
7. On the day of monthly communion 14.
8. On any two days chosen during the month.
1. By 11.
2. The plen. indulgences of the seven churches of the Stations in Rome after Holy Comm. and one visit to seven altars or seven visits to one altar of B. V. M. (one Our | Father each visit) 2.
3. Plen. indulgences of the Holy Land. 2.

Every Week.
1. Monday: (Sunday if prevented on Monday), one plen. indulgence.
<i>Condition.</i> Hearing Mass, Holy Comm. and Prayer (for the Poor Souls).
By heroic Act of Charity.
2. Friday: Conditions: Meditation on the Lord's Passion, Communion and Prayer 5. If prevented on Friday, holy Communion may be received on Sunday.

On the day of H. Comm.
1. 1 plen. indulg. for saying: Look down upon me, good and gentle Jesus before an image of Christ crucified on the usual conditions: Com. | Prayer (no visit required).
2. One plen. ind. for everyone that has performed the heroic act of charity cond. Com. and Prayer.

Every Day.
1. 1 plen. indulg. by saying the beads (15 decades) 7.
2. The many plenary and partial indulgences of the blue scapular when ever saying 6 Our Fathers 6 Hail Marys and Glory etc. in adoration of the Blessed Trinity and in honor of the Immaculate Conception for the intentions of the Holy Father.
3. The many plen. and partial indulgences of the stations.

Remark.
The heroic act of charity consists in a voluntary offering made in behalf of the souls in purgatory to the di- |
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vine Majesty, by any one of the faithful of all works of satisfaction done by him in this life as well as of all the suffrages which shall be offered for him after death.

If you could feel, Chr. soul what immense pains the Poor Souls have to suffer in the flames of purgatory, and how they long and desire for help from you, how the would be grateful to you by their intercession in your behalf. You would not hesitate to perform this heroic act of charity or at least strive to gain as many of above indulgences as possible for the poor souls. Ask the poor souls to implore for you the grace of perseverance and for the poor dying (about 100,000 daily) to escape the dangers of Hell.

Some partial indulgences easily to be gained.

For the Members of the Confraternity of the Holy Rosary.

- Those who say the rosary, can gain:
- a) 5 years and 5 quarantines every time for pronouncing the name of Jesus in the Hail Mary with devotion.
 - b) 100 days for every Our Father and Hail Mary on a Dominican-Rosary.
 - c) 10 years and 10 quarantines for saying 5 decades together with others.
- Who carries a blessed rosary in the honor of the B. V. Mary with himself, can gain 100 days and 100 quarantines every day.

50 days every time.

1. The sign of the cross: In the name of the Father 100 days if it is made with holy water.
 2. "My God and my all!"
 3. "Praised be Jesus Christ, (Forever, or Amen).
 4. "Jesus!" "Mary!"
 5. "Jesus, my God, I love Thee above all things."
 6. "My sweetest Jesus, be not my Judge, but my Savior"
- 100 days every time.**
7. "My Jesus, mercy!"
 8. "Angel of God, my guardian dear,
To whom His love commits

Ejaculations as often as the are made.

me here,
Ever this day be at my side,
To light and guard, to rule
and guide. Amen."

300 days every time.

9. "O sweetest Heart of Jesus! I implore that I may love Thee more and more."
10. "Sweet Heart of Mary, be my salvation!"
11. Blessed be the holy and immaculate conception of the most Blessed Virgin Mary Mother of God."
12. "Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, I give you my heart and my soul."
"Jesus, Mary, and Joseph,

assist me in my last agony."
"Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, may I breathe forth my soul in peace with you."

2335 days every time.

13. (7 years and 7 quarantines) for the acts of Faith, Hope, and Charity, any form of words may be used, provided it expresses the particular motive of each of these three virtues.

By 9, 10, 13, can be gained one plen. ind. on the usual conditions on any day of the month, if said everyday of the month.

Remarks.

This Calendar of Indulgences took up so many confraternities sole for the following reason: Because in different places different confraternities are liked. As for the individual it is advisably: "Little but good" viz. To impose upon one's self few obligations only, but to fulfill those few well.

The main point is and always will be a truly Christian life, the avoiding of sin, especially mortal sin and the practice of virtue; it is that what will take us to Heaven.

The above mentioned indulgences are taken from authentic or at least approved works.

The indulgence — a remission of temporal punishments, which, of course, the forgiveness of sins must precede — is frequently found in years and days of the ancient church-penances. For instance who gains an indulgence of 100 days, expiates a punishment, which was formerly expiated by a church-penance of 100 days.

The richest sources of indulgences are: The Stations, the Blue Scapular, the Confraternity of the Holy Rosary, also the above mentioned ejaculations, the three Divine Acts of Faith, Hope and Charity. If one often repeats the shortest and most richly indulged of these he can gain in a short time thousands of days of indulgence.

We should consider how with only a little trouble we can obtain consolation and succor for the Poor Souls. How ardently will those Poor suffering Souls in Purgatory lift up their hands in grateful supplication to the Throne of Mercy and intercede for their benefactors! If our dear Lord will not let a cup of water that is given in charity, be unrewarded, He will surely reward a thousand times that what we do for the Poor forsaken Souls in Purgatory. If anywhere then here especially the Words of our Lord shall be verified: "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends; because the hand of the Lord hath touched me!



**Gloria in excelsis Deo
et in terra pax hominibus!**

Hark! the Angel of the sky
Crieth with delight:
"Glory be to God on high!"
This fair Christmas night;
"And on earth, peace be to men
Of good-will" — sweet peace!
Adam's sons, from death and sin,
Shall the Lord release!

Come, ye shepherds, to the Crib!
Come, adore your King.
Round the Mother and her Babe,
Alleluias sing!
All ye sons of men, draw nigh,
Hail your Savior's birth.
"Glory be to God on high,
Peace to men on earth!"
Eleanor C. Donnelly.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.
(ACROSTIC.)

Another year! Another Year!
Hail we to-day with joyous cheer!
And on full many a board to-night,
Pleasant the red wine flashes bright.
Poured forth with wish and loving prayer.
Youth and old Age in common share

Neighbors and friends together meet
Each happy pastime to repeat
Which one short week ago had wiled
Yule Eve away till morrow smiled
Earnest their lips in union move —
"Ah! grant Most Gracious Power above"
"Rare gifts of Thine to all we love."



Glory to God in the Highest; and on Earth Peace to Men of Good Will!



WITH these words of the joyful hymn of the Holy Angels, so frequently surrounding us with its beautiful strains during the blessed days of Christmas time, the chronicler of "St. Michael's Almanac" extends to you, beloved reader, a hearty greeting and well-wishing for the new year. Do not receive them in a spirit of indifference, as so many idle words, but remember that the glory of the Lord and your peace, the peace of your heart, your true happiness, are ever in his mind, when, as your guide, he leads you through the year, through that long and glorious array of religious festivals and memorial days of the Saints, all of them reminding us of our own pilgrimage to celestial Jerusalem the city of peace. The glory of the Lord and your peace, that same peace the blessings of which were invoked by our Savior risen from the tomb, in greeting his Apostles, are in his mind, when he presents to your view and for your guidance in daily life those shining examples of pious and holy men. The glory of the Lord and your peace, the peace with God, with yourself, and with your neighbor, are in his mind, when he causes fluent writers to picture to you scenes and incidents from life, fraught with vast and varied information for your benefit! Aye the glory of the Lord and your peace and happiness are in his mind solely and alone in each and every one of his offerings to you whether serious or humorous, useful and instructive or only pleasant and entertaining in nature.

Glory to God in the Highest; and on Earth Peace to Men of Good Will!

What rich blessings are contained in these words! Let it be our sole endeavor in life to be guided by this grand appeal in all our thoughts and actions! Let us worship the Lord by being ever mindful of the fact that, as children of the Heavenly Father, it behooves us to lead a constant life in keeping with our noble origin, not the life of abject slaves of animal passions, but as the true lords and kings of creation, in full control of our own weak flesh with its frailties and sinful desires, rising far above human vanity and the allurements of worldly splendor and greatness! If thus, by our lives,

we proclaim not alone the glory of the Lord, but also promote our own true and everlasting welfare and happiness, faithfully preserving for us, together with a clear conscience, that precious treasure peace, peace with the Lord, with ourselves and our fellow-men, children of the same Heavenly Father -- then, aye then, it were even as if paradise lost had been found again, and our troubles and sufferings would appear but as a tempest upon the surface of the sea, not penetrating into the watery depth, nor making havoc among the treasures there resting silently engulfed upon the bottom. Then we might ever be as happy as are good children on Holy Christmas eve, beholding the Christmas tree radiant with lights and burdened with gifts, when joy and pleasure beam from every eye, brighten each face, and from the blessed hearts of children shouts of delight rise to their lips.

May the blessed light of the *Christmas Tree*, the star emanating from Jacob, the *Light of the World*, ever be our own guiding star during the new year, shedding a bright light upon our path through the darkness of this life! May we never forget, and ever be grateful for that priceless gift of our Redeemer, recalled to our memory by the tokens of love spread for us under the Christmas tree! And may that evergreen tree of Holy Christmas itself be to us a constant admonition that, at all seasons of the year and in all the vicissitudes of life, in summer as well as in winter, in the days of sunshine and rejoicing as well as in the days of storm and suffering, we remain faithful unto the Lord. Aye, let the Christmas tree be our "pharos", our beacon-light during that rough passage over the stormy waves of life!

Happy is he whose whole life, from the cradle to the grave (as pictured in our *Family Record*), is passed under the blessing of the Divine Savior and under the protection of Her of whom He says to us all: "Ecce Mater Tua!" "Behold there thy mother!"

Happy is he who never proves recreant and unworthy of this blessing and of this protection, who emerges from the days of childhood with their frolicsome plays, from the years of

boyhood with their diligent studies with clean and unsullied heart, who even in that dangerous period of life, the age of youth, when most exposed to the temptations of sin, remains loyal to the King of Heaven and to Her, the image of purity, His Mother; and who when called into the blessed state of wedlock will lead to the matrimonial altar none but a truly Christian maiden pious and pure. And he who thus leads a life of rectitude, ever aiming at his eternal salvation while on the pilgrimage through this transitory world, will have naught to fear, when in advanced age, in the last stages of his voyage, he stands ponderingly at the graves of the friends and comrades of his youthful days, and when trembling under the load of years he sees grim death stretch forth those hands that will take him hence with their cold touch. For in him lives the hope that when the soul has parted from the body and has been freed from all impurity and base alloy through the flames of purgatory, that then, aye then he shall rise, led by his Angel, into those beautiful gardens of our country that is fairer than this, where the souls of the blessed dwell, to Holy Jerusalem.

But alas, how many of our young folks become shipwrecked in their faith and in their morals! And when we behold the youth of the land, might we not often exclaim in terror: Where shall this lead to?!

How many are led astray from the faith soon after having received First Holy Communion! Bad books and newspapers lewd pictures, wicked company and precept cause the downfall of countless numbers.

In their youthful years already these unfortunate beings, creatures of the Lord, are bereft of their purity of heart, begin to lead a life of lewdness and depravity, lay the foundation for a miserable old age, and dig their own early grave.

Parents, priest, teacher are helpless! They must stand idly by when those entrusted to their care by the Lord are madly rushing into their temporal ruin, followed by eternal perdition.

In order to provide a remedy against that calamity, and more particularly to save our male youth from impending ruin, our unassuming institution, the St. Joseph's Home, has been founded. Its object is to supply protection and shelter for boys from 12 to 18 years of age, and to shield them against the dangerous influence of the world. By a good education it is intended to impress upon the hearts and minds of these young men those principles which in later years shall be their guiding star, and support them in the battles and storms of life.

Here, in St. Joseph's Home, the boy and the youth shall be taught to utilize those talents and gifts with which the Creator has endowed him, in the service of the Lord and his fellow-

men, and by learning a trade equip himself for his later position in human society. Further information about St. Joseph's Home, and what it is intended to accomplish there, will be found elsewhere in this almanac.

Let us propound the question, whether the aims and objects of St. Joseph's Home are not such as to commend themselves to the respect and support, aye the love, of all well-meaning people, of every philanthropist, and especially every friend of youth?

Is it not worth an effort, or even a sacrifice, to lead a boy, a youth, through life pure and undefiled? To arm him against the dangers of the world, to provide him with a secure hold, such as can only be given him by a truly Christian and Catholic education?

By great self denials and privations on the part of priests and brothers of the "Society of the Divine Word," and the active aid and support of a number of friends, St. Joseph's Home was founded. But it requires further assistance for its maintenance. Will you not share in this noble work, and contribute your mite? You are doing it by buying this almanac, by prevailing upon others to do so! You will assist St. Joseph's Home by ordering books and publications which are printed and sold there. You may assist St. Joseph's Home by donations of any kind, by remitting contributions of whatever amount!

If you are a priest or a scholar, whose library is filled with books, look through your book-shelves, if there be not one or the other book which you may spare the "Boys of St. Joseph's Home." For each and everything you do for this good cause the Lord will recompense you a thousand times, and the many boys of St. Joseph's Home, together with the brothers and priests, will pray for you daily, that the blessing of the Lord may be with you during the new year.

And now, beloved reader of this almanac, you and I, its chronicler, will enter into a compact, binding us both to remember each other in our prayers during the new year!

All our wishes we will confide to the blessed Holy Hearts of Jesus and Mary, to these kindest and most loving, but withal most powerful hearts which have ever beaten upon earth. And if we faithfully and sincerely endeavor to elevate our own hearts, as much as the weakness of our nature will permit, to the level of these two most perfect hearts, in love of the Lord and of man, in purity, humility and meekness, then we are assured of meeting again in that glorious land above, resting upon the Divine brotherly Heart of Jesus, and the kind motherly Heart of Mary. And this the Lord may grant!



The Revenge of a True Christian.

You shall attend Holy Mass every Sunday with devotion to the Lord," said Father M., the priest of a small manufacturing town in Germany, to the children of the school under his official care as public inspector, thus earnestly impressing upon them the necessity of faithfully obeying this mandate of the Holy Church for their own temporal and spiritual welfare. But his well intentioned admonitions not being regarded as desired, especially by the boy-pupils, the reverend gentlemen was obliged to mete out punishment on Mondays to those children who had remained away from Holy Mass on the preceding Sunday, without producing good and proper reasons.

Each willful truant from church was compelled to remain after school hours and the number of young culprits meeting with such fate, regularly included one pale-faced boy, somewhat retarded in growth and therefore small for his age, who always took his punishment meekly without ever attempting to escape the same by subterfuge, or otherwise.

George Ebert — such was the boy's name — was a good and diligent pupil in all other respects, and so attentive during the religious lessons that he was able to answer every question put to him.

On a certain Monday — George having again failed to attend church on the day before — the priest called the boy aside after school and asked him in a kind voice: "Tell me, George why you never come to church Sundays?"

George blushed deeply and remained silent; he was evidently ashamed to tell the truth, nor could, or would he tell a lie to the priest. Placing both his hands, in an awkward manner, over his eyes rapidly filling with tears, he commenced to cry.

"Why, my dear child, you can tell me," said the Father kindly, patting the boy's cheeks.

"I have no Sunday clothes! This is my best suit," ejaculated the weeping boy.

That was indeed a sad condition for the poor boy to be in, if those were his best garments. For the pantaloons, though clean were patched all over, and the jacket was covered by such a variety and abundance of patches that it was simply impossible to tell the original goods of which it was made.

"You can go home, George, you need not remain to-day," said the priest.

Making inquiries about the family, Father M. ascertained that Hans Ebert, the boy's father, was the most active agitator and the noisiest shouter for the socialistic candidate for a seat in the German parliament, or "Reichstag", in the impending election, and at the same time a most bitter vilifier and enemy of all authority, either of church or state. Smilingly he said to himself, after having received such an information: "I am going to have my revenge upon that man."

Hans Ebert, a mechanic, but an idler and pleasure seeker, spent his time in saloons, as long as he had any money in his pocket, drinking and denouncing the existing laws, of which he had however only a very scanty knowledge. But his principal abuse was directed against the "parsons," the priests who presumed to advise the voters to cast their ballots for the candidates of the parties representing established law and order, as against the revolutionary socialists. He was particularly venomous against Father M., not alone because that the priest was an outspoken opponent of socialism but also because he so firmly insisted upon Sunday's attendance at church by the school children. "Why, that is the vilest tyranny!" Ebert shouted, "to punish the boys for preferring to play in the street rather, than go to church!"

But it was all settled in his mind, that with the victory and realization of the great doctrine of socialism, all this would be changed, that nobody would have to go to church any longer, that license would rule in place of law, and all authority should be overthrown.

Ha, how he bloated with the prospect of seeing the "parsons," and especially that hated Father M. humiliated, and placed on a social level with, or even below him!

The day of election drew nearer, and Ebert became perfectly frantic with shouting. The workmen, employed in factories and by the various railroads, were the victims of his wild harangues. "Work no more, and live on the fat of the land," was the shibboleth catching many of the unsophisticated, and though the sensible and more enlightened among the industrial operatives paid little or no attention to Hans Ebert



O Jesu Admirabilis!

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and his oratory, the socialists, for various reasons, received a majority of the votes cast, so that their candidate carried the district and was elected. Now the agitator began to celebrate! For a whole week he had not drawn a sober breath; every morning he had added sufficient alcoholic stimulant to the dose of the previous day, to put him back into proper spirits. But there is an end to everything, and Hans Ebert's intoxication by victory and drink was no exception to the rule.

The member elect and his friends and supporters put a check on their liberality after the battle was over, and ceased to "set them up" freely, so that suddenly there were no more liquid refreshments at the expense of others in sight for Ebert.

His own money — what little there had been of it — had been spent during the canvass for votes, and the new member was not in a position to inaugurate that great reform of "what is thine, is mine," which Ebert had in view, until the next meeting of the "Reichstag" — if then? So for the time being there was nothing left for Hans, but hope, golden hope for the speedy realization of his peculiar notions of reform, and his — appetite for beverage stronger than water.

He came home decidedly surly and in very bad humor. But there he found very little to cheer him. His wife met him at the door with pale, thin cheeks, and eyes red and swollen from crying. It evidently required a strong exertion for her to rock, upon her tired, emaciated arms, the youngest child, whom however all her tenderness seemed unable to quieten, judging by the harrowing shrieks of the poor little creature.

"What ails the little one?" he asked angrily.

"He is hungry," sobbed the poor woman in reply, "and the baker refuses to let us have any bread, the milkman will give no milk until the old debt is paid. Oh my child, my poor, innocent child must starve!"

The lamentations of his wife, but still more the agony expressed in the cries of the suffering child seemed to penetrate to his heart. He felt and searched through all his pockets for money, but not a penny he could find. "What, have I spent all the money?" He put the question to himself in a low voice, but the woman had not overheard it.

"Surely, otherwise you would not be home yet," she said with a despairing look upon her child.

At almost any other time this remark full of reproach on the part of his meek helpmate would have been sufficient to arouse his temper, and bring his clenched fist heavily down upon the table, so as to make the woman gladly relapse into silence; but to-day he did not find the heart to assert his dignity, or vindicate his authority as the head of the family in that

"striking" manner. For it was true, he had squandered the money upon which the family had depended for support, in dissipation, and if his poor child died of starvation, nobody was responsible for its death but he.

"Go to our neighbor," he said "she should help you out with milk and bread I'll return it to her — surely, I'll make it all right with her."

"Oh, wasn't I there already half an hour ago. She had all kinds of excuses to offer — she did not have a crust of bread in the house herself, all the milk had turned sour, and what else didn't she say! More than ten times she has helped me out, and I could never return anything."

Ebert bit on his lips till they turned blue. Oh, if only the time had arrived at last, when the great social problem of "how to live, enjoy and support a family without working" was solved!

But a capital thought struck him! The new member must help! He would call on him at once, and ask for a loan, for an amount of money sufficient to carry him and his family through until the advent of that glorious day when the "general division of property" would take place. Notwithstanding his socialistic tendencies, the member belonged to the rich classes, and he would not mind a hundred marks or so, loaned for a short period to assist his most active canvasser in an hour of need.

This "brilliant idea" was put into effect at once. Hurrying to the fine residence of the member, situated in the most exclusive quarter of the town and surrounded by a beautiful garden, he gave a vigorous pull at the door-bell by means of its heavily plated brass handle. The door was opened by a servant, and Ebert admitted into the presence of the member.

That gentleman was resting comfortably in an easy-chair and smoking his Havana, when the visitor entered the room. — "By thunder!" muttered Hans to himself, "when I am fixed like that, my children will not have to cry for bread any more."

With perfect assurance and confidence he stated the object of his call, but to his surprise met with very little encouragement. The gentleman in the easy-chair, now a full-fledged member of the "Reichstag," seemed to be an entirely different person compared to the candidate of a few days ago, and it was particularly noticeable that his faith in the speedy triumph and realization of the "great principle" for which they had worked together, was considerably shaken, if it had not entirely disappeared.

He simply said in reply to Ebert's request for a cash loan that he had spent enough money for his election; that it had been in fact so much money thrown away, as the good sound sense of the people would have elected him

without the efforts of those shouters who had really harmed the good cause instead of helping it; and as to that loan he could not think of making it, not being in the money-lending business.

Ebert was too much astonished to break the silence with an answer. He could not find the way out quick enough, and did not quite realize the situation until the door of the house had closed behind him, and he beheld once more that heavily plated brass bell handle. There he stood, with as much spirit left in him as in a whipped cur. Disappointment, rage, shame and grief were the emotions struggling in his bosom for supremacy. But a feeling of disgust with the grateful member with himself, with the whole world overlaid them all.

"From that fellow in there we need not expect much," he murmured as he walked away slowly.

The nearer he approached his humble home, the heavier became the load upon his heart. He had once loved his wife so fervently that he felt equal to any task for her sake, he had promised her happy days when she became his, he loved her still, and now the unfortunate creature together with their poor children suffered from want and misery owing to his disposition.

How was it that he had sunk so deeply into poverty? Reflecting upon the causes the blush of shame rose to his cheeks. He had shunned honest labor; those who were not compelled to perform manual work had become objects of his envy, and his love for pleasure and amusement was also largely responsible for his present condition. If he had worked and kept his wages, instead of spending all his money in saloons, his child would not be in danger of starvation to-day.

"Terrible, terrible!" he muttered when his mind returned to that suffering little creature.

He hurried to the saloon where day after day he had "blown in" his money, the keeper of that place would surely assist him!

"Let me have a few marks for a couple of days, Mrs. Maier, only for a few days; I need the money at home for my family." With these words he hastily accosted the proprietress of the saloon.

Mrs. Maier pointed to the black board covered with names and figures, at the back of the counter and said with perfect composure:

"You owe four marks for drinks yet, Mr. Ebert. As soon as the old debt is paid, we trust again."

"But I must have some money to buy food for my wife and children!" he cried despairingly. "Every minute's delay may help to kill my child!"

"You heard what I said," answered the hard-hearted woman, "first pay up, then your credit is good again."

Ebert sees the door of the kitchen wide open, and inside upon a large table piled up high dishes filled with sweet, rich looking milk. One of them would be sufficient for his starving family, perhaps save the life of his child. Alas, he did not have the money to pay for that one. — "Mrs. Maier" he hisses through his firmly set teeth, "I must have such a dish of milk, I cannot waste time explaining now to-morrow I'll be here."

He had the dish of milk in his hand, and hurried away.

Mrs. Maier, though the well-matched spouse of a socialist reformer of Human society, had no appreciation for this practical application of the "great principle" of socialism, preferring rather to be protected in the possession of her filled milk-dish even by so hateful a thing as the law. She was so indignant at the outrage committed before her eyes, the open theft of her milk-dish, that she straightway went before the magistrate and made complaint against that bold Hans Ebert.

Hans, in the meantime, had safely reached home with his booty, but to his great surprise found the wailing little sufferer quietly asleep in his bed. On the table he saw a plate containing the rest of a rich milk-soup, and a large loaf of bread.

A new dress for his wife, made of good, strong woolen goods, and a brand new boy's suit were lying on a chair. His wife was in the kitchen busy filling the soup-dish standing on the clean table with a rich broth she had just finished cooking over a lively fire in the kitchen stove. Ah, how the warm vapors of that appetizing flavor, rolling in clouds from the capacious soup-bowl, tickled his nostrils and appealed to his hungry stomach!

George, his eldest son, danced and jumped around the mother laughing and shouting, and meanwhile repeating to her words which Father M. had spoken to him.

"What's the matter, where does all this come from?" exclaimed Ebert half dazed in a tremor of relief.

"Father M. has given me that fine new suit of clothes, and a prayer-book and a string of beads!" shouted the boy, "and the bread, flour, lard and milk was sent by different ladies to whom the Father had spoken for us!"

Hurrah, now we'll have plenty to eat, and don't have to go hungry!" How this "hurrah" of the boy cut into the father's heart, deep, very deep, for he had been responsible for those pangs of hunger which had tormented the child.

Silently he went into the bedroom and locked the door.

Father M. came of a poor family. Only by great self-denials and the utmost frugality on the part of his parents and himself, had he finally attained his ordination as priest, and had but just commenced to receive the salary of a vicar. Everyone knows that salary is not a large one: still he supported out of it his parents, now old and unable to work for their own livelihood, and further more he had now bought from his scant means a new suit of clothes for little George.

Hans Ebert was well acquainted with the priest's financial circumstances, and the deeper was his humiliation in being helped by the man in the anticipation of whose downfall he had found so much gleeful satisfaction.

Had he worked, instead of idling and spending his money in dissipation, his earnings would have amounted to much more than the annual salary of the priest.

He had persecuted, vilified and hated the priest, and Father M. now revenged himself by saving his child from starvation, his family from disgraceful raggedness and exposure, while those for whom Ebert had neglected his family, in whose place he had spent all his money, had refused with scorn to assist him.

Such were the thoughts and comparisons of Ebert's mind when he was suddenly aroused from his deep reflections by a rapping at the door of the bedchamber, first soft sounding then louder. He opened the door, and found himself face to face with a constable, citing him before the police magistrate of the town to answer to the charge of theft. Crestfallen he followed the officer of the law. After the magistrate had listened to his story as to how he came to appropriate that dish of milk, he took him good naturedly by the arm, saying: "Well we shall drop the matter this time, Hans Ebert" but it is better to work and be saving: then you don't

have to use such means to supply your family with food!" — So the much abused law was also kinder to Hans than his former friends.

Hans started for home; passing Maier's saloon he looked the other way, when his eyes rested on the church spire and became somewhat dim from moisture!

Hans Ebert has ceased to be a socialist. Together with wife and child he attends Holy Mass regularly on Sundays: during the week



he works every day, goes straight home from the shop and saves his wages. To the saloon he is a perfect stranger, but he drinks his beer at home, never too much, always moderately,

and wife and child drink a glass or beer with him.

All that Father M. has effected by his Revenge of a true Christian.

Triumph of Truth and Love.



HERE were stirring times in the usually quiet country town of Hainbach, for the fall manoeuvres were taking place. Hainbach and its vicinity had soldiers quartered in every corner. This rare occasion had made the industrious country people nearly forget their work for several days: young and old were on their feet in the morning, in order to witness the movements of the troops and towards noon to see the life and exercises of the soldiers in the camp, or to listen in the market place to the music of the military band.

At the tavern of the "Golden Horn" there were great goings on. There gathered the higher officers for whom the landlord took care to provide the best drinks and his better half the best cooking. One afternoon—the troops were resting that day—there were a number of young officers early gathered at the "Horned Siegfried", for thus for brevity's sake people called Siegfried Werker the landlord of the Horn. At a round table in a happy drinking bout, the gentlemen were enjoying themselves good humoredly. Outside, a monk attended by a sacristan went from door to door and was greeted reverently everywhere.

The entire appearance of the monk, his noble countenance, his earnest and yet mild look, his free high forehead showed plainly, elevation of soul, indicated loftiness of character and led one to presuppose high birth. He had already visited many cities and villages and had

collected rich gifts for the needy poor.—this monk who had come to-day to Hainbach and truly, had not knocked at the doors of its brave inhabitants in vain.

The sacristan led the son of St. Francis into the inn of the stanchly Catholic host of the "Golden Horn."

He, after contributing liberally himself, conducted the holy man to the officers' room, thinking that those who have much, must give much, and that those who spend generously for themselves, can contribute generously for the needs of others.

The appearance of the monk's cowl interrupted the noisy entertainment but, the silence only endured for a moment. Unfortunately, the habit of the order became the object of derision. One could plainly hear the expressions "beggars," "idlers," "parasites in fool's dress," "rabble" etc. Such titles of honor are not new to our monks but the countenance of this one indicated an inward struggle. His birth and former station in life could scarcely prepare him for such mortification. Yet the disciple and soldier of Christ knew how to suppress

the excitement in his heart. He went quietly to the round table and solicited an alms. Shrugs of the shoulders and mocking laughter were the answers he received. Men who spend selfishly often have a hard heart for the needy multitude.

The monk, thinking of the poor did not allow himself to be so easily refused.



"Gentlemen" he said "I have already collected my personal portion: therefore now, I beg an alms also for the poor, the sick and the orphans." These words had a visible result. One of the officers who had previously listened in silence, felt the noble behavior of the father during his mortifying reception and the simple words roused him from his hesitancy. He arose and taking money from his own purse began a collection among his comrades, saying: "In the name of the needy I beg of you a small gift."

At this moment the commander of the regiment appeared.

He had unknown to his men, been sitting in the next room reading the newspaper. The stillness following the entrance of the priest, the irony and the laughter had made him attentive; scarcely had he noticed the religious habit through the doorway, when he came in, greeted the father reverentially, and asked the question "What is the matter here?"

With earnest words directed to the officers he went on. "To insult this priest is to attack my own honor; for you know that his religion is mine."

Every man sat still as if thunderstruck.

Embarrassment showed itself in their faces. None of them had had an idea that their superior officer was so near.

The commander, when he learned the mission of the father, laid two gold pieces upon the plate. Now the other gentlemen also felt induced to contribute to the donation, partly by the good example and the decided stand of some of their comrades, partly by their own better sympathies being aroused, and principally by the presence of their regimental commander. Therefore the amount of the collection exceeded all expectations.

Thanking the givers heartily and departing in a friendly way, the monk left the room. The officer accompanied his protegee to the door and saw him depart, thanking God that the charity for the poor had been so strongly supported.

Then the commander returned to the officers' room and sat down at the round table — a great honor for his people. Recurring to the incident he began: "The behavior of many toward the Catholic religion always brings the words to my mind: 'Quae ignorant blasphemant!' (What they do not understand, they blaspheme). 'Many men, even those who count themselves among the well-educated, have not the least idea of the Catholic church, her teaching, her institutions and her practices.'"

"Primary schools and high schools often picture the Catholic religion as a caricature in the mind of the young. Later reading, whether of newspapers, magazines or other products of the press, with their great calumnies and lies, complete the horrible picture."

"No wonder that the readers of such writings have a wrong idea of everything Catholic if they do not hate and ridicule it."

"Colonel," observed the officer who had collected the offering, "many Catholics would do the same if they believed differently."

"I do not dispute that," continued the first speaker; "yet any one would consider a man a fool who would employ a blind art critic."

"Why then do not these critics of the Catholic religion sometimes pick up Catholic books and learn therefrom all about Catholic doctrines? The study of a Catholic catechism would often lead to the change of mind of many an honest inquirer."

"Would we gain from that," a second lieutenant ventured to ask, "a thorough knowledge of the life of the Catholic religious orders?"

"The first principles are indeed indicated in it," pleasantly replied his superior, "but any one outside of our faith would hardly be able to make anything out of these slight allusions."

One can learn to know and to judge of the principles of all orders only, when one has passed over the threshold of the convent and has observed the life within those quiet walls with his own eyes, when one has heard the preaching of the fathers and has read their works."

"It was always strange and peculiar to me" remarked a first lieutenant, "that in all the writings in regard to the affairs of the convent, the reason given for entering there was either blighted hopes, disappointed love or a broken heart."

"That is easily explained," said the colonel! An ideal conception of life such as is necessary to the members of our orders, seems to many people incomprehensible, to the superficial man of the world impossible, to the unbelieving scoffer, ridiculous."

"Assoldiers we are always ready to offer up our lives for the king. Should not men who are moved by strong faith and large hearts, consecrate their lives to the highest King?"

"As a Protestant" interrupted a fourth, "I always wonder that Catholic people think and speak with such respect and love of their priests, and particularly of their monks."

"That is" continued the commander, "because the Catholics consider their priests as successors and representatives of the Son of God, because they rate the call to orders in truth and verity as coming from God. Yet should the ideas of the free masons' newspaper writers and cloister stormers get the upper hand, then there would be sad days for our religious orders."

"Believe me gentlemen I am competent to render an opinion upon the Catholic religious orders. I was reared and instructed in a monastery. Under the guidance of my teacher, whom I loved and esteemed, I decided my vocation. Men

and women to whom life with all its riches and pleasures is open, say farewell to the world of their own free will, lead a life of poverty and deprivation, travel under every earthly difficulty, brave perpetual danger to their lives, in the most distant parts of the earth to secure the salvation of heathen people: they go as angels of mercy to the huts of the poor, in the lazaretos and barracks of cholera and pest-houses, everywhere mitigating pain and suffering, giving everywhere help, comfort and succor. In two wars I was a witness that the monks and nuns, not considering their own lives, bound up the wounds of the soldiers, and lightened the death agonies of the fallen.

I hope that in my hour of death a monk will give me support. In the monasteries are found the greatest teachers and educators, great preachers and successful writers.

"Indeed gentlemen" continued the colonel with emphasis "the cloisters are not peopled with parasites, but the members of the monastic orders are recruited exclusively from the sons and daughters of the best and most excellent families."

"Not seldom there is hidden under the poor cowl of the monk, the scion of a noble and distinguished house. As proof of this let me tell you what even now in this house was certified to by our truthful host. — That monk called Father Felix, who left this hall a few minutes ago, is a born count, and was formerly an officer of our army."

If the explanations of their superior were followed with interest up to this time the last communication had a most incredible effect. No one doubted what the colonel had said about the religious orders, but what he had told them of Father Felix caused these gentlemen from that day, to look upon the Catholic priests and monks with respect and reverence. One of them was to be convinced at a future time of the truth of the words which the commander had spoken.

In the evening of the same day, the pastor of Hainbach received in his home the colonel who was quartered in the rectory and also the Franciscan Father Felix. What the landlord of the Horn had stated in regard to him was verified to the colonel by the "pastor."

The monk was not a little surprised to meet again his protector and benefactor. In earnest conversation the hours flew swiftly by. They talked about state and church, science and art.

At an early hour on the following day we see the colonel kneeling in the church of Hainbach — kneeling at the Altar, serving at Mass,

which was being said by Father Felix, a rare spectacle for angels and men and an event ever to remembered by the good people of Hainbach.

An hour later, the same colonel at the head of his regiment left Hainbach, to occupy in the evening other quarters many miles distant.

The mendicant friar walked in an opposite direction, accompanied for a short distance by the pastor on his way to a neighboring village. Soldier and friar had separated in the belief, that they should probably not see each other again in this life.

II.

Two years later, war broke out between Germany and France. On the same date on which the

colonel had once protected a priest, and defended the Catholic orders, the battle of Gravelotte was fought.

This terrible day demanded numberless victims. Many lay at evening upon the battlefield, bloody, and dead, many were still fighting death.

A particular group draws our entire attention. At the entrance to a ravine, there lies under an old oak upon the soft grass, a fatally wounded man. And a little distance from him stands his horse, the head sadly bent as if aware of what had happened. Near the unconscious one a monk in the coarse habit of his order kneels and prays: the surrounding group of officers and troopers stand silently for the bri-



gade surgeon has just pronounced it a deadly wound, surely a disheartening piece of news for the badly diminished regiment. Now consciousness returns and the wounded man opens his eyes to meet those of the priest: they recognize each other again — the colonel and Father Felix for these they are!!

"Is it indeed you father?" whispers the dying man. "Thanks be to God, but let us hurry; my end has come: I feel it."

The bystanders step back at a sign from the priest who now gives to his old benefactor and protector the last consolations of the holy religion! How exalted and holy the office and the work of our priests! We feel that particularly, when the soul of a man is about to pass over the threshold of eternity.

"Lord remember not the sins of his youth" prayed the priest, "truly he has sinned but he has not denied the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost. In thee O God he has believed, in Thee he hoped, in Thee he trusted; therefore have mercy and forgive him."

After the holy office was over, the commander of the regiment pressed the hand of the father and spoke with a low voice "I thank you, I thank you for all; now it is all right, I die gladly. Greet everyone once more for me."

A heavenly smile spread over the countenance of the dying man — "Father into Thine hands I resign my spirit! — Jesus, Mary, and Joseph" he breathed and the colonel's noble soul was with his God. The priest closed the eyes of the dead man and tenderly blessed the corpse, while officers and men drew near to see

once more the beloved leader who had been an upright Christian, a good chief, a brave soldier, a true man. — The war was carried to its conclusion and the Germans after conquering Paris, returned home covered with glory.

Some years had passed: a few weeks after the passage of the laws against the religious orders, two majors of the army who as lieutenants had once listened to their colonel in the village of Hainbach, were seated together in a hotel of a Rhenish garrison town.

"It is just" said one, "as our dear departed far seeing colonel said: The opinion of the enemies of the church the Freemasons and the liberal press have gained the upper hand. The Catholic orders have been driven from Germany." "It has indeed gone far enough" replied the other "scoundrels and anarchists, even those who are striving to destroy throne and altar, find home and protection on German soil. But those who are the corner-stone of the empire, the support of the throne and the pillars of society, they who are innocent are driven forth, banished and condemned, to end these lives on foreign soil. And our dear Fatherland should be sorry, very sorry, for on this same day there will come a time, when they shall long for the return of these religious orders, to lead back to the path of virtue, the people who have become estranged from the true God. Let them rejoice now all these enemies of the Catholic Church. There must come a time when the words of our dear departed Colonel and Father Felix shall become true and all will end in a "Triumph of Truth and Love."

—→→→ MARY'S ANSWER TO PRAYER. ←→→—

BY ROSEMARY.

IN the last pew of St. James' Church, sat a woman whose dress and bearing showed her to be anything but wanting in the goods of this world. She was not praying, no, her heart was too rebellious to turn to God. Why then had she entered the sacred edifice? There was a look of stern defiance in her face which was noted by the few, who came at that hour to visit Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, and they pitied the troubled spirit though they knew not the cause of her sorrow.

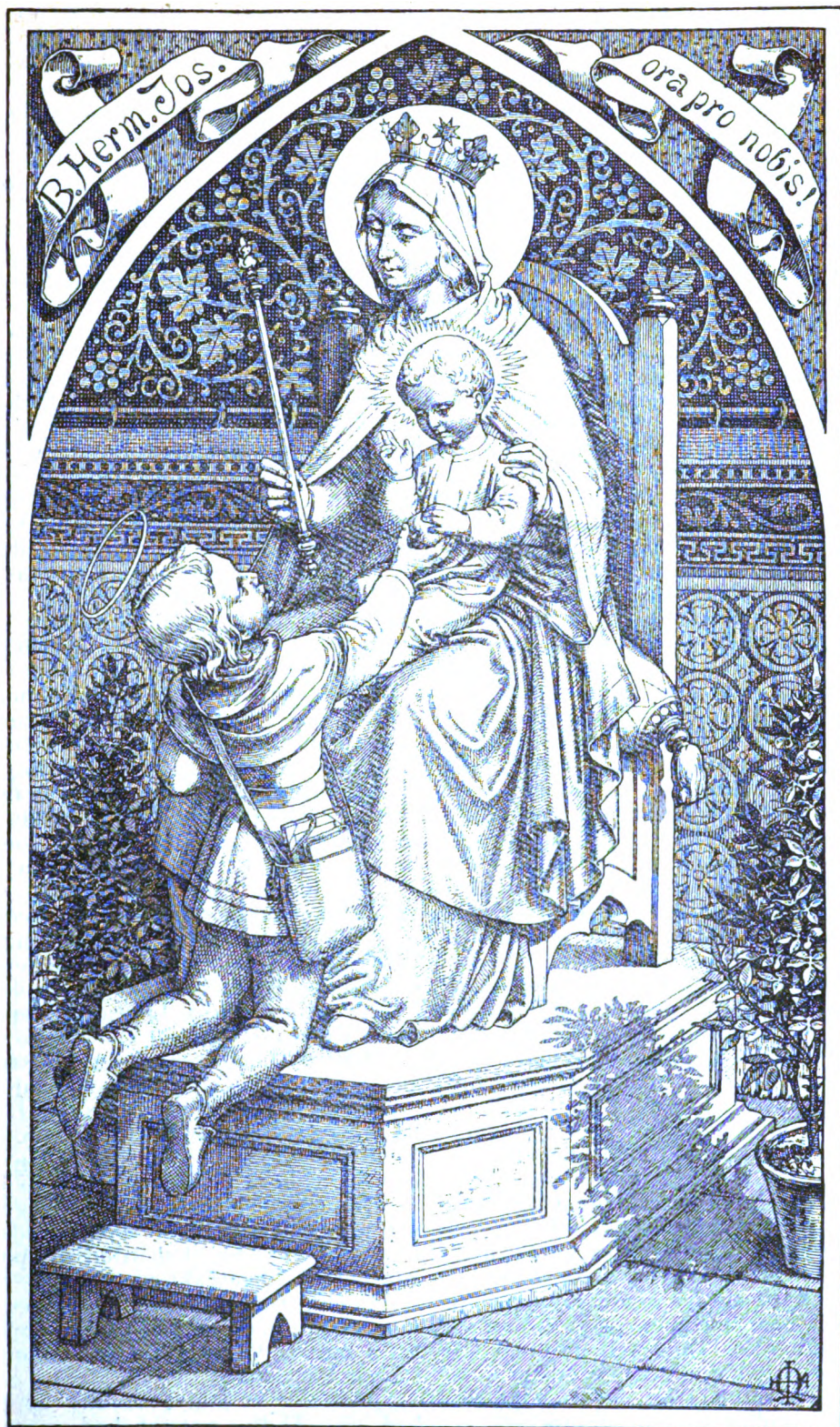
Two days before she had buried an only child, a daughter just entering her fifteenth year. This child had been the very idol of her heart. Her greatest, in fact her only delight seemed to consist in gratifying every desire of Lucile, giving her every pleasure that wealth could supply, and planning for her a future that all might envy. Only two weeks ago all was bright and promising. Lucile was a loving and lovable child, blessed with more than ordinary

talent, and with sufficient beauty and grace to satisfy any mother's desires. In short she bid fair to realize in every way her mother's fondest hopes. Now all was changed and the mother's heart seemed turned to stone. She could not even find relief in tears, and when she spoke it was to call in question God's goodness and justice for having taken her only child while He spared so many to others.

Lucile had contracted pneumonia. There was a short struggle and many efforts were made to save the young life but all were of no avail.

"Mother, I am dying," she had said. "You must not cry. — God is taking me."

But the mother's heart rebelled from the first and she said her child must not, should not die. Recounting all her hopes and plans she declared that Lucile was necessary to her very existence, that God would never be cruel enough to deprive her of her very life. Lucile



B. Herman Joseph at St. Mary's Altar.

was suffering intensely but her mother's words pained her deeply.

"Mother," she pleaded, "I beg you — not to talk — that way. — I'll be happy. — I've often meant — to ask you — to let me share all I have — with so many poor little children who have nothing. — Promise me something now. — Mother dear, won't you?"

"Yes, anything, everything you want, but don't leave your poor mother alone."

"Mother, I must go — but promise me — that when I'm gone — you'll make some poor children happy — by giving them all — you meant to give me — for my sake Mother won't you?"

A week had passed since then and Lucile had for two days lain in her grave. In those days the mother seemed to have known years of grief. Shut in her room, she had refused to be comforted. At the close of the second day after the funeral she left the house with no definite purpose, and walked slowly up the street. At every step she met bright happy children, some alone, others in merry companies and others again accompanied by devoted parents. The sight of their smiling young faces seemed to mock her grief and increase her feeling of loneliness, so she had entered the church merely to escape seeing anything that could increase her sense of loss. Why was she alone of all that throng so miserable? Of what good was wealth to her now, when that one for whom she had loved her comforts was no longer there to share them with her? She sat there until the church began to grow dark and the soft light of the sanctuary lamp came to her like a star amid the surrounding shadows, but no light nor softness entered her soul. On the contrary her spirit of rebellion increased until she was almost frenzied. She steeled her heart against any thought of prayer or resignation, and rose to go as soon as she thought it was so dark outside that it would be no longer possible for any scene or expression of happiness to mock her.

As she left the pew, a cry, as of someone in pain, stopped her. That moan and the prolonged sobs that followed, met such a reponse in her own heart, that without realizing what she did, she followed the sound and was soon standing near a young girl prostrate upon the floor at the foot of the Blessed Virgin's altar.

"Mary my dear mother," said the little girl aloud, though in a voice, broken by moans and sobs, "you have always heard my prayers. I know you will hear me now. — I cannot do without my mother. — They tell me that she will soon die, — but I don't believe them. — I know that you — will not let me be left lonely — a helpless orphan among strangers."

As these words and others similar were uttered in a tone of agony blended with confidence and love, Mrs. Noyes realized that she was not alone

in having to bear the loss of an only loved one. In feeling that her sorrow was shared by another, her sympathy was aroused and the overwhelming weight of the cross seemed proportionally lightened. Gradually her spirit of rebellion softened and then tears came to her relief. She heard again the child at her feet pleading not to be left motherless, and she seemed to hear also the sound of her own child's voice repeating her dying request. Kneeling beside the weeping child, she put her arms around her and raising the tear-stained face kissed the pale white forehead.

Helena Sheehan in her surprise ceased crying and with a frightened look gazed at the face so near her own. The expression on that face reassured her and she felt she could trust this sympathetic stranger.

"Is your mother dying, my dear child?" asked Mrs. Noyes tenderly.

"They tell me she is, but I don't believe them," replied Helena. "I came for the priest and he has gone to her, but he told me to come in here before I went home, and ask our Blessed Lady to be my mother."

"And so she will," said Mrs. Noyes, "and I shall be your friend. Come let us go see your mother."

They left the church together and when they entered Helena's humble home the priest was administering Extreme Unction. Mrs. Sheehan lay so still and pale, with eyes closed, that had not her lips moved in prayer, one would have thought her already dead. No second glance was needed to convince those present that her spirit would soon depart.

When the sacred rites were ended, Mrs. Sheehan opened her eyes and looked around the room until she saw Helena kneeling at the foot of the bed with her face buried in her hands. For a moment only she gazed at the child, then with a look of pain she turned towards the priest saying:

"My child!"

Father Damien encouraged her to resignation and confidence and promised that as far as it lay in his power he would protect Helena. "God has never yet abandoned those who trust in Him. Your prayers to the Mother of God cannot be in vain. She will be a mother to your child."

Going to Helena he led her gently to her mother's side and then spoke words of comfort to both. Mrs. Sheehan tried to speak to Helena but could not do so.

Seeing this the child exclaimed:

"O Mother, — you must not — cannot leave me. — What will I do without you? — I cannot live alone!"

Mrs. Noyes had gradually approached the bedside. Those present had scarcely noticed her entrance nor her hesitating advance across the room. As Helena in a burst of wild grief threw her arms around her mother and laid

her head upon that mother's bosom for the last time, Mrs. Noyes' arm encircled her and Mrs. Sheehan was aroused by a strange voice saying:

"Give her to me and I promise most solemnly that she shall never want for a mother's care."

Mrs. Sheehan looked at the stranger and then at the priest who signified his approval of the transfer. She then tried to speak but again failed, but her looks plainly spoke her gratitude and her happiness in feeling, but her child was well provided for. She did not know this lady, but evidently Father Damien did and when he approved of her there could be no doubt of Helena's being in good keeping.

The priest approached nearer to the bedside and said to Mrs. Sheehan:

"This is a visible answer to your prayers of many months past, and our Blessed Mother in thus answering your petitions gives you a proof that she has your dear child in her own special keeping. You may now be at peace."

At this moment Father Damien noticed that the end was coming fast and that Mrs. Sheehan seemed no longer conscious. He quickly resumed his prayers for the dying and before he concluded, the soul had departed, leaving impressed upon the countenance that stamp of grace and peace which can come from God alone.

Looking upon the face of the dead Mrs. Noyes felt encouraged and further strengthened to bear her own burden in loving resignation.

With a mother's tenderness she prevailed on Helena to leave the room, nor was she for one instant absent from the child's side during the trying two days that followed. When all was over and they were returning from the funeral she gave directions to be driven to her own home. Soon Helena occupied the dainty couch on which Lucile had so often rested. To that time no one had been permitted to enter the room, so all was as Lucile had arranged it.

Mrs. Noyes had never an occasion to regret her prompt attention to the inspiration received at the foot of Mary's altar, but on the contrary often thanked God that He had so comforted her. Helena proved to be all that she could have wished to find in her own child.

"We are just suited to each other," she said to Father Damien.

"Certainly you are," he replied, and how could it be otherwise when your being together is our Blessed Mother's own work. For more than a year Mrs. Sheehan feeling that her strength was failing and having neither means nor relatives, went daily to Mary's altar to pray for a protectress for her child. Since she has been unable to leave her bed, this was more than ever the burden of her prayer. See how you were inspired almost against your will to come in answer to those fervent petitions."

"I thank God and shall daily bless Him that He was pleased to make me His instrument," said Mrs. Noyes, "and I shall not forget either the lesson I have learned of having confidence in Mary's intercession."

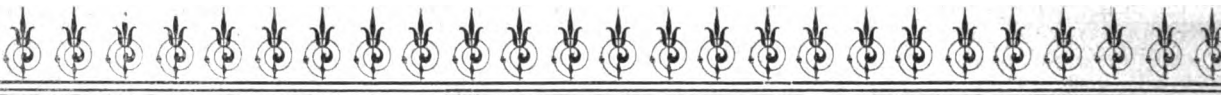
—❖❖ Sweet Peas from a Spiritual Garden. ❖❖—

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

THERE grows in my garden a wonderful vine
 With blossoms of grafted delight;
 The sunshine of grace and its dew-drops divine,
 Refresh it by day and by night.
 All perfum'd and purple, the buds we discern,
 Of PENITENCE humble and meek;
 With the Pasque-flower, PARDON, for which we all yearn
 When the face of our Father we seek.
 Serene, thro' the foliage, shines, like a star,
 The lily of PURITY blest.
 Pale petals of PATIENCE, we greet from afar,
 ("In Patience your souls are possess'd!")

And see, while we gather the pansies of PEACE,
 To bind on our passionate hearts,
 From out the warm grass, or the snow's chilly fleece,
 The pine of PERFECTION up-starts!"
 O prized immortelle! PERSEVERENCE, at last,
 With thee our pale brows must entwine.
 Purgatorial penance and penalties past,
 We cling to the promise divine!
 And, crown'd with thy precious perennial bloom,
 Our pilgrimage tends to the skies,
 Hail! Flower, that brightens the font and the tomb.
 Hail, Paradise, blest, PARADISE!





LESSONS FROM NATURE.

COME my friend, and we will spend this beautiful Sunday afternoon out of doors: the flowers bloom brilliantly — the trees wave greenly — the pleasant sun shines bright and warm and soft breezes whisper everywhere. In field and forest the birds sing in cheerful chorus their praises of the great Creator. Therefore, we also will forget all care and trouble for a little while and with draughts of God's free beauty refresh our failing courage.

Perhaps you say — "Ah, my heart is so full of trouble-misfortune so heavily oppresses me, I no longer find pleasure in anything: for me all joy and hope have departed and I would fain die."

But exactly what is needed for a heart thus cast down, is this little effort which cannot fail to do you good.

Come then with me! we will leave the village — climb the hill, and on the edge of the woods, lie down in the soft grass. There it is still and delightful and we can overlook our peaceful valley with its pretty gardens, smiling fields and silvery wayside brook.

Truly a beautiful place, and ours as though made entirely for us!

Now that we have reached the goal, let us rest to recover from our exertions! See, my friend, man has in his life many heights to climb; some strive all their lives long and in addition, carry a heavy burden: others have it some what easier but none are entirely free from trouble. Each feels the crushing weight of his allotted cross and believes that his is the heaviest. So do you also think of yours, yet, untold multitudes of men have incomparably more to endure.

Go into the public hospitals of a large city; you will scarcely be able to bear the sight of all the suffering that is to be found there. Many a tortured one groans and cries the long nights through and for weeks no soothing slumber comes to his eyes.

Go, (it may be in spirit) to China and ask the jailer to open for you the doors of his underground prison, where the victims are experiencing the workings of Chinese justice. There you will see countless prisoners with hands and feet chained to a beam, so that the poor wretches cannot stretch out their stiffened limbs upon the foul straw spread for them. Others you

will see there, whose feet are locked in wood so that they have to walk inch by inch.

A horrible stench almost chokes the unfortunate ones: no friendly ray of sunlight penetrates into this place of misery and no word of comfort falls on the ears of the despairing groups.

Before hunger, pain and suffering bring death's relief, the bodies of those unfortunates are literally eaten alive by rats and vermin.

We might also glance towards Africa and the children of Cham: here we see bands of poor negroes torn from their friends by inhuman slave-hunters and chained together like oxen. They are compelled to march under unspeakable deprivations and hardships for weeks — yea months, barefooted through deserts and trackless wastes, under the burning rays of the African sun: they are then dragged on board ships, to be sold as living wares in foreign lands where, for a price they are delivered, helpless and without rights to the uncurbed wills of cruel masters. O, no pen can adequately describe the sufferings of the poor people!

In your own neighborhood too, you will find suffering, pain and need in abundance — poverty — sickness — oppression, dissension and strife! — the evils are innumerable which burden our distressed fellow creatures.

Show me, if you can, a home which is free from the shadow of the cross!

I mention here only a small part of the ills which the world contains, so that you may know your portion light in comparison with what very many others have to endure.

It is good to look around when sorrow comes and think of those with heavier crosses than ours to bear.

There was once a man visited by many troubles: his spirit was cast down and he believed that he could no longer bear his burden.

He resolved to leave his home so as to escape its memories.

From the hill overlooking his native village, he turned to gaze upon his father's house for the last time, saying his silent farewell.

To his great astonishment he saw a cross showing plainly above the roof and behold! over the houses of the neighbors — indeed of all the villagers, he perceived crosses — here smaller, there larger, but all distinct and unmistakable. Moreover, that above his own home was

small in comparison with some that met his gaze.

Now he understood that all his fellow-men were afflicted even as he, and becoming ashamed, he turned back, resolved thenceforward, to bear his trials with patience.

Do you know the great secret of the cross?

See the little bird there on the spray: he twitters joyously — he knows no need and has no care in his short life; he is ignorant of the vexations of property and of dealings with his neighbors; careless and happy, he lives for the moment and the dear Lord cares for his support. Or consider the butterfly — this creature of beauty — how he flutters from flower to flower and drinks sweet nectar from each, always wearing fine raiment and keeping his short life a continual feast. The busy bees in the blooming clover have a happy life; they bustle amongst the fragrant flowers and fly home richly laden with honey store.

The droning beetle in its little brown coat is content; not having to seek for food and clothing it never feels discouraged, nor does it envy the other creatures who are richer and more beautiful.

ST. MICHAEL'S ALMANAC.

3

Most excellently has the good Creator cared for all animals so that they have lives free from care.

Why then must man alone suffer so? why has he to contend with so many adversities?

why is the cross imposed upon him from the cradle and borne ceaselessly to the grave?

Does the Creator not love man and has he grown unmindful of the noblest of His beloved creatures upon earth?

Let me try to explain this great mystery to you.

Men were originally the friends and children of God and could have been happy for all time and eternity. But they forgot the Creator and turned in sinful love to the created, and since Salvation and happiness are only in God, they lost their temporal bliss with the eternal.

The Lord then caused the creatures to rise up against man: they became

his enemies and punished him for the foolish love which he had borne them. Their fellow creatures with whom they had sinned — yea, their own very bodies and souls which through their sins had been polluted, conspired to cause them suffering.

But suffering was the best means of purifi-



No Cross, no Crown.

cation. It was suffering which causes men to raise again their eyes to their God and Master.

The cross is the final means of salvation for mankind — the only passport to Heaven!

Blessed is the man who lovingly takes up his Cross and carries it with patience! Fortunate is he who recognizes the chastisement of the Lord.

The dear God sent to His saints, many and heavy burdens, which they accepted as gracious gifts of their Heavenly Father and bore joyfully to the end. The greatest suffering He willed to His well-beloved Son, our dear Lord and Savior, JESUS CHRIST.

Christ came into the world to free (by His Death) our fallen human kind — and His Heart longed for the time, when under dreadful anguish He should taste of Death. Look up to Heaven when trouble would bow you down; the Good Father wants you to gain your place there through suffering.

The Savior has hallowed the cross; take willingly this token of blessing from His Hand and bear with Him, that with Him also you may be glorified.

Accustom yourself, when trials visit you to think they come from God; therefore receive them gladly and then all will be easy to bear. Very often what seems to be a misfortune is a blessing in disguise.

"What God does is good" said an old man upon all occasions, agreeable and disagreeable. Once in a dark night, he came with his weary donkey to the gate of a city. He could not get in, so he resolved to pass the night outside in the open air — "What God does is good" said he and turned a little way back to a small wood for shelter.

There he tied the donkey and hung the lantern, by aid of which he had found his way, to a tree near by in order to ward off the wild beasts which dwelt in that region.

Having commended himself to the protection of God, he laid down to rest when there arose a dreadful storm and extinguished the lantern.

The old man awoke, noticed its loss, said once more — "What God does is good" whereupon he slept again. Suddenly he was awakened by the roar of a lion; it came nearer — leaped upon the donkey and escaped with its booty "What God does is good" again said the old man and slept quietly until morning.

As the sun arose he woke, and thought that now he would be able to enter the city. But soon he saw before him a smoking heap of ruins where yesterday, stood beautiful structures.

A band of robbers had plundered the city during the night, reduced it to ashes and killed

most of the inhabitants: now he knew that God had safely guarded him. Had he gone within the gates, the evening before, he too would have been a victim: if the lantern light had not been extinguished, it might have attracted the robbers to his restingplace and again, the donkey which had fallen a prey to the lion, had diverted the attention of the hungry beast from the old man himself.

Truly what God does is good!

Now, look below upon our quiet village. Many men have lived there before us: they have as children played there and rejoiced. Later the cares and troubles of life came to them and joy and sorrow increased, but as a rule there was more of the latter. Upon yonder fields, they won their bread by toil and wearied themselves day after day, to gain the necessities of life or to acquire its possessions.

In addition to the daily cares, came trials of all sorts — sickness, need and sorrow, so that indeed they found no rest.

Meanwhile, there grew in the forests below us, wood from which their coffins would be built one day. Later, the bell in the little church nearby, announced that they were being taken to the grave!

Other generations followed to share the same fate and die.

By the foot of the mountain, glisten white gravestones which show the place where the remains of our fathers rest.

In a short time their bodies became dust and upon earth they were not thought of any more. Now are they alike — rich and poor — learned and unlearned — honored or unknown — of beautiful appearance or plain presence — fortunate or unfortunate — death has levelled every distinction.

One thing only mattered at death's coming, namely, whether they had so lived, that their souls showed white within the sight of God.

Therefore, look down upon earth if the cross oppresses you and remember, that in a short time all earthly things must end and the grave receives the body, but the soul must appear before the judgment seat of God.

Once, a young prince, hunting in the forest lost his way and drew up at the cell of a hermit. The venerable old man with flowing hair and silvery beard, sat at his table and was looking at a skull when the prince entered.

"Now, old man, what are you studying?" said the visitor mockingly.

"I would like to know whether this is the head of a prince or of a beggar, but I cannot determine, — was the answer.

And the words went to the heart of the prince.

Subdued and thoughtful, he returned to his castle after the good old man had shown him the way.

Now, dear friend, let us return home for the sun is going to rest!

But one thing I beg of you — think often

of the lessons we have learned from Nature and most particularly, when the cross you are called to bear seems especially heavy.

May God protect you and lend you the strength and grace which alone can lighten the burdens of Earth.

—❖❖ The Scoffer in the Confessional. ❖❖—

A number of young men had one evening come together in the bar-room of a much frequented hotel in a large city of France. They had drunk considerably and become in consequence quite lively in their discussion of politics and daily events.

Soon, the conversation turned as it often happens to religious matters. The youths were at that age when they often think themselves possessed of rare wisdom and therefore called to reform the mistakes of the world. They were all nominally Catholics, but although born of good Christian parents, they had early sought the company of freethinkers, read bad books and soon rejected the faith of their youth which was a hindrance in their sinful life.

The religious conversation served them therefore, only as an opportunity for scoffing and mockery, in which each tried to excel the other. It was principally confession that they ridiculed, seeking to drive away the inward feelings of discomfort and dissatisfaction aroused by the mention of this great sacrament.

"It would be fun" remarked one of the number "if we should all go to confession for mere amusement's sake."

His companions thought that would be a strange pleasantry, one, which he would most likely not care to execute.

"Yes, indeed" said he "I shall do it nothing is easier than this!" "If you like, bet me with so many bottles of wine for the next happy meeting when I shall relate all my confession adventures."

And accordingly it was so agreed. The next day being Saturday, some of the company came early to the challenger and reminded him of his promise to go to confession that day. He repeated it smilingly and as if glorying beforehand in his triumph.

That evening he really went to church, sat down on a bench near the first confessional he met with, and waited there impatiently in a bored attitude, until at length his turn arrived to enter.

Kneeling down he addressed the father confessor without hesitation as follows: —

"Sir, I did not come to confess in earnest; I merely came to win a bet. In order to do so, I must follow the usual form. I confess therefore, that I committed this sin — but I don't care! also this other sin — but I don't care!" and so he continued naming several sins, after each recital adding the sarcastic remark — "But I don't care!"

After he had finished, the priest began with the greatest calmness and earnestness: "You have done your part to win the bet:

It is now my turn to do also my part and give you a penance, on account of your confession! Say therefore three times daily for three days the following words. — "There is a death — but I don't care! — there is a hell — but I don't care! — there is a judgment — but I don't care!" Without further remarks, he dismissed him.

Feeling in a satisfied mood, the jester related his adventure the same evening to his companions and demanded the payment of the debt.

These who had not expected such a result, were in truth somewhat startled, they tried to dispute his victory and strongly insisted that he must first perform the penance which is a rightful part of the Sacrament.

"If that is all" he said indignantly "I give you my word of honor to get done with that too, so the bet remains won."

He really did commence to say the imposed words, first hurriedly and thoughtlessly but gradually with a strange sensation. They called the Faith of his youth back from its early grave — they made him restless dejected and moody, until it seemed at last that the fatal syllables would not struggle from his lips any more.

A merciful Providence had made use of them to lead him back from his wanderings. He thought often and earnestly now of death, eternity and the condition of his soul.

A few days more and grace had fulfilled its work.

He returned to the confessor whom he had sought as a scoffer so shortly before — discovered to him, his spiritual condition and asked his help for a thorough and sincere confession that might lead to reconciliation with God.

A GOOD DAY'S BUSINESS.

Whilst going the rounds of his parish visiting the sick, Father G. almost daily met the porter of a large banking house. With a wallet under his left arm and a heavy money bag in his right hand, he stepped along briskly, but never failed to greet the priest respectfully. The latter was surprised at this, for how should the man know him? Father G. had no business with the bank — perhaps he had formerly prepared one of this man's or others for his First Communion or perhaps some member of his family was amongst the sick, visited by this zealous priest?

It occurred to him frequently to speak to the man, but how should he address a person wholly unknown to him?

"What is the name of the porter, whom I often see going in and out of your office?" he asked one day of a business man with whom he was acquainted.

"There are many porters pass in and out of here," replied the latter, "what does this particular one you refer to look like?"

"He is tall, and about fifty years of age, has dark hair and a full beard."

"Why that is Peter Leonard, a fine fellow too."

"He is certainly very polite."

"I don't know so much about that, I consider him rather blunt."

"He always salutes me most politely."

"Then he must have a very high opinion of you."

A few days later, Father G. met his man in the suburbs, and as usual was greeted courteously "Good morning Mr. Leonard:" said the priest "are you obliged to carry money about, day in day out?"

"Yes, indeed Father, always this ugly metal and these miserable bank notes." "Then you must seldom have occasion to meet any of my

kind; we priests are not good customers at the bank."

"That is true Father, and yet I once did the best day's business of my whole life with one of your kind."

"How did that come about my friend?"

"It is rather a long story, but I will tell you about it as we continue on our way."

"You see Father, my daily work is rather monotonous; but five years ago the monotony was interrupted in a way that came very near costing me dear."

"One evening after returning from my usual rounds, as I was counting my cash I found to my horror, that a single one thousand franc bill was missing, which I must have mislaid in some way or other. You can imagine my feelings! I returned immediately to all those places where I had been that day, but without the slightest result; I could not discover a trace of the missing money. After passing a sleepless night, I went the rounds again, but still in vain! For three weeks I underwent this anxiety without being able to remember where I could have left the bill; my suspicions hovered from one place to another, without however, finding any clue. You may well believe how troubled my family was about it!

What I possessed was

just sufficient to put my son into a small store, and to procure a modest dowry for my daughter, who was engaged to a young man of the neighborhood. Their wedding day was already set: when however, the bridegroom learned that his future father in law was a ruined man, he withdrew from the engagement. My daughter is pious and possesses a noble pride: but nevertheless she could not hide her grief from me, her father. My poor wife proved herself in this misfortune to be more courageous and energetic than I did



She persuaded me to pay into the bank what little I had without hesitation, and with confidence in God's assistance, begin again to save. I followed her advice, and had arranged to transfer my money to the bank director that very evening, when a priest entered who wished to speak to me. I led him into our modest parlor.

"You lost some money, did you not?" said he, as soon as we were alone.

"Yes Father," I answered in a trembling voice, "I lost a thousand franc bill, or else I laid it down somewhere: it was three weeks ago, between the hours of noon and four in the afternoon, that the money disappeared, and in spite of all my exertions, I have not yet been able to discover a trace of it."

"Well! I bring you the money," said the clergyman as he handed me an envelope.

"You can imagine my joy Father! Without further ceremony I embraced the good priest, thanking him a thousand times, and offered him my services whenever he might require them, either by day or night. He gave me no explanation as to how he came to have the money, and I

did not ask for any. — I held my treasure in my hands and that was the principal thing. Besides I thought to myself that confession must have something to do with it, and that some penitent must have given it to the confessor to return it to me. When I became calmer, I begged him to accept two hundred francs for the poor. The good priest refused this, but asked me smilingly to become one of his customers for the future. I immediately understood what he meant and since then I visit him occasionally in his confessional."

"And I can assure you Father, that I am quite happy, and it always makes me angry to hear persons who do not know what they are saying, talk badly about the Pope, or the Bishops and Priests. It would be far better for these simpletons to see that they are able to meet their drafts every month."

With these words Peter Leonard placed the wallet under his arm, and lifting his hat resumed his way contentedly. Father G. however is pleased every time, he meets this honest man, with his kind and grateful heart.

⇒ St. Maddonnoc's*) Bees. ⇒

A LEGEND OF IRELAND.

"Tell us a story"! the children say

As they gather round my knees —
And loving the telling as well as they
Can love the hearing, I think straightway
Of good St. Maddonnoc's bees.

'Tis a legend dear's, of the olden days
When the church of Christ was young,
And there rose in open and hidden ways,
To voice her message and chant her praise,
Her sons of the golden tongue.

Above them all in the Briton's land
Was set by the Synod's rule,
David the sage, whose gentle hand
For long had guided the hermit band,
That thronged to his cloister school.

Abbot and Prelate and Saint, he dwelt
On the rugged shore of Wales,
With Teuton and Scot and brother Celt —
Before them there as they wrought or knelt,
Were the sea and its passing sails.

Ah, woods may whisper and winds may call
And starbeams beckon to roam!
But the voice of the tide surpasseth all,
When it speaks in its rhythmic rise and fall,
To the exile's heart, of home.

Monk Maddonnoc was of Columb's race
And strong in his Celtic blood,
Was the clinging love of the olden place,
But the exile's longing by God's good grace
Was in youth and prime withstood.

He had coaxed to verdure the arid soil —
To growth, the unwilling trees:
Forgetting the banks of far off Foyle,
Long years he gave in fostering toil,
'Mid his blossoms and his bees.

'Till bright with bloom was the terraced sod
And green was the craggy crest:
Then dreaming of paths in boyhood trod,
One earthly boon he asked of God —
'Twas a grave on Erin's breast!

*) Saint Maddonnoc was an Irish monk who spent his long saintly life under the rule of Saint David of Wales, but in his old age, because of his great longing, was allowed to return to his native land to die.

The monastery bees he had long tended, followed him to the boat on which he was to sail, and could not be induced or forced to return.

They insisted on accompanying him to Ireland where bees had not been found before, and there the race has ever since remained.

The abbot heard and with tender speech
 Forestalled his brother's plea; —
 "Yon skiff that nears our lonely beach
 Shall serve thee Maddonnoc to reach
 The land thou hast longed to see".

So, forth in the light of that parting day
 With brethren crowding near,
 From the cloister door (where he paused to pray)
 Went the grateful monk, farewell to say
 To the dumb friends long held dear.

A caressing hand he laid upon
 Each poplar towering tall—
 He fondled the blossoms one by one
 Of the grouping lilies that starlike shone
 'Gainst the gloomy chancel wall.

By the cozy homes of the bees he stayed;
 And for sound of his voice they came,
 From garden plot and nearby glade,
 While rang the answering hum they made
 As an echo of his name

"Maddonnoc" around! above! before! —
 It rose on the noonday air.
 And lo! when the brethren sought the shore
 Where waited the sailors with skiff and oar
 The bees were assembled there.

Like warriors trooped on tented field
 They clomb over spar and bow—
 In vain to the abbot the monk appealed—
 Nought of their will would the brown bees yield
 They had taken no cloister vow.

And so they could wend to their old friend's land,
 Where their kin had never been:
 Can you fancy them dear's? — that buzzing band
 When, skimming the shining Irish strand,
 They camped amidst Irish green.

With the fragrant hawthorns fenced around,
 Where the lilacs tossed abloom,



And cowslips gilded the rising ground —
 'Twas a haven of bliss the brown bees found
 Where Maddonnoc sought a tomb!
 He gained his rest and an Eden they —
 In that fair land o'er the seas: —
 So, dwelleth their kith and kin today,
 Where hawthorns bend and lilacs sway,
 Saint Maddonnoc's loyal Bees!

M. M. Halvey.

LOVE OF CHILDREN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF CLEMENS BRENTANO. BY J. E. R.

How mysterious is a child!
 God himself a child was born.
 And because we are his children
 Came to save us all forlorn:
 How mysterious is a child
 Hearts believing this delighted
 Are with children through the Child Divine united.
 O how sacred is a child!
 Spoke the Lord in Bible Story:
 Guardian angels of these children,
 Gaze upon my Father's glory

O, how sacred is a child.
 Hearts believing this delighted
 Are with children through the Child Divine united.
 Full of honor is a child!
 Dowered with light and life supernal;
 They that are not like to children
 Cannot enter joy eternal.
 Full of honor is a child.
 Hearts believing this delighted
 Are with children through the Child Divine united.



➤ The Lord Will Provide. ➤

A tale of firm faith rewarded.

Adapted from the works of Dr. F. W. GRIMME by CHAS. HAERTING.

M..... ville, in the far west of our great and glorious Union of free states, is one of the growing cities of the country. Not more than a quarter of a century ago, it was but a small settlement, a cluster of frame houses, some half dozen in number, irregularly built without regard to uniform location, and closely surrounding the store and blacksmith shop which had given birth to the place. But situated in the midst of a vast prairie with the best of soil for farming and stock-raising, and on the route of the overland railroad crossing the continent from Atlantic to Pacific, then in course of construction, there was a splendid future in sight for the place. Farmer after farmer, many of them immigrants from foreign countries, others coming from the old states, settled with wife and children upon his quarter section (160 acres) of land in the neighborhood, and but very few years had floated by on the stream of time, bound for the immovable ocean of the past, when the place could boast of several hundred inhabitants, when it had a Main street lined with stores and workshops, bustling with life and activity at least once a week, on Saturdays when the farmers came to town, their wagons heavily loaded with grain for delivery to the two good sized elevators rearing their tall structures close to the railroad tracks, and when they left a good part of the money received in exchange for their products for circulation among the townpeople by making purchases for house and farm, for themselves and the family at home.

But even before the typical western settlement had commenced to assume the proportions of a town, the discerning eye of the bishop of that diocese had recognized the future importance of the place, and the necessity of collecting the numerous children of the true church scattered thereabout, into one flock. From the number of clerics he selected one young priest, who was sent to organize, and to take charge of the new parish.

An Irishman by birth, with all the ardent spirit and noble impulses of that gifted race, Father D. fully justified the confidence reposed

in him by his superior in the church, disclosing in the performance of his pioneer mission a nature happily endowed with both energy and sound practical sense. With the aid of sturdy volunteers from the ranks of catholic settlers in the neighborhood, he at once set to work building church, parsonage and school house, and when asked the question: "How will you raise the money to pay for all this work?" his reply was: "The Lord will provide!" — as Abraham replied to his son Isaac at the foot of the mount Moriah, when asked by the lad whom he intended to sacrifice, where the lamb was for the burnt offering to the Lord on the mountain. There were moments however when the young shepherd himself felt discouraged, when casting about his eyes and beholding everywhere a vast wilderness broken only in spots here and there by the first attempts at cultivation of the soil; or when he returned into his temporary dwelling, a cabin constructed of rough pine lumber, after having performed divine service and read holy mass at the primitive altar erected within the bare walls of a frame shed, the provisional house of worship, and was met upon his threshold by some escaping animal of the prairie, or poisonous snake which had improved his absence to seek and find comfortable shelter in his quarters, had helped themselves to a share of his scant stock of provisions, and beat a hasty retreat upon his unexpected return. At such moments the feelings weighing upon his heart and mind sometimes found utterance in the words softly muttered to himself; "What will, and what can become of this?!" But he never faltered in the work of his life, in the daily struggle of the mission assigned to him by the church, true to his vow and the motto inscribed upon the banner of his faith: "Dominus providebit!" — "The Lord will provide!"

Church, parsonage and schoolhouse were completed. Irish and German catholics settled in ever increasing numbers around them, and the growth of the parish kept pace with the growth of the town. The first church, dedicated to St. Patrick, patron saint of the Emerald Isle, had long ago ceased to accomodate the parishioners

and their families. Father D. now gray of hair, and bent by age and infirmities contracted through the long years of hardships suffered in his frontier service for the greater glory of the Lord, and the temporal and spiritual welfare of his flock, had raised the means for building a second House of God, a domelike structure with two tall spires proudly carrying on their lofty points the emblem of christianity, the cross, sublime ensign of that thriving city visible for many miles around and silently recalling to the mind of the beholder the christian legend: "In hoc signo vinces."

The number of classes in the school has increased from one to twelve, and together with the orphan-asylum established by the parish priest, are under the care and management of the pious Sisters of Charity whose lives are devoted to the service of the Lord, the education of the children, the support of widows and orphans, and the nursing of the sick and helpless aged.

Accepting the invitation of Father D., they had founded a new home of their blessed order within his parish. That good Father himself is now assisted in his work in church and throughout the parish by several other priests. Though with advancing years he would require more such helpers in the vineyard of the Lord to relieve him of part of his own burden, he will not listen to the proposition, nor to the suggestion to enjoy well deserved rest, his heart being as youthful of confidence and cheerfulness as ever in all his undertakings, stoutly adhering to the motto of his faith "The Lord will provide!"

But let us go back to the days when the parish was still in its infancy, and when the trials and tribulations of the good priest had but just commenced. Walking one fine morning in his little patch of garden, laid out and planted by his own hands, where but a few years previous the virgin soil had brought forth nothing but the high grass of the prairie, serving as grazing ground for herds of wild buffaloes, that huge bison of the western plains now almost extinct, he was approached by two strangers, dressed somewhat shabbily, who reverently uncovered their heads upon sighting him. Father D. welcomed them with a cordial "good morning," whereupon the two strangers introduced themselves as his countrymen, recently from Ireland, presenting a letter of recommendation from a brother-priest in the east, and liberally supporting their tale of woe with a flood of tears. According to their story they had met with disaster after disaster since landing on the American coast; they had been swindled, waylaid and robbed of their money; they were now on their way to one of the mining states where they expected to find, in fact had been promised employment, but their funds had given out completely, and they were compelled to ask for a loan — no alms, but distinctly a loan to carry them through to the place of

their destination. They spoke with such apparent sincerity and gave so touching a description of their alleged suffering incurred without any blame on their part, representing themselves as devoted sons of the church, that the kind Father, regardless of his own poverty and the needy condition of his young parish, would not stop to consider, but on the spur of the moment, having in his mind the old Latin proverb: "Bis dat qui cito dat" (Double gives he who gives quick), advanced to the strangers the sum of one hundred dollars, a very considerable amount in view of his circumstances, receiving in return nothing but their pledge that every cent of the "loan" should be repaid within three months.

Alas, it required but a short time for Father D. to ascertain that he had been "taken in", made a victim of by two "sharpers" of uncertain nationality and indifferent belief. In place of a remittance from his proteges, he received from a clerical friend in one of the adjoining states the following epistle:

"My dear: —

"It seems that you are rolling in wealth, judging by the liberality with which you dispose of your money. Two men placed under arrest in this city for attempting to swindle people, have confessed to the magistrate that you supplied them with the sum of one hundred dollars. They have had a good time at your expense, and when their money gave out they called on me, expecting to find another easy victim, as you had proven to be.

"In this they were mistaken however, their game would not work on me. The letter of commendation from Father X. which they produced, has proved a forgery, as I expected, and now the two sharpers are doing time in our city prison. I can only advise you to be more cautious in future in dealing with strangers, though they may introduce themselves as countrymen and good catholics, and appeal to you sympathy ever so much. —

Your old friend" —

But a little matter as this act of ill-bestowed confidence and misplaced charity on his part, though it involved a loss of money severely felt at the time, could not destroy, or even affect his faith in, or love for his fellow-men. The memory of the deception practiced on him, together with the letter of admonition received from his friend, had however the one effect to make Father D. a trifle more suspicious and cautious when appealed to for financial assistance by people unknown to him. Not that he would refuse a moderate alms to anybody, whether the person's face was familiar to him or not, being ever ready with a small donation when asked, without further inquiry as to the individual ask-

ing some, but his experience had taught him not to be overready in encouraging appeals for more extensive aid by any of the numerous strangers passing through the town since the completion of the railroad.

Such was his frame of mind when Father D. was one fine morning again walking in his garden, saying his breviary, for even these hours of leisure were utilized by him for the elevation of his soul and the communion with God by the performance of a pious duty which he had made it a practice never to postpone until the later hours of the day, not knowing when he might be called away upon some function of his priestly office, perhaps to travel for hours over the country in order to administer the last solemn rites to one in the agony of death, or to bring solace and comfort to some dangerously ill penitent who for years had neglected the duties of religion and was now, in the hour of suffering, anxious to be reconciled to his God. The Father's face being turned in the direction of the house, he had not noticed the garden gate opening, and entering through the same a young man of perhaps 28 or 30 years, with pale, hollow cheeks, and a cast of bitterness over his features, especially fixed and stern about the corners of the mouth, strongly indicating the stormy past of a forlorn life. His clothes, though shabby and worn-out, were clean, and the same being true as to the visible part of his linen, his outward appearance was fairly respectable.

Approaching the priest who in the meantime had become aware of his presence, he modestly saluted him with the words: "Good morning, Rev. Father! I believe I have the honor to meet Father D."

"That's my name. Good morning to you, Sir! Who are you?" replied the priest.

"I am one of your countrymen, an Irishman in distress," meekly answered the stranger.

"Is that so! Why, there seem to be a good many of them," spoke up Father D. "Here, my friend, take this dollar, and God bless you! Good bye!"

Handing over the piece of money which he had taken from his pocket, the priest motioned to the stranger to depart. But the latter seemed to be in no hurry to obey the behest genuine, real tears started to his eyes when, without making any move to leave, he said: "I accept your alms gratefully, for I am in need. But let me have your ear, Rev. Father, for a short time only, to tell you my story and get your advice, for that I need more than money. Will you listen to me? You may believe me, I'm not a bad man, but in misery, a poor, unhappy creature."

Father D. was about to reply that he was used to that kind of talk, and did not propose to be made a victim of any more — but looking

the stranger full in the face he could not fail to discover an expression of sincerity in those tear-filled eyes, which at once aroused his generous sympathy. Motioning to the stranger to be seated on a rustic bench close by, he softly said in taking a seat beside him: "Very well, go ahead! But make it as short as you can."

The young man began: "I am a native of C . . . , your own home town in Ireland, Father. I remember you well from, when I was a boy attending the Cathedral school. But when you graduated to enter the divinity college, I was still in the lowest class. My name is James P., and you probably know my father, the tanner in Quay street near the bridge, and remember our big yard with its stacks of bark and hides, filling the atmosphere of the neighborhood with their strong odor. I have no papers to establish my identity, they are buried in the deep ocean, and you must trust to my words alone.

"I left school before reaching the senior classes, and was apprenticed in one of the commercial houses of C . . . lodging and boarding at my parental home. The firm was well satisfied with me, and gave me good testimonials as to my ability, industry, trustworthiness and general conduct, and after I had served my apprenticeship I was appointed to a clerkship in the warehouse. Being attentive to my duties, I was soon transferred to the office and promoted to the position of assistant bookkeeper with a corresponding increase of my salary. In short, the relations between my employers and me were of the happiest nature, and I had in fact the good will of everybody connected with the business.

"Alas, I am sorry that I cannot say as much of my domestic relations. My father, scarce six months after the death of my mother, had married again; his former housekeeper to whom we children never had been much attached, became our stepmother. The common prejudice associated with the name of stepmother may, as a rule, be unjust, in our family it was certainly well founded. I will not annoy you with that long and dismal tale of hatred and malice on the part of her who should have been loving and forbearing to us, her wards, and of the suffering which I, the principal object of her dislike, especially was compelled to endure in silence, my father being completely under her control. Soon after her marriage my stepmother had arranged to find a home in our family for her niece, with the ultimate purpose, as appeared later, of providing for the girl for life by making her my wife, and the sternness of her conduct towards me only relented, when she found me speaking kindly to the young lady, or when I appeared to be cheerful and interested in her company. Then her harsh features would brighten, and she would frequently remark, seemingly addressing my father,

but sufficiently audible to make it plain that her words were really intended for me: "James and Maggie seem to be very fond of each other, and I don't see why we should not promote their happiness by uniting them for ever, James is able to support a wife." You can imagine that these remarks were painful to me, when I assure you that I was altogether indifferent to the girl, for my heart had already chosen in another direction. I have to ask your pardon, Rev. Father, for going into all these details, but they form part of the history of my short happiness and subsequent misery.

"Elizabeth G.... (the name must be familiar to you, for her people also belong to our town, and were well known,) was the daughter of good catholic parents, not rich but well to do. As children we were playmates, her parents and mine being neighbors; together we went to the Sister's school, and to church to receive our first holy Communion.

"Often we reminded each other in later years of the sermon preached by our priest when he celebrated high mass on the Sunday of our first holy Communion. What had impressed us most in the sermon were his words concerning holy offering, mentioning Abraham's offering on the mount Moriah and his reply to his son Isaac. "The Lord will provide!" Solemnly he charged us to remember these words, to store them safely in our hearts, and to be guided by them through life. We have obeyed his exhortation, and whenever our hearts and minds were saddened by trouble or misfortune, we cheered each other with that grand motto: "The Lord will provide!"

Here the speaker was interrupted by the priest who had listened attentively to the story, and appeared deeply affected by the same, with the words: "Remain faithful to that motto, my friend, it is a good one."

"Yes," continued the stranger, "it has been a consolation to me in many hours of distress by which the Lord has chosen to try me, and it is so now. But permit me to proceed with my story by which I am almost afraid to have taken up too much of your valuable time already. Our days of childhood being over, matured in body and mind, both my former playmate Elizabeth and I became conscious of our deep attachment to each other, the mutual expression of our love was followed by our secret betrothal.

"But it was against my nature to keep anything concealed from my dear father. I soon told him of what had happened, and of my intentions as to my future life. He of course communicated the news to my stepmother, and when I came home for dinner on the day following, it became evident to me that there would be no more peace for me in that house,

and that the days of homelife under my paternal roof were numbered.

"My father was so completely under the control of my stepmother that it was an easy matter for her to prejudice his mind against me. I was fully aware that he only acted as her mouthpiece when, on the day after I had confided my secret to him, he became very indignant about my conduct and began to reprove me in the most severe manner. The good, but deluded man! They were neither his own words nor his thoughts, which he expressed to me, but both words and thoughts were those of his wife and former housekeeper, the curse of our family. He called me the most wicked man on God's earth, totally unmindful of the fourth commandment, outraging the gray hair of a kind and forbearing father, rushing an equally loving mother to an early grave, completely ignoring my filial duties and ungratefully forgetting all those cares and troubles of the heart and mind which both he and my stepmother had patiently borne for my sake, for the promotion of my future happiness; in short, I was no better than the prodigal son of scripture.

"When the dinner was served that day, they both refused to sit down with me at the same table, but pointing to a side table told me to take my meal there, the stepmother further enlightening me as to my future position in the house by saying: "Henceforth your parents, your kind father and myself, will have nothing in common with you, for you are the worst ingrate in all creation." I walked to the table assigned to me, but did not sit down, said my prayers and walked away without touching a morsel. Leaving the room I heard them exclaim after me:

"Out with you, perverse and disobedient creature! Just persist in your wickedness, degenerate son, and do not show your face to us again until you have repented!"

"I made repeated attempts during the next succeeding days to speak to my father alone in order to once more appeal to that paternal heart formerly beating with so much love and kindness for me, but each time the stepmother prevented the interview so eagerly looked for. And when one day I lost patience and said to my father in a determined voice:

"Father, I have to speak to you alone!" the stepmother who had overheard my request, yelled — and the sound of her voice still vibrates in my ears: "What are you up to now? Do you wish to disturb the peaceful relations of your parents? Do you want to kindle the flame of discord between your father and your mother, between husband and wife who love and honor each other? Your heart must be possessed of the hellish fiend! It is indeed time that you should leave this house for ever!"

"I now felt that the hour of separation had arrived, but my mind was also made up that I would not remain in my home city after leaving my father's house. One sad duty remained to be performed by me, I called upon my betrothed and informed her of what had happened. With kind patience she listened, her bright eyes assumed an expression of heavenly sweetness and devotion, and after I had finished my account, her only reply was: "James, the Lord will provide!"

"I have the same faith, and it is as firm as ever," I answered, "but I am going to leave Ireland, Lizzie."

She seemed alarmed at this sudden announcement but soon recovered herself and said: "And where do you intend to go?"

"To America," I replied, "you know that my older brother has been living in the United States for many years, and judging from the letters he has sent us from time to time, he must be a rich man now. He has engaged in mining and has bought some mining property in the far west which has turned out well, a "lucky strike," as the gold-diggers

and prospectors over there call it. But I need not tell you any more about him, you have seen him when you were a little girl, before he went to America, and you have heard him spoken about at our house, very often I should think, as our rich brother William. I am sure he will receive me kindly, and knowing that I am a competent bookkeeper, I have no doubt he will find a position for me in his office.

"Lizzie seemed to be meditating, and several minutes passed in silence. But suddenly she spoke up full of determination: "All right, James, we'll go to America. Let us start as soon as possible!" I was taken by surprise, for I had not expected that she would so quickly make up her mind to go with me. I remonstrated with her, saying that I thought it more advisable that I should go alone for the time being, and not send for

her until I had succeeded in smoothening her path by removing the difficulties and obstacles which a newcomer was sure to encounter, but she replied to my reasoning: "Four hands united in true and faithful love can accomplish more than two, and will find it a much easier task to overcome the difficulties and obstacles you mention, though they were stones to be removed from the path."

"Her brave and loving words made my heart rejoice, but I still insisted on interposing various objections, till finally she said, the true christian faith shining in her eyes: "James, the Lord will provide!"

"Now I was jubilant and my heart felt relieved. "Very well, my dearest Lizzie", I said, "we shall leave together." Our mind was fully made up,

our emigration a settled fact not to be delayed. There were no family ties which my betrothed was compelled to sever upon departing from the place of her birth, for she had been an only child, and both her parents had been dead these many years. She was of age and in possession of the small estate left her, and I likewise was entitled to the portion bequeathed upon me by

the last will and testament of my good departed mother, a not inconsiderable amount which so far I had made no effort to obtain.

"Calling upon my father, after having been absent from his house for several days, I said to him: "Dear father, God bless and preserve you for many years to come, I am going to America!"

"Before my father had a chance to make a reply, the stepmother was at his side and yelled: "So you are going to America, are you! Well, that's where all such worthies as you are going, and that's where you belong! I suppose, you'll find plenty company there to suit your taste!"

"I paid no attention to her ranting and remained quiet. Addressing my father again, I continued: "You will have no objections, father, to turn over to me the portion of my mother's estate which was left to me, the little property



to which I am entitled and for which I have never asked you before". Upon hearing my demand, the stepmother broke loose like a fury: "That's what you are after," she shouted, "you precious child! Well, I thought so, just like the prodigal son in the book: 'Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me!'" Well, give it to him and let him squander it in riotous living in that far-away country, and then be glad to fill his belly with the husks that the swine eat, after that same noble pattern!"

"This last abuse I also bore in silence, and after her malice seemed exhausted, my father mustered sufficient courage to reply to me in person, and there was a ring of the old fatherly love and kindness for me in his words when he said: "To what part of America do you intend to go, James? You know that country is large, and you should have some certain point in view where you want to make your home."

"I replied: "I am going to the United States, to brother William."

"When my stepmother heard this, her eyes glistened like those of a snake. Her whole behaviour towards me suddenly changed, and she said with apparent kindness and sincerity: "That's right, James, go to brother William, he will take care of you. Your father and I will write and prepare him for your coming, that you may find a cordial reception and a good home."

"I now know how false and deceitful this expression of her good will was. But I am taking up so much of your time with my story, Rev. Father, that I am almost ashamed to go on, though I really don't know how to shorten my narrative and give you a complete account of myself and my sad fate."

The good priest kindly replied: "Go on my friend! As long as I am not called away by some duty, I have time to listen to you. I feel interested in your story, provided you are telling the whole truth."

"It is the whole truth, and nothing but the truth I am telling, Father," replied the young man. "I know it sounds almost incredible that a mother, though a stepmother, should be so possessed by malice and hatred towards one of her stepchildren, and a father so completely under the influence of one mischievous woman, his wife, as to abet her in her heartless acts against his own blood. But having your permission to continue, I will proceed with my relation. I debated with Lizzie what would be the proper thing for us to do with reference to our marriage, whether we should postpone the same until our arrival at New York, or whether we should become united before leaving our native city and country, and have our father confessor, our kind old parish priest by whom we were christened and received first holy communion, officiate at our wedding and bless our union. After a short reflection, Lizzie said: "James let

us avoid as much as possible giving offense to anybody, and forestall all evil talk about us after our departure. I don't want to afford your stepmother an opportunity to vituperate and malign my character still more after I am gone, and for that reason we shall depart from here as a married couple, united by the Lord and His church, to share with each other what heaven has in store for us, whether good or evil."

Nothing could please me more than her proposition, and our priest fully approving of what we had resolved upon, which we communicated to him, our marriage, after the lapse of the few weeks required for spiritual and civil preparation, was duly solemnized. The ceremony and subsequent celebration were of a strictly private nature, and participated in only by a few chosen friends of Lizzie and myself, for my parents had scornfully declined the invitation which I delivered to them in person, the stepmother supplementing their refusal to be present by a few more words of fierce abuse both of myself and my bride, using expressions so vile that I hesitate to repeat them to you, Rev. Father. They both gave me to understand that my presence was distasteful to them, and that it would not be necessary for me to call again to take formal leave of them upon my departure.

"My eyes filled with tears when I stretched out my hand to my father and said: "Good bye, father, God bless you!" Following his better impulse, he grasped my hand with fervor, gave it a hearty shake and replied: "Good bye, James! The Lord be with you!" But my stepmother, malignant to the last, refused to take my proffered hand and turned her back upon me.

"That was my departure from the paternal house. But a few days more, and we, my young wife and myself, took leave from our home city, from our native country, embarking at Queens-town and soon leaving the coast of Ireland far behind us. Full of love and happiness we passed our days on the deck of the large steamer which carried us and our hopes to the shore of our new transatlantic home, never apart from each other, always together in the admiration of the Lord's creation, our hearts elevated by the majestic view of the vast ocean, bounded only by the horizon, with its rolling waves and its deep blue water throwing back the reflection of the sky, that grand dome of heaven forming a boundless arch above us."

"So you had a lucky passage," interrupted the priest, "and landed safely this side of the water! — And where did you first settle with your young wife?"

A flood of tears broke from the eyes of the stranger, and he was hardly able to speak, when he replied: "Alas, I landed alone, she, my wife, my love, my all rests at the bottom of the sea!"

He could say no more, overcome by the memory of his awful experience, his loss and misery he broke down completely, his breast heaving as with convulsions, relieved only by half-suppressed sobs.

The priest was deeply affected, that turn of the stranger's narration came altogether unexpected and rendered him mute with compassion. Without speaking he arose, walked into the house and after a short absence returned carrying a bottle of port-wine which he placed on the garden table standing between two rustic seats near by. He was followed by his manservant in half clerical garb who brought a lunch. Walking close up to the stranger, Father D. softly took hold of his arm and led him to one of the seats. "Compose yourself, my friend," he said, "you are exhausted and need a little refreshment. Be seated!" Then he sat down on the opposite seat.

After having partaken of some of the refreshments, including a glass of the good old wine, the stranger proceeded with his story. "We were nearing the end of our voyage, everything had passed off lucky, and the passengers felt so assured that they commenced to exchange congratulations, anticipating our happy arrival. But one more night, and the coast of Long Island would be in sight. But that one night proved disastrous to the ship and the hundreds of human lives which it carried. You have probably heard of the disaster which befell our steamer, the" (here he mentioned the name of the vessel.)

"Yes, I remember well," interrupted the priest, "your vessel came in collision with another steamer out bound from New York during a dense fog at night. I read the account of the awful event in our newspapers."

"Then I will not have to recount it," continued the stranger. Minutes of terror followed the collision, and everything was in the wildest confusion aboard of our vessel, while the

other, also seriously damaged, made haste to get away to the nearest port. The terrible announcement was made that our vessel was fast sinking, and we were ordered into the lifeboats at once, and without being permitted to take any of our effects with us. In my arms I carried my dear wife who had been resting in her berth, to the upper-deck and placed her in a boat which was just being let down.

Attempting to take my seat beside her, I was pushed back by dozens of strong hands, and a dozen or more voices shouted the information that the boat was already overloaded and liable to sink as soon as it touched the water. Though I tried to resist the separation from my wife, I was compelled to yield, and had to make haste to find a place in another boat. One more glance I caught of my darling love when both boats were afloat, and I called to her: "Lizzie, dearest, God bless you until we meet again!" She heard me above the din of the shipwreck and the roaring sea, and replied: "James, the Lord will provide!"

"Those were the last words I heard from her lips, from her who has been the light of my life, my love, my all!"

There was another pause of deep silence, after which the stranger proceeded: "Before our eyes the proud steamer went down to the bottom with everything remaining on board. Six boats had managed to get away and were adrift on the wide ocean loaded with humanity to their full capacity, with people who had saved nothing but their naked lives, and even these were not to be spared. Suddenly some one in our boat called out: "Oh heavens, there goes one of the boats, and the poor people are drowning! And there another." Alas, it was but too true! Two of the boats were struck by the waves and capsized within a few minutes after being afloat. It was a terrible sight to see the poor people struggle in the water and disappear one after the other. I felt as if my heart would



break, but it was impossible to save them. Two of the boats remained close together for some time, I was in one, my wife in the other. Aimless we drifted farther and farther, apart and soon we lost sight of each other in the darkness. When the morning dawned and the rays of the rising sun commenced to penetrate the fog, we were alone upon that wide expanse of water, which but the day before I had admired with so much veneration, in the company of her who was separated from me now possibly forever, and it seemed to me as if I were floating upon a boundless watery grave-yard.

"But I will not depict to you any further the awful scenes of that shipwreck, and the attendant loss of human life. Two nights we were adrift in that boat, on the second morning we saw a column of smoke rising from the horizon, our hearts beat faster, the smoke-stack, then the hull of a passing steamship hove in sight. Our signals were seen, the steamer changed its course holding towards us, and within a few hours more we were safely on board, alive but exhausted by exposure and hunger, by physical and mental suffering. Though refreshed bodily, I was utterly cast down by the report of the captain that with the aid of the strongest telescopes they had been unable to detect any of the other boats afloat. There seemed to be no hope that our companions in those boats, my wife among them, had escaped from the watery grave.

"Rev. Father, I will confess that it was then I commenced to doubt divine justice, and with bitter irony repeated to myself the words: "The Lord will provide!" But at the same moment it seemed as if a voice like the voice of Lizzie in that night of terror were calling to me from the heights of heaven: "James, the Lord will provide!" and I kneeled down to pray for the soul of her who had perished in the sea".

Again the young man relapsed into silence, overcome by his thoughts of sadness. Father D. prevailed upon him to take another glass of wine, and thus refreshed he continued in his narrative: "The rest of my story is soon told. The steamer which had saved us, proceeded to New York where we landed. I looked up the Reverend gentleman to whom I had been recommended by our parish priest. He was connected with the catholic mission for the reception of immigrants, and I found him walking near the landing place.

"I gave him my name and an account of my recent experience. When I mentioned to him the place where I intended to go, and that I expected to find a home with my brother William and a position in the latter's business, he shrugged his shoulders and said: "My friend, your brother will not receive you. Read this telegram which he sent me two weeks ago, and which will explain matters to you. There

is also a letter from him addressed to you which arrived yesterday, that probably contains the same information."

"I trembled from head to foot when he handed me both telegram and letter, and when I opened the latter and read in its contents the confirmation of what the Reverend gentleman had told me, I felt that every drop of blood rushed from my heart to the head. And how well I remembered at that moment the words of my stepmother.

"Your father and I will write your brother and prepare him for your coming, that you may find a cordial reception." For my brother simply wrote me that he would have nothing to do with me, and that I should keep away from him and his home now and forever, reproaching me in the same terms and applying to me the same names which my stepmother had so frequently used.

"What was I to do next? I was penniless, for every dollar of my own money and that of my wife had gone down, together with all our effects, in the sinking vessel. My papers and letters of introduction to a number of merchants and others were also lost, and I had no idea where and to whom I should turn. The priest from whom I had received my brother's communication was kind enough to give me a list of firms in New York where I might possibly find employment, but when I called upon one after the other I received the same reply everywhere, that there was no vacancy, and that they would not employ a total stranger without recommendations if there was.

"Once more I had recourse to the kind Father, but it soon became evident to me that he also looked upon me with suspicion, owing no doubt to the bad account my brother had given of me, and which could not have failed to prejudice his mind. Finally he handed me a dollar and advised me to leave the city and look for work in the country, on a farm or in a village. With bleeding heart I accepted the alms, for I could not help myself, and followed his advice.

"I went into the country and found work on a farm. As a railroad laborer I was sent out west, together with others; then I worked in a lumber-camp, and again on a farm. I have felled trees and sawed and split wood, I have worked with the pick and the spade, and taken care of the cattle. Ah, how often was I reminded of the parable of the prodigal son, told by our Lord Jesus Christ, in my similar condition, and of my stepmother's words: "May he be glad to fill his belly with the husks that the swine eat!" All that has fallen to my lot, Rev. Father. Often I was ready to give up, and my heart felt like breaking! But then again, when I rested at night on my bed of straw or hay, or on the bare floor, with nothing but a

thin blanket to cover me and protect me against the cold, it seemed as if heaven opened above me and a hallowed figure called to me: "James, the Lord will provide!" Thus my faith in the Lord remained unshaken, though each morning brought back to me anew the full consciousness of my misery.

"One night when I was driving home the cattle, I was met on the road by a priest in a church vestment, attended by an altar-boy who carried a lantern. I knew he was going to call on and administer to some sick person, and I knelt down to receive his blessing. The priest drew from the folds of his gown the cross with the Blessed Sacrament and gave me the blessing. He then engaged me in conversation, asked me who I was and where I came from, having never seen me before. I told him my story and mentioning C.... as my home city, he was glad to inform me that you, his friend and brother-priest, were my fellow-townsmen, and in the kindness of your heart would be pleased to assist me in every possible way. And here I am, Father D., asking for your advice.

"Rev. Father, my history is finished," once more resumed the stranger, after a short silence, before winding up the thread of his narrative. "After a long and tiresome pilgrimage, full of hardship and privations, I have made my way to you, and from the bottom of my heart I thank you for the kind patience and indulgence with which you have attended to my story. Many a time have I met in my struggles and wanderings with treatment different from what I have received at your hand — when people, in this land of abundance and wealth, would not even stop to listen to my appeals for something to eat, or closed their door in my face when I asked for shelter on a stormy and cold winter night and would much less give me a chance to explain to them my situation and the causes of my distress, cutting me short with the cruel remark: "Oh, we are used to that kind of talk, its nothing but lies such tramps as you will tell anyway!" Rev. Father, I have not come here to beg for

alms, though I have accepted what, in the kindness of your heart, you had given me before you knew who I was and before you had heard my story; I have also partaken of your hospitality but what I want more than anything else, what I need and what I have come for is your advice, your wise and experienced counsel as a priest, a friend and a countryman, what shall I do to forget, to blot out the past and to commence life anew — to recover from the terrible blows of fate and to become again a useful and respected member of human society, in a position where I can support

myself, shape my own future and build up my own fortune, aided by what little ability, training and intellect I possess. I assure you, my intentions are the best, and I am willing to commence over again at the foot of the ladder. But do not withhold from me your advice! I have blessed you for it in advance, when I approached your door an outcast, but full of hope and confidence in your priestly heart and human kindness and from above, from the summits of heaven you will be blessed by her, by that angel, who is now before the throne of the Almighty, and whose last words in this world, spoken to me through the roaring din of the waves, will never cease to find their echo in my heart to the end of my days: "James, the Lord will provide!"



Father D. was deeply affected. The last remnant of doubt and suspicion which, owing to his previous unfortunate experience with calling strangers, he had possibly still retained as to the entire truthfulness of the account given him by his unhappy visitor, had disappeared. Nothing but sympathy for the poor wanderer, so sorely stricken by the hand of fate, filled his heart, and but one thought occupied his mind for the time being, the question as to the best counsel he could give James (for so we shall henceforth call him), and the most effectual means of assistance that might be provided for the unfortunate young man. He arose and

walked up and down through the small garden. Suddenly he halted in front of his visitor and said: "James, there is but one thing for you to do! You have to go to your brother William!"

James looked crestfallen. His pale face turned still paler and with all the signs of discouragement he attempted, in humble and almost inaudible accents, to interpose objections. "That will hardly do, Rev. Father," he commenced, "you know he will have nothing to do with me—he said so in his letter I told you about...."

James got no further in his remonstrances, for Father D. had already disappeared into the house. His absence lasted but a short time, not more than twenty minutes. When he returned he held in one hand an unsealed letter, and a roll of money in the other. Resuming the subject where he had left off, and speaking very earnestly, he said to James: "You must go to your brother, James, that is the only way by which you can be restored to your proper position in life! But you must meet him under an assumed name—though his mind has been poisoned against you, you may be sure that he will become reconciled, and that his brotherly love for you will return and be stronger than ever before after he has learned to know and respect you as a stranger. Here is a letter from my hand, not to your brother, whom I only know by reputation as an highly honorable, successful and wealthy man, but to an old and trusted friend of mine, a brother priest, the divine of the parish at S...ton, a small town not far from your brother's silver-mines. They are well acquainted, and my friend will recommend you to him for employment. You may read the letter before I seal it. Father B. will know your secret, but you may rest assured that his lips will never betray you. Your brother employs hundreds of men in his mines, stamp-mills, smelters and office, and he will surely find a place for you at Father B.'s request.

"After that your future is in your own hands! Be faithful, steady and industrious, try to do your very best at whatever work you are assigned to! And if it be the very lowest of service required of you, remember what scripture tells us of Jacob, the son of Isaac, who was compelled to serve unto Laban, his mother's brother, seven years, and again seven years, before he received his reward. Never fail to show your good will, for without it skill and knowledge are of little avail, and conduct yourself as a good christian at all times and with all men. Your reward will surely come on the day, when you may say to your employer: "Dear brother," and when he will welcome you with brotherly love and kindness.

"But you have a long trip before you. The railroad is not quite finished, and part of the way, in fact a good many miles, you will have to travel on foot or by team through dense

woods and over high and steep mountains. Take this money, I think it will be enough to carry you through and cover your expenses until you receive your first pay in your brother's service, you may pay me back when you have it to spare, that I may use it for the benefit of my parish and the wants of our church and school.

"And now, dear James, remember that "time is money," as we say in this country, and start at once for your future home. Good bye! and God bless you! And whatever may be your future lot, keep in your mind and cherish in your heart that grand old motto which both you and I have chosen for our guide through this life: "The Lord will provide!"

CHAPTER II.

The scene has shifted. We now behold the rugged country of the Rocky Mountains, a chain of lofty peaks encircling the horizon! Rising against the blue sky, they offer to the eye a sharp contrast by the glittering whiteness of their sharp edged tops covered with eternal snow and radiant under the rays of the sun. The approach to the mountainous region lies over the range of foot-hills, forming the base of the mountain-stock and intersected by valleys deep and low, both hills and valleys supporting an abundant growth of timber and grass. A rich verdure, the soft carpet of vegetation, spreads over the entire scene. The country appears well watered, from the mountains and over the hills gushing streams pour into the valleys and the plain beyond, their fertilizing effect being apparent from the cultivation of the soil the promising beginnings of which are shown by a number of prosperous looking farms visible in different directions.

Then again the sloping sides of the mountains present a checkered appearance, as if covered with quarries, where the prospector has been at work with pick and spade, removing the sheet of verdure, the mold, and laying bare the naked stone of a grayish color—abandoned diggings where no vein of the precious metal so eagerly sought after has been discovered.

Following the well graded and rolled wagon-road, leading from the railway still distant, but fast penetrating to the heart of the district, into the midst of this remote country, the traveler in the days of our story was surprised to come upon, in one of the valleys stretching from hill to hill in broad expanse, a lively, bustling and hustling community, a busy hive of humanity, in short, one of the largest and richest mining camps within a circle of hundreds of miles. It was, in fact, more than a camp, it was a settlement come to stay, if one was to judge by the number, and still more by the appearance of the houses and structures of regular build and location, rising along the sides of the different

streets and squares in perfect symmetrical order. That the settlement of industrial workers which had here sprung up in the mountain wilderness had already passed through the initial stages of permanency was furthermore demonstrated by the fact that streets and squares were properly laid out according to the accepted rules of survey. They were graded and lined with plank sidewalks, and the principal thoroughfare, running through the center of the place and containing quite a number of handsome looking stores, even boasted of a substantial pavement of crushed stone mixed with cement and rolled down to a hard bed. Everywhere the eye rested upon neatly kept gardens, adjoining and surrounding the dwellings of the inhabitants, and giving a cheerful and home-like aspect to the whole place. Nothing remained to indicate the original "rough and ready" mining camp of a few years ago order and cleanliness were the chief characteristics in that picture of life and activity, which in this as well as in all other features denoted the unmistakable fact that one mind, imbued with the spirit of Christian humanity, progress and civilization, had guided the destinies of this place from its earliest days to the present time. The town was divided into two parts by the principal street in the pit of the valley, one side, ascending the gentle slope of the lower one of the two hills enclosing the valley, forming the residence part, while the opposite side was the mining town proper with its shafts and tunnels descending into the regions below, its adits and drifts for freeing the mines of water and to carry the ore to the surface, and the various structures containing stamp-mills, smelters and other machinery forming part and parcel of the great gold and silver mining industry of the country. One building, located in close proximity to the main street and designed with some regard for architectural beauty contained the offices of the mining company operating the mines and mills throughout this entire region. The head of the concern was Mr. William P.

ST. MICHAEL'S ALMANAC.

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organizer, president and principal stockholder of the company, an enterprising businessman whose rapid success in the development of the mineral wealth of this section was the well merited reward of intellect, combined with energy and activity. To him this region and the town in its center owed their present flourishing and prosperous condition. He had brought order out of the chaos, and had not only provided for the physical and temporal wants and comforts of the inhabitants, but as a true and devoted christian had also cheerfully and liberally assisted in the promotion of their spiritual, moral and intellectual welfare by contributing the means for building the church and the school-house, which together occupied one of the large squares in the residence quarter of the place. His residence, with stables and other side-buildings required for domestic purposes, was situated in the highest part of that quarter, crowning the summit of the hill, and surrounded by an extensive garden, laid out by the skillful hand of the landscape-gardener into walks, lawns, ponds and beautiful flower-beds, while the more remote part with its grottos, shrubbery and stately old trees, remnants of the primeval forest, formed a perfect park.

But away from this attractive picture of

home-life, our story leads us into the mining-town, presenting a different view, another scene from the never terminating drama of human life; with its hundreds of operatives of the mines, the mills and the smelting works in full activity, with its roaring furnace-fires, the din and noise of running machinery, its chimneys and smoke-stacks emitting dense black clouds, with sound and commotion everywhere and from all directions.

A new arrival, one of the rare events interrupting the daily routine of miner's life in this region, is reported among the men. The stranger — an Irishman who gives his name as James Saunders — is a "tenderfoot," fresh from the states and perfectly "green" at the business.



He is assigned to work in the ore-crushing mill. The identity of the mining novice having been duly and sufficiently established, so far as is possible from the account he is willing to give of himself, nobody pays any further attention to him, except the foreman who keeps a sharp eye on the young man, and the amount of labor performed by him. James is a willing and steady hand. The day is warm and the mill is a hot place, but though the sweat runs from his forehead, and his hands commence to blister from handling scoop and barrow, shoveling fuel and ore, he minds neither sweat nor blisters, and holds his own among this gang of brawny toilers used to hard work, to which so far he has been unaccustomed. When the day is over he is relieved by the night shift and returns to his boardinghouse for rest. "Jacob has served unto Laban twenty years! The Lord will provide!" he softly adds to his prayer before refreshing sleep closes his eyes.

Being a young man, healthy and robust of body and endowed with strong muscles, James soon became used to the hard labor in the crushing mill and after a few days of practice was fully as familiar with the work as any of the old hands, though in the beginning his occupation was only that of an ordinary laborer, pushing the loaded ore cars, which had been hoisted from the mines by the elevator, on a track from the shaft to the ore-bin where their contents were dumped, or handling shovel and wheel-barrow in feeding fuel to the furnace, and similar duties. When Mr. P., the president and manager of the mining company, made his weekly tour of inspection through the different departments of the works, he was well pleased when receiving from the superintendent of the crushing mill a very favorable report on the new man. The result was that James after a short time was assigned to regular mining work, at first with a gang of prospectors opening new cuts into the hill-sides and breaking up rock and ore taken from the openings for further testing as to their paying value. One day while thus engaged he was approached by Mr. P., who after greeting him cordially, entered into a conversation with him. "You are doing well," the president said, "I have received very good reports of you from the superintendent, and I am well satisfied by what I have seen of you myself so far. I am also pleased by your regular attendance at Holy Mass on Sundays, and to find that you prove no discredit to our home country and to good Father B. who recommended you for employment. But how do you like mining? Pretty hard work, is it not? It must have been rather tough on your soft hands at first!" — "Oh, that's nothing", James replied, "I am used to it now; of course, the first few days were pretty hard, I must confess. My hands were swollen, blistered and sore, and gave me a good deal of

pain, but they have become hardened now and the work seems much easier. I am grateful for your kindness and shall always try to do my best." With a "God bless you, my friend," Mr. P. went his way, and James continued at his work.

It was but a short time after when James was still further advanced, being assigned to one of the regular shifts working in the mines below. A new world opened to him when he first entered the subterranean regions, descending by means of the elevator-cage fully two thousand feet into the bowels of the earth. A perfect labyrinth of tunnels, drifts, passages and short connecting cuts spread before the bewildered eyes of the mining apprentice, but dimly lighted by the flickering light of the lamps which the miners carried in their hands or fastened to their hats, or of the candles in holders which they had sunk into the crevices of the rocky wall to illuminate the narrow space within which just then they happened to be at work. Deep shadows ran over the walls and the roof of this gigantic system of communications and working places, carved out in the deep by the hand of man. The rock, mostly granite and sandstone in widely divergent stages of solidness or advanced decomposition, showed a variety of colors, but when a ray of light fell upon it, thousands of stars seemed to appear in view suddenly, owing to the reflex of pyrites contained in the silver ore. The mining machinery in operation filled the whole place with constant noise. Each man carried with him, beside his lamp or light safely fastened into the holder, his pick, drill and stick of explosive for blasting the rock, or shooting, as the miners call it. With the aid of the machine-borers holes were drilled into the rock to the depth of six inches, a stick of the giant powder was inserted into the hole, the fuse, several feet long, attached and lighted. Then there was a loud call, a hurrying and scurrying away of everybody out of sight and to a place of safety where they could neither be struck by flying rocks, nor by the powerful air current engendered by the explosion—a deep silence which appeared long to the anxious mind of the beginner, followed by the crash and the eruption. There is a loud roar, blast after blast of extreme fury shakes the earth, smoke rolls up volcanic and tongued with flame, the abyss is filled with flying rock and the whole discharge is echoed and reechoed in prolonged and multitudinous thunder through all the underground passages. In other parts of the mine, where the miners were not working in the solid rock, but in soft ground, gravel, sand or decomposed stone, the working tunnels and their connections were carefully and strongly timbered, lined with wood work, in order to prevent caving in. Every new opening cut by the miners, working on their knees or, face upward, stretched out at

full length upon their backs, was at once supported by strong wooden posts. Under the vigilant and humane management of Mr. P., president of the operating company, great regard is paid to the safety of the mine, and no measures tending to assure and to increase the same are omitted. But notwithstanding all precaution accidents had already happened here, as in other mines, caused by premature blasting, caving in of sides, through carelessness as well as through natural forces, and more than one human life has been lost — sad memories of the mine which were kept fresh by a number of crosses cut into the rock at different places, marking the spot where grim death had overtaken some unfortunate miner without warning, and where none of the old hands among these sturdy toilers ever passed without removing his hat and saying a short prayer for the soul of the departed comrade. James was fully aware of the dangers of mining in the deep, and was far from disregarding the same with the reckless spirit of the man lost to the world and despairing of future happiness, but with the spirit of the true christian whose faith is in God and in whose soul are written with indelible letters the words: "The Lord will provide!"

After an hour or two spent in watching the miners in their different kind of work, with the superintendent of the mine as his guide and instructor, James went to work with his accustomed cheerfulness and ambition. For nearly three months he had been working in the mine, and was not alone one of the most reliable of the many hands there employed, but had also become thoroughly familiar with, and skilled in every branch of the work necessary in connection with the mining of silver ore and the removal of the same from the mine to the surface above. In spite of his rapidly acquired skill which was apt to arouse the jealousy of older miners who had required months and years to reach the goal of perfection, to his days and weeks, he was a general favorite among the men and with his superiors, owing chiefly to his gentle, though manly ways, and his quiet and even temper, which never appeared to be ruffled, as indicated by surly looks or rough language, though of the latter, as was but natural among that class of people, he was obliged to hear a good deal. Leaving the mine one evening, after his shift had quitted work, he met Mr. P. at the elevator shaft. Politely saluting the chief, he was about to pass on to his boarding-house, when the president called him back. "I am going to assign you to some other work, Saunders," Mr. P. said, "you have been down in the mine long enough, I think, and they tell me that you hold your own with the best of them. You can lay off for a day or two, if you wish to do, I'll see that your pay is not docked, and then

report for duty to the superintendent of the smelter."

James, at first, did not know what to make of the proposition, or of his new assignment ordered by his chief, but remembering the kind manner in which the latter had spoken to him and the friendly smile lighting up his features, he became satisfied at once that the change was in the nature of a promotion.

"Thank you, sir," he replied, "I'll report at the smelter to-morrow. I fully appreciate your kindness, but I would rather not lay off, as I don't require any more rest than a night's sleep will afford, and would not know what to do with myself, if I'm not at work."

"Very well," said the president, "I simply wanted to let you know that you may ask for reasonable favors from the management. I hope your new duties will please you."

"I hope I may be able to merit the kindness which you have shown me, Mr. P.," answered James, "and I shall do my best to give satisfaction in my new position."

Though James had been to the smelting works before, when he was off duty in the mine or the crusher, and had taken a cursory look at everything connected with the plant, the details of operating the same were in the main something new to him, and their mastery required his undivided attention. He had already gone through various stages and occupations of mining. He had been employed and active as a prospector locating veins of precious metal in the rock, he had toiled in the deep mine where the ore is taken from the womb of mother earth, and he had worked in the crushing mill, where it is ground as in a gigantic coffee mill. Naturally, he was keenly interested in that last process but one, where the ore, rock, metal-vein and all, is turned into one liquid, glowing, seething mass, molten by a fiery heat, approaching in intensity that of infernum itself, and where the shining bars of metal are molded, which thence go to the refinery where the base is separated from the precious.

James took a lively interest in the different operations at the smelter, watching with keen eyes the details of the work in which the men were engaged, and never hesitating a minute to lend a helping hand wherever he considered it necessary. The superintendent who, from the beginning, had received and treated him with great kindness, and who was always ready and willing to instruct him and impart to him every possible information with regard to the various branches of the ore-smelting practice and the several duties of engineers, feeders, molders etc., noticed with particular satisfaction, how nothing escaped the attention of his disciple, and the rapid progress made by the latter in qualifying himself as a competent smelter. Seeing



The Wise Men and their Gifts.

Monarchs and Magi of the mystic East,
To Mary's Babe in Bethlehem's crib divine,
They come to worship at the Godhead's shrine,
Bringing their frankincense to Christ, the Priest,
Their gold to Christ the King. (Frailest and least
Of all therein), their myrrh they bring to Him,
The Man of Sorrows at life's garish feast,
Beside whose griefs all other woes grow dim.

O Blessed Babe! we come with these old Kings
To worship Thee — to thank, to bless, to praise.
The frankincense of prayer we bring to Thee,
The gold of love, the myrrh that suffering wing,
From chastened hearts. O Monarch of all days!
We hail Thee, Lord of time, Eternity!

E. C. Donnelly.

him actively at work with some of the men at the blast furnace for the smelting of ores one day, he called James aside and said to him: "It is not necessary that you should work yourself, Saunders, we have enough hands to run along without trouble. What I want of you is that you should post yourself fully in every part of our work, in order to be able to control and direct the men, and to form an opinion as to how they do their duty."

In fact, it required but a few weeks for James to become thoroughly familiar with the practical work of smelting to the silver-lead bullion with the proper mixture of ores, roasting and adjustment of fluxes etc. He was capable of directing the work in hand by the different gangs of men, to approve in one case or to reprimand in another, as occasion required, being always cautious however in exercising his authority and careful to preserve his modest and unassuming, even gentle ways, tending to conciliate the older hands to the rapid advancement of their new and inexperienced fellow-workman, though some of the unreasoning and rougher class occasionally were unable to restrain themselves and gave vent to their feelings of jealousy by contemptuous looks or gestures, or even ill-tempered remarks. To such however James paid no attention, knowing very well that the working force at mine and mill was made up of men of all nationalities, some of them but half civilized, and all classes, and in many instances of a very limited degree of intelligence and moral responsibility, men who could be held in check and under control only by a constant exercise of authority based upon good, sound judgment.

That authority James now possessed, for he had in the meantime been appointed to the position of assistant to the superintendent of the smelter, but the fact that he became, from day to day, more and more respected was probably due as much or more to his manner of bearing himself, commanding the regard and esteem of the most unwilling, as to his new dignity. The influence he wielded upon his surrounding was indeed remarkable; no word of profanity ever passed his lips and the language he used, even in the midst of this wordy crowd of adventurers, many of them uncultured and violent men, was at all times that of a man of earnest purpose, sincerity, perfect morality and deep piety, blended with humanity and charity for all, thus being more effective than the tirades of self-constituted moralists and canting declaimers against vice and wickedness.

James had been at the smelter about three months, when the superintendent, in the course of a conversation with the president, remarked that he wished to perform a duty which gave him a great deal of pleasure, by stating that Saunders had become a veritable mascot to him

and the department under his control. "Since the young man has been at the smelter," he added, "we haven't had the least trouble, and he has relieved me of half my work." One afternoon, shortly after the above conversation had taken place, Mr. P. entered the smelting works and asked James to step into the small office, partitioned off for the use of the superintendent. "Saunders," the president there opened the discourse, "the superintendent is going on a business trip for the company and will be absent for a week or more. He reports that you are fully competent to represent him during his absence, and as you are familiar with the duties, you'll require no special instructions. Among your duties will be to pay off the mill-hands on Saturdays.

"To-morrow being pay-day, you'll have to call at the general office for the money and the pay-roll." James replied that he would fill the place to the best of his ability, and would call for the cash and the pay-roll the next day in good time.

Early in the afternoon following he called at the main office and was directed to the cashier's desk, where he found that official in the company of the president. The cashier handed him the pay-roll and a heavy bag with gold and silver coin. "It is not necessary that you should stop and waste time counting over the money," said Mr. P., "we both have counted it, the cashier and myself and you'll find the amount correct to the cent."

James returned to the mill and took his seat at the desk of the superintendent. When the usual signal with the steam-whistle was given, the men quitted work and formed in line to receive their pay, the wages earned during the week past. One after the other received his money and signed the pay-roll. Only one signature, his own, was still missing on the roll when James counted over the money remaining in the bag. To his surprise he found that, notwithstanding the president's proud assertion, the office had made a mistake in counting out the cash, for beside the amount of wages due him there were just one hundred dollars in gold coin left in the bag. He glanced over the pay-roll once more, examining with careful, scrutinizing look the columns and spaces reserved for the signatures of the men, every name appeared there but his own, he went over the footings, the total amounts at the bottom of each page and the recapitulation on the last page were correct to the cent. He walked out into the mill and called out: "Is there anybody here who has not yet received his pay?" From the midst of the stragglers still remaining and engaged in washing their hands and faces, and changing their working clothes for better and clean ones, came the laughing reply: "Why, do you want to pay us over again? You can stake your

last dollar, when the pay-roll is to be signed, nobody remains behind and the call to get our wages is obeyed quicker than the ten commandments." And one added: "After I am paid, they all got their money as a rule, for my name is the last one on the pay-roll."

James returned to his desk, picked up the bag with the remaining money and hurried back to the main office. Here he asked for the president, but was informed that Mr. P. had left on horseback early in the afternoon for the neighboring town of S....ton, and was not expected to return before midnight or still later.

The cashier had also left, and James was compelled to take the money with him to his boardinghouse. The possession of that sum, for which he considered himself responsible to his employer, caused him a very uneasy night. His sleep was disturbed by dreams of thieves and robbers, of the house being on fire and the money being lost. The following day being Sunday he hurried to Mr. P.'s house at an early hour, in order to meet the chief before he left for church. He was led into the parlor, where after a few minutes of waiting he found himself face to face with the president. "Mr. P.," he said, "the cashier must have made a mistake yesterday after all, for he gave me one hundred dollars too much. All the men were paid off

and have signed the pay-roll, and that amount was over. I want to return the money to you." "That can't be," replied the president, "for the cashier and myself, had both counted the money before it was delivered to you." "Well," said James, "then you both must have made a mistake, for I am sure that all the men have received their correct pay, and there is hundred dollars over." "Why didn't you keep the money?" said the president. "It would have been a lesson to the office to be more careful in making up the weekly pay-roll in the future." "I could not keep what does not belong to me," replied James. "But I don't want to take up your time any longer. — Good morning, sir!"

With these words and depositing the money on the table, James left the house, followed by a look of satisfaction from the eyes of Mr. P. "He stood the test well," the latter said to himself. "I'll call him back and make him a present of the money. But no, not yet! I'll try him once more with a small amount, where the error cannot so easily be detected."

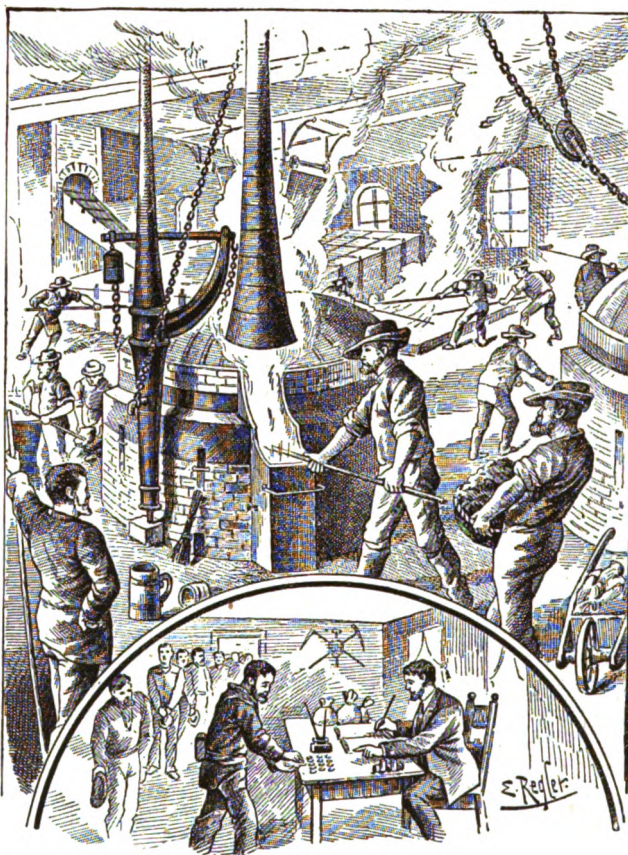
On the succeeding Saturday, the superintendent having not yet returned from his trip, James had to pay off the mill-hands again. On Monday morning he appeared at the office and returned a five dollar gold-piece to the cashier.

The president who noticed the action, asked: "What is that for?" "There was a five dollar piece over in a roll of five hundred dollars," answered James. Turning to the cashier the president said: "Why, it seems neither of us can count correctly any more, another mistake on us! Much obliged to you Saunders."

The superintendent had returned from his business trip and James was back at his old post of assistant. One afternoon the president sent word over to the mill that he should come to the office. "I am informed that you are a trained accountant and a good penman," Mr. P. opened the interview with James, "I think there will soon be an opening in the office for you. I have made up my mind to give you a chance

here, do you think you'll be able to take charge of the correspondence?" James answered in the affirmative, and surprised the president by adding that he was conversant with the Spanish, French and Italian language, and able to correspond in either of them as well as in English. He expressed himself highly gratified at the prospect held out to him, and declared that it was his highest ambition to give satisfaction, wherever placed, and to deserve the confidence and the many acts of favor and kindness bestowed upon him. "Well, we shall see," said the chief, "report at the office tomorrow morning at eight o'clock sharp."

The succeeding events in the career of



James as an employe of the mining company, of which his patron and benefactor was the president, may now be summed up shortly. Being safely installed in a sphere of activity to which he had been bred and educated from his early youth, he was now in a position to demonstrate and utilize to the fullest extent his perfect knowledge of commercial affairs and duties, enhanced by natural gifts and ability. His tried and fully established integrity, his good moral character and refined, modest conduct, together with his christian piety, had secured for him not alone the respect, but also the unrestricted confidence of his chief, a fact which soon became apparent even in the performance of those minor duties assigned to him at first, as making out bills and accounts, drawing up contracts for supplies, etc. in accordance with bids received, writing letters outlined to him by the chief, and similiar work, James' path had indeed become smooth and even enough, and his further advancement seemed to be only a question of short delay. After the lapse of a few weeks the president placed so much reliance in the new clerk that he approved of the latter's work, submitted to him for examination, without so much as looking at it, simply placing his "O. K." on the sheets, or affixing his signature, with the occasional remark that he was as sure of the correctness of Saunders' work as of his own.

Very soon James was promoted to the position of confidential clerk and private secretary to the president and entrusted with the latter's entire correspondence. As a matter of course, his rapid progress in place and favor did not fail to arouse the jealousy of the other office employes under the leadership of their recognized head, the principal bookkeeper, but James' modesty and good temper, together with his uniform courtesy to everybody high or low, disarmed his envious antagonists and prevented an open outbreak of their hostile feelings. One day Mr. P. surprised him with the announcement that the head-bookkeeper had resigned his position in the service of the company, having become tired of life in the western mining region and accepted an appointment with a mercantile house in one of the large cities of the country, for which the president had recommended him.

"I have decided to appoint you to the vacancy," Mr. P. added, extending his right and giving James a hearty hand-shake, "for I know that you'll fill the bill. Take charge of the books at once, and make your home in my house and with my family. We have plenty of room, and I want to have you around me as much as possible. The driver can call at the boarding-house for your trunk this afternoon."

Mr. James Saunders, head-bookkeeper and office-manager of the silver mining-company,

had been a member of his chief's household for several months. He was a general favorite, not alone with the family of his patron, consisting of Mrs. P. and her two children, a lovely girl of ten and a handsome boy of eight, healthy, lively and red-cheeked youngsters, but also with the domestic help, in the case of the last mentioned for the reason principally that his unvarying courteous and gentle manners in his intercourse with them formed such a strongly marked contrast to the brusque and inconsiderate, aye, even ill and rough treatment to which they had been subjected by his predecessor in the office, who had also resided with the family. Thus comparisons drawn between James and the former bookkeeper did not result to the disadvantage or in the disfavor of our friend even in this domestic realm, though James was careful, not to descend to, or tolerate familiarities, however slight, on the part of any of those household functionaries in the employ of his chief.

Mrs. P., a kind-hearted and refined lady, took great interest in the young man whom she received into her dominion as if he were himself a member of the family, treating him on a footing of perfect equality and with all the kindness and benevolence of which the heart of a truly christian matron is capable. It was but in the nature of things that she, as the lady of the house, should also form an opinion based upon a comparison of James with his predecessor in the office and former participant of her domestic hospitality, and she did not hesitate to communicate her observations to her husband.

"What a difference there is in men, William," Mrs. P. remarked to her husband one day, when they passed the afterdinner-hour together in the sitting-room, "the former bookkeeper was certainly a respectable and cultured gentleman, but his manner was so very reserved and cold, so positively repugnant in its undisguised conceit, that to have any sympathy with him, or take pleasure in his company, was altogether out of question. He was as much of a stranger to me when he left, as when he first entered our house. What a contrast between him and Mr. Saunders whose reserve and reticency are the effect of modesty, not of cold pride, and are unable to conceal his kindness of heart and sweetness of temper. But have you ever observed that deep shadow gliding over his features, like a dark, ominous cloud rapidly moving, almost shooting past a bright sky? I have noticed it several times now, while we sat at the dinner-table. Some deep grief seems to oppress his heart and mind, some sad experience of his past life. Of course, it wouldn't do to refer to it in his presence, but I would gladly offer him sympathy and consolation, should he open his heart to us, for I have come to regard him as a member of our family. And the children they dote on him

and call him "Uncle James," having heard you address him by his christian name!"

"Uncle James" had indeed become the closest friend and confidant, playmate and instructor of those two handsome and vivacious youngsters the joy and pride of their respected and loving parents. When he returned home after office-hours, the precious young couple lay already in wait for him. They made a nursery of his room and were with him in the parlor or in the garden, when he visited the stables and when he strolled over to the yard to take a look at the poultry. And he never felt annoyed by their presence or their childish prattle, their numerous requests and the multitude of questions they submitted to him for a reply of some kind. With youthful enthusiasm he took a hand in their plays on the lawns and walks in the garden, for they could not do without their big playmate "Uncle James," but to him they also repeated the lessons which their private tutor had given them, and he was their faithful assistant in mastering the same and unraveling their mysteries. They would sometimes ask him about Ireland, the home country of both father and mother as well, as of "Uncle James", and about the poor people there oppressed by foreign rulers — and then they would tell that "Pa" had promised to take them there to "Grandpa", and that "Uncle James" would have to go also.

Frequently James would tell his two little friends biblical stories, dwelling particularly on the trial of Abraham's faith, when the Lord tempted him and demanded that he should sacrifice his only son Isaac for a burnt offering on the Mount Moriah. And after Isaac had carried the wood on the mountain, he said: "Father, here is the fire and the wood, but where is a lamb for a burnt offering?" Whereupon Abraham replied: "My son, the Lord will provide."

James also examined the children in the catechism, and one day made them repeat the ten commandments. The fourth commandment they had to repeat twice, and the little girl told him confidentially, as a voluntary extra addition, that "Pa" had a brother once, named James, the same as he, "Uncle," and that brother had not honored father and mother, and for that reason had not lived long in this world, had no luck and perished, as Pat, the driver, had told her.

With a sigh James had responded to the story of his little friend; he was deeply affected and tears streamed from his eyes. The little girl became alarmed at the effect of her communication, began to cry also and to bewail the mischief she had unwittingly and unwillingly created. The little boy, of course, followed suit and there is no telling how the crying bee might have ended, if James had not recovered control of himself in time, and succeeded in quiet-

ing the children. "You, Uncle James," sobbed the little girl, smiling affectionately at him through her tears, "you have honored father and mother, and that's why you will live long in the world."

Considerable time had passed by, and things had run along smoothly enough. James was as solid as a rock in the affection, esteem and confidence of Mr. P. and his family. The president and his good lady had even commenced to make plans as to his future from a matrimonial point of view, and had talked over this and that young lady of their acquaintance with reference to their ability of conferring nuptial bliss upon favorite James. That the latter was to become a leading stockholder and director in the mining company had been fully determined upon by Mr. P.

This was the situation when, on a certain morning, James hurriedly entered the private office of Mr. P. His face was pale and he trembled with excitement.

"I would ask leave of absence for a week or ten days, Mr. P.," he said, "I must go to St. Louis at once."

"What is the matter, Saunders," replied the president, what has happened? I hope there is nothing wrong!"

"I cannot answer that question now, Mr. P., for I don't know myself yet, how this thing will turn out. Looking through the St. Louis paper just now, I read an advertisement which has caused me great anxiety, and probably affects my entire life. I must get to the railroad station as soon as possible in order to catch the next train."

"Very well, Saunders, you have leave to go," said the chief. "I'll order the driver to hitch up the bay team, they are the fastest travelers and are sure to bring you to the train on time. If you need money, go to the cashier and get as much as you require."

Within twenty minutes the rig drawn by the two fastest horses of Mr. P.'s stable was waiting in front of the office. James who had hurried over to the house himself, had packed a valise with the necessary wearing apparel and paid his respect to Mrs. P. before departing, now took leave from his chief, and was rapidly driven to the near railroad-town, where he purchased his ticket at the depot and boarded the east bound passenger train for St. Louis. The driver who had taken him to the station, reported to Mr. P. on his return that he had never seen anybody as excited as Mr. Saunders, while being driven to the train.

"May the Lord grant that his undertaking is crowned with success, and that he returns from his mission a happier man than he left," said Mr. P. when he was informed as to the frame of mind in which James had started out on his journey. "Amen!" said his good wife

who had overheard the report made to her husband by the coachman. James was absent a week. Arriving at the railroad-station, upon his return from St. Louis' early in the afternoon, he hired a light road-cart and drove to the home-town. The offices being already closed for the day, he went straight to the house. The first ones to meet him upon his arrival were the children, coming leaping and bounding into his arms through the garden-gate, jubilant at the happy return of their good "Uncle James." They were immediately joined by their father and mother.

"Well, James, how did you make out? Everything satisfactory?" Mr. P. greeted the returning traveler.

"Perfectly," replied James, heartily shaking the proffered hand of his chief, "my own happiness has been restored and that of another person, a dear, beloved lady who has been sorely tried, but in all her trials and troubles has trusted in the Lord and remained firm in her faith, leaving the issue in His hands as a true christian. She was my traveling companion over the ocean and we were united by the strong ties of friendship. In that awful catastrophe, the collision, by which the staunch vessel that carried us across the sea was wrecked and lost, she shared the fate of all on board.

During the confusion following the collision we became separated, she was taken into one life-boat, I secured a place in another. My boat was picked up by a steamer on the second day and we were brought to New York. The boat she was in I had all along given up for lost, for we saw nothing of it when the day broke after the collision, and no indication that it had remained afloat in the storm then raging, but by the grace of the Lord her boat had also been saved. It was picked up by a sailing-vessel which, after a long and stormy voyage, finally reached her destination, the port of Charleston, South Carolina.

By the aid of kind priests my companion at last succeeded, finding a permanent home

at St. Louis, first as governess for the children of a wealthy family and later on as principal of a girls' school. That advertisement in the St. Louis newspaper, which I mentioned to you before my departure, conveyed to me the first information that she was still among the living. It was her card as instructress in classical and domestic science announcing the approaching opening of a new course of her school and inviting parents to enroll their young daughters as pupils, and gave her name and address. You will now understand my anxiety and nervousness when I applied to you for a

leave of absence. She was the best, and before I met you and your family, the only friend I possessed in this world we had shared together a terrible experience and I had never expected to see her alive again, for her death in the waves of the sea had become a certainty to me. How my heart trembled at the thought that the glad tidings should prove an illusion, that I had been deceived by a similarity of names only, I cannot describe to you! But I was not so sorely tested, my happiness proved a fact, for it was her from whom I had parted in mid-ocean I will give you an account of our meeting, but not now it's impossible! James, overcome by his emotions, turned away



and cried. Mr. P. after a short pause broke the silence, his voice expressing deep sympathy with his young friend. "I appreciate your sentiments, James", he said, "and the warm interest you have taken in one who has shared with you a sad fate and, in consequence, has become dear to you. But why have you not brought her with you? I must find fault with you on that score! She would have found a home here with us as well as you. I would assist her to open a school for the children of our employes, or my wife would gladly welcome her as a companion and an assistant in our household. She would certainly feel more at home here than with strangers in a large city. Encouraged by these words of his chief, James replied:

"I have anticipated your kindness Mr. P. and have brought her with me."

"And where is she?"

"In the house of your friend Father B., the priest at S...ton who has recommended me to you for employment more than a year ago."

"It was not necessary to take her there, James! You should have known that she was sure to be welcome in our house, and that both my wife and myself would take great pleasure in making it as comfortable and home-like for her as possible. It is not very late yet, you had better drive over there at once and bring her here to-night!"

That was a fast drive to S...ton and return. Mr. and Mrs. P. were waiting with the supper and even the two little ones could not be persuaded to retire to their beds before they had seen and made the acquaintance of the good lady who was such a friend to "Uncle James". At last the clattering noise made by the hoofs of the fast traveling horse on the hard road bed became audible in the distance nearer and nearer it came, the buggy turned and passed through the front yard gate, stopping in front of the house.

The two occupants of the vehicle alighted and James ushered the lady who was his companion into the house and the parlor. She was of noble and attractive appearance, her pretty face was slightly pale, and a certain shadow cast over her features indicating the sad experience of mental suffering in the past, gave them a particular charm.

"I bid you a hearty welcome and greeting to our house", said the lady of the house, advancing toward her visitor in a voice expressing the full spirit of kindness and hospitality. As a dear friend of Mr. Saunders you will allow us to regard you as our friend, aye, as a member of our family, and in your own house. But Mr. Saunders will you kindly favor us with the name of your lady friend?" James stood silent. A deep pallor covered his honest, manly countenance, his chest heaved up and down, and he showed all the outward indications of a strong struggle within him. At last mastering his feelings he muttered in broken sound and faltering voice, almost inaudibly and as if his breath were failing him:

Mrs. P. dear madam, the lady is your sister-in-law, the wife of James your outcast and abandoned brother, formerly Elizabeth G. from C... your native town in Ireland." He proceeded not further, unable to conceal his emotion he turned around and walked to the window while the tears

were streaming over his face. But before the master of the house and his lady had recovered from their surprise, he threw himself into the arms of Mr. P. exclaiming "Brother William I am James myself and this is my beloved and faithful wife Elizabeth restored to me as if from the grave! And now my secret is out after almost years of concealment, do with me what you please send me back down into the mine, or to the smelter wherever you wish but I am happy; for she, my love, my dear, my all is back at my side, and I feel that I have fairly earned your esteem and regard, if not your brotherly love!"

No pen can describe and picture with full justice to the subject the scene of astonishment, joy and jubilation intermingled with sadness caused by reflections of the past, that followed this announcement of James and the mutual recognition of the brothers and their dear ladies. The children entered into the happy family reunion with the full enthusiasm of youth, showing by their demonstrations of pleasure and affection how glad they were to find in beloved "Uncle James" their real uncle and in his lady a dear and kind aunt. And with childish innocence and simplicity the little boy remarked: "You see, Uncle James, it is not true after all what Pat said that you did not honor your father and mother, and for that reason had to perish — for you are alive and seem to be very happy now." Laughing and crying, under alternate smiles and tears, embracing and kissing, the family passed a happy hour of recognition and reconciliation, and the older brother William never got tired repeating: "Dear James, what is mine is thine! And forgive me what I have done to you!"

Elizabeth, seated by the side of her long lost husband with whom she was now happily reunited, a radiant picture of bliss and happiness, said to him, the hero of her tried and faithful heart: "Do you remember, James, the motto we chose on the day of our first holy communion the words I called to you when our boats parted on the ocean tossed about on the waves by the storm?"

And James replied: "Elizabeth, the Lord will provide, that was my consolation and my support my light and my hope in the darkest hours of life, my guide through the labyrinth of the past, and shall remain so until death!" "Amen", said Elizabeth, and both joined in the words of pious prayer: "The Lord has provided and His Holy Name be praised in eternity!"



❧ THE COVERTED CRIMINAL. ❧

Let us picture an unhappy subaltern — Herbuel by name seated in the military prison at Paris. He has been sentenced to death and now awaits the terrible execution. His crime is a severe one he having deliberately killed his superior officer in order to revenge himself for a punishment which the former had inflicted.

As spiritual director of this prison I visited him to administer the consolation and succor of our holy religion. Since he was already sorry for his crime, he willingly accepted my consolation. Two or three days after his sentence, he received the holy Sacraments and from that moment was entirely changed.

He frequently said to me: "Now I am happy. I am ready! May God do with me as He pleases, I feel within me a deep peace: that I have to die, grieves me only because I cannot fully atone for my crime."

In these sentiments he confessed and received holy Communion almost weekly.

After two month's imprisonment, the impending execution of the sentence was announced to him: this news too, he received with Christian tranquillity. Of course his form trembled convulsively but his strength of soul conquered this human agitation and he did not for a moment lose his inward peace of heart, "as God wills"! he answered the commander of the prison — "Albeit I confess that because of the long delay I had ceased to expect this ending."

Again I remained alone with him, heard his confession once more and gave him the Holy Viaticum. He prayed almost the whole night,

only from time to time speaking gently with the two gendarmes on guard.

The fatal wagon that was to convey him to Vincennes came at six o'clock: Herbuel embraced the jailer and the commander of the prison who could not restrain their tears. As his confessor, I accom-

panied him in his last earthly journey in the closed wagon. During the ride, he was quiet, even serene he said to me — "Rev. Father, I cannot attempt to tell you what a grand day yesterday was for me! How happy I was! It was a foretaste of heavenly bliss which the Divine Redeemer bestowed upon me. I prayed the hours away! Yesterday evening I was quite serene and now I feel even more so. I can find no expression for the inward peace that I enjoyed during the past night, of such joy no one can have any conception."

"Death" he added "has no terrors for me any more for I know now that I go to my Father and to my only true home. In a few moments I shall be there: I am indeed a great sinner — the greatest of all: I place myself at the feet of the God Whom I have offended — against Whose laws I have sinned. But God is good and in His mercy I have an unbounded confidence."

When he repeated a prayer which reminded him of holy Communion he whispered: "My God is present." And was filled with holy joy.

"Ah, I firmly believe all the truths of our holy Religion! Oh, how great is the peace of my soul, and how beautiful this day! — I shall soon be with God. Then he turned to me with a smile and said: "Rev. Father I shall wait for you up there I shall lead you in — or seek rather to assist



Then he placed himself before the soldiers,
chosen as his executioners.

you. Then his thoughts turned to himself again: I am nothing: God alone is everthing, he repeated. All the good in me belongs to Him and comes from Him only, I have no merit of my own, I am a great sinner.

He showed me his prayer book, the Christian Manual and said: The soldiers should always carry this little book with them. If I had it I should never have committed that crime and should not now be facing death."

The moment of execution was at hand. I handed my crucifix to the condemned. He seized it with great emotion gazing upon it with indescribable affection and in a tender voice exclaimed repeatedly: My Savior and Redeemer! yes it is He who died for me I shall also die for Him." Then he kissed the sacred wounds reverently.

When everything was ready we descended at signal. Herbuel asked permission to give the command to fire, this was granted to him and facing the firing party he said—"Since I had courage enough for the crime; I must now have enough for the atonement." He knelt down and

received my blessing, for the last time. Then he placed himself before the soldiers, chosen as his executioners—Showing them the crucifix he called to them with trembling voice:

"Comrades, see here the image of our Lord Jesus Christ, look at it well and remember! Don't do, as I have done! Honor your God and your superiors!" And he added: "I die as a Christian."

Once more I embraced him—a moment later I heard the terrible report that told me Herbuel had appeared before the Judgment Seat of God, Who willingly pardons repentant sinners.

This simple and touching little story ought to inspire us with a great love for our holy Religion. A Religion that can subdue and sustain a great criminal in face of such a death must surely be as true and holy as its Divine Founder Jesus Christ. Let us therefore love and practise its commands most faithfully to the end of our lives, for then we can rest assured that we shall be happily united for all Eternity in love and bliss with all the Saints and Angels in Heaven adoring with them forever and ever the One Triune God.

≡ The Indian Missions in California. ≡

CONTRIBUTED BY REV. B. FLORIAN HAHN, C. P. P. S.

To Christopher Columbus and to the Spaniards that aided him belongs the honor of having discovered the Western Hemisphere, America. At that time Protestantism was not yet born. With the mariner and the soldier came the missionary. The Spanish sailor brought home treasures and riches, the warrior subdued nations and empires, the missionary gained souls for Heaven. Who was the greatest? The sea swallowed up thousands of adventurers in their attempt to reach new worlds the soil of, the new continent became saturated with the blood of fallen soldiers and it also drank plentifully of the blood of zealous men who died preaching and professing Christ. The new world also has its martyrs.

Columbus discovered America for Spain. Still other nations followed suit. France sent her admirals to get her share of territory; England landed her armies on America's soil; Holland created its New Amsterdam and there were; some more nations, Denmark, Portugal and so forth, anxious to get a foothold somewhere in the land of promise—America.

During the years of exploration and conquest the European nations were in a state of revolution and excitement unequalled in history. Heresy attacked the Church of Christ. Still the spiritual combat could not hold back the zealous, holy missionaries of Spain and France from announcing the Gospel to America's Indians.

French missionaries set foot upon the country now embraced in the Dominion of Canada which then was the territory of France; Spanish padres penetrated into the forests of Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Texas and New Mexico. Later on also Arizona and California saw the Spanish missionary treading his way to the settlements of the aborigines. The French missionaries were mostly Jesuits, whereas the Spaniards were Franciscans. (We do not mention in these notes the work of missionaries in Westindia, Mexico and South America.)

In the first attempts of Christianization, many lives were lost. Many mission fathers perished in the country now constituting the South of the United States, and especially New Mexico and Canada have drunk the blood of martyrs. However their labor was not in vain. Long before the "pilgrim fathers" landed at Plymouth Rock (1620) churches and missions under the pastorate of the Spanish Franciscans flourished, and historians mention in the beginning of the seventeenth century twenty-two missions with over ten thousand Christian Indians in New Mexico alone.

The manner of Christianizing the aborigines, however, was different. The French Jesuit Fathers went boldly into the villages of the Indians. They lived with them, ate with them, drank with them and became, as our Divine Master, equal to them sin excepted. The result was the successful christianization of whole tribes. God's Kingdom was established. But, alas, the social conditions of

the Indians being bad and getting worse, pastors and flock perished in various places, being persecuted for Christ's sake by hostile pagan tribes. There are many martyrs whose names are not remembered in history. It is a sad historical fact that Catholic missions were destroyed and the faithful pastors put to death also by protestant (English) fanatics who had taken possession of some territory in the New World.

The Spaniards in attempting to christianize, combined colonization of some territory with the work of preaching the gospel. After the loss of numerous missionaries, the soldier would accompany the padre. Spanish families would be invited and given some land. They would begin to work and live on this land. This was done in order to gradually civilize the children of the forests by example. The result was gratifying. Although the secular part of the business was sometimes poorly done, still religion took a hold of the Indians, existing still at least in part, where once the missionary and soldier began their labors. However we can't but concede that the bad example and the greed of the Spanish soldiers and colonists together with their innate domineering propensity undid a great deal of the good accomplished by the humble friar. It is the old story of humanity, of money and land, of flesh and blood, of pride and tyranny.

The coast of California had been discovered in 1595 and 1601 by Spanish explorers, and the Jesuit fathers were the first to enter and establish missions in California. Among these Jesuit fathers was the famous Father Eusebius Kuhne both a learned and saintly missionary. However these missions were only temporary. The enemies of the Jesuits prevailed upon the Spanish King to recall all the Jesuit missionaries or rather expel them from their mission station. Accused of no crimes, condemned without a trial, the missionaries were dragged away from their neophytes and in 1768 every Jesuit was carried off a prisoner from California.

God however provided; and another order, the Franciscans, took up the work and continued the Christianization of California so propitiously

begun by the Jesuits. It was the great privilege of the Franciscans to be guided by a holy and wise leader the saintly Father Junipero Serra, perhaps the greatest servant of God that ever set foot on California's soil. Moreover, when the first missionary band of Franciscans entered California the successes and failures in New England, Florida, Texas, New Mexico and in the Pimerias (Arizona), were well known and thus Father Junipero and his followers profited by this experience. And the way he began and conducted his missions in California will forever be the only correct way to bring about permanent success among the Indians. It is to the disgrace and shame of modern governments that we have to chronicle the destruction of these missions caused

by unprincipled rulers of the Mexican republic, and by money and land-grabbing sharks of Mexico, those of the United States following suit when California was annexed to Uncle Sam's domain.

Father Junipero Serra O.F.M. was commissioned to undertake the christianizing of the California Indians in the year 1767. He was born on the island of Majorca, Spain, came to Mexico as a Franciscan friar and belonged to the Monastery and College of San Fernando, Mexico. Historians say that he was a learned and holy man, a most eloquent preacher, a prudent manager; as charitable and benevo-



Indian Girls on Burro.

lent to others, as he was severe to himself in fasting, vigils and mortifications. When Father Junipero set out for the California mission work twelve Franciscan friars and four secular priests accompanied him. He divided his men into two parties: one to go by sea, and the other to travel on land from Lower to Upper California.

The government of Mexico was at that time in the hands of the Spanish dynasty. The governor of Mexico, a Spanish official, was the ruler who recalled the Jesuits and who also in their places sent the Franciscans. He furnished the necessary means, taken from pious funds, for the undertaking. The Friars were not only responsible to the ecclesiastical authorities, but were also expected to give an account of their actions to the secular rulers. For their protection a small number of soldiers went along with them

This protection given by the soldiers to the missionary Fathers was not always a protection but rather an encumbrance. However the establishment of the missions and the civilizing and Christianizing of the Indians was most successful. Father Junipero had the forts for the soldiers erected in a place some distance from the mission buildings and the protection was not in demand in most of the missions. During the travel on land and on sea the missionaries and soldiers had to suffer indescribable privations; sickness and death considerably reduced their numbers. Father Junipero and his faithful companions persevered and in 1784, when he died at Mt. Carmel near Monterey, Cal., there were ten missions existing and flourishing in California.

Whenever Father Junipero or one of his companions established a mission, a cross was erected, around which the Fathers would assemble their neophytes. Then a suitable Church was built to which the dwellings of the Fathers and Brothers were annexed, constituting the monastery.

Into this enclosure no one except the friars was permitted to enter. There were also buildings suitable for workmen and for the Indians; besides workshops, store-rooms and buildings for farming purposes. As some soldiers had their families living near the missions, there were also separate buildings for them and for those Indians who would stay at the mission in order

to learn their religion or some special trade.

The Fathers would instruct the men who worked for them in holy religion; they would visit the more distant settlements of the Indians and teach holy religion to them in their homes; they would select the best and brightest Indians, men or women, and send them to the missions where they would learn their catechism more thoroughly as well as a civilized manner of living. The women of the Spanish soldiers were to take care of and teach housekeeping to the Indian women, the men were taught by the Friars. These Indians, being sufficiently instructed, were sent back to their homes and others took their places at the missions. Thus it came to pass that the women of the Mission Indians were soon dressing like their white sisters and knew how to cook, to sew and to do general housework. Even to-day a Mission Indian woman understands well whatever is expected of a woman in civilized life.

The men learned various trades; the Mission Indians had masons, tanners, shoemakers, carpenters, weavers or farmers of their own race. It goes without saying that they were experts in taking care of stock, cattle, horses and sheep. It is especially astonishing how the Mission Fathers could erect the large and beautiful missions considering that the timber for these buildings was carried by the Indians on their shoulders from the mountains to the Missions.



St. Boniface's Industrial School, Banning, Cal.



St. Mary's Mission, Banning, Cal.



Indian School, Banning, Cal.

The missions grew rich. The Indians began to work and in return received all they needed for their living. Any one being hungry, was allowed to slaughter a head of the mission cattle, but was obliged to bring the hide as a tribute to the missions. To this day the old Mission Indians in California speak of the happy days when they were ruled by the Mission Fathers.

There were but few disturbances. One Father was slain by the hostile Indians at San Diego in the beginning of the establishment of the Mission. The Mission Fathers were the paternal rulers; they taught Christianity to the Indians; the best Indians were rewarded; evil-doers were punished by being tied to a tree and flogged, or for great crimes by being delivered to the secular arm. The Christians numbered about 50,000 and, counting all in all, more than 100,000 had received the grace of baptism.

After the death of Father Junipero, Father Lasuen, after Father Junipero the most enlightened and prominent Franciscan of his time, was appointed president of the missions. The government of Mexico interfered more or less with the management of the Fathers. Fr. Junipero Serra was accused and misrepresented and he found it necessary to go in person to Mexico to vindicate himself and his Brothers in religion from false representations. Father Lasuen and his successors fared rather worse. It is the old story. The Padres were friends and Fathers of the Indians, and the secular government loved more the possessions of the Indian and wanted the lion's share in everything. On the day of judgement there will be some surprising settlements. The oppressed and wronged will rise up against their oppressors; and then the officers

of the secular governments will be asked for an account in reference to their deeds by which religion and virtue were annihilated.

We are sorry to say that the Freemason government of Mexico destroyed the California missions. The Pious Fund established by wealthy Catholics and given in trust to the government of Mexico has since been used for something else than for the California missions, for which it was given. Many of the Mission Fathers, among them the talented and brilliant Father Peyri of San Luis Rey, returned to their native

land, Spain, and others perished exhausted by privations, hunger and persecutions. The mission land was taken by unscrupulous Mexicans who in turn sold it to the Americans "for a dish of lentils." And to-day the Indians have dwindled down to about 5000 souls of which one half may be Christians, the rest being neglected and living in the old pagan way.

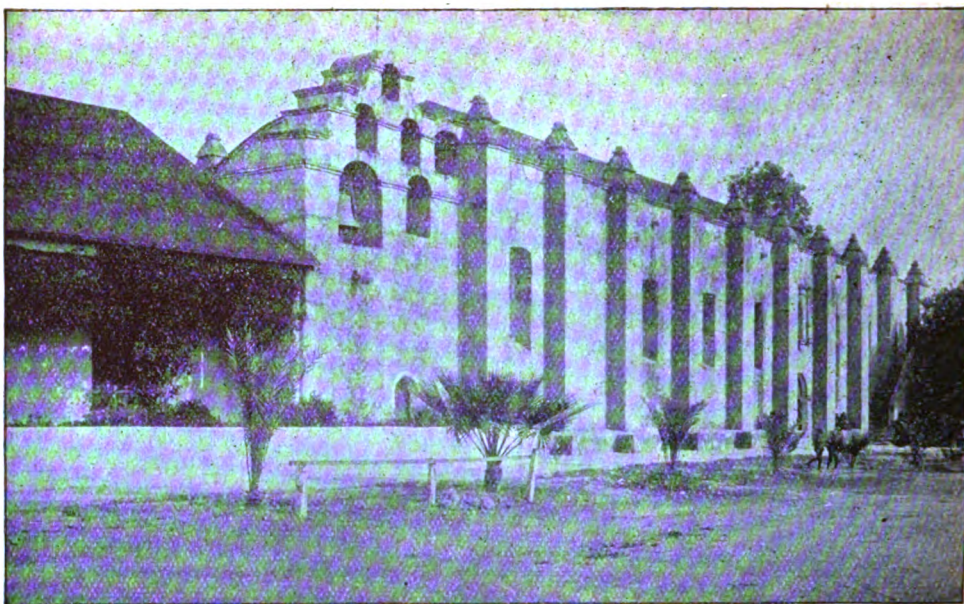
There are still Catholic Mission Indians in many places, although their settlements are small and insignificant. The counties of San Diego, Riverside and San Bernardino, Cal., harbor the greatest number of these remnants of the Mission Indians. The government of the United States has established fourteen day-schools and two boarding-schools for them. In these schools the children are taught Protestant prayers, Protestant bible and Protestant religion. Preachers visit these schools or the teachers who are all Protestant with the exception of a few employees at the boarding schools, teach them. Thus the Catholic Indian families still true to their religion will see their children, return home Protestants.

There are two Catholic boarding schools in California, one at San Diego and one at Banning. In these two schools two-hundred boys and girls are educated, receiving a common school education and an industrial training. The schools are maintained by the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions.

Justice and gratitude prompts me to mention here the charity of Mother Catherine Drexel's Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament, who in an especial manner aided the mission work in California. It was her zeal for the salvation of the Mission Indians that furnished the means of establishing and building the Banning school

and of providing annually for part of the funds necessary for its maintenance. Moreover shall be mentioned the late Rt. Rev. Monsignor Stephan whose love for the Red Man brought about the erection of Indian schools not only in California but all over the United States.

The Mission Indians of to-day are almost civilized. The men understand well how to take care of orchards and they are working for the American population and are also cultivating some land of their own. Thus they are selfsupporting. The old women are expert basket makers and the young women and girls are first-rate help in kitchen and house. Generally speaking the Mission Indians are making their living honestly. As to morals, I must say that I found the best Indians among those who had nothing or little to do with the white population. The Indian gets his liquor from the white man, and again it is the white man who wrongs the Indian by seduction. However there are good men and women, and sincere and intelligent Mission Indians in the barren and God-forsaken California Indian reservations. Many mistakes could be prevented by the Government;



Mission San Gabriel.

but the officials do not trouble themselves more than is absolutely necessary. They are for their salaries first, second, and last.

The annual feasts with nightly dances are the worst feature in the Mission Indian's life. Of course, as the women dance with women and the men only with men, the dancing is in itself not wrong. On the contrary it is even more chaste than the modern round dances. However, the promiscuous meeting of Whites, Mexicans and Indians is objectionable. In fact, the social condition of the Indian is unsatisfactory.

The Mission Indians are a religious people. They are Catholic in their hearts. There are chapels and houses of worship everywhere.

The cross and rosary, the pictures of the Saints and the crucifix are in their homes, on their persons and upon their cemeteries. They will approach the sacraments, and they will call the padre when sick and in danger of death. Their will is good; they desire to be followers of Christ and I am sure, had they not been so awfully neglected many of them would be better Christians and the various missionary perversions brought on by well-paid Protestant missionaries, would be less numerous.

The Catholics of the United States owe it to God and to their Church to contribute to their home missions and mis-



Mission San Buenaventura.

sion schools. May God awaken zealous missionaries that His neglected children of the forest may also attain salvation.

List of the Old Missions in California.

1) San Diego, founded 1767; 2) San Carlos; 3) San Antonio; 4) San Gabriel; 5) San Luis Obispo; 6) San Francisco (Mission Dolores); 7) San Juan Capistrano; 8) Santa Clara; 9) San Buenaventura; 10) Santa Barbara; 11) La Purisima Concepcion; 12) Santa Cruz; 13) La Soledad; 14) San Jose; 15) San Juan Bautista; 16) San Miguel; 17) San Fernando; 18) San Luis Rey; 19) Santa Inez; 20) San Raphael; 21) San Francisco Salerno.

Two engravings represent the two missions San Gabriel and San Buenaventura.

Mission San Gabriel is situated 25 miles from the harbor of San Pedro and eight miles from Los Angeles, Cal., in a beautiful valley and on the bank of a river, both bearing the same name San Gabriel. The fertile valley is now changed into an orchard, oranges, lemons, figs and all kinds of fruit being raised in abundance. Part of the valley is used for agricultural purposes, wheat, barley, hay, potatoes, vegetables etc. yielding a good harvest. The mission Fathers were very judicious in selecting sites for their missions. They are without exception located in the most fertile places, care was even taken to avoid locations in extreme temperatures and such as are exposed to high winds. San Gabriel has a climate where frost is almost unknown, nor is there any excessive heat in summer. The mission was erected by Father Junipero Serra, and the first mass celebrated under a tree on the 8th of September 1771. The Indians at first refused to receive the missionaries. Words proved useless and persuasion failed. Happening on one occasion to show them a picture of the Madonna and Child, they were so carried away with it that they relented and permitted the Padres to continue their mission work.

The Church was built first. The walls are very thick and strengthened by pillars; between the church and the cloister is the large sacristy. As the reader may notice the belfry was added to the west side of the Sacristy, a unique and picturesque sight. There are numerous statues and fresco paintings throughout the mission building and particularly the dining room is a marvel of frescoding. However we do not admire so much the beauty of the buildings, the statues and the paintings, as the greatness of the

undertaking to establish with the help of savage Indians such wonderful works of architecture and splendid houses of Worship. Here in San Gabriel the Franciscan Fathers preached to the Indians, administered to them the Sacraments, civilized them, educating them to be industrious and teaching them the various trades from the year 1771 to 1850 in which year the last of the Mission Fathers died at San Gabriel. However twelve years before this, the Mexican government had given the deathblow to the Mission San Gabriel. It is to-day the parish church, only a few of the Indians remaining, the rest were driven away and are now living where lately St. Mary's Mission was erected. (See engraving.)

Mission San Buenaventura is located 400 miles South-east of San Francisco. The mission was erected in the year 1782. At the base of a hill overlooking the majestic Pacific the structure arises, with thick walls and massive tower, a plain but substantial edifice. San Buenaventura was the last mission founded by Padre Junipero, and he sang the first mass in a hut made of branches, called ramada, on Easter Sunday March 31, 1783. The mission prospered until the year 1837. Six years later, it became a parish. The city and parish are to-day called Ventura.

San Buenaventura shared the prosperity and the misfortune of the other missions. It can tell of zealous missionaries, of good Christian Indians, of happiness and peace, of disturbances and war and of final decay brought on by the same causes which ruined the splendid and grand California Missions.

To these notes must necessarily be added the final remarks that the California missions were rich. They raised large quantities of cereals, had immense herds of horses, cattle, sheep, hogs, mules, goats and so forth. We do not overestimate these possessions by stating that they conjointly produced annually a million bushels of grain of various kinds and possessed 25,000 fruit trees, 500,000 vines, 400,000 head of cattle, 30,000 horses, 200,000 sheep etc. All these possessions of the missions and also the land and large sums of money were secularized by the Mexican Government, that is everything desirable was taken away from the missions and from the Indians. The Fathers were thus deprived of the means of making their living and the Indians depending on the missions perished by starvation and neglect together with their spiritual guides.

To the great mission Fathers however, belongs the glory of having successfully christianized and civilized savage Indians.



❧ A BOY AT BUFFALO. ❧

All aboard for Lancaster! Harrisburg! Buffalo! and the West, all aboard!" These were the words that the immense throng crowding the train-room of Broad St. Station Philadelphia, had been breathlessly awaiting. At their utterance Gate no. 15. was thrown open to be soon taxed to its utmost capacity.

"The crowd with common end in view"

"The Pan American to do."

Being one of the "Doers" I was in the grand shoving match, time-table in hand and camera on shoulder, starting to see the Exposition. The schedule stated that we should arrive in Buffalo at eight-thirty A. M. next day — which meant an early rising, but eight-thirty came as also eight-forty ditto eight-fifty five, ditto nine o'clock, and still Buffalo was a vision of the future. At nine-thirty however our porter started to "put us off at Buffalo" — an angry, hungry and excited lot of passengers.

The first move of our particular party was to establish headquarters, and following maternal counsels we sought out the Sisters of St. Joseph and threw ourselves on their mercy as waifs and strays from the old town of Penn. Then, with relieved minds we started for our real destination which was not hard to find, for it seemed that in Buffalo just then, all roads led to the Exposition and once inside the gates, most roads led to its famous Midway.

On this thoroughfare, although we did not go strictly "midway" but many ways, I can safely say that they were always of pleasantness. However, people looking for "paths of peace" soon learned to steer clear of this particular department of the Pan American.

I found on my return to Philadelphia, the first questions asked on all sides were "How was the midway?" and the second, from those who had been there — "Did you see "Darkness and Dawn," and "how did it strike you?" "Well! yes we saw it and I will just tell you all I remember about it. Speaking for myself, it struck me very much like seeing "one's finish" and that for twenty-five cents. Fancy a reception hall furnished with coffins in various styles and divided into sections by pillars of rock, behind which were skeletons so arranged, that they jumped upon the unsuspecting passer-by, as a token of welcome. Then there were little imps with and without tails, bounding and squirming all-around. In one room, where this procession escorted you, waited his Satanic Majesty who endeavored to grasp the girls and made believe to kiss the timid ones.

Talk about the combination of women and mice! why that racket of women and imps

would scare "the devil himself" if he had not been accustomed to it at "the Pan."

Evidently Dawn was meant to cheer the survivors who escaped the regions of darkness, but you remembered Satan better than the angels that met you at the door of Dawn, and the duet of the women and the imps longer than the voices of the quartette that treated you to the "Holy City."

A more ghastly entertainment could not be imagined, and whoever thought it out certainly follows close on Dante's heels.

The next thing I tried was "The Ario Cycle": the inventor of this meant well, for it brings its passengers as near Heaven as some of them will ever roam: what is more, it keeps them there until others who think the experience enjoyable (but they had better think again) enter the car below and begin the ascent.

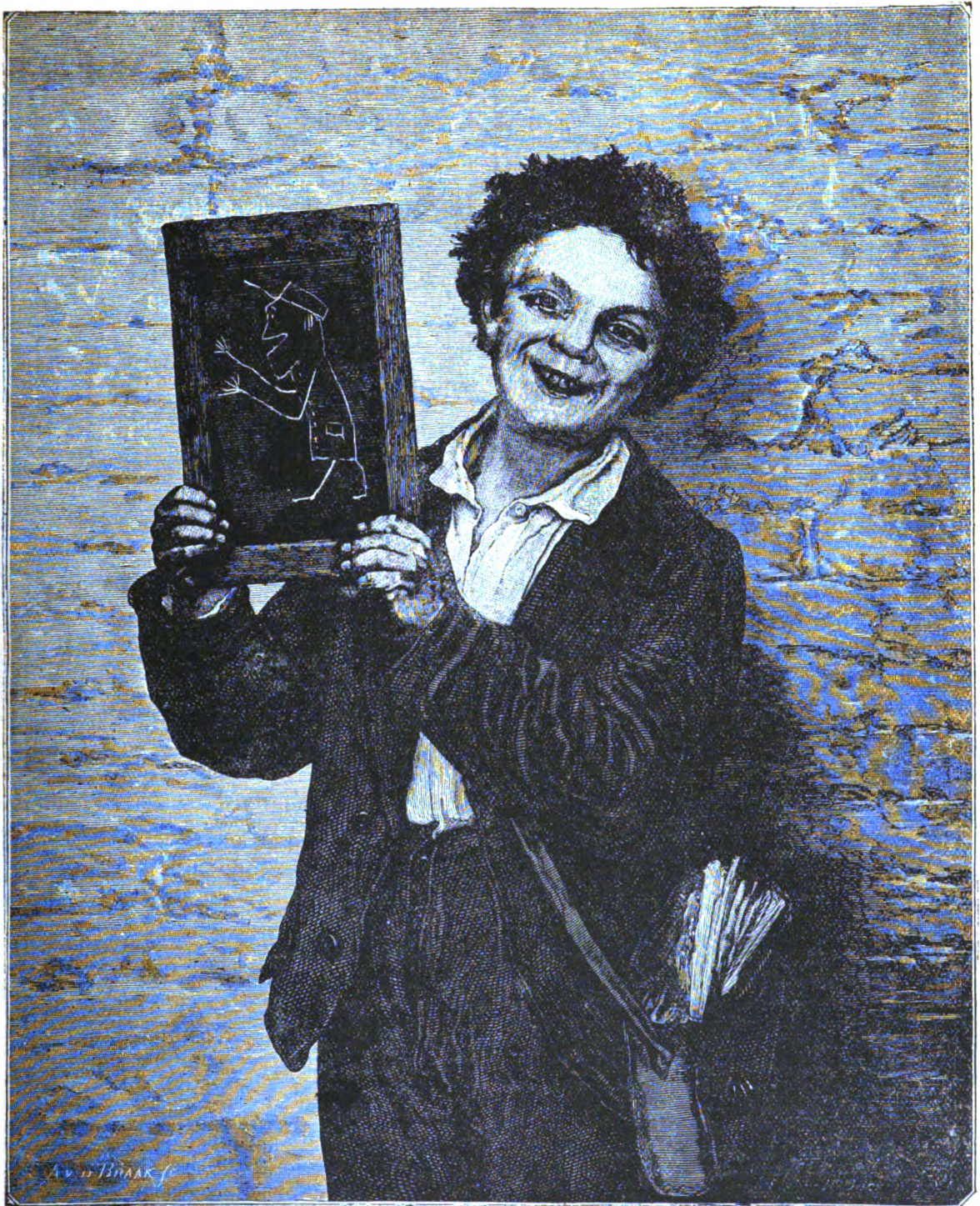
The "Ario Cycle" is like a huge see-saw with small Ferris wheels on each end which ascend alternately and revolve in the air: from its cages you could get a good view if you were able to think of anything outside your own dilemma.

The "House upside down" was a fun making, amusing house: in one section a woman speaks to you and looking around to answer, you see her apparently standing upon the ceiling with her head to yours. She invites you up but as the only stairs run down, she must not mean it you see, something like the people who say "come and see me some time."

The rival attraction was "A trip to the Moon" and return, half price on the good ship Luna. I suppose you would call the excursionists "Lunatics" but really those who did not go, best deserve that name.

The most interesting exhibit in the "Philippine Village" was a cute little baby, the first Filipino born on American soil. She was not asked to tell us how she liked her new country, but her little sister declared, that for her part she liked the U. S. and Philippines "bof de same." Among the exhibits of the village was a model of the Church of St. Sebastian, of which the manager said "it was the only one of its kind a church where no collection was taken up."

A particular feature of the last week was the way the school boys and girls of Buffalo, all sizes and colors, saw the Pan American. They visited it in parties-classes I suppose, each class enclosed in a rope with a teacher at either end thereof. "Push and pull" it was on the teachers part, and a little tantalizing too to the roped in party I guess.



My Teacher's Protrait.



The Military exhibit was very interesting; camp life was fully explained by a company of Marines. The Artillery practice also was an object of interest to many.

The Sham Battle which occurred in The Stadium Saturday Nov. 2, 1901 illustrated Custer's last stand and charge. The Indians advanced and retreated, the soldiers for a time bravely holding positions, until a band of Braves closed in on the right and completely surrounded them. It was then a hand to hand fight till the last soldier fell and so exciting, that one of the spectators died of heart failure.

The Exposition itself was very fine — exhibits were pretty and well arranged, and the Manufacturer's Building was by far the best of all. Some of the exhibitors had spent large sums of money in trying to out-do their neighbor's booths. Swift and Co. of Chicago showed a packing house in miniature, through the windows of which one watched the whole process of meat packing, from the time the cattle were taken to the stock yards until the great carcasses came out for shipment.

The show-case of Tiffany's of New York was most beautiful: the gems, gold and silver were shown with the aid of colored lights which added greatly to their beauty.

The Agriculture building was quite interesting to all who understood it but unfortunately I am not one of these.

The States buildings with one exception were very fine: New York excelling for grandeur being built of solid marble and handsomely furnished. The afore said exception was the miserable shanty misrepresenting Pennsylvania.

There was a gondola route which lay between banks of flowers and through beautiful and gorgeously lighted caverns within which the gondoliers sang Italian songs.

Last but by no means least — comes the, "Land of the Midnight Sun" — famous snowbound Alaska was justly given a place of honor. Its dogs, sledges, and novelties were shown and explained by a young man who had seen and gone through all its hardships. In the Esquimo Village a national game was often indulged in; a coin was laid on a board three feet square and standing at a great distance with very long whips, the players would aim and whoever knocked it off won it. The delighted spectators gave freely in order that they might witness this sport.

In this sketch I have not attempted to mention half the sights and wonders of "The Pan" only those that I thought most attractive.

Last of course but longest to be remembered, looms up the closing day of the Exposition.

From the time the gates opened on the morning of November second until they closed at twelve o'clock that night, it was a continuous racket, each trying to outdo the other and everything that could be used by hook or crook to make a noise was pressed into service.

The locking of the gates was a general signal to skip the town "bag and baggage," and so the next morning we left Buffalo bound for the city of Brotherly Love. But our excitements were not by any means ended, for when we were about two miles on our way, we ran into an open switch on which a shifter was running. The rear cars of our train were completely demolished and though a little scared at first, we found a good deal to laugh at in the grand scramble of the passengers to rescue their lunches.

Soon we made a second start and late the same night arrived glad this time to hear the conductor call languidly "Phila-delph-i-a!"

BRENDAN H. HALVEY.

—❧❧❧ Mother's Lament. ❧❧❧—

THE violet eyes of Spring-tide glanced
From out the leaves of yester year:
And crystal waters laughed and danced
Adown the hill in mad career:

Deep hidden in the leafy dell
The mocking bird sang loud and long:
And from the blue, like showers, fell
A meadow — lark's exultant song.

The greenwood throbbed with life's delight.
The grass grew lush beneath my feet,
And deep the heavens, and blue and bright,
And all the earth how fair and sweet.

But sweeter than the chant of birds,
And waters singing merrily,
We thought the music of her words,
Her childsongs rippling melody;

And lovelier far her smiling face;
And fairer than the earth and sky

Her every movements witching grace:
And oh, to think that she should die!

That she should furl her life's sweet rose,
And close her eyes like dew-drops clear,
This is the "winter of our woes"
Darkening the springtime of the year.

And yet, how sweet the Spring must be
That greets her now in heaven above;
How ravishing the melody
That thrills her heart with joy and love.

Thou bird of God: dear little soul,
Thy bliss we cannot envy thee
Forgive that we in grief and dole
Still yearn thy gracious form to see,

Radiant with sunshine from above,
Singing thy childsong sweet and clear,
Walking the earth in joy and love
In the glad springtide of the year.

J. E. ROTHENSTEINER.



❧ Veni Sancte Spiritus! ❧

BY REV. H. HUSSMANN.

With eminent satisfaction the world looks back upon the last century. The year 1900 fairly rang with praise for the great things achieved by man. Nor can it be said that this praise was not merited. Man has delved deeply into the secrets of nature and has wrested from her tight grasp many a victory. Much of the applause was just; still it carried one proud and discordant note, that of self glory. It can not be denied that in enumerating the great deeds of man, the world strove to place the human mind and will upon the throne and bade open and secret defiance to God. The great discoveries in the world of science did not, as they should, bring man in humility to the feet of Him who is the creator of the universe, but rather led him to consider himself as the lord and master. If nature yields to the endeavors of man and allows him to feast his eyes upon her secret treasures, he in his pride considers himself the master, with the same justice that the man who finds a precious diamond should consider himself the maker thereof and not merely a finder. The world seemed firmly to believe the word of the temptor to be fulfilled: You shall be like Gods. But as the desire, to be like Gods, led our first parents away from God, so it has happened to the world. Instead of being drawn to God when it saw His beauty and power in nature, it has placed itself in opposition to Him, doubted and denied Him. Amidst all the din and clamor of selfglorification there appears to the sober mind a confusion that is truly appalling. The touchstone of man's true greatness is found in his religious and social conditions, and a look upon these conditions will convince us that under the glamor of victory there is hidden the deepest confusion and misery. The world with all its progress in arts and science is but a religious bankrupt; and with all its blessings of civilization contains millions who despair under the burden of poverty and suffering. Men have built religious systems upon systems: but these as the works of men, have crumbled away and fallen, till men ask with Pilate: What is truth? Torrents of blood have been spilt to obtain liberty and equality for all, and the murmurs of the down trodden and the cries of those who suffer make each of these high sounding phrases a mockery. It

is the irony of fate that whenever man attempts to raise himself upon the throne which belongs to God, he falls not only to the ground, but must needs wallow in the mire. Whilst man refused to be a creature and servant of an allpowerful God, he would find nothing better than to degrade himself to the station of a more highly developed ape, that is the fate of man separated from his creator. God has planted in the human heart the desire for truth, that he might seek and find it, that it might lead him to heavenly heights; but when man follows only the light of his own reason, he finds that he has followed an ignis fatuus, and has been led into a treacherous bog, out of which he seeks his way in vain. "You shall be like Gods." These words lured our first parents to sin and through sin into misery; and the attempt of mankind to elevate itself to the throne of God has had the effect of leading man into darkness and confusion. Thus the much lauded progress of the last century, being materialistic, has not had the desired effect, and man either still seeks the truth, or having become indifferent, turns away carelessly and asks, what is truth?

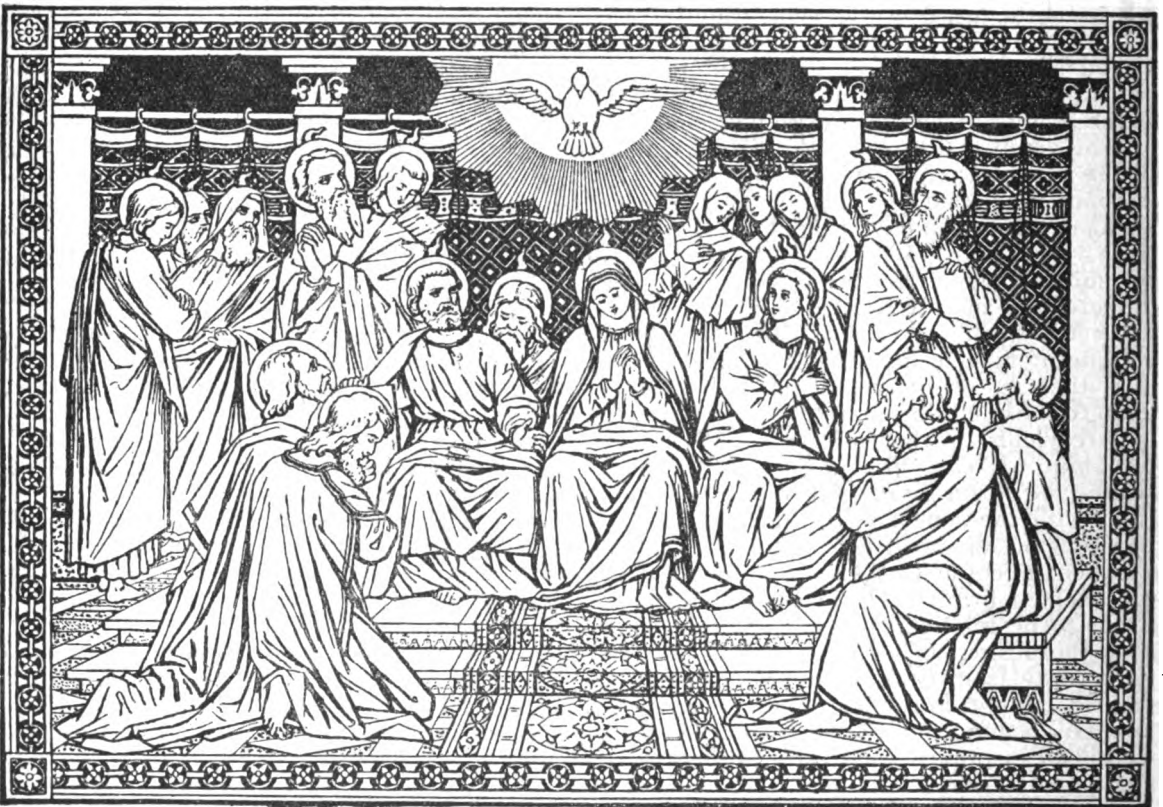
Yet as Pilate of old was near the fountain of truth, when he asked this question, and would have received the answer, had he not in cold disdain turned away, so also mankind has a living teacher near who can dispel all doubt and error. It is that divinely instituted Church which under the guidance of the Holy Ghost, guards the truth, brought down from heaven, and in the last century, so dark with evil portents, the world received on two occasions in a special manner a ray of the light for which the church so often prays. "emitte coelitus lucis tue radium. Send down from heaven a ray of the light."

The first occasion was the declaration of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the year 1854. Let us consider what effect should have such great significance in the midst of the turmoil of the world's affairs. What effect should it have in the darkness of error? When the venerable Vicar of Christ under the guidance of the Holy Ghost were directed to place the crown of Mary, all eyes spotless bride of the Holy Ghost. The eyes of

mankind were directed at the same time to Eden, the lost Paradise, where man after his fall stood trembling before his Creator, awaiting the sentence of doom. Darkness and misery surrounded our first parents, but behold the ray of light that pierces the angry cloud. Hear the voice of God: "I will put enmity between thee and the woman." Through the instrumentality of woman Satan had conquered man, had plunged him into misery. Through the instrumentality of woman Satan will be conquered and man redeemed. Never shall he

mankind* through His Church the Mother unstained by sin, pointing to the light, "that shineth in darkness." This "light" is the glory of her sacred maternity. Through the mother to the Son, in whom all shall find light, truth and life. If only the world would follow this light! If it only would follow the teacher, who teaches all truth! The many questions which agitate the heart of man would be answered; the truth would be found, and peace would reign.

That man might not be left in doubt where



Veni Sancte Spiritus!

have power over her. Immaculate without, stain shall she be, and her seed the Redeemer of the world. Glorious miracle of divine grace wrought by the Holy Ghost!

As the only balm for our first parents in their misery was the hope of redemption, and as this hope was held out to them by God in pointing to the woman, to Mary, so also now the hope of man lies in the great work of redemption in which Mary was instrumental. When therefore God consoled our first parents by pointing to the dawn of redemption, to Mary, of whom should be born the glorious Son, our Redeemer; the Holy Ghost by holding up to benighted

to find the truth, the Holy Ghost manifested Himself again in a signal manner. Amidst a storm of abuse and protest the dogma of the infallibility of the Pope, the Vicar of Christ on earth, was proclaimed. Many misunderstandings there were and are to this day, but the stormy waves have been calmed. The rock of St. Peter stands firm amidst the sands of time. Millions listen to the voice of the supreme shepherd with hearts full of faith. Millions listen in respectful silence, for this voice is not only heard in the Church but throughout the world in the councils of the nations. In all questions of grave moment men turn to the successor of St. Peter to hear his

words, for they seem to feel instinctively that with him there is no compromising, no doubting, no fear in regard to the great eternal truths. It is under the guidance of the Holy Ghost that he decides the most important truths, i. e. what man must believe and do in order to be saved.

Thus has the Holy Ghost manifested Himself to the world in the 19th. century, that mankind in its errors might find light and truth; and these great manifestations form the basis of our hopes for better days. Faith is inseparable from good morals: consequently, as spiritual darkness increased, human misery grew deeper. When man left God and paradise, he went forth into the world of tribulations and sorrows. He has attempted to alleviate them, but only with but little success. We hear much of the social question; in our days and many are the remedies offered to solve it. But as no question is settled until it is settled right, so this one will not be solved by man alone. With all its progress in things material, there are still millions in our age who are poor and suffering. Gilded palaces throw their shadows over the hovels of abject poverty, and amidst the feasts of luxury are heard the angry murmurs of a dissatisfied, suffering multitude. Men cast about for remedies, it is in vain. The doctrine of unbelief has been preached, men have been taught, there is no God, no hereafter, life must be enjoyed whilst it lasts, man is only an animal amongst other animals. The logical outcome of such doctrines is anarchy, which does not scruple even at murder to realize the ideals held out to the multitudes: unrestrained liberty and the pleasures of life.

Society trembles, but it knows not an effective remedy. The Church prays "Veni Pater pauperum: Come O Father of the poor." The Holy Ghost answers the prayer. He points to the Redeemer and to His Church; for here alone can the remedy be found. Our Redeemer has shown the practical solution of the social question. Having all things in His power, and the world being His own, He came into it poor and naked. Whilst every day He provided for all, setting an example for those who are blessed with riches, He Himself had nothing, not even a place where He might rest His head, thus setting an example for the poor and suffering. He gave the great commandment: Love thy neighbor as thyself, and upon the keeping of this commandment He will base His final sentence at the end of the world. He told the parable of Dives and Lazarus, but it is a sad fact, that in our days the fate of Lazarus is too much extolled, whilst the fate of Dives is passed over in silence. The Holy Ghost is the "Father of the poor." Christ and His Church are their only true friends. They teach patience by pointing to God and His Heaven, and by these means they comfort him and make lighter his burden. They warn the rich man that he is only the steward of God, and that by the law of charity he is bound to give to his poor brother. They make him see in the poor and suffering the brethren of Christ. Here is the solution of the social question, and it will never be solved in any other way. Our duty is to pray with the Church that the Holy Ghost may enlighten all men and teach them the truth. *Veni sancte Spiritus, et emitte coelitus lucis tue radium!*

Parish Priest and Subprefect.

FROM THE FRENCH BY REV. J. F. MEIFUSS.

It was under President Faure (pronounced fore) Philibert Menelas being Mayor of Rocqueval and the abbe Fontaine parish priest at the same place. The abbe Fontaine was a man of middle age and middle size, affable and tender, mild but vigorous—an iron-hand under a kidglove. Menelas a retired tanner of Belleville, who had invested his money in English consoles in order to call himself a socialist and patriot, who defended the workmen in words and cut down his wages where and when possible, who spoke of the peasants as backward and retrogrades, had aspired for and won the highest honor in the village by his dollars. Ignorance, his surroundings, the liberal journals and may be some special devil had made him a rabid anticlerical.

The abbe Fontaine, therefore, could expect war, implacable and dishonest war, but he was prepared for it. He knew how to defend himself for a long time, patiently and with dignity always sure of his rights and carefully measuring his words and actions. Menelas threw himself headlong into the fight now striking at the right, again growling at the left, calumniating furiously and swearing by the gods he would soon have the "infame" (the Church) under foot.

The sub-prefect a man of ripe age, considerate and judicious, to whose hands first came all these accusations from Rocqueval, read them, smiled and then pigeonholed the nauseous effusions of his subordinate. But one day the good man was retired and succeeded by a young, arrogant and ambitious officer who looked for an opport-

unity to distinguish himself. Hardly had he been eight days in office when he wrote to the parish priest at Rocqueval:

"Mr. Curate will please call at the sub-prefecture at his earliest convenience for a matter that concerns him."

Usually there is something up when a simple country curate is called to appear at the sub-prefecture. Also after reading that laconic, not to say impertinent, invitation, good abbe Fontaine was puzzled.... He had no pending affair at the administration, he knew of no enemies except this Menelas whom he had put even of late under certain obligations. Examining himself as for a general confession, he could not find a vestige of any political sin he might have committed. Even during his round of sick-visits all his questions to the parishioners did not bring a solution. He made up his mind to take the morning train for the county seat.

"Pschaw", he said before lathering his face, "it can't be but a trick of this Philibert who wants to become important with the new subprefect. We'll see."

After all what do I care..... hm, this razor is dull.... I have done but my duty in fighting the sectarian candidate at the last election, he did not pass in other places either.

The sisters' school.... But that belongs to me. I run it at my own expenses, and it works despite of Menelas.... thanks be to God.

Now that shaving is done... shall I put on my best cincture? It's not worth while....

And then I am not one of those dumb dogs... iniquity rouses me and I can say a word....

"Odorine?"

"Father!"

"You may set the table I am coming.... Goodness quick there is Flore after the neighbor's chicken quick call her back!"

Flore is a young she-dog, was presented to the parish priest, and had not yet acquired all the good habits expected from a priest's dog.

Swallowing in haste a chickenleg, for the train leaves at 11:38 sharp, the abbe Fontaine asked himself for the hundredth time: "What can he have?"



Rt. Rev. Bishop Affre facing Death in the French Civil War.

The office of the sub-prefect was a plain fin de siècle cabinet with but six plain chairs and an office chair, covered with green velvet. Near the window was a writing desk covered with news and official papers, leadpencils, erasers, etc. Along the wall were labeled paper boxes. Into that cabinet the good priest was introduced and left there by the scribe who hastened to announce his arrival. The sub-prefect was just busy sipping a cup of coffee with his wife and some ladies.

Finally he rose. Monocle on one eye, cigarette in his mouth, hands in his pockets with the air of one who is in a very bad humor he entered and asked: "What do you want?"

"I am the parish priest of Rocqueval I have received your letter and should like to know...."

"Ah it is you, good, ah very good...."

"Duchesne, hand me the record of the parish priest of Rocqueval..... higher there at the left in a red cover.... That's it."

Opening the famous record: "I cannot hide my astonishment that you, a man of your age, dressed in the habit you wear could have.... since you are also a state official."

"Sir," replied the priest with an unwilling air. I am not a state official. If I am an official, it

is not at all in the name of the state that I exercise its functions. But let me know first the nature of the accusation brought against me. "I am not aware of anything, you may astonish yourself as much as you please afterwards if the matter is worth while."

"Very well. Here is the fact. I was notified lately (and the notification was addressed to me personally, because your crime cannot be reached by the tribunals) I was notified that in divers circumstances and before trustworthy witnesses you showed wanton disrespect for the first magistrate of the republic."

"If.... I have never seen Felix Faure."

"And, the fact is known, that you, by an indecency one should not expect from a man of your calling, you have called your dog by the name of the distinguished president, of whom France feels proud...."

"I do not understand you at all."

"Well, let us see. Have you a dog?"

"A dog?... yes, that is a she-dog."

"Never mind. And you call her?"

"Flore."

"What did you say?"

"I call her Flore. I think I have a right to!"

The sub-prefect had to smile, he said: "I advise you to change the name of that dog you might have trouble on account of it."

And having lead the poor priest to the door he gave vent to his ire "Great Scot! Is that Menelas a dunce! Melasse.... Flore.... Faure! To be sure there is but a hair's thickness of difference, but why in the world make such ado about it!"

Mayor Menelas felt neither beaten nor satisfied. He belonged to that class of spiteful and scheming people that carry on warfare by pinpricks.... in the back.

Six months later the parish priest of Rocqueval was cited again to appear at the sub-prefecture.

"Mr. Sub-prefect" said the abbe Fontaine after entering the room, "is my dog still giving umbrage to the President of the Republic?"

"No, the question today is more serious. We have more grievous and authenticated accusations against you."

And opening the red bundle of papers that had no time to accumulate dust, he began: "First I have to tell you that you pass for a fighting opponent to republican institutions."

"And in what, please?"

"You refuse to accept for first communion the daughter of the village mayor."

"That is true, but I allow no one to blame me for it. To my knowledge the daughter of the mayor is not a privileged character and when she has followed the regular course with the rest of the children she will make her first communion also with them."

"But you might be more conciliating with, and make an exception in favor of the daughter of a magistrate...."

"Who persecutes religion as much as he can, who, without any palpable reason has forbidden public processions, who treats me as a helot; who is not afraid to utter in public the most subversive tendencies against order, property and even the army."

"You also refuse to have the bells rung on July 14."*)

"I beg your pardon, sir, I only refused to let some drunken fellows ring them. The appointed ringer has done it as soon as he was asked." "And here is something still more serious: Has refused the sacraments by the most unlawful means."

"That is indeed, serious and could lead the calumniators pretty far. But meanwhile, let me tell you that in the exercise of my ministry I depend but on God, my conscience, and my ecclesiastical superiors. I believe that no mayor, not even the one of Rocqueval has any right to pry into the confessional or into the tabernacle. I alone am commissioned to open or shut the one and the other.... moreover, accusation without proof counts for nothing. Who, then, are the persons that have been refused absolution or communion? What are the unlawful means which I have used in the confessional or in the sacristy? If you have no answer to either of these questions and you cannot have any, upon my honor, I can say so, you will allow me to conclude that passion and bad faith alone can have inspired my calumniators."

"An inquest might be made on it."

"I wish you would, and if necessary, I will insist upon it."

"Finally you have opened a free school?"

"Is that a crime?"

"You might have done without it, have remained neutral."

"I might answer you. Mr. Sub-prefect, that your words are offensive to a minister of Jesus Christ to whom nothing is dearer than the education of the children confided to him. But let it suffice you to know that it was upon the instance of my whole parish and at the cost of great sacrifices that I have kept the Sisters. If the public school, since four years, has but two pupils you will have to blame others for it."

"Yet it is not less true, your country is divided and the administration of it is very difficult."

"That is none of my business and it is not my duty to give advice to the administrator on the conduct of municipal affairs."

"Surely not," said the sub-prefect more conciliatory, "and would to God, all your confreres would follow such wise conduct. Nevertheless you have to concede your stay at Rocqueval is very unpleasant."

"Not at all."

".... Your ministry compromised."

*) The National holiday of the French Republic.

"No Sir."

".... And every other parish would suit you better.... I will sound your Bishop, and I am sure before hand, he will be satisfied. Let us see there are vacant posts in the country, more important than the one you occupy. A man of your talent and tact ought not to be buried in a forlorn desolated, miserable village — like Rocqueval. I propose to you, Rocquemont, St. Memmie, and Fay and I assure you, you will have the consent of your superiors. Think of it well; my proposal is well meant, if you refuse you expose yourself to new vexations. You preach peace you ought to love it and you ought to set the example of conciliation even at the cost of some personal sacrifices. On the other hand, you do not get into a worse position, on the contrary; what do you choose?"

"Rocqueval."

Three months later mayor and sub-prefect met.

"So Mr. Menelas, you could not furnish me against your parish priest any complaints that are better founded and look more likely?"

"That is not easy."

"In any case you should not give me such ridiculous and untrue pretexts. Anyway it is not enough to accuse, proof must be there also and you would have exposed yourself to some nice lawsuits, had I not in a friendly manner set-

tled the affair. Surely we may be anticlericals but let us be so intelligently, without compromising ourselves....

And it seems to me with a little knack you could have found some new pupils for your teacher. You want the Catholic school closed and meanwhile you let that poor schoolma'm chilleed with two pupils. That is unheard of."

"Yet it is but too true, my daughter and that of the policeman."

"It is your fault, Menelas."

"The schoolsuperintendent made the same remark and I have answered him...."

"What?"

"In our community' although pretty large, all mothers and even most of the fathers fear to cause any pain to the parish priest! I cannot help that."

"But two pupils! It is a shame!"

"I have heard that many a time; but what will you do about it? With us even the socialists send their children to the Sisters."

"And is there no remedy to bring about a change?"

"Yes there is one, one only."

"And that is?"

"Change the abbe Fontaine."

The sub-prefect (turning to the captain of police) "Captain let us go to dinner."

The Solo.

AN INCIDENT IN THE YOUTH OF JOSEPH HAYDN. BY S. J. DONNELLY.

ON a beautiful summer morning, the youthful Joseph Haydn drew near to the monastery of Maria Zell. With anxiety he contemplated the white walls with their many lofty windows; and in imagination, he saw the holy monks moving through the corridors, now with severe and solemn looks, and again with cheerful friendly faces.

How would the choir master receive him? This was the question which he asked himself as he drew from his pocket a roll of music-paper and studied it with melancholy mien.

He stood thus absorbed in deep thought for a long time. At last, he directed his steps towards the monastery gate, and inquired of the brother porter if it were possible for him to speak to the Father Director.

"It will be very difficult, good friend," answered the porter, thoughtfully shrugging his shoulders, "the Father Director is overwhelmed with many and important duties."

The Brother's words must have produced a distressed expression on the youth's countenance, for the good Brother looked at him pityingly, saying "Well, we will try it, perhaps we will succeed."

Haydn was admitted. He was led into a large chamber containing several cabinets filled with music books, a piano, and other musical instruments. The Father Director sat at a desk with his back towards the door; in his hand, he held a score which he was studying closely.

"What dost thou want?" asked the Father.

Haydn drew a deep breath.

"My name is Joseph Haydn. Reverend Father, I was choir boy in the Church of St. Stephen in Vienna. They say that I can sing well, and besides, I have some knowledge of music."

"And further?" demanded the monk.

"I have just composed a *Salve Regina* for twelve voices. I think is the best that I have yet produced."

"And thou wouldst sell it to our monastery?" asked the choir master.

"No" answered the youth, "I don't want to make any bargain; I have not come here to get money, but to ask your Reverence, in your goodness, to permit my composition to be produced in the church."

The Father looked in astonishment at the bold youth.

"It cannot be done."

"Oh, let me implore you!"

"Impossible, my dear boy; go down to the refectory, and they will give thee a good meal, but as for what thou callest thy composition, thou must take it along with thee."

The young artist stood overcome with emotion.

"I repeat again, Reverend Father, I was choir boy in St. Stephen's church in Vienna and" —

He knew not how he gained the outside of the monastery. The ground seemed to waver under his feet, the pictures on the walls danced before his eyes. When at last he reached the open air, the fresh breath of morning revived him somewhat. Slowly he wandered on till he reached the edge of a wood, and seated himself under the friendly shade of a tree.

He was thoroughly overcome; hot tears coursed down his cheeks; the disappointment was too great. He remained sunk in gloomy thoughts for a while, when, suddenly, the sound of the church bells calling the faithful to High Mass awoke him from his reverie. The youth sprang up saying: "When they are put to the test they cannot sing a note," said the Father — "very good, I will show him that I can sing."

Haydn went into the church, and entered the choir. Then he stood near the grand Organ, and those who saw him thought that the youth had lost himself, and now was afraid to take a place among the crowd of monks and choir boys.

The music books were distributed among the singers. Haydn placed himself near a boy who sang the solos, told him that he was a good singer from St. Stephen's Church in Vienna, and begged him to permit him to see the notes of the solo parts.

The choir boy readily granted his request. Joseph examined the notes, soon seized the melody, and entered into the spirit of the music. "Let me to-day, sing thy part," whispered Haydn. The choir boy looked at

him in amazement, and answered:

"No I cannot do that."

"I assure thee that I can sing it well."

"No, the Father Director is severe. He would not let me off easily."

Haydn searched in his pocket for something. He drew forth his last silver coin, and held it before the eyes of the choir boy. The latter looked at the coin with a covetous expression; the strife



Don't fall off!

"Many young people come here who assert that they have been singers in St. Stephen's church, but when they are put to the test, they cannot sing a note."

When the monk had spoken these words, he turned again to his desk, and resumed his occupation.

Haydn, still holding the music roll in his hand, remained standing for a moment, and then left the room with slow, reluctant steps.

between duty and gain was plainly visible on his countenance.

Suddenly, the bell announcing the beginning of the Mass sounded. The organ gave forth a few chords; the choir master looked at his singers (like a field marshal on the eve of battle), tapped on his music desk — and Haydn tore the solo part out of the choir boy's hand, and began with a silvery voice, to sing the *Kyrie*. The choir boy was bewildered; and stared at the choir master, but the latter cast only pleased, delighted looks at the strange singer.

The *Kyrie* was ended.

"Go on singing," said the Director softly to Haydn. The young soloist was filled with joy, and his voice rang out so clear and loud so supplicating and imploring, that his music raised all hearts to heaven.

The High Mass was ended. Haydn laid down the notes approached the choir master, and modestly asked him: "Tell me now, Reverend Father, can I sing or not?" The monk looked kindly at him, seized his hand, and said: "Come, come with me, and tell me now who taught thee to sing."

"The chapel master — Reuter in Vienna."

"That austere man. He may have taught thee the notes, but the spirit, the soul of music thou canst never have learned from him."

Joseph did not know what answer to make to this.

"Dost thou know how thou hast sung?"

"No, Father."

"Then I will tell thee. Thou didst sing as if thou hadst composed the Mass thyself. Greater praise than this I cannot give thee, for the composer, whether in poetry or in music, is its best interpreter. I composed that Mass, and to-day the execution of it has filled my soul with joy, and my heart with gratitude to the dear God. Thou art a true musician; thou art a son of music in its highest and noblest form."

Joseph Haydn was overjoyed. He had never before received such praise. Hitherto, mockery and insults had been his portion, never an encouraging or appreciative word. He almost believed himself in heaven.

"And now, what dost thou think of doing?"

This question brought the young artist back to the harsh realities of life: He took his only silver coin out of his pocket, and said: "This is my whole fortune, Reverend Father; with this money and my talent I must live.

The monk looked at him compassionately.

"Thou art not rich in earthly goods, but rich in talents. But tell me, art thou also a God fearing youth?"

"How shall I answer you, Father? It is true that you do not know my parents. O they are so good and pious, and I have always striven to follow their example. It does not become me to praise myself, but if I must confess, I declare to you that I love God above all things, and I will always try to do His will."

The Reverend Father took Haydn's hand and walked with him through the beautiful and odorous gardens of the monastery. The young musician rejoiced in the blooming loveliness of nature; it seemed to him that every flower breathed forth a tone and that these tones united form a glorious melody.

Joseph spent a happy week in the monastery, and no wonder, for he was a most welcome guest to all the inhabitants of the cloister. He was permitted to play on the beautiful organ; he revelled in the treasures of music in the library of the choir master; and he — the poor musician — was feasted on the best in the monastery.

The last day of the visit dawned. The young composer bade farewell to the Reverend Director in few but heartfelt words.

"I have had a splendid time with you, dear Reverend Father," said he; "I assure you I will never forget it. Bless me now, Father, before I depart."

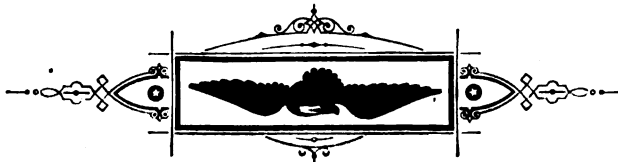
Haydn knelt down and bowed his head.

"God be with thee! thou wilt be great and famous when I am resting in the grave."

Speaking thus, the worthy priest pressed something into the youth's hand, and turned back to the monastery. Haydn went on his way, but his thoughts were still with the good priest who had just blessed him.

He wandered on, sunk in thought for some time, when suddenly, he stopped to examine what the priest had pressed into his hand. He opened the paper, and found shining silver — twenty *gulden*, with the accompanying words: "A little cornerstone for the temple of thy glorious future."

Tears of emotion and gratitude sprang into the youth's eyes. He covered his face with his hands, and prayerfully bowed his head. Then he arose, and said: "And now, forward, with God's blessing, with my talents and my twenty *gulden*."





The Time of Sunrise and Sunset.

IF the reader is astronomically inclined, and has personally compared the calendar times of the rising and setting of the sun and the moon with those of his own observation, he must certainly have found so many and such large discrepancies, that he may have been tempted to declare openly that the calendar man knew his business as poorly as the weather man, and that the whole calendar from one end to the other was only poor guess-work. Such a sweeping condemnation would be as rash and unjust as it is severe. It is our purpose to prove this statement in the present article, and we are confident that we shall not find it difficult.

The reader knows from his school days when he studied the beginning of his geography, that not only the length of the day is continually changing at a given place on earth, being less than twelve hours in winter and more than twelve hours in summer, but also that the same day of the year, such for example as Christmas day, December 25, is different in length for different places on earth. For on that day we in the northern hemisphere have winter and a short day, whereas people in the southern hemisphere have summer and a long day. While on the one hand, the sun does not rise on that day in Iceland and does not set at the south pole, on the other, Quito on the equator is entirely uninfluenced by the seasons, for there every day of the year without a single exception has the unvarying length of twelve hours. These few instances are sufficient to prove that the times of sunrise and sunset cannot possibly be the same all over the earth. And more than that, they cannot be the same even in a single country, especially in one as large as the United States. The note on the reverse side of the title page of St. Michael's Calendar calls attention to this fact and states that the times of the rising and setting of the sun and moon are computed for the city of St. Louis, and that the farther the reader is distant from that geographical centre of our country, the more considerably he should deal with the figures in the calendar.

The object of the present article is not only to show the reader this difference in time of sunrise and sunset, but also, and that especially, to give him in one diagram and without mathematics, the means of finding the times

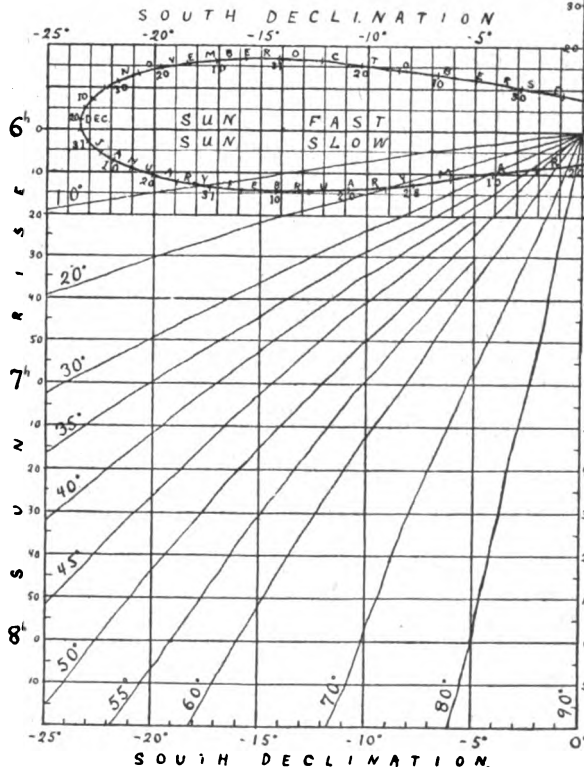
for any day of the year and for any place on earth.

Before explaining the diagram we must refresh our memory on a few facts and definitions. We know that the reason of the change of the day's length is to be found in the spherical shape of the earth and its diurnal rotation about its axis and its annual revolution about the sun. The earth's axis when produced to the heavens cuts the celestial sphere in two opposite points about which as centres all the stars seem to revolve. We all, of course, know the Pole Star, which is so near the true pole that the untrained eye would never detect its distance from it. If now we point one of our arms to the Pole Star and swing our second arm around at right angles to the first, the second one will describe the celestial equator. Two sticks tied at right angles like a cross will help us very much in our study. If we point one stick towards the Pole Star and then, while keeping it in that position, turn our cross around, the other cross arm will move over the celestial equator. This celestial equator is the apparent path traced in the sky by the sun when the sun is said to be on or crossing the equator, that is on March 21, and September 23, every year. After March 21, the sun rises higher in the sky or above the equator for three months until June 23. Then he descends again, crosses the equator September 23, reaches his farthest south December 22, and then again goes north. The distance of the sun from the equator is called his declination, north or plus, south or minus, corresponding to our above and below. Declination is measured in degrees, there being, of course, 90 degrees in a right angle, that is, from the horizon up to the zenith. The sun's maximum declination is $23\frac{1}{2}$ degrees north and south. The declination of the sun is well represented on our diagram for every day in the year. The distance of the several vertical lines from the central one is the sun's declination, and the reader may find it to a single degree or even fraction if he likes. On the central loop, or Analemma, which we shall explain more clearly further on, he will find every fifth day of the year indicated. The distance of the proper date from the central vertical line measured on the horizontal scale is the sun's declination. Thus, on August 15, the declination is 14° north, on October 20, it is $10\frac{1}{4}^{\circ}$ south.

The same diagram when extended also gives us the sun's altitude above the horizon at noon.

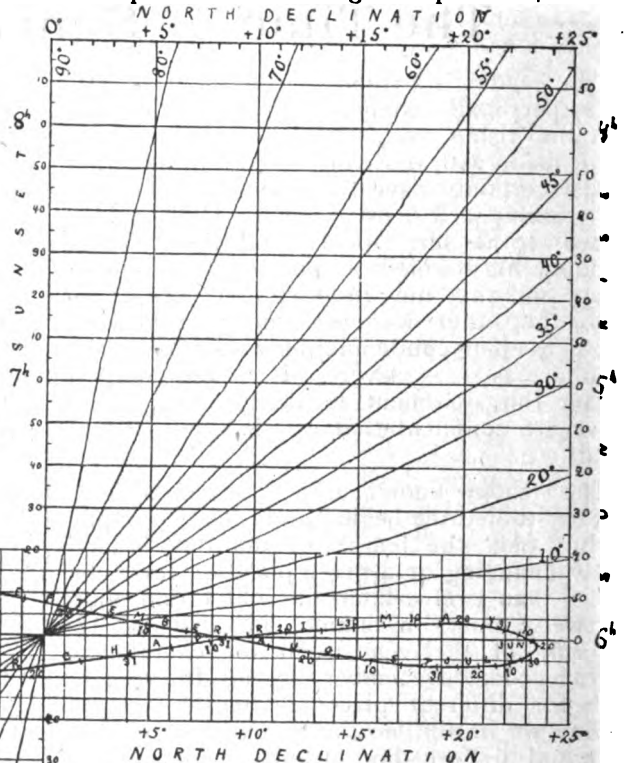
Let the reader continue the central horizontal line marked 6 h — 6 h to the right until, upon the same declination scale he comes to a point whose declination would be his latitude on earth (for example, Omaha 41° .) This point is the zenith, or the point directly overhead. If 90 degrees are measured off on the same scale from this point to the left, (or 90 degrees diminished by the latitude are set-off from the central vertical line towards the left,) this new point reached will be the reader's south horizon. He can then measure the sun's noon altitude as well as its zenith distance for any day of the year at his pleasure.

Diverging from the central point of the diagram the reader will notice a series of curves. These we will call the latitude lines, the numbers at the ends of the lines denoting the latitude for which they are to be used. They will enable any person to find the time of sunrise and sunset when the latitude of his place is known. An example will make things clear.



Let us find the time of sunrise and sunset for Omaha on February 20. We find this date on the central loop. The sun's declination is nearly 11° south: this however does not concern us now. We lay the edge of a strip of paper over the given date in such a way that the edge is parallel to the vertical lines. We then run along the edge until we come to the lati-

tude of Omaha, 41° . As the latitude lines are given only to every five degrees near this value, we must imagine a latitude curve drawn between 40° and 45° one-fifth of their distance apart from the 40° line. This is not difficult with a little practice. Marking this point on our strip



of paper, we run along horizontally from this point to the central vertical line of the diagram (marked "Sunset") and there find the reading 5 hours 22 minutes. This number, 5 hours 22 minutes, is the time required on February 20, at Omaha for the sun to run from the eastern horizon to the meridian and from the meridian to the western horizon. It is therefore half the length of the day to the west, or as it is technically termed, the sun's semi-diurnal arc. Since our clocks show noon, or 0 hours, as an astronomer would call it, when the sun is on the meridian, 5 hours 22 minutes after noon or simply 5 o'clock 22 minutes, would be the apparent time of sunset, the time that a sun dial would show. And for the same reason, 5 hours 22 minutes before noon, that is, 12 hours with 5 hours 22 minutes subtracted, or 6 hours 38 minutes, would be the apparent time of sunrise. This latter time, 6 hours 38 minutes, will be found on the same level with the time of sunset, 5 hours 22 minutes, but at the extreme left or outer end of the diagram. Let us add in parenthesis that twice the apparent time of sunset is the length of the day, and twice the apparent time of sunrise is the length of the night.

Now as the sun is sometimes fast and sometimes slow of our clocks, we must know this difference between the sun and the clock, the equation of time, as it is called. This is given on the Analemma or loop. Looking again at February 20 we find it nearly 15 minutes below the central horizontal line (or the 6 hour line), showing that on that day the sun is nearly 15 minutes slow. Hence, adding 15 minutes to the apparent time of sunrise and sunset, we find the true, or as they are called, the local mean times to be 6 h 53 m and 5 h 37 m.

We say the local mean times, because another correction must now be applied in order to obtain standard or railroad times. As there are very few places at present in the United States where railroad times are not used, it will be necessary for the reader to know how much this railroad time is slow or fast of his true local time.

This difference is constant and can never vary: adding or subtracting it according as we are west or east of a standard meridian, we obtain the railroad times of sunrise and sunset. The amount of this difference depends upon the reader's distance from a prime meridian.

If the reader is dextrous in the use of the diagram he may obtain all his results graphically. If he will mark the position of the six-hour line, the position of February 20, and of the latitude of Omaha on the edge of the slip of paper, and then slide this edge directly upward until the mark for the date is on the six-

hour line, then the latitude mark will give the time of sunset. If he will slide the edge down until the six-hour mark is at the given date, then the latitude mark will give the time of sunrise.

The simple rule will then be:

1. To find the time of sunset, exchange the six-hour and date marks, moving the slip *up* when the sun is *fast*, and *down* when the sun is *slow*, and read the central vertical line marked **SUNSET**.

2. To find the time of sunrise, move the slip in the opposite direction and read the outer lines marked **SUNRISE**.

In this manner the times of sunrise and sunset can be found for any place in the northern hemisphere from the equator to the north pole. We shall not give the rule for people in the southern hemisphere, although it is a very simple one, because this article will probably not reach many of them: they are so accustomed to have the feasts of the Church occur in the opposite seasons, Christmas in summer and Easter in fall, that they can readily for-



A good Harvest.

mulate the rule for themselves.

An examination of the diagram at the places where the sun's declination is a maximum, that is, in June and December, will show that the difference in the times of sunrise and sunset between the latitudes 25° and 49° which are the southern and northern limits of the United States, amounts to an hour and fifteen minutes, thus fully bearing-out the truth of the note in this Calendar.

If the reader is very precise, he will ask whether any correction for refraction has been applied in our diagram. This has not been done. It would turn every latitude line by a different amount and would greatly mar the simplicity of its determination. Two minutes subtracted from the time of sunrise and added to the time of sunset, will however apply the proper correction for refraction for any place within the United States.

The same diagram may be used to find the times of the risings and settings of the planets and stars, provided we know the times of their crossing the meridian. The times of moonrise and moonset cannot, however, be determined by our diagram, for the moon's motion is very far from being so simple as most persons ima-

gine it to be, and a very good knowledge of practical astronomy would be required to compute it even roughly. The reader must therefore be very considerate with the times of moonrise and moonset which he finds in a calendar, even when the latitude of the place is given for which the calendar has been constructed. Enough has been said, however, in the present article to convince any person of average intelligence of the impossibility of editing one calendar for a country as large as ours. And the writer trusts that the diagram he has just explained will be of service to all who may chance to read it.

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SCIENCE IN A SMOKESTACK.

QUVER since the time when Foucault, fifty years ago, swung his memorable pendulum from the dome of the Pantheon in Paris and gave to the world the first experimental proof of the rotation of the earth, it has been the delight of astronomers and physicists to repeat the experiment and enjoy with their own eyes this most convincing demonstration of the earth's diurnal revolution. A true lover of science cannot refrain from feeling some of that enthusiasm with which Foucault's experiment was received by the world. And even the non-professional cannot fail to be delighted with both the simplicity of the apparatus and the solidity of the demonstration. All that is needed, in fact, is a long pendulum, the longer the better, and then the explanation of its use and of its action will, we feel assured, be well within the comprehension of any educated person. An account of how the experiment was recently conducted at Creighton university will therefore be of interest to the reader.

As the success of the Foucault pendulum experiment depends in great measure upon the length of the pendulum, no suitable place presented itself at Creighton university for that purpose until the smokestack of the new heating plant was constructed and finished. The interior height of this chimney is such as to admit a pendulum fully ninety-eight feet long. The opportunity was too tempting to be neglected and this the more so that but a limited time could be devoted to this use of the chimney before the object of its erection would unsuit it for this kind of experimentation.

Apparatus is Simple.

In order that the reader may have definite ideas upon the subject we will state all the de-

tails of the apparatus and then show how it proves the rotation of the earth.

Across the top of the smokestack there is a beam, to the middle of which a long, fine wire is secured. The lower end of this wire supports a cylindrical brass vessel filled with twenty-eight pounds of shot. The material used in the pendulum is of no consequence, provided the point of support be immovable and the wire and the weight be so smooth and well-shaped as not to introduce irregularities into the swing by the unequal friction of the air. The pendulum should approach as much as possible to the pendulum which mathematicians call a simple one — that is, a single material particle, having weight and therefore being attracted by the earth, suspended by a string without weight from an immovable support. Now, as this is an ideal and not a practical pendulum, we come as near as possible to the required conditions by making the bob so heavy that the string has practically no weight in comparison.

The great length of the pendulum is also quite a factor in the success of the experiment because as a long pendulum swings very slowly, the unavoidable friction of the air and of the string and at the point of support is so much reduced that the pendulum will continue its oscillations for a long time. The great weight of the bob adds also its share to this reduction of the air friction and to prolonging the vibrations.

The reader may know that as a fact a long pendulum swings more slowly than a short one but may be at a loss to give a reason for this fact. A pendulum moves in the arc of a circle. When the bob is drawn aside from its position of rest it is at the same time raised somewhat above that position. When the pendulum is long the

bob is raised to a much less height than when the pendulum is short, the horizontal distance being the same in both cases. The force required to raise the bob is therefore much less in a long pendulum, because the height to be raised is less. Hence, as the force is less, the velocity it can impart is less and therefore a long pendulum must move more slowly than a short one. An increased weight of the bob has no other effect upon the vibrations of the pendulum than to continue them for a longer time, on account of its greater inertia in overcoming the friction of the air. It cannot change the time of one vibration. This time depends exclusively upon two factors, the length of the rod and the force of gravitation, the weight of the pendulum or the material of which it is composed having nothing at all to say in the matter.

A physicist would express the formula completely by saying that the time of a vibration varies directly as the square root of the length of the pendulum and inversely as the square root of the force of gravity. Hence, as the Creighton pendulum is ninety-eight feet long or thirty times as long as a pendulum beating seconds, it requires the square root of thirty or almost exactly five and one-half seconds for one vibration, or eleven seconds for a double vibration, that is, for going and then returning to the starting point. The second part of the law, that the time of a vibration varies inversely as the square root of the force of gravity, does not concern us at present. It may be remarked, however, in passing, that the shape of the earth has been determined by this means.

Operation of the Experiment.

Having now refreshed our ideas somewhat upon the nature of a pendulum, we are ready to begin the classic experiment of Foucault. After having allowed the pendulum to hang long enough to take all twist out of the wire, we draw the bob aside by a string and fasten this string to the wall. We then allow the pendulum sufficient time to come to absolute rest. When this is the case we burn the string near the bob, and the pendulum at once begins its majestic swing in obedience to the force of gravitation. The precautions of allowing the bob to come to perfect rest and then burning the string are very essential to the success of the experiment, because otherwise we might unconsciously give the bob a side motion which would be fatal for our purpose, for we wish the earth's attraction alone, to the exclusion of every other force, to take hold of the pendulum and move it as it thinks fit.

The reader will grant at once that there is only one force to move the pendulum when the precautions just mentioned have been ob-

served. This force acts in a vertical plane and tries to bring the pendulum bob into its lowest position which is its position of rest, or the position, nearest to the center of the earth. As the force of gravitation is continually urging the bob downward, it is imparting to it a continually accelerated velocity, which is at a maximum when the lowest point of the arc is reached. The acquired velocity then drives the bob past this position. As the bob is then forced to rise from the ground, gravity now continually retards it and gradually brings it to rest when it has reached the same height from which it has fallen or, what amounts to the same thing, when it has moved as far beyond its lowest position as it was originally started on the other side. The bob then returns and repeats the same oscillation in the opposite direction, only to reverse it again, as before. If there were no friction the pendulum would thus oscillate forever.

As the pendulum vibrates in a vertical plane under the influence of the one force of gravitation, it is evident that it has no preference for one vertical plane more than another, that it will swing north and south as readily as east and west, or in any other direction. And more than that, the pendulum has no power whatever to change its plane of vibration, for there is absolutely no side force, no horizontal force, to bring this about.

What has thus far been said about the vibrations of the pendulum has been deduced from the very nature of the pendulum itself. It is, therefore, mathematically certain, as certain as that two and two are four, that the pendulum must, of its very nature, swing forever in the plane in which it has been started. We are speaking, of course, of pendulums that are supported by strings or wires, or swivel or universal joints, which admit of being swung in any vertical plane, and not of clock pendulums, which are confined by their very construction to the plane of the clock case. This latter arrangement is one of convenience of manufacture and not at all of necessity, were it not for a reason which we shall see anon.

Experiment comes to the aid of pure reasoning, and confirms the inability of the pendulum to change the plane of its oscillations. If we swing a string pendulum from the middle of a horizontal yard stick, we may turn the stick around the point of support without in the least deranging the plane of vibration. We may turn the stick horizontally or vertically, with uniform or irregular motion, we may move it laterally or vertically, that is, carry the apparatus across the room or up or down stairs, provided only that all this is done smoothly and without jarring, we shall see that the pendulum will unerringly keep its plane of oscillation unchanged. The reader is now doubtless thoroughly convinced that the pendulum keeps its plane

of vibration inviolate. It is upon the certainty of this major proposition that the value of the Foucault pendulum experiment mainly depends for the thoroughness of its demonstration, for the minor proposition, or the experimental part any one may verify for himself.

Observing the Result.

When the long pendulum in the Creighton University smokestack is started upon its

slow and majestic swing, if we look at the supporting wire through the door at the bottom of the shaft, from the point at which the burnt string was attached to the wall, we shall see the wire moving from and toward us over a pencilmark on a piece of paper fastened to the opposite wall. After the lapse of six minutes we look again. Putting our eye in position to observe the wire moving to and fro without any lateral motion, we know that we are then in the plane of oscillation. We shall then see what at first thought looks like direct experimental denial to our thesis concerning the invariability of the plane of the pendulum's oscillation, for the wire now covers a pencilmark half an inch to the right of the one toward

which it was started six minutes ago; that is to say, the plane of vibration has apparently turned one degree to the right, the north end having moved eastward and the south end westward. We suspect that there must be something wrong with our apparatus. We close the top and bottom of the smokestack in order to do away with possible air currents. We are using non-magnetic material in our pendulum. We change the length, the weight of the bob all to no purpose; the pendulum persists in

turning one degree to the right for every six minutes of swing. It never turns to the left and this fact alone, without mentioning the uniformity of the rotation, finally must convince us that we are confronted by a law or fact of nature with which we are not yet familiar. Is our major proposition right? Must the pendulum keep its plane of vibration? Yes, that is absolutely certain; as certain as two and two are four. Does the pendulum in our experi-

ment really keep its plane of vibration? The eye says "no". But it must keep its plane, reason insists.

Which is right? Both are right. But their statements are contradictory. Seemingly, but not in reality, because the eye can only state appearances and the appearances show that the plane has turned. The plane cannot turn, therefore, as it has apparently turned, it must be that the chimney, the ground, we ourselves have been carried around the vertical line passing through the point of support at the rate of one degree in six minutes. But these cannot turn unless the whole earth turns. Therefore, the conclusion is inevitable, the whole earth turns.

Explaining the Application.

In order to make this explanation clear, let us imagine a pendulum hung up over the north pole of the earth. As the pendulum keeps its plane of oscillation, the earth would turn eastward under it at the rate of one turn in twenty-four hours, or, as appearances would indicate, the plane of the pendulum would seem to move in the opposite direction, or westward at the same speed. At the equator the pendulum would appear to keep its plane inviolate to all the places that passed under it, because



A severe Cold.

there the earth would move like the outside of the rim of a wheel under a pencil pressed against it, there would be, so to speak, a direct linear and not a rotary motion. As the polar pendulum appears to make one westward revolution in twenty-four hours, and the equatorial pendulum may be said mathematically to require an infinite time for that purpose, we may infer that at other points on the earth's surface the time of one revolution is intermediate between twenty-four hours and eternity. This is expressed succinctly in the formula by saying that the time is twenty-four hours divided by the sine of the latitude. That would make the time of one apparent revolution at Omaha thirty-six hours twenty-three minutes thirteen seconds, or 10 degrees in one hour, and 1 degree in six minutes. And this is the observed fact.

The non-mathematical reader will probably find the following explanation more tangible: If the earth really turns about an axis, the north pole simply turns around itself, while a point at the equator moves about 1,000 miles an hour. Intermediate points move with intermediate velocities, and of two points north and south of each other in the northern hemisphere the southern one moves faster eastward than the northern. Relatively, therefore, we may say that the northern one is stationary and the southern one moves eastward with the difference of their velocities. Or, again, we may say that a point half way between them is stationary, while the southern one moves eastward with half the difference and the northern one moves westward with the same half difference. All three points, of course, are being carried eastward, but with different velocities. Hence, as the pendulum, with its point of support directly over the central point, gives us in the permanency of its plane of vibration a sure means of detecting this difference of velocities, of this relative eastward movement of the southern point and the westward movement of the northern, it follows that if the earth really rotates about an axis the plane of the pendulum must apparently swing round in the opposite direction

the southern end of its swing moving westward and the northern one eastward. This apparent revolution does take place, the plane of the pendulum cannot change, therefore the conclusion is unavoidable, the earth really turns on its axis.

That the point of support of the pendulum is upon a chimney or upon a building resting upon the earth, instead of being suspended in mid-air by some invisible force, does not invalidate the conclusion in the least, for the reason that an immovable support is required, that is, one whose distance from the center of the earth and from its poles is invariable.

An apt illustration of the behavior of the ground under a Foucault pendulum may be drawn from a carriage in a merry-go-round. The outer part of the carriage moves faster than the inner part, because it has a greater circle to run in the same time. A pendulum might be swung in the carriage and it would keep its plane of vibration as steadily as an outside pendulum. If the carriage were closed in and the passengers could not know whether it was moving or not, the pendulum would tell the story as certainly and in exactly the same way as a magnetic needle, for it would appear to swing in succession over every point of a dial that was placed below it. In fact a scientific observer could note not only the speed of the rotation and its direction, but even every irregularity in the circular motion of the carriage. A vertical motion of course could not be noted, nor does this vitiate the comparison, for if the earth rotates, every point on it and in it must move in a perfect circle and at an invariable distance from the center of the earth. It is only the inclination of the earth's surface to the axis of revolution that might cause some difficulty in the comparison. But that could not be accounted for intelligently without bringing in more mathematics than the general reader would be pleased to take.

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THE ORIGIN OF ST. PETER'S PENCE.

By Peter's Pence is meant the voluntary offering of the faithful to their common Father, the successor of St Peter, the Sovereign Pontiff, to supply him with means for the government of the Church. The name, no doubt, is taken from an old customary contribution to the Holy See which started in England and later spread to Denmark and Scandinavia. That contribution consisted in the levy of one penny of taxes laid on every house in the realm whose owner had an annual income of at least thirty pence. It was

collected by the bishops. Whether king Ina of Wessex was the author of the Peter's Pence is doubtful. King Offa of Mercien who died in 796, for himself and his successors, promised St. Peter an annual contribution or gift of 300 shillings. Having conquered England, Canut the Great extended the collection of the Peter's Pence over the remainder of his realm. This contribution remained in existence until the time of Henry VIII.

What we now-a-days call Peter's Pence dates its origin from the year 1847. Like so many other

generous ideas it comes from France. The Univers had at that time two chief editors, de Coux and L. Veuillot, both very anxious to relieve the pressing need of the holy Father, Pius IX., who was seriously embarrassed for the want of money. What could they do? They did not know. One day they received a letter signed by a Dr. Z. containing a hundred francs destined for the Holy Father. The doctor said in his letter that for a happy cure he had received a greater fee than he expected and wished to consecrate his surplus to pious works. The hundred francs he wanted them to send to the Holy Father, for he added: "I think we Catholics at this moment, can make no better use of a fraction of our surplus than by aiding him who manifestly is called to preserve the world from political corruption and to save liberty."

The Univers, on the 15. of Sept. 1847, published that letter, praised the act, and invited imitation. It proposed the formation of a committee, asked the bishops for their approval and, meanwhile, opened a subscription list, the result of which it would turn over to the Nuncio in Paris.

The representative of the Holy See highly approved the appeal made to the public. The first subscriptions registered were those of Mrs. and Miss de la P., 20 fr. Soon others followed. The Univers published many of the letters of approval from its readers and the lists kept growing. Large and small contributions came from priests and laymen. The first collective contributions came from the clergy of Chalon-sur-Saone. The work was started, the Univers kept it going and all it now needed to make it a success was an official sanction. That, too, came soon. Several bishops had written approvingly to the Univers. Next came Cardinal Bonald who in a pastoral letter, praised the reforms inaugurated by Pius IX and, having asked the faithful to pray for the Sovereign Pontiff, added:

"But does Catholic France know no other way of helping its Supreme Pastor than prayers? In the Middle Ages, armed Europe would have been eager to offer the head of the Church its blood and its sword for the defense of his menaced rights and to sustain him in his fight against abuses. Today a more pacific crusade, might be undertaken in favor of their spiritual chief. Might not the obolus of the Christians that goes to the extremities of the world to dissipate the darkness of ignorance and plant the standard of the Cross give a more effective help to the immortal Pius IX. than regiments of brave soldiers and that without causing tears to flow?"

The Cardinal concluded by asking for the formation of a committee. Thus the end aimed at in the article of the Univers, Sept. 15, 1847 was

attained Oct. 27. It could state the movement had become general. Many Catholic journals advocated the same cause and opened subscription lists.

But who was that Doctor Z. whose mustard seed had been sent to the Univers, gathered up by M. de Coux and cultivated by Louis Veuillot and today has grown into the worldwide Peter's Pence? His name was Gregoire, by profession a Colonel, physician, writer, etc. Colonel he had been among the Belgians in their war of independence in 1830, as head of a free corps; physician he was at Paris in 1847 and, as appears, successfully; newspaper writer he was in 1848 when he published a paper in which he sided with law and order. His mien, language and acts, as his whole physiognomy betrayed resolution and firmness. He spoke as a practical Catholic. Very discreet about himself, he never asked for the secrets of others. Although he rendered some services to the Univers he never demanded pay. Nor was it known that he ever boasted of having been the founder of the Peter's Pence. He even seemed to be ignorant of the fact that he had had anything at all to do with a work that has yielded millions to the Holy See.

Since then the work has spread all over the civilized world. In every diocese collections are taken up and the proceeds forwarded to the Holy Father to the great joy of his paternal heart and dismay of his enemies. They had sought to deprive him of his temporal possessions, hoping thereby to ruin the papacy and the government of the Church. Their attempts then and all efforts later have been futile. True, one or the other Catholic may have been moved to withhold his contribution after reading the slanderous statements of the Church's enemies about the fabulous riches of the Vatican. The great mass of the Catholic people, taking their information from Catholic sources, soon learned that the enemy had figured up the value of the Vatican Library, Museum, art collections etc, all invaluable treasures, but treasures that, instead of yielding revenue, require a large sum for their maintenance. And they increased in generosity. Yet from latest accounts the Peter's Pence collection, in view of the growing needs of the Church should be still better in order to enable the Holy Father to carry out more effectively his office as supreme shepherd of the world.

This year Leo XIII. celebrates his silver jubilee as Pope and his golden jubilee as Cardinal. Few of us can render him personal homage, but all of us can show our love for him by a generous contribution to the Peter's Pence.

J. F. MEIFUSS.





FROM A STUDENT'S DIARY.

By P. E. Dietz.



Sunday afternoon as usual found the inveterate clique of the I-Ho-Chuan Club occupying the favorite corner of their cosy little parlor down in East 4th. Str., New York. They were at Euchre, but neither the accustomed dexterity nor the boisterous vim of other days accompanied the game. Luck was onesided and when Joe showed color for the fourth time in succession, why the cards were not shuffled again.

"Rather slow to-day, boys, isn't it," said Will, preparing to roll a cigarette; "Come on, Lenny, take down the foils! a friendly set-to may perhaps enliven things around here. The suggestion elicited no response and Will sank back into the wicker-chair dreamily propelling a thin column of smoke into the air.

"What takes me" ventured Al at last, "is the scanty news we have of Nick and Tony; three months ago they left for Washington, D. C. and since then one postal card brought all we know of them.

"Perhaps we had better get on their tracks, said I, half in joke, "We can't afford to lose sight of the "old boys."

"You've got it," declared Al, — who by the way, is known for his roving and poetic proclivities — "hold on to that idea, Pete; do you remember we promised a visit; as vacation is on now, time is no concern with us so, let's give them a jolly surprise."

"Hold your horses Al," I answered "for my part I don't fancy this modern sort of rail-roading, paying a big price to reach your destination doesn't suit me at any time; you don't get your money's worth."

"There's Pete for you," said Paul laughing "he's got "isms" again, and badly too; this time its socialism, I suppose; — down with trusts and monopolies."

"He's right just the same," retorted Al, I don't believe in enriching corporations either. Suddenly some bright idea struck him, causing him to smile. — "What do you say Pete? Let's hobo it down; there's rare sport for you and it takes spunk to do it too."

Such an appeal to one's courage would touch most anybody, and to be sure it didn't

miss the tender mark now. "There's my hand, Al, I'm in it."

Some excitement became evident as the conversation warmed up; even Will leaned forward a mischievous grin separating his lips as he considerably tipped the ashes off his cigarette and said: "A case of Champagne, you don't do it, is it a go?"

I knew Will from the time he used to quiz the teacher in Grammer School and when that characteristic grin of his displayed his gold tooth it was evident that something was brewing. Of course the laugh was on myself and Al, but, let me tell you, Al is just as fast a boy as Will; "Pete, says he, you're not backing down are you?"

I answered "no" — however not as bravely as I might have done had a less serious enterprise been involved. Will published a new edition of his grin and that settled the argument.

II.

Next morning at seven Al and myself in hobo outfit were en route. In passing Broadway Hotel a few time tables were procured for reference and soon the trip "down-town" was made in the most hopeful of spirits.

"Oh our hearts were light and gay."

As we travelled down Broadway."

And we listened to the chimes of Trinity for the last time.

Let's have a drink, said Al, before we leave New York nobody knows when we'll see it again.

The suggestion was warmly appreciated and as we tipped our glasses in anticipation of all kinds of success I thought I heard the bar-keeper humming.

"They're two jolly good fellows"

"They're two jolly good fellows"

"They're two jolly good fellows"

"That nobody can deny."

Now that we were fully off the fixed determination to succeed and make the best of it, sidetracked every other consideration. After crossing the ferry, we had no difficulty in finding the freight yards; we reconnoitred the trains and squatted down in a place where to all ap-

pearances we could best carry out our clandestine design and at the same time keep shady. All that we wanted now was the opportunity which however seemed in no particular hurry to present itself. A real "dog-day" sun was fast approaching the zenith kindly shedding on us its hot rays in the most extravagant style. Our position was forlorn enough not a tree or shrub or shed in the vicinity while on all sides the farfamed "Jersey Swamps," were sending out vast armies of those imps that men delight to call mosquitoes. A lucky thing it was and somewhat consoling that Will knew nothing of our plight, or we should have seen that gold tooth of his glittering in the bright sunlight.

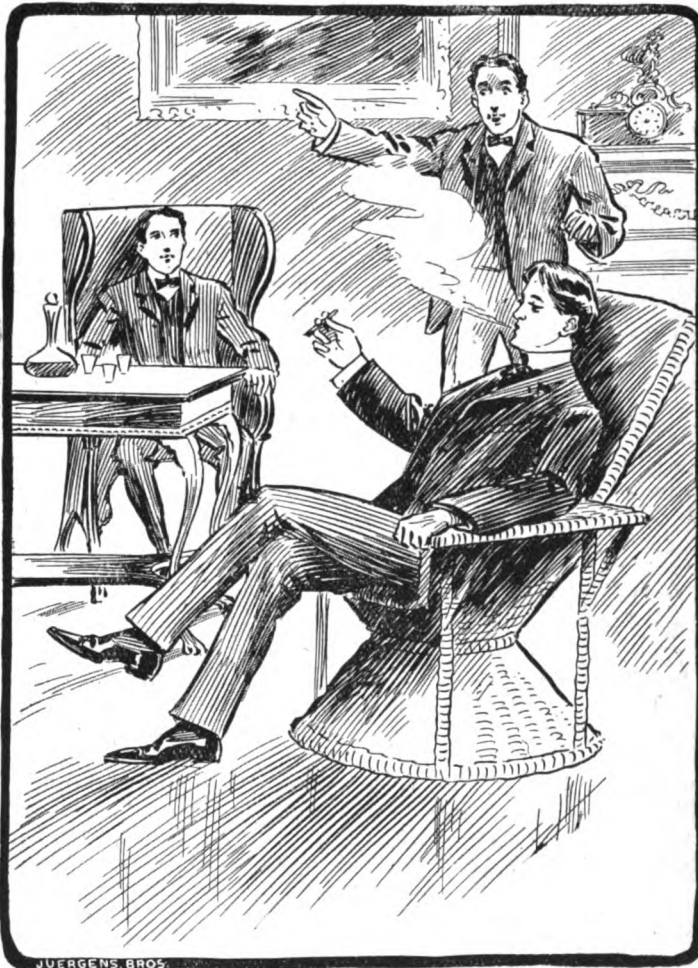
Al took off his collar and necktie, "and shuffling them into his pocket remarked: These articles are superfluous in our present station not to mention a precarious curiosity they may excite with the sort of company we shall fall in with "on the road."

The remark was justified and I did not hesitate to do, as my companion did; in fact I went further: forcing the crease out of my "Fedora." I hit down one side of it and then pulled it over my head in "sloven" fashion. Al contemplated me suavely and holding a pocket mirror before my face exclaimed: "You're all right Pete, just the real article!" I knew that I was "red-hot stuff" and felt slightly tickled. In the meantime midday approached. True we bore the heat stoically enough, I must say, for trouble self-imposed is never quite so hard to bear but I doubt very much if I blessed the hour that begot all our calamities. It was depressing in the highest degree; this was the beginning, what would the outcome be? there was food enough for reflection and leisure too, for not a single "freight" had yet stired; our "corncocks" helped considerably to ward off the ennui of the tardy

hours as well as the violent attacks of the mosquitoes.

About two o'clock a few haggard looking "knights errant" (alias hobos) gathered round the place, ostensibly with the same end in view only that by virtue of previous experience they had chosen a happier moment for their appearance on the scene. They were forlorn specimens of humanity at best, masquerading, an assortment of clothes that may have been "swell" and set aflame the heart of many a maiden in the "days of yore" but to-day and on their present owners none were to fit: nor fit to wear. I involuntarily shrank from them and felt if my money was yet secure though I had most of it sewed up in my trousers.

After a little luncheon which we took aside from the "vulgar throng" so as not to arouse unwelcome appetites we returned to our travelling companions and tried, "to do in Rome as the Romans do" in which I'm sure Al succeeded better than my poor self for I fidgetted about continually and couldn't for the life of me utter a word. That I did not particularly arouse their attention must I suppose be attributed to the extremely "flashy" tinge, I had shortly before given to my outward ap-



pearance.

"How far are you going down the road, Jack?" began Al, addressing one of the gang. "Spect a job in Phila" answered he scarcely looking up; "but I hears there's trouble on the line; about 60 were pulled in at Trenton this last week, d — the "flatties." This kind wish was followed by a dead silence.

I felt the pressure of the last speaker's words weigh upon me even more than the heat. I heaved a deep sigh and hung my head in despair; just then I guess, it was about 4 o'clock the continued puffing of an engine buoyed up

our hopes and sure enough a long freight came slowly pulling out.

"The caboose is hitched to her," shouted some one, "she's certainly going." We accordingly got on our legs and in position for the jump. Somewhat irresolute, we allowed the first cars to roll by; about the centre of the train several open cars came to view. This was our opportunity. Al designated a car and with a forward jump skillfully boarded her, and then helped me in; two youngsters evidently as inexperienced as ourselves seemed to prefer our company and got on the same car. When they were in, Al hastily closed the door to shut out unwelcome companions. Nature had made a born leader of him and alive to the responsibilities connected with the leadership, he was on his post looking through a slit in the door to report now and then on the outlook of affairs.

All this time I felt rather uneasy, but this was chiefly due to the slow rate of our train. With Newark behind us, the engine however put up steam and Al threw open the broad door on either side, gravely announcing that all danger was over for the present; long whiffs of smoke rolling from his glowing pipe expressed his satisfaction at the situation.

I must have felt better too for I caught myself in the act of whistling some dreamy tune while the beauties of the swiftly passing scenery on which a setting sun was shedding a crimson lustre, caught my eye. A talk with my new young friends revealed that they were interesting characters indeed; both had been clerks in the Mail Department of Baltimore and to this their gray uniforms well testified, though they were now nearer black. The youth's were evidently well-bred and spoke first class "United States." In boyish thoughtlessness they had run away from home to take a peep at the world

and now in a shipwrecked condition were anxious to return.

While I was thus being entertained, I noticed Al pacing the floor in a contemplative mood. "What's the matter, Al?" I asked.

"I think we'd better not go through Trenton tonight" answered he, "the road doesn't seem clear ahead; my vote is put up at Brunswick and try our luck again to-morrow morning; what do you say?"



At these words the visions that I had had, in the morning of lock-ups etc. came back to me and I hastily declared myself in the affirmative.

In the distance the lights of Brunswick loomed out of the darkness and when the train entered the outskirts at reduced speed we jumped off and groped our way into the town, inviting the boys to a night's rest with us. Thus ended the adventures of the first day with brighter hopes for to-morrow. We had seen some of the shady side more than we foresaw but there was courage enough! — "Forward ho" is the watchword.

III.

Bright and early next morning after a hearty breakfast we set out for Brunswick yards remembering "the early bird

catches the worm." It was a fair, sunny morning with a bracing air that made us feel as cheerful as the feathered birds in their dewy covers by the roadside while we tramped on wondering what the day would bring. The novelty of the situation was somewhat worn away and we faced matters in a more business-like manner. All at once my attention was attracted by the chiming of bells in the town; I endeavored to ferret out the cause but my attempts proved futile, though certain it was that something more than usual must be going on. Finally Al hit upon the right thing. "To-day," says he, "is the Feast of Our Lady's Assumption."

This discovery changed the aspect of affairs at once; there was a duty that both of us were loath to shirk. Not wishing to return two miles to Brunswick, I suggested the probability of reaching Trenton in time for a late Mass. This however had to be regarded as an uncertain speculation so we returned and heard mass at Brunswick.

When we came back the youngsters had gone; however a fine train was just rattling out. We managed to "make" her as she stopped for water and off we were again, our eye on Philadelphia. Sure enough it was a fast freight and luck was ours this time; contented and thankful we tried Euchre but the bumping and thumping of the cars made things too lively and we gave it up, for a bad job. Still, nothing could check Al's overflowing spirits; he drew out his mouth organ and gave us some music for variety:

"Cheer boys cheer!
we come with joy and gladness;
Cheer boys cheer!
our hearts are light and hale.
Buoyant with hopes
and spurning waves of sadness,
Proudly we glide
along the iron rail."

Through Trenton she went without a stop and over the Susquehanna Cut-off; about two o'clock Philadelphia was in sight. We got away safely and unnoticed in a suburb and gave a thought to our appearance for the fine coal-dust had settled on face and neck irritating the skin considerably. A little pond by the roadside suggested the remedy; collar and tie were again put to their proper use, whereupon we made our entree into the "City of Brotherly Love." The rest of the day was spent, taking in whatever sights could fall under observation in so short a time.

IV.

Wednesday morning we waited for an opportunity to continue our journey at Gray's Ferry somewhat below Philadelphia. About half past nine our accomodation-train steamed into view, we got on as passengers of our class generally do and as every one will concede, with a certain degree of cleverness, thanks to the acquired experience of previous days. Gray's Ferry was gradually left behind amid a great deal of noise and jarring whereupon we were sidetracked.

I supposed the locomotive wanted fifteen minutes for refreshments; but I was mistaken we had switched to make way for a fast freight that was now passing at a high rate. Our chagrin may be imagined but there is no use in crying over spilt milk. The day had begun under poor auspices; and so continued. Our progress was about as fast as a funeral; we side-

tracked almost at every switch threw off and hitched on cars at nearly every little station along the road. The entire day elapsed till we came in the vicinity of Perryville, Del. where we halted for over two hours.

We had been alone all day but now several of the more savory sort of "railroaders" grouped about; we experienced no aversion to this quality of humanity; in fact it was desirable after the dreadful monotony of the day. Al was playing on his harmonica, and so became the centre of attraction. As I just happened to refill my pipe, I noticed one big fellow looking at my tobacco-pouch in so sad a manner, that I pitied him: "There's a chew, pal" said I, handing him the pouch. Of course he didn't refuse. Taking what even a plumber would consider a respectable plug, he squatted down composedly at my side and looked perfectly cheerful. The tobacco-pouch however was going the rounds by this time.

At this juncture another character was introduced if indeed introduction were necessary; one of the kind that carry a half dozen rusted hoops slung over their shoulders, a few old umbrella-ribs under the arm, a wire-bound charcoal oven in hand (generally made of a widened piece of old stovepipe) and go about our streets uttering melodramatic tones:

"Ah-h-ho — wash tubs to mend!"

He was right at home as soon as he dropped his old stove in our midst and reaching in his back pocket he — jerked out a "quart." He hauled off first and then it made the rounds; there was little left when it reached us, and Al as a perfect gentlemen returned the flask to the owner with the words: "There go, guess you want that yourself Pal."

A gurgling sound, a smacking of the lips and a grin of satisfaction soon expressed his gratitude.

The meeting being thus formally opened a discussion of wayside politics followed, in the course of which I volunteered my wisdom in as much of the accepted-hobo phraseology as I had mastered on the journey; the wash-tub mender felt rather gay and favored the company with a song of which I remember a few lines: about the hobo's paradise.

"Where the 'hand-out,' grow on bushes,
Where we never change our socks,
Where a stream of alcohol gushes
From a crevice in the rocks."

My old friend, Al, took it all in with a broad smile. Sorry as I was, for these poor vagrants I was obliged to concede, that they enjoy a happiness peculiarly their own; their otherwise monotonous life obtains a singular charm from these impromptu gatherings where a great deal of the best wit and genius is displayed. They are barred from society: whatever the cause and the circumstances that ruin-

ed their chances, they utter no complaint, accepting all things, good or bad with philosophical indifference.

Amids these proceedings it grew quite dark and when at last the train again moved we found ourselves boxed up with a crew that I didn't fancy much to spend the night with. I tried to remain awake but fell asleep in spite of myself on the soft side of the bumping car-floor. I don't remember how long I slept or of whom I dreamt, but suddenly a loud report awakened me and I just opened my eyes in time to see the flash of a pistol-shot. The train was standing still; a peremptory voice ordered all out: I jumped down and in the twinkling of an eye was hand cuffed—luckily to Al. Now I comprehended it all, we were no longer "free and equal" citizens of the United States but prisoners.

The last man to leave the box-car bounded over an unsuspecting officer's head into the darkness and climbed the embankment with incredulous alacrity. The detective, whipping out his pistol fired several consecutive shots in the direction of the refugee but evidently he put holes in the air for the lucky bird had safely flown.

Judging from the dim crescent overhead it must have been about one hour past midnight when the detectives led us five captives away, whither we knew not. Disconsolate I hung my head; Al, however was equal to the occasion; his step was firm, his form erect and the airy set of his cap gave him a splendid banditti-like appearance so that the detectives heart must have swelled with pride at securing such a rare prize. Down the embankment we scrambled and along the course of a river; we had certainly covered several miles when the flickering light of an oil lamp portrayed against the ground the hovering shadow of buildings clustered together here and there. Summing up a little courage I asked where we were.

"At Canton, Baltimore" replied the Constable.

With this he stopped in front of a low structure and roused Mr. Baldwin the justice of peace. His Honor immediately called a session of the court. To pass over the details in silence, suffice it to say that in consideration of our respectable appearance we got the lowest penalty of the law "seven days" on the charge of riding unauthorized on freight trains. After the trial we were marched to the Canton Police Station, next day to be transferred to Townsend Jail.

My friend was defiantly resigned-laughed and sang in as boisterous a manner as he could:

"After the raid was over

We had our handcuffs on

All the bright stars were sighing

Even the moon was gone." etc.

If he succeeded in nothing else he certainly drove sleep from the watchman's eyes,

who paced up and down the corridor in front of our cell. I had no thought of sleep either and played a few games of Euchre with Al, in the course of which however drowsiness overcame him, and he sank back into the corner asleep, leaving the world "to sadness and to me."

I sat there, head between my hands and hallowed the solitude by giving a serious thought to our situation. The jailer seemed to read my mind for he stood at the bars and spoke kindly to me about our hard luck.

"Is there nothing that can be done to get clear of this trouble?" said I questioning him.

"Nothing that I know of," was the disheartening reply. Again I sat and reflected; nothing, nothing can be done.... Suddenly I looked up blithely and said: "how about political influence, could that avail much?"

This unexpected question provoked a fit of laughter; the incongruity was too glaring.

"Political influence!" says he, "is useful! yea—political influence is good for many reasons—beg your pardon, do you know the mayor."

"He isn't just a particular friend of mine" said I in answer to his question, "but I've got my mind's eye on somebody else; my old friend Andy!—yes, he lives somewhere in Baltimore but where—"

"I'll go for the directory," said the Jailer, enjoying the joke immensely. The address was speedily found so down I sat and penned the following to Andy:

Dear Andrew:—

Unforseen circumstances have in a queer way lodged me and a good friend of mine in Canton Police Quarters with a sentence of seven days at Townsend. Exert whatever political influence you can and come to Canton Jail before 12 A. M.

Yours in trouble,
Peter Ernest.

Slipping the letter and a tip into the jailer's hand I wished him "good night," retired to my corner and was soon wrapt in sleep.

V.

The bench was hard, the sitting posture uncomfortable and I awoke sore and weary after a series of disconsolate dreams. Al was already "up and doing with a heart for any fate;" he looked sad and humored his poetic bend by parodying a popular song:

"One thought of hard-tack and breaking stones,

For a couple of days or more

One thought of dungeons and prison walls

Heartless, forsaken and sore

One thought of Will and the boys at home,

One wished he was safely out of it.
The other said nothing more to it
Just as the sun got up."

The situation forbade more but I helped him out with the chorus.

Our breakfast was soon brought in, a cup of coffee and a cornbeef sandwich done up in an old newspaper; I set about perusing this paper while Al stood at the barred window fiercely puffing away at his "corn-cob." A few minutes later I heard him chuckle and say:

"Hallo there, Pop! good morning! how's things out there?"

A broken voice from below responded: "Wat is de matter, mister? vat did you done?"

"Taking a vacation" said Al laughing, "but, no joking, grandpa, can't you get us a quart of beer it's dry in this atmosphere?"

"I don't can done it," came the reply, "it is to be pitied such a young feller comes in der prisons."

"That's not the question" said Al, "the trick is to get out."

With that, the old gent had enough and went away sorrowing.

"Why, Al" I began, "there's nothing easier I tell you we'll get out all right." I then explained the legitimate proceedings that I had instituted to obtain our release.

But alas — my proposition met with a peremptory refusal — and it was also well meant — Al's stubborn pride rose up in arms against such a grovelling mode of conduct, as he expressed himself. — "No" said he, "do as you please but I'll go down to Townsend Jail to serve my time, and undertake objections to nobody."

I reminded him of his friends, of ruined chances in life, the ridicule he would be exposed to, and finally appealed to his honor

in glowing terms but all in vain; his proud spirit would not bend. I sat down sullenly in my corner and he in his. This was the first time on record that a cloud passed over our relations and I felt the sting keenly.

Suddenly Al jumped and paced excitedly up and down the cell — then stopped short and in strong dramatic tones began to declaim from Hamlet:

"To be or not to be



that is the question

Whether it is nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune or to take up arms against a sea of troubles and —

"By submitting end them" interposed I savagely. Poetry was Al's weakness, it controlled his feelings; I had touched the weak spot; he understood me and submitted; a hearty grip and we were again one heart and one soul. The cloud had passed, leaving the sky as clear as that of summer noon.

For want of something better to do, we examined the inscriptions about the walls. They were many and interesting — some

sad and pathetic — some madly despairing — some sportively gay. To speak with Al:

"Perhaps on this neglected bench once laid
Some hobo pregnant with celestial fire
Hands that the rod of empire might have
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre. [swayed
"Far from the madding crowds ignoble cries.
His sober wishes ever learned to stray
Along the free sequestered railroad ties
He kept the noiseless tenor of his way.
"His name, his years engraved upon the wall
The place of fame and elegy supply
And many a sparkling text does there recall
The hobo's startling strange philosophy.



||* Can you repair it? *||

Time was wearing on; the neighboring town clock struck half past eleven and yet no friendly ray of hope shone into the darkness of fate. I began to have my doubts and apprehensions about Andy. Just then voices were heard outside and I clearly distinguished that of Mr. Snikney, the kind gentleman who had the night before taken us by the hand and induced us to come to our present lodging with him. He approached our cell and peeping through the bars, undid the lock and grimly said: "Time's up boys, get ready for Townsend."

God bless Andy, said I to myself, while my partner in misery who

"When yet a babe had rhymed a word to Pa

"Gain lisped in numbers but the numbers came from some one else this time:

"I am the old turnkey you see

I know my duty well

For many years mid sobs and tears

I've locked them in their cell

'Tis the law, 'tis the law

'Tis the duty of the old turnkey."

"Queerest birds I ever saw" said Snikney wipping a smile from the left corner of his mouth with a handkerchief.

He brought us into the courtroom where two unknown men approached us with close scrutiny.

"Mr. Peter Ernest I presume," said the elder of the gentlemen addressing me!

"Quite right sir" said I "and with whom have I the honor?"

Mr. Drahlegne, responded he with a courtesy, Andrew was not in the city, and as the matter required haste, I took the liberty of examining your letter. This Gentleman, Mr. Sewet, is a friend of mine, through whose influence you are now both scotfree."

A short explanation resulted in pleasant satisfaction all around: even Snikney could not refuse "the tribute," of a laugh.

There were lots of grateful compliments, — of course and a pleasant hour spent with our new friends, passed quickly. Mr. Snikney even entered upon a suggestion of mine; and penned us a few lines for safe guidance over the remaining part of the journey.

VI.

The day was already growing old on leaving Baltimore. Unconcernedly and in glorious spirits we tramped on over an hour when we found that we had gone foul of the yards. We decided not to return however and pushed ahead for Relay, a junction of the Washington and Harrisburg divisions of the B. and O. expecting to find a watering station there. We reached Relay at sunset and found that our speculation had been perfectly correct. Next thing on the programme was to wait for a freight. It was

difficult to say when it would be on, so in the meantime we looked around for attractions.

Relay is one of the sweetest fantasies of nature; to the right a broad elevation of the Blue Ridge rises to a sheer height concealing the somewhat lower hills behind, in the sides of which the Harrisburg Division creeps along. The valley is completely taken up by a very noisy stream warbling its tale:

"That men may come and men may go
But I go on forever"

as it ripples over the stony bed. A very high and arched stone-bridge spanned the stream bringing the other branch of the railway en route for Washington to the thickly wooded heights beyond. As we looked down the stream a view dawned on us that I shall never forget; it was a dream of ecstasy. The beautiful never lost its charm on Al; spellbound he stood and drank freely from nature's cup. To fill the measure of poetic felicity he lit his pipe and as he watched the thin ringlets of smoke rising into the pure ether he paraded into metric array the following lines:

"We stand upon the vaulted bridge
That spans Relay from ridge to ridge
The splendors of declining day
Do tender yet a farwell ray
Of golden light that strays among
The boughs that o'er the streamlet hung
And lingering 'neath autumnal leaves
Imparts to them her dying griefs."

In the darkening profusion of the sylvan parks a thousand silvery voices swelled a slumber song; numbers of chipmunk and squirrels frolicked amongst the rustling boughs quickly appearing, and as quickly gone. The hills on the bank growing vague in the settling twilight looked like an old fortress put to rest amid its ragged crags after it had borne the ravages of uncounted years.

In the contemplation of this scene the latent ideals and aspirations of the soul, freed from the dross of life soared with me into brighter realms, but with the last puff of smoke Al's offering of incense to the departed Day-god, we resumed our walk across the bridge in silence. On the side a little distance from the tracks we sat down amid a cluster of trees in expectation of the things to come.

Night came on, beautiful and starlit. There were frequent passers by and we soon made the observation, that this lovely hour enjoyed the ample patronage of happy lovers from Relay, who, as Al would have it concur, with Horace, when he sings:

"The sweets of courtship ne'er disdain
Where'er they bloom 'tis Eden again
While life's blossoms yet endure
Nooks in silent parks allure
Maid and youth to seek their bowers

'Neath the shade of evening hours
 Whisper low and whisper long
 Lisp in happiness endless song
 Loud the pleasant laugh reveals
 Where the playful maid conceals." etc.

A heavy sigh from a passing couple reached us in our concealment: we felt sorry for him or her whichever it was "but" says Al, "we've got troubles of our own don't mention yours." It was true enough for not a single freight train had yet passed. Worn out from the adventures of the day and the solitary watch, we reclined against the trunk of a tree and were soon wrapt in slumbers. Our repose was undisturbed till a "Fast Mail" rushing by with terrific roar awoke us stiff and sore from the cold dew; it was 6 o'clock and all was yet quiet, except the shrill whistle of the locomotive in the distance. We waited until 8 o'clock and still nothing came our way.

Finally, disgusted with a railroad that showed no regard whatever for the wants of its patrons we decided to walk the remaining 32 miles to Washington.

VII.

Without breakfast we started off; about a mile south of Relay we struck into the Washington Turnpike and continued on this road through a country that was little interesting and when at eleven o'clock we reached the first habitation, a shanty by a riverside, we stopped to breakfast on some milk and gingersnaps (all that money could buy.) Refreshed by a bath and a short siesta we were in condition to reach "Laurel" a town half way between Baltimore and Washington, toward 4 o'clock. Here we touched the "flowing bowl" to Snikney's health for the day had been oppressive and the road dusty, but our delay was of the shortest duration; goaded on by the proximity of the goal we hurried away expecting to reach Hyattsville before ten in the evening.

The country now grew more undulating and large crops of sweet corn and tomatoes busied hundreds of negrofolk harvesting amid the usual laughter and mirth of the southern plantation. With the setting-in of night the diversion of their gaiety died away and it grew so very dark that at 8 o'clock we couldn't see 10 feet ahead of us. Under these circumstances we could not expect to reach Hyattsville. It was rather chilly too and a heavy dew fell, we had no choice but to go on.

One consolation still remained to Al — his old pipe — it was stuffed anew and lit without some ceremony; this occupation distracted him into a parody on the old — oaken bucket.

"How dear to this heart is a pipe of tobacco
 When dangers and trials o'er darken my view
 The corn-cob, and "Fashion," its rich mellow flavor
 And every thin ringlet my phantasy blew."

Turning a bend in the road, a feeble light glimmering through the trees fell under my observation, and with it new hopes dawned on the horizon of despair. It proved to be a country mansion, the barking of a dog had announced our coming, a door opened and a broad light streamed into the road. An elderly man well dressed and genteel met us at the porch; he must have been a man of prominence in that section for a library adorned the back-ground of the room; and on the table lay an open book in which he had evidently been reading.

Our request for a lodging was not well received; he regarded us with distrust and we couldn't blame him for that, I'm sure.

"The best I can do for you" says he "is to tell you of an old cattle-shed about a half mile down the left of the road situated in a corn-field."

In spite of the intense darkness but not without great difficulty we found the shed: it was open on one side and otherwise left a great deal to be desired. We were not particular however, so we made a corner as comfortable as possible and before going to rest tried to raise our sinking spirits with a song:

"We are tenting to-night
 On the cold camp ground,
 Give us a song to cheer
 Our weary hearts, a song of home
 And friends we love so dear."

I went to sleep easily for the exertions of the last days and the unaccustomed lack of rest had sapped my strength; yet the chilling cold roused me several times. Finally, unable to bear it any longer I woke up Al, and proposed to continue the journey. It was the best thing that could be done. We discovered the Turnpike again after considerable stumbling and began the forward march anew; to make matters worse, the road was so bad that even with locked arms, we now sank into a depression, now, fell over a stone. Our progress was necessarily slow and gave us great concern; but in such extreme and trying moments my indefatigable friend showed at his best. When even his last consolation, the pipe, was now denied him for want of a match, he summoned up all the pathetic energy left him and put the harmonica again to service. He made me promise to sing for him which I did to the best of my ability.

"Be faithful and fearless
 devoted and true
 Be manly in sorrow or joy
 In trials remember
 'tis darkest ere dawn
 Was a mother's appeal to her boy."

You may feel convinced, that this soulful song was brimful of comfort.

"I suppose then" said Al, "that the dawn of day is imminent." I drew out my watch; I didn't see the time, so I felt it by taking off the glass; it was half past one.

"Then," — declared Al "let's, get ready for the worst." We were just climbing up the side of an elevation; on reaching the summit the sight that opened on us sent a thrill of horror through my frame. An im-

ense forest rose up on both sides of the road; at day it should have been a delightful spot no doubt, but at night, unknown and unknown — it was awful

"Forest to the right of them,

Forest to the left of them

Into the woods they fell and stumbled."

Dreadfully quiet only the muffled sound of our footsteps, or the incidental screech of the night owl disturbed the nocturnal quietude; at times some animal form would dash across the road and quickly disappear in the entangled brushwood: then would I grasp my stick tightly and lock the better with Al. Some rustling noise behind me made me involuntarily turn; at no great distance I noticed a flickering light — what could that be — we walked faster — it approached just as fast.

"We must get to the bottom of this," said Al, scrambling into the thicket; I followed. Standing behind a big tree we awaited results. It appeared all so ghostlike and I was so sick at heart. The light grew stronger as it approached and I imagined I could distinguish rumbling wagon wheels and the sound of voices so it was human at least whatever it was; that was one consolation. Soon the sounds grew more distinct and we could clearly hear a chorus of melodious voices in the negro dialect singing:

"No the old home a'int what it used to be
The change makes me sad and forlorn,

For no more you'll hear the darkies singing
Among the sugarcane and corn."

Before we had fully recovered from our fear and astonishment the party was passing us. They were negroes conducting a van of household furniture probably leaving an old homestead behind. We remained under cover until they were again lost in the darkness ahead and when the last echoes of:

"Down in the cornfield

Hear that mournful sound

All the darkies are a weeping

Massa's in the cold, cold ground,"

reached our ears we resumed our weary way. The woods soon cleared up and cultivated fields betrayed the nearness of man. At a quarter to five, we entered Hyattsville. Everything was still dark and quiet in the town. A dairyman chanced to come by, of whom we purchased a can of milk which we triumphantly carried to the piazza of the Post Office where we sat down to divide the feast.

While we rested here we begged a few matches of an early passerby and in our contentment puffed away so vigorously that we were entirely enveloped in smoke. Our goal was now almost in sight; an hour's walk would cover the

three remaining miles to Washington.

The day was not promising; as the light fog gradually lifted we noted the presence of an electric railway; on inquiry we heard that it made connections with Washington, the first car leaving at half past six. This was a sore temptation, I hesitated — no, says Al firmly:

"Remember the bet," let this be our parole for the last stretch.

Shaking the dust of Hyattsville from our heels we headed for the capital, but our cup of misery was not yet full; it began to drizzle but that could not keep us back now. The road grew slimy and walking was difficult: our





Unexpected Trouble.

discomfort was enhanced by the fine rain soaking through our dust-covered clothes.

At last about 8 o'clock we marched into the Capital, besmeared with mud, — black, and tanned, in a word, we were complete wrecks outwardly; inwardly however justly proud of our success nobody can deny; even Will, were he here would not refuse an exhibition of his gold tooth in admiration though it cost a case of Champagne. The adventures of Yung Lu and Al Sing shall long live in the annals of the I-Ao-Chuan club provided the Champagne prevails upon the secretary to wield the pen of immortality.

In conclusion let me say that we found Nick and Tony; that they were astonished to

see us in such a condition and that they enjoyed the joke. In the evening a social group had gathered round their hospitable board. Amid song and mirth the event was celebrated gloriously; when many a cup had been voted the hero of the day, Al rose and holding aloft a full brimmer of sparkling Catawba invited the company to sing that grand old chorus:

"Should old acquaintance be forgot
and never brought to mind,
Should old acquaintance be forgot
and the days of old Lang Syne."

Through Darkness and Death to Light and Life.

FROM THE AFRICAN MISSIONS. ADAPTED BY ELIZA A. DONNELLY.

How sad and miserable is the lot of the heathen! The enemy of our salvation can indeed, strike and precipitate to the depths of ruin, but he can neither raise up again nor deliver his victim from death. Deep and deadly are the wounds under which suffering human nature groans, and were it not for the Redemption who could be preserved from despair at the thought of the bitterness of death?

Oh! poor Heathendom! I behold thee blind, naked and despairing by the wayside, and what is still worse, thou wilt not see and be clothed, but dost shut thine eyes to the holy light that will illumine the interior, warming and vivifying thee with its mild and gentle rays.

The heathen knows no real love of the neighbor; whilst in health he generally leads a merry, careless life, but woe to him when sickness comes on and death approaches! Should it prove to be a loathsome disease by which he is attacked, then he is utterly abandoned. He finally longs for and welcomes death which will free him, as he imagines, from all his pains.

As an instance of this, I will relate the following: — Immediately after I had celebrated Mass on the feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross in the year — I started for Kpui, to visit a man whom I knew there. He had formerly been a pagan, but was now a Christian and a friend of our mission. I also intended calling at several houses in the town, thinking that, perhaps I might be able to help either morally or physically some poor or unhappy person.

The road from Togo to Kpui which occupied somewhat less than an hour to travel, led through a low thicket in the brushwood, and past corn-fields. As it was not too hot, I recited my Office as I walked. Being a day of special devotion to the Holy Cross, it was also to be one of consolation and encouragement to the missionary.

The language of the Breviary praises and blesses the Cross, in which alone every Christian should glory. To make it known and honored by the heathen is the main object for which the missionary is sent to labor. "Behold the Cross of our Lord; flee far away, ye hostile powers; for the lion of the tribe of Judah and of the root of David has triumphed."

How beautiful the sacred sign of our Redemption appears, when one endeavors to walk courageously carrying his own cross in the footsteps of his Redeemer! How much more so when we shall behold it radiant, on the Last Day, when the secrets of all hearts shall be made manifest, and the Son of Man shall sit upon His throne of glory, judging mankind!

At the end of my journey, I was warmly received and entertained by the friends of our mission.

But the heart of the heathen is inscrutable and when one thinks he has penetrated it, just then appear new depths which seem to conceal fresh indications of impiety and spiritual wretchedness.

Kpui is thoroughly pagan and one cares to have little to do with them there, since it is said there are very many evil-disposed people among them. This accounts for the children being extremely timid, and even grown people run away at the approach of a stranger.

The only Catholic there is an emigrant from Keta; I baptized him some months ago, and ever since, he attends Mass every Sunday at our mission, in a most exemplary manner, generally bringing with him a couple of his pagan friends. It was he who accompanied me around the town; and in this way, I came upon a little hut, where I saw for the first time paganism and idolatry in their most terrible and revolting forms.

I there beheld a very aged man, sick, abandoned by all, lying on an old, dirty, torn mat on the ground, with no covering over him but a few foul-smelling rags. It was a picture of misery that could scarcely be imagined, but once seen, could never be forgotten. Profoundly impressed, I approached the poor creature, whilst my companion stood by, apparently disgusted, and with averted mien. I spoke soothingly to him, and recognized him. I had once before seen him, but he was not then in such a wretched plight, for, at that time, he had some kind persons near him to care for him.

This was what he had told me when I had met him before. — "My name is Wohunukpo, and I am from Weidah, where there are many prominent and wealthy pagans, I was a pagan priest, and many people were accustomed to come and consult me for advice. They brought me money sheep and fowls, and I was a rich and influential man. Once, when I was travelling, I came to Kpui. There, I was taken sick and was cared for by some kind friends. My money was soon spent, and as none of my own family were here I had to depend on the charity of strangers. I am daily growing worse, and my idols have entirely deserted me."

At that time, I spoke to him of Almighty God, but his pagan spirit of unbelief was not yet broken; he still clung to his idols, and would not tolerate the thought of being baptized. But now, he was, indeed, utterly abandoned, or rather, he now, for the first time realized the weakness of the false gods whom he had worshipped; and at this late hour, he had become convinced by sad

experience, of how the devil rewards his ministers, friends and servants.

In fact, I found him now completely changed. His intense pains seemed to have opened his eyes to the utter powerlessness of his idols. I began at once to try and comfort him, dwelling particularly on the goodness of our Merciful God, who so wonderfully directs all things, who strikes in order to heal, and kills that he may restore us to life. He opened his heart freely to me, promising to do all that I asked of him, and to forsake at once and forever the service of the devil.

It was a pity that he spoke and understood so imperfectly the language of the country. However, my companion was useful to me, and I was able through him to communicate with the poor invalid. I forgot to say that I think I had, first of all, won his heart by attending to the best of my ability, to his bodily wants, which so touched him, that he shed tears whilst I unfolded to him the essential truths of God and salvation. He frequently writhed in the excess of his pain; but his patience was very great, for

neither groan nor sob escaped his fever-encrusted lips.

When I had satisfactorily instructed him, I asked myself why need I hesitate to transform a slave of the devil into a child of God? Had not the Holy Ghost sent forth His divine light into this poor forsaken soul, it would have been impossible for it to have shown such good will! It was touching to hear him crying out whilst I poured the baptismal waters on his forehead, — "Now I am a child of God! Now I am a child of God!"

I stayed a long while with him, encouraging and consoling him, whilst he continued to show his unfeigned gratitude for the immense favors he had received from God. After arranging with my companion to remain and take care of the sick man, I left him, promising to visit him again.

On my way home, I could not forget the awful sight, I had witnessed. The invalid's countenance prior to his baptism, and all the details of his miserable surroundings were constantly before me. It was, indeed, a faithful picture of pagan humanity, — forsaken by God and man, and delivered into the hands of Satan.

THE COLLECTOR OF ANTIQUITIES DUPED.

Banker Lowenstein was a lover of antiquities, and indeed of rare antiquities, i. e. such as are only to be had for a lot of money. These purse proud people who imagine themselves following in the foot steps of the Medici, accumulate in their salons — which become in this way much like the shops of Jewish bric-a-brac dealers — Chinese and Japanese porcelain, swords of Damascus, vases of India, and then consider themselves the patrons and protectors of art. Towards the end of autumn, Mr. Lowenstein usually spent one month at his villa on the Rhine, but even then he was not idle. He never relaxed in his efforts of collecting any more than in the city: he walked around the neighborhood incessantly and many an object at which he would possibly have laughed in the Museum of Antiquities, was for him a thing of unheard value, as soon as he himself had gotten possession of it. A hunter thinks more of a rabbit which he himself has shot, than of a pheasant shot by another. It is even so with the curio hunter.

One day our banker had walked many miles in the vicinity of his country house and was completely tired out. It was already past five o'clock and there was every prospect of his reaching home empty handed when he saw standing before an inn, a wagon loaded with earthen ware and ordinary glass-ware. Immediately he was alongside, to see if in any cor-

ner there might be something which would interest him.

"Come in sir" said the landlady, and motioned the evidently weary gentleman to a chair. Instead of sitting down, Mr. Lowenstein walked around the room, investigated all the corners and stopped at last before the mantel piece, above which he saw hanging an old skimmer. He lifted it down, looked at it, turned it around and held the ordinary cooking utensil against the light; it aroused his interest because the holes were drilled in a peculiar way, so that in one place they formed the date 1711. "What do you want for this skimmer?" said he. The landlady allowed him to ask her several times. It was an heirloom from her great grandmother, and it made her feel badly to part with it, but after a little while for the consideration of twenty gulden, Mr. Lowenstein became owner of the skimmer, and sitting by the hearth he rubbed the metal briskly, in order to bring back its original lustre. Outside sat two peasants, drinking beer and talking over lawsuits, fodder, roots and rents.

"What does that man want?" Asked one of them of the landlady: she answered that she had sold him (as a lover of antiquities) a skimmer, and for its price she could buy a brand new one to replace it and yet have enough left to buy a good fat roast of beef, "If that is so," said one of the peasants loud enough to be heard, I have at home a remarkable antiquity."

An antiquity! — Our banker pricked up his ear and begged this apparently intelligent peasant for a more exact explanation.

"Precisely what it is I do not know. The children recently found it in the garret, but of one thing I can assure you it is extraordinarily old!" — Our lover of antiquities was all attention. He pressed the peasant to describe it more particularly.

"All that I can say about it is this, that it shines: there is something upon it which resembles a golden angel which has also a couple of words inscribed under it."

It shines — a golden angel — and that upon a-a — that might mean much. He had possibly stumbled into the possession of a costly prize.

Our banker took several turns up and down the room. "What do the inscribed words say?" "Unfortunately we have no schoolmaster in our village or otherwise I should have taken the table to him long ago for explanation." "Is it a painting?" It is a painting and yet not quite a painting. It is made of metal."

"Of metal" cried the banker his eyes opening yet wider, as if to see the precious object better. "Is it large?" "Not so very large; and again not so very small."

"Now, about how large?"

"Indeed, I think about as long as the handle of a frying pan."

"Will you be going soon?" asked Lowenstein of the peasant, who was making ready for his departure.

"Yes! it is a good distance to my house."

"You would not refuse a little glass of cognac before your departure?"

"I cannot refuse that sir." The refreshment was served.

"You said also that an inscription and an angel were on it?"

"Wait now I remember; the angel is making music — upon a trumpet," "An ancient relief from a church," thought the banker, "With an inscription? And it is hollow on the under side?" "Right sir — how did you know that?" There was no longer any doubt about it. Lowenstein could scarcely control his agitation.

His heart palpitated his hand trembled. A mistake was here completely out of the question.

"Truly it is an enamel from some castle or former monastery of the neighborhood worth going a long way for. What an honor to rescue from oblivion, maybe the wonderful work of a Leonhard Limosin' or a Peter Courtois."

He had real trouble to hide his impatience from the peasants who are usually suspicious. Besides the people are so fearfully obstinate, particularly towards a Jew. "Might I see the enamel! might I see the article?" Cried the banker.

"You may and welcome sir! come my way any day and see it as my boys are eating out of it."

"That is a terrible barbarity."

"What do you say?"

"What, allow your children to eat out of such an object?"

"Certainly! why shouldn't they if they like it?"

"But they will injure it."

"The varnish holds quite well."

"Will you give up the antiquity to me?" asked the banker courageously.

"I will not say 'no' if the boys consent to give it up."

"I have indeed a desire to go with you to your house."

"With pleasure sir. It is a short journey from here, — a good league and then we are there."

Lowenstein orders another draught for the peasant and drinks one himself though with a sour face, but he must stand in with this new acquaintance, for it is policy to keep the man in good humor. They set out, but scarcely were they started when the peasant returned again with the excuse that he had forgotten his pipe.

"Say, landlady, how much did he give you for the skimmer?" "Twenty" — and she let him see the bright silver pieces. "Good!" said the man and with the pipe in his mouth came out of the house with an indifferent mien, blowing large clouds of tobacco smoke before him.

Lowenstein inquired with the greatest interest after the ages of his children, their favorite amusements, and as they came to a shop where sweetmeats and toys were exposed for sale, he requested his companion to wait a while and



came back a little later, laden with harlequins, dolls and tiny horns.

"Foolish stuff sir, I would not have done that, you will only have trouble carrying them."

"Your little family interests me my friend and it gives me pleasure to prepare a slight surprise for them."

"The children in the country are not accustomed to such surprises," said the father with conviction. For a half hour the conversation went on about all manner of things. Lowenstein anxious to use every means to ensure the acquisition of the object of their journey recurred to it again and again in their conversation.

"Will the copper not hurt your children, if they eat out of that vessel? 'O no it is well varnished.'"

"It is certainly a treasure," murmured Lowenstein.

Soon in the distance the red roof of a farmhouse shone through the tall poplars. The heart of our banker beat audibly. Only a couple of hundred steps more and he should see the wonderful curiosity. "No, this is not our village" said his fellow traveller, "we are coming to the clover farmer of whom I spoke before."

Mr. Lowenstein heaved a deep sigh: the dolls and horns were beginning to be fearfully heavy to him, and yet he had to keep on carrying them, for there were a pair of young rogues who had the disposal of a remarkable antiquity.

Besides, self sacrifice is necessary when one travels the path of the art connoisseur. They passed by the farmhouse and soon came to a village, where the peasant remained loitering before a shop.

"I wanted to buy a gown for my wife here but the market was so poor this time that I must let it go and return without the material."

The hint to the generosity of the lover of antiquities was plain, but wives can often be troublesome, and here was a good opportunity to win over this one.

"If a new gown is so absolutely necessary to your wife, that matter is easily arranged."

He went into the shop, "The Blue Stocking," (so read the sign,) and pointing to a piece of cloth he said: "Please show me the enamel." "Enamel?" said the woman wondering. "Hm! the cloth said Mr. Lowenstein correcting himself and looking around, in fear lest his fellow traveller had also heard; but he was sitting outside thinking of the good luck which had sent such a benefactor in his way. Again, Lowenstein appeared laden with a large piece of cloth. "If my colleagues of the exchange should see me now" he cried! The copper skimmer dangled from one button of his coat, the yellow horns filled with sweetmeats sticking out of all his pockets; in either hand he held a jumping jack and the cloth under the left arm. On no account would he let the peasant carry anything. Already his feet go forward with difficulty. But with every step he calls to mind that he is nearing a triumph and the enamel continually swims before his eyes. Had he not a short time before read in the newspaper that Baron von Dortmark had walked through the streets of the capital with a life size bust which he had bought somewhere.

"I am only glad that I met you," confessed the peasant with full mouth.

"Are we there?"

"Yet a little half hour."

"But we have already walked for two

hours."

"Yes! didn't I say to the gentleman that it was a good little hour?"

"A good little hour!" repeated Lowenstein with gasping breath.

"Have a little patience. We are in Lamsfield. Do you see that little tower over there?"

"Yes — will we be there then?"

"From there it is only a good little quarter of an hour." When Lowenstein heard of the little quarter of an hour, he had a notion to give up the whole business.

"We can take a little heart stimulant in Lamsfield," said the peasant; and that they did.

"You will have to walk briskly if you are to get home before dark," said the woman who served them. This gave Lowenstein a shock



and he asked how long it would take before they got to the house?

"If we take the nearest way it will be very soon — but —"

"Now what?"

"We must make a detour."

"A detour? Why?"

"Because we must keep away from a peasant yonder to whom I owe some money — and if he sees me!" — "For that reason I always go around a little way."

"And how long will that take?"

"It will take about ten minutes if not more."

"Then we wont go around," said Lowenstein threateningly.

"But if he stands before his door as he usually does, then I could not answer for the consequences."

"How much is it?"

"To tell the truth, twelve gulden, sir, not a cent more." Lowenstein is nearly desperate. His legs will scarcely carry him any further. With feverish impatience he brings out his purse, "There! pay the man. I will walk no quarter of an hour out of my way." And while the peasant disappeared in one of the houses poor Lowenstein half distracted cried in choking tones. "The enamel! The enamel!"

There was one bright point in his awkward predicament. Lowenstein had made man, wife and children his debtors and he would for that reason be sure to obtain his object. But the last ounce weighs the heaviest. — It was beginning to get dark. Lowenstein could scarcely go any further, only the thought of the enamel sustained him. At last, half dead from weariness and hunger, he reached the dwelling of the peasant.

"Halloo wife where are you? Here is a dress which a gentleman brings to you." A large

lank woman came in and looked wonderingly upon the handsome stuff.

"Now do you say nothing! — Thank the gentleman and bring him a chair he is somewhat tired."

"It is not worth while — now — the — hem — you know what," said Lowenstein exhausted

"Certainly — where is it? The boys must have been playing with it again. Wife bring the antiquity in which the children take so much pleasure. The gentleman has come from the city — to see it."

"I gave it to the pigs."

"An enamel to the pigs!" cried Lowenstein who was beginning to lose his self control.

"I could not find the pot in which I usually give them the potatoes and it serves very well as a trough."

"Make a light, wife; then I will look for it."

The husband goes to the sty where the pigs grunt at him.

He pushes them to one side.

"Hurrah! here I have it!"

"Wh—a—t!" cried Lowenstein falling back a step and deathly pale.

It was the sign of a fire insurance company which formerly had been fastened to a house. Of metal with a gilded angel, letters underneath, hollow on the underside, round above — it was all true. It agreed on every point which had made Lowenstein believe that he would discover an enamel of high value."

But what could poor Mr. Lowenstein do, but go home dejectedly cursing his good nature and his bad luck, the presents and all the rest of it, and promising himself not to be so eager in future for objects of art in the possession of sly peasants.

—1884—

Greetings from the Home of St. Michael's Almanac.

Here he comes once more, your old friend, the St. Michael's Almanac. Timidly, yet with bright anticipations, he knocks at your door, asking for an humble place by your fireside, this coming year of our Lord 1903.

Out of sincere respect for you, whom he is sent to visit, he has donned his pretty, new dress; and he is ready to relate, whatever he has learnt in his rambles through the wide world: he has stories of deep interest, now sad now glad: he is not averse to a good joke; he will be a good companion to you in every mood; and he will remind you of the joyful feastdays as well as of the seasons of penitence and fasting.

And now is it not natural, that he should chat a little about himself and about the boys of St. Joseph's Home, who have labored for months to prepare him for his journey; and finally about the priests and brothers who have asked him, on his departure from St. Joseph's Home, to greet you all in their behalf.

Imagine, you were making an excursion to the country. The Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul R. R. has a station but a short distance from St. Joseph's Home, the home of St. Michael's Almanac. The place is called Shermer-ville, and is situated 20 miles north of Chicago and 60 miles south of Milwaukee. A walk of 30 minutes will bring you through fruitful fields and green meadows to St. Joseph's Home. If

however you send me word of your coming, I will send a conveyance to the station for you. Street-cars have not as yet invaded our rural quiet.

The building stands on rising ground, and forms an obtuse angle. Its longer side, extending from west to east, forms the north wing, whilst the shorter side forms the west wing of the structure.

At the main-entrance you will notice a few well kept flower beds surrounding a pool of clear water, and a fountain playing in the sunlight.

Now let us enter the house. In the parlor we partake of some refreshments: for the house is large and some time will elapse before we return.

First let us go to the basement. The stairway leads us to the playroom of the boys. If the weather were unpleasant, you would find a

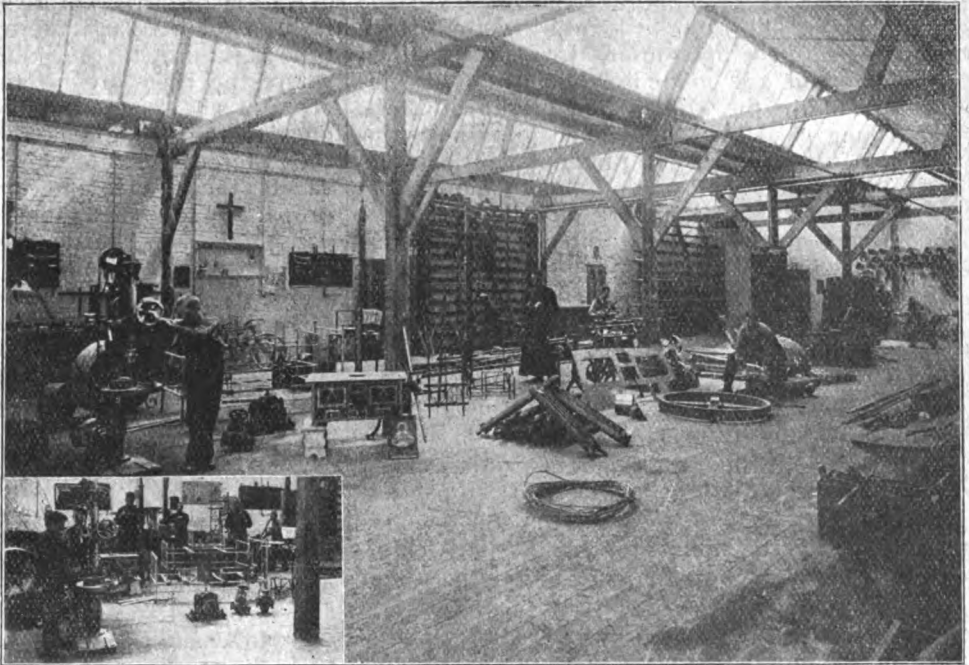
great deal of life and bustle here during free time.

There is the bowling-alley: here the various apparatus for physical culture. Some of the boys prefer more quiet games, as chess, checkers or dominoes, others spend their time in reading.

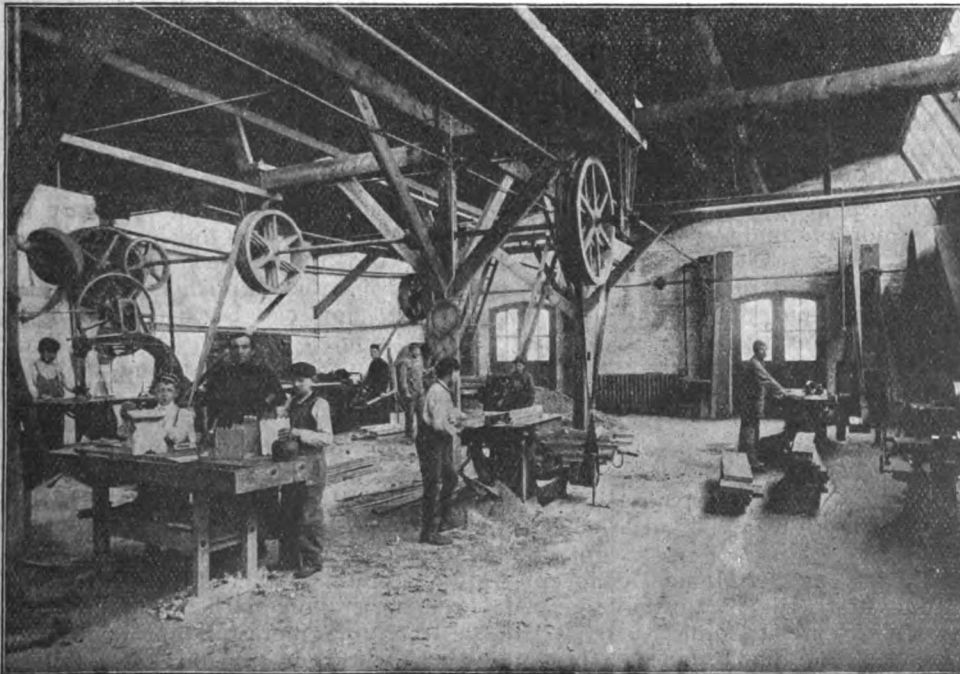
It is certainly pleasant to see the crowds of bright and cheerful boys innocently amusing themselves.

The next place we visit is the kitchen: thence we enter the dining rooms for the fathers and brothers and the one for the boys. After that we come to the bakery; and in another part of the basement to the bathrooms.

Our passage through the first and second stories of the building introduces us to the study-halls of the boys, large airy rooms, and well lighted. The rooms in the second story of the



Machinshop.



Carpentershop.

shorter wing are set apart for the priests of the community. The corner-room of the same story is full of interest: it contains various articles of ornament and use, made by the boys of the institution under the supervision of the brothers. The young carpenters and locksmiths and tanners and blacksmiths and plumbers and painters and shoemakers and tailors and compositors and printers and bookbinders and photographers and others have here exhibited their masterpieces, in proof that the boys of St. Joseph's Home make very good use of their time in thoroughly mastering one of the useful trades.

Now let us ascend to the third and fourth stories. The shorter wing contains the rooms of the venerable brothers, whilst the north wing contains the dormitories of the students.

Now having made a rapid inspection of the Home, let us go down to the workshops, situated on the northeast side of the house.

We enter the boiler-house: two large boilers furnish the steam for the large engine in the adjoining room.

In the next room we meet the tanners, locksmiths and blacksmiths. A number of boys are here learning in a practical manner these various trades. There sits a boy making gutters for the roof, another one is making a sprinkling-can; another one is manufacturing holy water fonts. That young plumber is cutting pipes for the steam-heating apparatus. Another one is helping to build a new range for the kitchen.

But what is that stout young fellow doing with all those pipes? Let us go and see. He has a drawing spread out before him, it contains the outlines of two useful pieces of furniture: a bed and a washstand. The boy is working according to his plan and joining together the various pipes, so as to form a commodious bed, and a very neat washstand. These articles are cheap and durable. But let us pass on.

Next door we find the carpenter shop. What a noise of buzzing saws and humming wheels. The logs are cut in our own forest and are brought here to our saw-mill and the planks are used for the most diverse purposes. The doors and windows, as well as the fitting up of the institution came from this department. Here the boys have the best opportunity to learn the carpenters' trade to perfection.

Now let us make a short visit to the painter's shop. There the products of the carpenters and locksmiths receive a bright coat of paint. Decorative painting as well as drawing, is also taught here.

Finally we enter, whence the St. Michael's Almanac comes: and our first visit is to the typesetters. A number of boys are standing before their cases of types. Casting quick glances

at the manuscript before them, they send their right hand here and there and everywhere; every time returning to the galley in their left hand, where the types are forming words and sentences. A whole page having thus been composed, goes to the proof-reader for correction, and is then stereotyped for the printer. The printed sheets then go to the binder who folds them properly and binds them together, as books or pamphlets. In the departments of printing and binding a large number of boys are employed at all times. This Almanac is made there as well as the popular German Monthly "Amerikanisches Missionsblatt," subscription \$1.00 per year. Moreover we print books, pamphlets, billheads etc. and are ready to execute any order for printing and binding.

Having now concluded our visit to the workshops let us quietly reflect on what we have seen and heard.

The St. Michael's Almanac represents great interests, coming from a House that is founded on the love of our neighbor; a House that wishes and is bound to practice true charity. To gain your love and friendship for this Home of charity is the mission of St. Michael's Almanac. You now understand what is the purpose of St. Joseph's Home: to watch over the young during the years of their greatest dangers, to give them a good foundation in faith and charity, to make them practical Catholics and industrious and successful citizens.

Will you not help us dear reader to realize this grand purpose of saving our boys for time and eternity.

St. Joseph's Home is intended for a large number of boys. But the support of the institution involves a heavy expense. Whence shall we derive the necessary means! The priests and the brothers of the Society of the Divine Word are poor religious, and the boys intrusted to their care, no less poor. Good generous people must come forward, ready to make sacrifices for the good cause, the salvation of many immortal souls. Whoever does the least thing to save a boy for God, has a share also in all the good such a boy may accomplish in after years.

But you say: how can I assist St. Joseph's Home? Buy a number of these Almanacs and circulate them among your friends and acquaintances: purchase some of our books advertised in this Almanac: send us some alms; be it ever so small, it will be gratefully accepted and devoted to the best purpose.

Your reward will certainly not fail you: for what we give to the poor, we loan to the Lord on good interest. And all the inmates of St. Joseph's Home: boys, brothers and priests shall every day remember you in their prayers.

"Be ye therefore merciful, and you shall find mercy at the throne of God!"



CATHOLIC HAPPENINGS OF AMERICAN INTEREST.

(From June 1901 to June 1902.)

As seems appropriate in St. Michael's Almanac, our Catholic record of 1902, taking up the thread of narration where dropped last year, opens as before with a reference to our *Missionaries* and their work in far-off fields of hard labor. With the assurance that it will be pleasant reading for St. Michael's interested friends we reproduce a quotation widely copied by the Catholic press, from the pen of Sir Robert Hart English ambassador at Peking and admittedly a competent judge of conditions in the Orient.

"*Roman Catholic missions*" he says "differ from and excel all others in the fitness and completeness of their organization, in provision for and certainty of uninterrupted continuity, in the sparing use of money individually, in the charitable work they do among the poor, nursing the sick, housing the destitute, rearing orphans, training children to useful trades, watching their people from the cradle to the grave, and winning the devotion of all by assisting them to realize that godliness is the best for this world and has the promise of the next."

We at home may well be proud of our Missionary record as we undoubtedly are, and yet it is in season here to ask, if we are entirely consistent in our admiration, when reading, that the past year's Catholic contributions to foreign missions only amounted to \$71,229.25, while from the Protestant sects the amount of \$5,000,000 was collected here and forwarded to their representatives.

That splendid organization — the "Society for propagation of the Faith and the assistance of Catholic Missions," issued an outline of its work from its American centre at Baltimore. This association was founded in Lyons, France by a few women, whom the appeal of Bishop Dubourg of New Orleans incited to help the then pioneer Church of America. "The marvel of the nineteenth century" and "God's right Hand" it has since been called by other Bishops, when consecrating churches and schools and orphan asylums in places only made possible through the society's help.

All of which proves what may be accomplished when the blessing of the Lord follows efforts that are made for His greater glory.

The publication of the second annual report of the *International Catholic Truth Society*, drew gen-

eral attention once more to this notable home movement which deserves all possible aid and commendation. It is indeed gratifying to report in the light of later development that the Catholic Truth Society can show giant gains for the current year and is rapidly winning the prominence to which it is fairly entitled as 'the centre of supply and demand for Catholic ideas and information'.

An interesting incident of July 1901, was the finding in Frankfort, Michigan of a *golden Crucifix* believed by many to have once been worn by *Father Marquette*, who was 225 years before laid in a forest grave "four streams south of Little Traverse Bay, otherwise Petsie River, which forms the harbor here." This is the neighborhood where in 1877 during some clearing operation, there was disinterred a birch bark coffin containing some bones carefully wrapped, which were supposed to be those of the famous Jesuit explorer.

Amongst the Catholic death notices of July was that of *Sister Mary Florentine* who had charge of the famous Key West Convent Hospital in Florida during the Spanish-American war.

Another recorded was that of *Ven. Brother John*, pro-director of New York Catholic Protectory.

A magnificent benefaction announced was *Mr. Thos. F. Ryan's* presentation to the City of Richmond of a Cathedral which will cost at least \$250,000.00. Although now counted amongst New York's millionaires, Mr. Ryan is of southern birth, Richmond being the capital of his native state.

In Chicago's fine Cathedral of the Holy Name; *Rt. Rev. Peter J. Muldoon* was on the 25. of July consecrated Auxiliary Bishop of Chicago by His Eminence Cardinal Martinelli. On the same day *Rt. Rev. J. J. O'Connor* was consecrated Bishop of Newark and amongst his gifts was a magnificent Episcopal ring, sent from Paris by the Christian Press Association, an organization composed of 1100 priests.

It is significant that items regarding *American Catholic literature* grow annually more numerous and more encouraging: thus we learn from the reports of the Society of the Holy Spirit, with which the literary is a leading activity, that dating from the preceding Pentecost, the Association averaged an out-put of 210 publications daily. Congratulations were in order on the

occasion of a journalistic Golden Jubilee on our borders, that of the "True Witness" of Montreal, which since its inception 50 years ago, has been the mouthpiece of Catholicity in Canada.

The Summer School at Cliff Haven held its known as the vacation Mecca for the studious and intelligent: the doubting Thomases who have not yet overcome their surprise at its continued success, had predicted that the Pan-American Exposition would this year prove too strong a rival for the school, instead of which the contrary happened, for many visitors to the "Pan" made Cliff Haven a stopping place en route. During the sixth week of the Session, the National Council of the Knights of Columbus convened there, when festivities of an elaborate character were arranged and carried out in their honor.

The Columbian Summer School at Detroit Michigan also arises to report progress: amongst its lecturers were Rt. Rev. Dr. Conaty of the Catholic University, Rev. F. B. Doherty, C. S. P. whose subjects bore the attractive titles of "Friars" in the Philippines and "With the Army in Manila." J. Jeffrey Roche the gifted Editor of the Boston Pilot, also spoke on "Newspaper Experiences" and on "Irish Wit and Humor."

Appropos of the *Pan American Exposition* mentioned above, the Philippine School Exhibit shown there was much discussed in such circles as those of Cliff Haven and Detroit. Its extraordinary merit must of course be credited to the Catholic system which antedated our Government schools recently established.

Letters written in three languages by the pupils to their parents, while evidently not a curiosity in the Philippines, were rated as one by the American visitors, accustomed to think of the little Filipinos as being brought up in semi-barbaric fashion.

August saw the closing days of the *Papal Jubilee* and in every corner of our great land, unprecedented crowds flocking to the churches, explaining delays and seeking modifications of conditions, so that they too might share in the riches of that wondrous treasury, whereof their kindly Mother Church is Executrix.

In August, passed to their eternal rest, the venerated *Bishop Moore* of St. Augustine, Florida who had long labored zealously in the vine yard of the Lord and *Father Lilly* the well known Dominican who twice presided over the Eastern province of his order.

Even though the purpose of this is to present a resume of Catholic happenings only, the national tragedy of September 1901 can not be passed over in silence. Perhaps that memory of it which will linger longest in Catholic hearts, is the truly Christian fortitude of the *murdered President* whose last words—"God's will be done—not ours"—are indeed worthy of enshrining in the archives of a nation. In the great chorus of national lamentation, the voice of our

Church rose distinctly; her most famous representatives as Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia and Bishop Spalding of Peoria were central figures of the vast memorial meetings on *President McKinley's* funeral day, and before thousands of Catholic altars, special prayers were offered for the special needs of the stricken nation in her hour of gloom.

The consecration of *Rt. Rev. Bishop Garvey* for the new Diocese of Altoona was one of early September's Catholic events. It took place in the Cathedral of Scranton with Cardinal Martinielli as Consecrator. The diocese of the new Bishop includes within its limits the storied village of Loretto, of which Gallitzin the 'Prince-priest' was founder, and where Mr. Charles M. Schwab has recently erected a New Church of St. Michael, worthy for size and beauty to adorn a metropolis.

The 27th Annual Convention of the *Catholic Young Men's National Union* opened in Philadelphia during the last week of September when Archbishop Ryan welcomed the delegates.

Another society which bids fair to become a power in the land was formally organized about the same date at Long Branch, N. J.

The title adopted was '*The American Federation of Catholic Societies in the United States*' and its wise and worthy objects are too widely understood now to need recapitulation here.

A permanent organization was also formed of *American Catholic Missionaries* to promote the co-operation of the entire American Church in missionary work, particularly the movement for Missions to non-Catholics: of this the *Rev. Father Doyle C. S. P.* the popular Editor of the Catholic World Magazine is the leading spirit.

A trio of beautiful womanly souls were released during these September days from the bonds of flesh, leaving poorer the world they had in various ways striven to better and brighten. *Mother Baptista* of the Sisters of Mercy, the pioneer of her order in the State of Colorado, was killed in a railroad accident while hastening to the bedside of a dying religious: *Sister Beatrice*, surnamed "The leper's friend" of the Louisiana Lepers' Home, succumbed there to the effect of her superhuman efforts for these forsaken ones and at Deerfield died *Eliza Allen Starr*, convert, poet, author, lecturer, and gentlewoman.

The "Red man" too mourned one of his best friends in *Mgr. Stephan* Director of Indian Missions, who of all others best knew the Indian and knowing too his limitations, loved him despite of them and labored for him to the end.

In New York a new home was opened, called "*St. Zita's Home for Friendless Girls*"; it is purely Catholic in inception and management but non-sectarian in its charities. Very appropriate here the name of the canonized serving maid of

Lucca who through lowliness and obscurity came to a high place in the galaxy of the Saints.

One of October's most important events was the *Second Eucharistic Congress* held at St. Louis. "The twentieth Century must be a century of the Blessed Sacrament if it is to be a century of resurrection and of life!" These were the inspired words of our Holy Father spoken when he officially proclaimed St. Paschal Baylon special protector of Eucharistic Congresses and all works undertaken in honor of the Holy Eucharist. Which is as we know the one object of this Association — an object which drew prelates and priests from the furthest states of the Union, so that between four and five hundred of their number were assembled to hear the address of welcome, delivered by Most Rev. Archbishop Kain of St. Louis.

In *Philadelphia* the *American Catholic Historical Society* marked the opening of its winter season with a Reception to his Eminence Cardinal Martinelli, which was attended by admiring hundreds, glad of another opportunity to testify their reverential affection for the well-beloved Delegate.

On November twenty-fifth in the same old Cathedral (Baltimore) which had seen a Cardinal's investiture a year before, *Mgr. Thos. J. Conaty*, Rector of the Catholic University of Washington was consecrated titular Bishop of Samos — His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons officiating. Nine Archbishops and numerous Bishops, prominent clergymen and distinguished members of the laity attended.

Ven. Mother Mary Julia, provincial superior of the Sisters of Notre Dame died at the convent of Peabody, Mass. on Nov. 13th. Her latest work was the superintending of the new Trinity College for women at Washington, and few leave the record of more perfected works for her Master's glory and the betterment of her own sex, than this tireless mother superior.

In Catholic educational circles the *golden jubilee* of *St. Joseph's College of Philadelphia* was the occasion of much well earned congratulation: nothing was lacking to the completeness and success of the week-long celebration participated in by the leading dignitaries of the American Church.

The *Cincinnati Convention for the furtherance of Catholic Federation* to which His Holiness sent His Apostolic benediction was successful in every detail "Even bigotry" says the *Philadelphia Standard and Times* — "can find no valid excuse for an onslaught on a movement begun in the spirit of this."

And now commences the record of another year with the chiming of New Year's peals and the echoes of New Year festivities and ceremonies. Mention of these, recalls the remark of an observant editor regarding one such — namely the New Year Reception of foreign Ambassadors

and other representatives by the President of the United States.

This year it seems 35 governments were so represented and of this number 22 are Catholic in profession: another point made is that of these twenty-two Catholic governments 17 are Republican! So much for the decadence of Catholicity and so much for the church's antagonism to Popular freedom!

On the threshold of the year the angel of death stayed the footstep of one, whose name was familiar to Catholic ears, *Father William Walsh* of Knoxville, Tenn. ever to be remembered as the Hero of the Memphis yellow fever visitations. He it was, who a quarter of a century ago, established there, the famous "*Father Matthew Camps of Refuge*" and was himself the leader of that brave band of priests and sisters in their hourly fight with disease and death.

"So vivid is the remembrance of that heroism even now" — said the *Ave Maria* in its reminiscences of the dead leader, "that Memphis is the least salubrious climate in the world for those who would slander priests and sisters."

No slight service this with which Mother Church credits this fearless Son for whom we now say "Requiescat in Pace."

An appreciated compliment to America was the selection of *Dr. Grannan* of the Catholic University as one of the consultants of the Pontifical Commission on modern Biblical questions.

In March of 1902, was inaugurated in Rome the *Silver Jubilee of the Sovereign Pontiff*, a celebration which was extended throughout the Christian world, taking the varied forms of Pilgrimages, public prayers and processions.

Meanwhile, with us, Federation sounded as the watchword of the times. Its membership was described as "Progressing by leaps and bounds." Its greatest gains were made amongst our German citizens — the *Central Verein at Chicago* having federated all the German Catholic societies in fifteen States. From Chicago too came the invitation of the *Catholic Women's League* for a convention to assemble there on April 5, and consider the formation of a general Federation of Women's Clubs under the name of the "Catholic Women's National League." Glancing over the list of Delegates who responded, any one familiar with women's work during recent years cannot fail to feel encouraged. The speakers in favor of federation numbered amongst them, Mrs. Leonora Lake known throughout the Union as that rara avis of public life, a good talker and a good worker, — Mrs. P. J. Toomey of St. Louis, president of that beautiful organization known as the "Queen's Daughters" in honor of the Blessed Virgin; and Miss E. A. Ford, who as New York's Lady Manager at the Worlds Fair accomplished wonders for the cause of Catholic education. Miss Ford has since served as Sec'y of the Tennessee Centennial

Comm. of Brooklyn and acted on this present occasion for Brooklyn's far famed Fenelon Reading Circle. The opening invocation was delivered by Bishop Muldoon — the address of welcome by Miss Alice T. P. Keary President of the Catholic Women's League, who was later awarded an enthusiastic vote of thanks for her able conduct of the session.

Because of many inquiries received, the list of officers elected by the new Federation is here given.

President — Mrs. J. E. Thorndyke, Chicago.

First vice-president — Miss Ellen A. Ford, Brooklyn.

Second vice-president — Mrs. Georgia Wetzel, Waukegan.

Recording secretary — Mrs. John Nangle, Chicago.

Corresponding secretary — Miss Margaret O'Neill, Joilet.

Treasurer — Mrs. Loenora M. Lake, St. Louis.

In Philadelphia in April occurred an event which while not widely heralded, recalled vividly the "ages of Faith" in older lands than ours. This was the solemn opening of the tomb of the *Ven. John Nepomucene Neumann*, a necessary step in the process of his beatification for which the ecclesiastical court continues to labor with zeal and assiduity. Archbishop Ryan presided and all interested in the taking of testimony attended in the basement chapel of St. Peter's Church of the Redemptorist Fathers where the remains of the Saintly Bishop have lain since 1860.

By a coincidence, one who had much appreciated the opportunity given her of testifying in his cause, was about this time called to that eternal reunion of the chosen, for which emulating the example of her Bishop, she had faithfully striven.

Mother Ignatius of St. Joseph's Sisterhood was a pioneer member of her beloved order, her religious life spanning fifty-four years of rare usefulness and beauty. She was one of those who had responded to Bishop Neumann's call for teachers in his new parochial schools and from those far-off days to the year preceding her death *Mother Ignatius* had toiled on, until as she herself once sweetly expressed the consciousness of physical failure — "all was gone but the will to do." Who can doubt that the guerdon is hers now, for all eternity.

The cause of the *Catholic Indian* was once more brought prominently before the nation by the President's appointment of Most Rev. Archbishop Ryan as member of the Board of Indian Commissioners. He succeeds the Episcopalian Bishop Whipple and is the first Catholic Prelate appointed on the Board. His acceptance of the post is indeed a cause of rejoicing to all who have at heart the spiritual and temporal welfare of the nation's wards.

Announcement was made of a new diocese — that of *Sioux City, Ia.*, having been erected and *Very Rev. Dr. Garrigan*, vice-rector of the Catholic University, appointed its first Bishop, to be installed about the middle of June: *Very Rev. W. J. Kenny* was at the same time named as Bishop of St. Augustine, Florida, where he has for many years served as Vicar General.

Commenting on this information, the *New York Freeman* remarked that these two appointments filled the American Hierarchy, — provided that none of the present incumbents died before the date set for the consecration of the appointees.

There was little thought then of the blow so soon to fall, inflicting spiritual orphanhood on the million and a quarter Catholics who owed allegiance to *Archbishop Michael Augustine Corrigan* of New York.

A marvellous career it was, which closed so unexpectedly in the opening days of Mary's month. Archbishop Corrigan's rapid rise is, unparalleled in the history of the American church: at twenty-five years of age he was D. D. — at twenty nine, President of Seton Hall College — at thirty-four, Bishop of Newark — at forty-one, Coadjutor Bishop of New York. — at forty-six, Archbishop of America's greatest Archdiocese and at sixty-three called to rest from his labors!

Perhaps of all the beautiful and laudatory things which have been written and said of him since his lamented death, the sentence conveying most to the Catholic heart was this — "First and above all things a PRIEST," he led a priestly life. We who love the priesthood, understanding its obligations, feel that no eulogium can excel this.

It is just what the many have frequently said of the Papal Delegate, whose mandate of recall to Rome arrived at about the same time that the eternal summons sounded for his illustrious confrere.

Cardinal Martinelli, during his five years of residence here, won admiration and veneration as Delegate and Dignitary, but it was to the gentle priest he always remained that America gave such a generous share of love and fealty.

In each preceding issue of *St. Michael's Almanac*, some great disaster of national interest has claimed place amongst recorded events and unhappily, this one is not destined to be an exception.

The dreadful tragedy of Martinique and St. Pierre is too recent to need more than barest mention: in the other cases alluded to, there were examples of Catholic heroism to chronicle. — Alas! in this, so few are left to tell the tale that only in the Golden Book can the records show. One pathetic and suggestive echo is the notice in the Philadelphia press, of a Requiem Mass for the victims at the Church of the

Fathers of the Holy Ghost with this addition. — "The fathers have received official notice that out of nineteen members of the Order who were attached to the college in St. Pierre, thirteen lost their lives. Eleven secular priests and sixty sisters were also victims."

The much coveted Laetare Medal was this year awarded *Dr. John B. Murphy of Chicago*, a surgeon of far more than local prominence — a writer of high repute in the ranks of his chosen profession and a Catholic of sterling loyalty.

Now at the close of this resume which, owing to limitation of space must necessarily be meagre, a few statistics may be permissible. They refer to the *growth of the church in the United States*,

during the year 1901. Her membership is now almost equal to that of all other religious bodies combined, being conservatively estimated at 10,976,000. The distribution of the Catholic population is interesting, nearly one-fifth of its entirety being credited to the Archdiocese of New York, combined with Brooklyn and Newark: the next greatest centre is the Archdiocese of Chicago, which with its three suffragan sees, claims over a million Catholics in the state of Illinois.

Surely hath much been given by the Master to this division of His Fold!

Let it not be forgotten therefore, that also much shall be required! M. M. HALVEY.

— St. Michael, Archangel. —

How beautiful thy shining face
Heroic, strong, yet sweetly tender:
All radiant with the charm of grace
And glorious as with hidden splendor:
Cowing the dragon with thy spear
The renegade from love and duty,
Stainless thou art, to God most dear
With honor crowned, and clothed with beauty.

Thou brightest of the morning stars
That hailed the dawn of our creation;
Great captain in the dreadful wars
That threatened all with devastation:
O Michael strong through love divine,
Steadfast beneath the fiery showers
All hail, the victory is thine
O'er all the proud embattled powers.

For "who is like to God," thy cry
Resounds through-out the realms of heaven;
And from their battlements on high
Dark angels fall as thunder riven;

Spirits regardless of their bliss,
Too proud to bow in adoration,
Rush headlong down to hell's abyss,
In utter fright and desolation.

And joyful shouts, as flashed thy sword,
From all the ranks of spirits Elysian;
And then the glory of the Lord
Came like a sunburst on thy vision.
Thou victor, Prince of Paradise,
Their beauty crowns thine own with splendor:
O great and holy, good and wise,
Strong arm of God, and our defender.

Companion of our pilgrimage
Through earth's alarms and tribulations,
O keep alive from age to age
Man's hopes, resolves and aspirations.
O give us strength, our cross to bear;
Give solace in our bitter weeping;
And may the darksome spirits ne'er
Mislead our souls from thy sweet keeping.

J. E. ROTHENSTEINER.

— J O K E S. —

But too often true. Johnnie: "Mamma, I saw a big donkey to-day, bigger than Papa?"

Mamma: "Nonsense child, bigger than Papa! My child, there are none bigger than Papa!"

Innocent Ignorance. Tobacco Planter, to visitor: "Miss Mary, look; here are my tobacco plants!"

Miss Mary: "Oh! how lovely! what pretty blossoms; when will the cigars be ripe?"

Satisfied. After school. Uncle, to Tony: "Is your teacher perfectly satisfied with you?"

Tony: "I think so, for after the examination he told me that if all his pupils were like me, he might just as well close his school!"

Proof Positive. Examining physician to conscript: "Have you any defects?"

"Yes, doctor, I am short-sighted!"

"How can you prove it?"

"Very easily doctor; do you see that nail up on the wall?"

"Yes, of course, why?"

"Well! I can't see it at all!"

Both happy. A. "You look delighted!"

B. "I have reason to be for I have just been getting married to Miss Weber! You also look very much pleased. What special cause for joy have you?"

A. The best in the world, for Miss Weber, this morning, sent me back the engagement ring I had given her!"

A prompt reply desired. Judge: "How old are you?" Prisoner hesitates.

Judge: "Don't hesitate, answer at once; the longer you wait, the older you will be!"

'Tis sad but true. Lecturer to class: "Gentlemen, mark well the difference between man and the animal, especially as regards the power to think and speak, for instance, the jackass cannot say of himself, I am an ass! Only man, and man alone, can say this!"

RATES OF POSTAGE AND MONEY ORDERS.

Domestic.

Embraces United States and island possessions of Guam Puerto Rico and Philippines.

FIRST CLASS. — Letters and all written matter, whether sealed or unsealed, and all matter closed against inspection, either by nailing, sewing, wrapping or in any other manner, so that the contents cannot be removed from the wrapper and be returned thereto without mutilating either, are subject to the first class rate of postage, 2 cents per ounce or fraction thereof.

Special Delivery. — Any Article of mailable matter bearing 10-cent special-delivery stamp, in addition to the lawful postage, is entitled to immediate delivery on its arrival at the office of address between the hours of 7 a. m. and 11 p. m., if the office be of the free delivery class; and between the hours of 7 a. m. and 7 p. m. if the office be other than a free-delivery office. To entitle such a letter to immediate delivery, the residence or place of business of the addressee must be within the carrier limits of a free-delivery office and within one mile of any other office.

Postal Cards. — Issued by the government, 1 cent each. The postmaster-general alone is authorized by law to determine the quality, form and size of postal cards, and to prescribe the regulations under which they may be sent in the mails, and it is not within the discretion of others to change the card so adopted. Such change of form or face, such as trimming, punching holes, or mutilation of any kind, will render the stamp impressed thereon valueless, and such mutilated card offered for mailing must have affixed thereto the full postage, viz.: one cent if the message is entirely in print, and the letter rate if it is wholly or partially in writing.

SECOND CLASS. — All regular newspapers, magazines and other periodicals issued at stated intervals not less frequently than four times a year, when mailed by publishers; the postage is 1 cent for each pound. A special rate of 1 cent for four ounces is made for all second-class matter mailed by other than publishers or newsdealers.

THIRD CLASS. — Embraces printed books, pamphlets, circulars, engravings, lithographs, proof-sheets with manuscript accompanying same and all matter of the same general character and not having the character of personal correspondence. Circulars produced by the mimeograph, hectograph, electric pen and other similar processes of transfer in imitation of hand or typewriting, not having the character of an actual personal correspondence, and easy of recognition, are available at the third-class rate of postage when presented to the postoffice or carrier station in not less than 20 identical copies. If mailed elsewhere or in less number, the letter rates of postage must be paid. Matter of the third class must be so wrapped as to be easy of inspection without breaking the seal or mutilating the wrapper. Rate of postage, 1 cent for each two ounces or fraction thereof. Full prepayment compulsory.

FOURTH CLASS. — All mailable matter, like merchandise not included in the three preceding classes, which is so prepared for mailing as to be easily taken from the wrapper and examined. Rate, one cent per ounce or fraction thereof, except seeds, roots, cuttings, bulbs, plants and scions, which are 1 cent per two ounces. Limit of weight, four pounds. Full prepayment compulsory. Liquids and other like injurious matter not admitted, except under some conditions, which may be learned at any postoffice.

Private Mailing Cards. — 1. Cards must not exceed in size $3\frac{1}{4}$ by $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches, nor be less than 215-146 by 15-16.

2. The quality of the cards must be substantially that of the government postal cards.

3. The cards must bear these words at the top of the address side: "Private Mailing Card — Authorized by Act of Congress of May 19, 1898." ("Postal card — Carte postale.") When prepared by printers or stationers for sale they should also bear in the upper right-hand corner of the address side

an oblong diagram with the words "Place the postage stamp here," and in the lower left-hand corner the following words should be printed: "This side is for the address."

4. The postage rate applicable to cards for the United States, Canada and Mexico is 1 cent. For other countries the rate is 2 cents.

5. The face of the card is reserved exclusively for postage stamps, postmarks and the address, which may be in writing printing, by means of a stamp or by an adhesive label of not more than three-fourths of an inch by two inches in size. The sender may in the same manner indicate his name and address on the face or back of this card; and engravings and advertisements may be printed on the front if they do not interfere with a perfectly distinct address.

MONEY-ORDER FEES. — For domestic money orders in denominations of \$100 or less, the following fees are charged.

For orders for sums not exceeding \$2.50	3c
For over \$2.50 and not exceeding \$5	5c
For over \$5 and not exceeding \$10	8c
For over \$10 and not exceeding \$20	10c
For over \$20 and not exceeding \$30	12c
For over \$30 and not exceeding \$40	15c
For over \$40 and not exceeding \$50	18c
For over \$50 and not exceeding \$60	20c
For over \$60 and not exceeding \$75	25c
For over \$75 and not exceeding \$100	30c

Foreign.

Mail matter may be sent to any foreign country either directly or through the intermediary of some postal union state.

ON LETTERS. — Five cents for each half ounce or fraction thereof — prepayment optional. Double rates are collected on delivery of unpaid or short-paid letters.

POST CARDS. — Single, 2 cents each; with paid reply, 4 cents each.

Private Mailing Cards. — Two cents each, subject to conditions governing domestic private mailing card, printed in this almanac.

On newspapers, books, pamphlets, photographs, sheet music maps, engravings and similar printed matter, 1 cent for each two ounces or fraction thereof. Prepayment required at least in part.

TO CANADA (Including Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Manitoba and Prince Edward Island). — Letters, 2 cents for each ounce or fraction thereof; books, circulars and similar printed matter, 1 cent for each two ounces or fraction thereof; second class matter, same as in the United States; samples of merchandise, 1 cent for each two ounces. Minimum postage 2 cents. Merchandise, 1 cent for each ounce or fraction. Packages must not exceed four pounds in weight—prepayment compulsory.

CUBA.—Rates of postage same as to all foreign countries.

HAWAII.—Rates of postage same as to all foreign countries, except that merchandise must be sent by parcels post (See conditions below.)

GUAM, PUERTO RICO, PHILIPPINES. — Domestic rates and conditions apply to all classes of mail matter.

TO MEXICO.—Letters postal cards and printed matter, same rates as in the United States; samples, 1 cent for each two ounces; 2 cents the least postage on a single package; merchandise other than samples can be sent only by parcels post.

LIMITS OF SIZE AND WEIGHT — Packages of samples of merchandise to foreign countries must not exceed twelve ounces, nor measure more than twelve inches in length, eight in breadth and four in depth; and packages of printed matter must not exceed four pounds six ounces.

PARCELS POST.

Unsealed packages of mailable merchandise may be sent by parcels posts to Jamaica, including the Turks and Caicos islands, Barbados, the Bahamas, British Honduras, Republic of Honduras, Mexico, the Republic of Hawaii (Sandwich islands), the Leeward islands, the Republic of Columbia, Salvador, Costa Rica, the Danish West India islands — St. Thomas, St. Croix and St. John — British Guiana, the Windward islands, Newfoundland, Trinidad, including Tobago, and Germany at the postage rate and subject to the conditions herein prescribed. Parcels may also be sent to Chile, subject to these conditions, at the rate of 20 cents per pound or fractional part thereof.

Limit of weight 11 pounds
Greatest length 3 feet 6 inches
Greatest length and girth combined 6 feet
Postage 12c a pound or fraction thereof.

Except that parcels for Columbia, Costa Rica and Mexico must not measure more than two (2) feet in length or more than four (4) feet in girth.

A parcel must not be posted in a letter box but must be taken to window No. 10, general postoffice, or any carrier postal station, and presented to the person in charge, between the hours of 9 a. m. and 5 p. m., where a record will be made and a receipt given therefor.

INTERNATIONAL MONEY ORDERS.

For sums not exceeding \$10	10c
Over \$10 and not exceeding \$20	20c
Over \$20 and not exceeding \$30	30c
Over \$30 and not exceeding \$40	40c
Over \$40 and not exceeding \$50	50c
Over \$50 and not exceeding \$60	60c
Over \$60 and not exceeding \$70	70c
Over \$70 and not exceeding \$80	80c
Over \$80 and not exceeding \$90	90c
Over \$90 and not exceeding \$100	\$1

Note. — Puerto Rico and Cuba: Domestic fees.

International money orders may be drawn in the United States upon any of the following countries or places:

All countries in North America except Mexico.

In Central America: Salvador, Honduras and British Honduras only.

In South America: British Guiana, Chile, Panama (British Postal Agency) only.

In the West Indies: Cuba, Danish West Indies, Turks islands, Jamaica, Windward islands, Leeward islands, Bahamas, Bermuda islands, Trinidad and Puerto Rico only.

On all countries in Europe except Spain, Russia, Greece and Montenegro.

On the following countries and places in Asia: Aden, Bagdad, Bassorah, Turkey; Dutch East Indies; British India, Beluchistan; Beyroot, Turkey; Bunder Abbas or Gombroon, Persia; Burma; Bushire, Persia; Caipaba or Haifa, Turkey; Canton, China; Ceylon; Chios or Scio, Turkey; Hankow; China; Haihow, China; Jaffa, Turkey; Jask, Persia; Jerusalem, Turkey; Kerrassunde, Turkey; Linga or Lingor, Persia, Mitylene, Turkey; Muscat, Turkey; Ningpo, China; Samsun, Turkey; Shanghai, China; Siam; Smyrna, Turkey; Swatow, China; Trebizond, Turkey; Hong Kong, China; Japan and Fusan; Chemulpo, Seoul, Yuensan and Mukho, Korea.

On the following countries and places in Africa: Accra, Gold Coast; Assab, Bogamoyo, East Africa; Banana, Congo Free State; Boma, Congo Free State; British Bechuanaland; Cameroons; Cape Coast Castle, Gold Coast; Dares Salaam, East Africa; Cape Colony; Egypt; Gambia; German Protectorate; Gold Coast Colony; Klein Popo, Togo; Kilwa, East Africa; Lagos, West Coast; Lamu, East Coast; Lindi, East Africa; Lome, Togo; Massowah, Matadi, Congo Free State; Mondasa, East Coast; Natal, Orange Free State, Pangani, East Africa; Saadani, East Africa; South African Republic; Panga, East Africa; Tangier, Morocco; Transvaal; Tripoli; Tunis, Zanzibar.

On the following countries and islands: Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania, Azores, Crete, Cyprus, Falkland islands, Iceland, Faroe islands, Madeira islands, Malta, Rhodes, St. Helena, Seychelle islands, Spice islands and the Straits Settlements, Hawaiian and Philippine islands.

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Time required in transmitting mail from Baltimore to destinations named below.

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Brooklyn, New York	6 hours.
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Boston, Massachusetts	13 hours.
Cape May, New Jersey	6 hours.
Charleston, South Carolina	16 hours.
Chicago, Illinois	1 day.
Columbia, South Carolina	17 hours.
Cincinnati, Ohio	20 hours.
Council Bluffs, Iowa	.2 days.
Concord, New Hampshire	19 hours.
Denver, Colorado	2½ days.
Detroit, Michigan	1 day.
Galveston, Texas	2 days 5 hours.
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania	3 hours.
Hartford, Connecticut	12 hours.
Indianapolis, Indiana	1 day.

Jackson, Mississippi	2 days.
Jacksonville, Florida	1 day.
Kansas City, Missouri	2 days.
Little Rock, Arkansas	1 day 18 hours.
Louisville, Kentucky	1 day 2 hours.
Memphis, Tennessee	1 day 5 hours.
Mobile, Alabama	1 day 8 hours.
Norfolk, Virginia	12 hours.
New Orleans, Louisiana	1 day 10 hours.
New York (City)	5 hours.
Omaha, Nebraska	2 days.
Portland, Maine	1 day.
Portland, Oregon	5 days.
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania	3 hours.
Pittsburg, Pennsylvania	11 hours.
Providence, Rhode Island	16 hours.
Raleigh, North Carolina	13 hours.
St. Louis, Missouri	1 day 6 hours.
St. Paul, Minnesota	1 day 12 hours.
San Francisco, California	4 days 14 hours.
Topeka, Kansas	2 days.

Foreign.

Bremen	9 days.
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Hong Kong, China	25 days.
Kingston, Jamaica	5 days.
Liverpool, England	7 days.
London	8 days.
Luzerne, Switzerland	10 days.
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Moscow, Russia	12 days.
Panama, U. S. of Columbia	7 days.
Paris	8 days.
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Send orders to Society of the Divine Word, Shermerville, Ill.

Album of St. Joseph's Home.

To any of our kind friends and —————

————— benefactors sending us a donation
for our ST. JOSEPH'S HOME

we will upon request send an Album, containing pretty views of our Institution and all the
work shops. 32 pages. 27 Illustrations.

————— German or English. —————

We recommend to you our new German Catholic Monthly

"Amerikanisches Missionsblatt."

It will commence its 2nd year with the January 1903 issue. The numbers of the first volume
have given universal satisfaction and it shall be our earnest endeavor to improve the
magazine continually.

32 pages of reading matter, well written and neatly printed. Handy size. Profusely
illustrated. Subscription only \$1.00 per year, payable in advance.

The work is done by the brothers and boys of our Institution. The proceeds are for
its support. Sample copies mailed on request.

Send all orders or communications to

SOCIETY OF THE DIVINE WORD, SHERMERVILLE, ILL.

St. Joseph's Home, INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL FOR BOYS, SHERMERVILLE, ILL.

Prospectus and Conditions for Entering.

THE object of St. Joseph's Home is to take care of Catholic boys between the ages of 12 and 18 years, by means of a thorough Christian training and by teaching them a trade in a most practical manner, thus making of them faithful members of the Church and useful, loyal citizens. Applicants should be at least 12 years of age, although in particular cases exceptions may be made in this respect.

Boys afflicted with contagious or incurable diseases cannot be received.

To obtain admission, the following documents must have been sent to the Institution:

1. Certificate of birth and baptism,
2. Certificate of good health,
3. Testimonial of good conduct from the pastor and information concerning the talents of the applicant and his ability to pay,
4. By pupils who are able to pay, an exact statement, signed by the father or guardian, concerning the annual fees for board and tuition,
5. Declaration of the father, mother or guardian agreeing that the applicant shall remain in St. Joseph's Home until he is 18 years old, or at least for two or three years,
6. Life-sketch of the applicant, composed and written by himself.

On entering each pupil should be furnished with:

- 3 Suits of clothes, i. e. one for Sunday, one for every day wear and one working suit. The last should consist of a pair of overalls.
- 3 Pairs of shoes and 2 pairs of slippers,
- 6 Shirts,
- 3 Pairs of drawers,
- 6 Undershirts,
- 12 Pairs of stockings,
- 12 Handkerchiefs,
- 12 Towels.

In each of these articles is to be stitched the number, which the pupil receives at his admission.

Board and Tuition per month from \$6 to \$10.

Boys with limited means may be admitted at reduced rates, or if necessary, even free of charge. Pupils must furnish their own clothes, books, and other incidentals.

No distinction is made in the treatment of pupils who pay and such as do not pay, in regard to board and tuition.

Pupils may remain in the Institution until they have completed their eighteenth year, or until they have thoroughly mastered their chosen trade or profession. Should a pupil, after the completion of his course, desire to remain in the institution, e. g. to join the Society, he should make known his intention with entire confidence, to the superiors of the Institution.

Pupils leaving the Home receive a certificate of behavior, of their trade and of their proficiency therein. Even after they have left the Institution, the pupils may claim its assistance, if needed.

Pupils who endanger good discipline and morality by constant obstinacy, disobedience or indolence, will be dismissed without a certificate, if they do not heed repeated warnings and admonitions.

The professions or trades pursued and taught embrace the following: Typesetting, printing and book-binding; also supplying and preparing the necessary material and the illustrations for pressing which are required for the last mentioned.

Agricultural pursuits, such as farming, the cultivation of meadows and gardens, of vegetables, grapes, fruits and berries, of a nursery garden for decorative plants and trees, floriculture, etc. are thoroughly taught. Furthermore, attention is paid to cattle-raising and the care of poultry and of bees; a creamery is also conducted.

Opportunity is also offered to acquire a knowledge of the following trades: plumbing, tinsmithing, blacksmithing, joinery, shoe-making, by hand and machine, tailoring, candle, soap and brush making, brick-burning, slaughtering, baking, the weaving of stockings, washing, grain milling, and a practical method of tending to steam boilers, and electrical machines; the arts of carv-

ing, sculpturing, annealing, stone-cutting, drawing and mosaic work are likewise taught; instruction is also given in the nursing of the sick.

Many of these trades have already been put in operation; in the course of time work will also be commenced in those branches which are at present only contemplated. Naturally some time will elapse until all necessary arrangements have been completed for some of the above mentioned occupations.

Modern machinery and implements are used in the operation of several departments, although manual work will be preferred.

In the course of time a school of architecture will be added thus affording a course in architecture.

Besides the acquisition of a trade, the pupils have the advantage of continuing their intellectual studies, thereby becoming not only able, but also intelligent artisans or mechanics.

Two hours, or more if necessary, are daily devoted to the instruction of the pupils in the following branches: Religion, arithmetic, book-keeping, grammar, reading, U. S. history, geography, correspondence, business writing, music and singing, natural philosophy, chemistry, physics and mechanics. Instructions are given both in English and in German.

A pupil who is extraordinarily diligent, obedient and skillful in learning his chosen trade may occasionally receive a reward, pecuniary or otherwise. Such a pupil is the owner of the present as long as he is deserving of it by his model conduct.

The Institution will endeavor to fit the pupils entrusted to its care, for their sphere of life, so as to become good, practical Catholics and useful, loyal citizens.

With such a purpose in view and with the blessing of God upon its work, the Institution may hope to prove of great spiritual and material benefit to its pupils, and at the



same time to render a signal service to society and the Catholic Church.

This undertaking is a great act of charity, extending its influence primarily over the city and diocese of Chicago and thence over the entire United States.

To aid us in doing our work as successfully as possible, we kindly ask all noble-hearted friends of the Institution and all others charitably inclined, to assist us to the best of their ability.

Our interests can be furthered and our good work supported by subscribing to, buying and distributing our monthly journals, books and almanacs, viz. "Amerikanisches Missionsblatt" (German) \$1.00 per year; "Stadt Gottes" (German,) \$1.20 per year; "Steyley Herz Jesu Bote" (German,) 50 cents. "St. Michael's Almanac" (English, German and Dutch,) 20 cents per copy. Alms, stipends for the reading of holy Masses, generous bequests, loans, etc. will be gratefully received.

Shermerville is situated 20 miles north of Chicago, on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Ry.

Address all communications, applications for admission, charitable gifts, etc. to St. Joseph's Home, Shermerville, Ill.

May God in His bounty reward all our friends and benefactors, is the earnest prayer of the

Society of the Divine Word.

MAY 18 1908



St. Michael's
ALMANAC

for the Year of Our Lord

1904

For the Benefit of
St. Joseph's Technical School,
Shermerville, Illinois.

With the Approval of the
Most Rev. James E. Quigley, D. D.,
Archbishop of Chicago.

Sixth Year.

Printed and published by the
Society of the Divine Word, Shermerville, Illinois.

Chronological Cycles.

Epact 13, Golden Number 5, Solar Cycle 9, Roman Indiction 2, Dominical Letter C.

Eclipses 1904.

In the year 1904 there will be two eclipses, both of the sun.

1. An annular eclipse of the Sun will occur on March 16th; invisible in the United States, visible throughout the Indian Ocean, Southern Asia, and the Philippine Islands.

2. A total eclipse of the Sun on Sept. 9; invisible in the United States, visible throughout the Central Pacific Ocean.

Signs of the Zodiac.

Aries ♈	Cancer ♋	Libra ♎	Capricorn ♐
Taurus ♉	Leo ♌	Scorpio ♏	Aquarius ♒
Gemini ♊	Virgo ♍	Sagittarius ♐	Pisces ♓

Planets.

Mercury ☿	Venus ♀	Earth ♁	Mars ♂
Jupiter ♃	Saturn ♄	Uranus ♅	Neptune ♆
	Sun ☼	Moon ☾	

Movable Feasts.

SeptuagesimaJan. 31	PentecostMay 22
Shrove TuesdayFeb. 16	Holy TrinityMay 29
Ash WednesdayFeb. 17	Corpus ChristiJune 2
Palm SundayMarch 27	Sacred HeartJune 10
Good FridayApr. 1	1st Sun. of Advent Nov. 27
Easter SundayApr. 3	
Low SundayApr. 10	3 Sundays after Epiphany.
Ascension DayMay 12	26 Sundays after Pentecost.

Holy Days of Obligation.

On which mass is of precept.

Every Sunday throughout the year.

1. New Year's Day, Friday, January 1.
2. Ascension Day, Thursday, May 12.
3. Assumption B. V. Monday, August 15.
4. All Saints, Tuesday, November 1.
5. Immac. Conception B. V. Thursday, December 8.
6. Christmas, Sunday, December 25.

Days of Fast.

Upon which only one full meal is allowed.

1. The 40 days of Lent.
2. Wednesday, Friday and Saturday in the four Ember weeks.
3. The vigils of Christmas, Easter, Pentecost, Assumption B. V. M., All Saints.
4. In some dioceses the Fridays of Advent.

Ember Days.

First week of Lent, Feb. 24, 26, 27.
Pentecost week, May 25, 27, 28.
Third week in September, Sept. 21, 23, 24.
Third week in December, Dec. 14, 16, 17.

Days of Abstinence.

Upon which flesh meat is not allowed.

1. Every Friday in the year.
2. Every fast day in the year, except Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday (except the second and last Saturday) in Lent, upon which flesh-meats may be eaten once.

Exceptions to Fast and Abstinence.

1. Sunday is never a day of fast or abstinence.
2. All persons that are not obliged to fast may eat meat as often as they like on those days on which meat is allowed.
3. Working people are allowed to eat meat on all days of the year except all Fridays, Ash Wednesday, Wednesday and Saturday of Holy Week, and the vigil of Christmas. When any member of such a family lawfully uses this privilege, all the other members may avail themselves of the same privilege, but those who are bound to fast cannot eat meat more than once a day.
4. United States soldiers in field or in garrison may eat meat every day of the year, except Ash Wednesday, Good Friday, Holy Saturday and the vigils of Assumption B. V. and Christmas.
5. Persons under 21 or over 60 years of age are not obliged to fast. All those that perform severe and exhausting labor, the sick, nursing women, and, all those whose health would be injured thereby, are exempt from fasting.
6. Fish and flesh are never allowed at the same meal on days of fast throughout the year, nor on Sundays in Lent. They are allowed on days of abstinence, such as Fridays, to those who are not bound to abstain. This rule does not apply to the sick.

Moon's Phases, 1904.

January.	July.
☾ Full Moon 2 11:47 P. M.	☾ Last Quarter 5 4:54 P. M.
☾ Last Quarter 9 3:10 P. M.	☾ New Moon 12 11:27 P. M.
☾ New Moon 17 9:47 A. M.	☾ First Quarter 19 2:49 P. M.
☾ First Quarter 25 2:41 P. M.	☾ Full Moon 27 3:42 A. M.
February.	August.
☾ Full Moon 1 10:33 A. M.	☾ Last Quarter 4 8:03 A. M.
☾ Last Quarter 8 3:56 A. M.	☾ New Moon 11 6:58 A. M.
☾ New Moon 16 5:05 A. M.	☾ First Quarter 17 10:27 P. M.
☾ First Quarter 24 5:09 A. M.	☾ Full Moon 25 7:02 P. M.
March.	September.
☾ Full Moon 1 8:48 P. M.	☾ Last Quarter 2 8:58 P. M.
☾ Last Quarter 8 7:01 P. M.	☾ New Moon 9 2:43 P. M.
☾ New Moon 16 11:39 P. M.	☾ First Quarter 16 9:13 A. M.
☾ First Quarter 24 3:37 P. M.	☾ Full Moon 24 11:50 A. M.
☾ Full Moon 31 6:44 A. M.	
April.	October.
☾ Last Quarter 7 11:53 A. M.	☾ Last Quarter 2 7:52 A. M.
☾ New Moon 15 3:53 P. M.	☾ New Moon 8 11:25 P. M.
☾ First Quarter 22 10:55 P. M.	☾ First Quarter 15 11:54 P. M.
☾ Full Moon 29 4:36 P. M.	☾ Full Moon 24 4:56 A. M.
	☾ Last Quarter 31 5:13 P. M.
May.	November.
☾ Last Quarter 7 5:50 A. M.	☾ New Moon 7 9:37 A. M.
☾ New Moon 15 4:58 A. M.	☾ First Quarter 14 6:36 P. M.
☾ First Quarter 22 4:19 A. M.	☾ Full Moon 22 9:12 P. M.
☾ Full Moon 29 2:55 A. M.	☾ Last Quarter 30 1:38 A. M.
June.	December.
☾ Last Quarter 5 11:53 P. M.	☾ New Moon 6 9:46 P. M.
☾ New Moon 13 3:10 P. M.	☾ First Quarter 14 4:07 P. M.
☾ First Quarter 20 9:11 A. M.	☾ Full Moon 22 0:01 P. M.
☾ Full Moon 27 2:23 P. M.	☾ Last Quarter 29 9:46 A. M.

1904



St. Joseph's Technical School, Shermerville, Ills.

JANUARY

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DECEMBER

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Miniature of Title Page.

Can You Read German?

If so, you are kindly invited to subscribe to the

Amerikanisches Missionsblatt,

a very popular Catholic Monthly, published by the SOCIETY OF THE DIVINE WORD for the benefit of ST. JOSEPH'S TECHNICAL SCHOOL, Shermerville, Ill.

The "Amerikanisches Missionsblatt" is a welcome visitor in every family that becomes acquainted with it. It is filled with good reading matter: Novels, Stories, and Poetry. Jokes and other things to make you laugh. Conundrums of all kinds. Special articles on interesting and scientific subjects. Everything from reliable sources and by the best authors. Many illustrations brighten its pages. The magazine is highly recommended by the Hierarchy and Clergy as well

as by many prominent Laymen and the Catholic Press.

By subscribing to the "Amerikanisches Missionsblatt" you are also assisting at a most noble work: one worthy of more assistance than it generally receives, i. e. the education and training of boys for the battle of life. The aim of our ST. JOSEPH'S TECHNICAL SCHOOL is to give poor boys a solid religious and moral education to assist them through the dangerous period of life so as to enable them to withstand the many trials they are sure to encounter in their later years.

Everybody knows the dangers to which our youth and especially our Catholic boys are exposed in these times of unbelief. Therefore this institution is certainly a work deserving of support. You support it by subscribing to the "Amerikanisches Missionsblatt." Write for a sample copy to-day. Ask your German speaking friends and neighbors to subscribe with you and thus help us to save our boys.

Send orders to

Society of the Divine Word, Shermerville, Ills.

FRIENDS of ST. MICHAEL'S ALMANAC.

If you do not wish to subscribe to our "Amerikanisches Missionsblatt" could you not send us a donation to assist us in our hard undertaking. Our needs are growing as we receive new boys. Many of the boys are unable to pay any tuition fee and most of them but little, our income is but small and we are compelled to apply to the charity of the kind readers of our publications.

Will not you also come to our assistance? Can we not also enroll your name in our list of benefactors? Will you not speak of our work to your friends who are perhaps more blessed with this world's goods than you are?

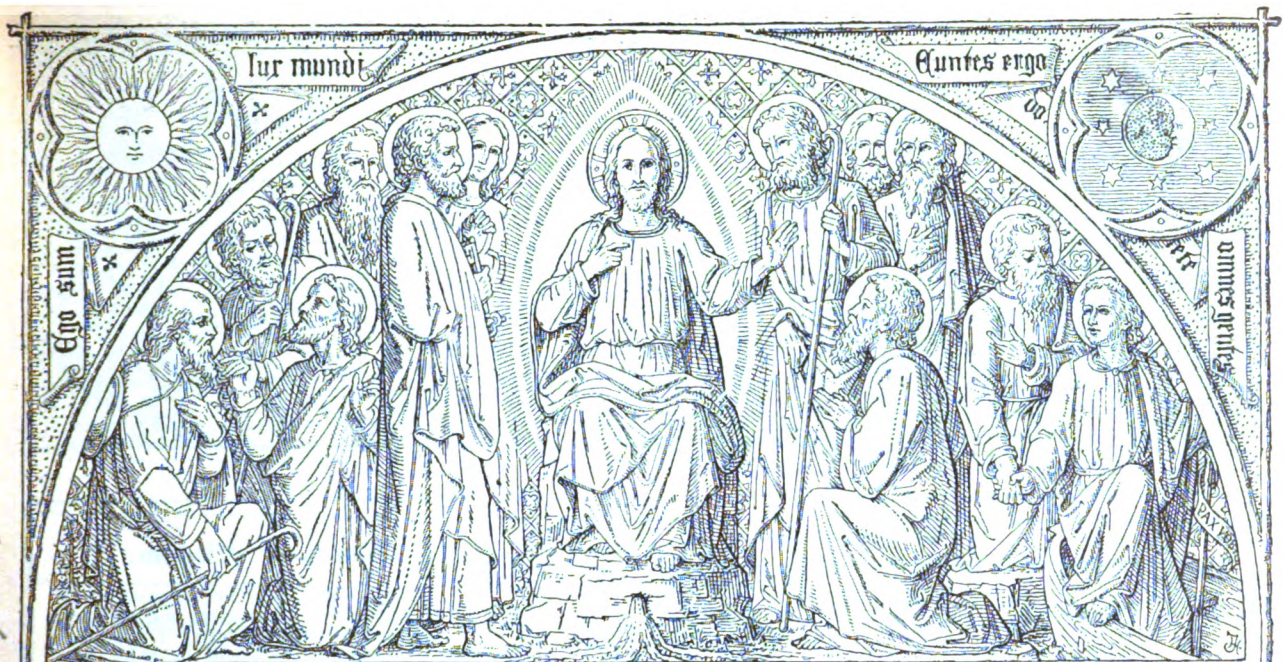
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ST. JOSEPH.

Gift of the Trustees, 18. May 1908.



St. Michael's Almanac.

For the Year of Our Lord

1904

For the Benefit of
St. Joseph's Technical School,
Shermerville, Illinois.

SIXTH YEAR.

Printed and Published by the
Society of the Divine Word, Shermerville, Illinois.



✠
S. Michael
ora pro nobis.



✠
S. Joseph
ora pro nobis.



JANUARY		Saints & Festivals.	Moon's		Moon	
			A.	C.	Rises.	Sets.
1 F		Circumcision of Our Lord.	15	II	3 42	5 18
2 S		Macarius, Ab. Martinian, Bp. ☺	16	☾	4 44	6 20
1. Sunday. Sunday after New Year's. Sun R. 7 12 Sun S. 4 53						
G. Return of the Child Jesus from Egypt. Matth. 2.						
3 S		Genevieve, V. M. Florentius, B. M.	17	☾	5 50	7 19
4 M		Rigobert. Eugene. Tryphon. Priscus.	18	☾	6 59	8 14
5 D		Telesphorus. Simeon Stylites. Apoll.	19	☾	8 10	9 2
6 M		Epiphany of Our Lord. Melanius.	20	☾	9 20	9 43
7 D		Lucian, M. Clerus, M. Crispin, B.	21	☾	10 29	10 22
8 F		Severin, A. Patiens, B. Eugénian.	22	☾	11 36	10 59
9 S		Julian and Basilissa. Marciana. ☾	23	☾	12 00	11 35
2. Sunday. 1. Sunday after Epiphany. S. R. 7 18 S. S. 4 57						
G. The Child Jesus in the Temple. Luke 2.						
10 S		Agatho, P. John the Good, B.	24	☾	12 39	12 10
11 M		Hyginus. Honorata. Theodosius.	25	☾	1 42	12 49
12 D		Tatiana, M. Satyrus. Arcadius.	26	☾	2 43	1 27
13 M		Potitus, M. Agritius, B. Veronica.	27	☾	3 40	2 10
14 D		Hilary, B. D. Malachy, Pr. Felix Nol.	28	☾	4 35	2 56
15 F		Paul, first hermit. Maurus, Ab.	29	☾	5 26	3 44
16 S		Marcellus. Berard. Priscilla. Otho.	30	☾	6 13	4 36
3. Sunday. 2. Sunday after Epiphany. S. R. 7 16 S. S. 5 4						
G. The Wedding Feast at Cana. John 2.						
17 S		Holy Name of Jesus. Anthony, A. ☺	1	☾	6 56	5 28
18 M		Peter's Chair at Rome. Prisca.	2	☾	7 36	6 22
19 D		Canutus. Januarius, M. Julius.	3	☾	8 11	7 18
20 M		Fabian & Sebastian, M. Neophyte.	4	☾	8 44	8 13
21 D		Agnes, V. M. Meinrad, Ab. Patroclus.	5	☾	9 15	9 7
22 F		Vinc. & Anastasis. Gaudentius.	6	☾	9 45	10 3
23 S		Espousals B. V. M. Emerentiana.	7	☾	10 15	11 0
4. Sunday. 3. Sunday after Epiphany. S. R. 7 17 S. S. 5 12						
G. Jesus Heals a Leper. Matth. 8.						
24 S		Holy Family. Timothy. Felician.	8	☾	10 46	11 57
25 M		Conversion of St. Paul. Ananias. ☺	9	☾	11 20	12 00
26 D		Polycarp, B. M. Paula. Theogene, M.	10	☾	11 57	12 57
27 M		John Chrysostom, B. D. Vitalian, P.	11	☾	12 38	1 58
28 D		Flavian. Valerius. James, Hermit.	12	☾	1 27	2 59
29 F		Francis de Sales, B. D. Aquilinus.	13	☾	2 21	4 0
30 S		Martina. Hyacintha. Marisc., V.	14	☾	3 25	4 59
5. Sunday. Septuagesima Sunday. S. R. 7 7 S. S. 5 20						
G. The Laborers in the Vineyard. Matth. 20.						
31 S		Peter Nolasco. Louisa Albertonia.	15	☾	4 32	5 56

Words of Wisdom.

If we cannot lay the foundation, it is something to clear away the rubbish; if we cannot set up truth, it is something to pull down error. — Macauley.

Mary having always lived wholly detached from earthly things and united with God, death, which united her more closely to her Lord, was extremely sweet and agreeable to her. — St. Alphonsus Liguori.

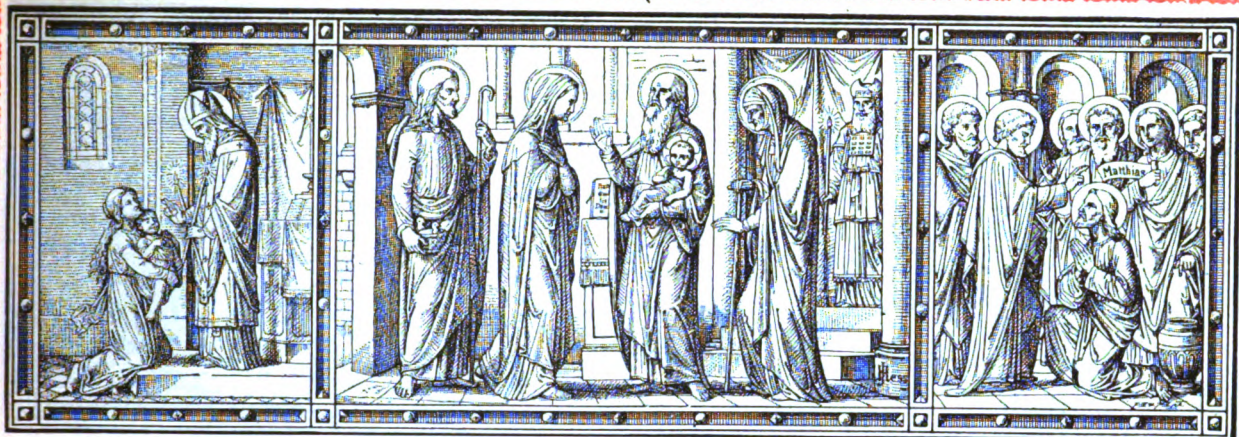
Believe me, we advance through stormy weather, and under a dark and cloudy sky. It is a better time for travellers than if the sun poured its ardent heat upon us. Courage! light and joy are not within our power, nor any consolation except that which depends upon the will; but while that will is protected by our holy resolutions, and as long as the great seal of the heavenly chancery remains upon our hearts, we have nothing to fear. — St. Francis de Sales.

Honesty, modesty, sobriety, purity, piety and prudence, with meekness, ornament the soul and make us live on earth a truly angelic life. — Blessed Jourdain de Saxe.

As the frost of spring-time destroys the flowers which are the promise of fruit to the trees, so earthly affections extinguish divine love and deprive us of eternal happiness. — Blessed Henry Suso.

Forget not that nature insinuates itself everywhere and seeks itself in all things; in the practice of virtue, in the soul, and even in God Himself, so disorderly is the love it has for itself. — Venerable John Tauler.

The truly humble man dares not raise his desires to the extraordinary favors God sometimes grants to His elect; because the humble man has such contempt for himself he would not believe himself worthy. — Blessed Albert the Great.



FEBRUARY. Saints & Festivals.

Moon's
A. C. Rises. Sets.

1 M	Ignatius. Bridget. Ephraim. ☺	16	☾	5 45	6 48
2 D	Candlemas. Cornelius. Flosculus. B.	17	☾	6 58	7 34
3 M	Prayer of Christ. Blase. Raymond.	18	☾	8 10	8 16
4 D	Andrew Cors. Joseph a Leonissa.	19	☾	9 20	8 56
5 F	☞ Agatha. Phil. of Jes. 26 Jap. Mart.	20	☾	10 27	9 33
6 S	Titus, B. Dorothy, Theophilus.	21	☾	11 32	10 10

6. Sunday. Sexagesima Sunday.

G. A sower went out to sow Luke. 8.

S. R. 7 I S. S. 5 28

7 S	Romuald, Ab. Richard. Theodore.	22	☾	12 00	10 48
8 M	John of Matha. Cointha. Denis. ☺	23	☾	12 35	11 28
9 D	The Passion of Christ. Cyril of Alex.	24	☾	1 35	12 10
10 M	Scholastica. William. Irenæus.	25	☾	2 30	12 54
11 D	7 Found. Serv. B. V. M Lazarus.	26	☾	3 23	1 42
12 F	☞ Eulalia. Modestus. Gaudentius, B.	27	☾	4 11	2 32
13 S	Catherine of Ricci. Maura. Fusca.	28	☾	4 56	3 24

7. Sunday. Quinquagesima Sunday.

G. Jesus Cures a Blind Man. Luke 18.

S. R. 6 53 S. S. 5 36

14 S	Valentine. Auxentius. Dionysius.	29	☾	5 36	4 18
15 M	Faustinus. Jovita. Georgia. Magnus.	30	☾	6 13	5 12
16 D	Juliana. Onesimus. Porphyrius, M. ☺	1	☾	6 47	6 7
17 M	☞ Ash Wednesday. Fintan. Silvinus.	2	☾	7 19	7 2
18 D	Simeon, B. M. Helladius, B. Flavian.	3	☾	7 49	7 58
19 F	☞ The Crown of Thorns. Conrad.	4	☾	8 19	8 54
20 S	Eleutherius, B. M. Eucherus, B.	5	☾	8 49	9 50

8. Sunday. 1. Sunday in Lent.

G. The Temptation in the Desert. Matth. 4.

S. R. 6 44 S. S. 5 43

21 S	Maximian, B. Felix. Severianus.	6	☾	9 21	10 48
22 M	Peter's Chair at Ant. Paschasius.	7	☾	9 56	11 48
23 D	Pet. Damian. Milburge. Florentius.	8	☾	10 34	12 00
24 M	☞ Ember day. Edilbert. Sergius. ☺	9	☾	11 19	12 47
25 D	Matthias, Ap. Tharasius. Victor.	10	☾	12 9	1 47
26 F	☞ Ember day. Lance and Nails.	11	☾	1 5	2 44
27 S	☞ Ember day. Leander. Baldomer.	12	☾	2 9	3 40

9. Sunday. 2. Sunday in Lent.

G. Transfiguration of Our Lord. Matth. 17.

S. R. 6 35 S. S. 5 51

28 S	Theophilus. Romanus. Justus, M.	13	☾	3 16	4 33
29 M	Romanus. Proterius. Anthonia.	14	☾	4 29	5 21

Golden Words.

Without a rich heart wealth is an ugly beggar. — Emerson.

The human heart is like Heaven, the more angels the more room. — Fredrika Bremer.

Home should be made a dwelling place for souls rather than a mere lodging place for bodies.

Sin may open bright as the morning, but it will end as dark as night. — T. De Witt Talmage.

A holy act strenghtens the inward holiness. It is a seed of life growing into more life. — Robertson.

A living, lovable Christian is the best reply to infidelity — the most powerful argument for the Gospel.

Custom may lead a man into many errors, but it justifies none. — Fielding.

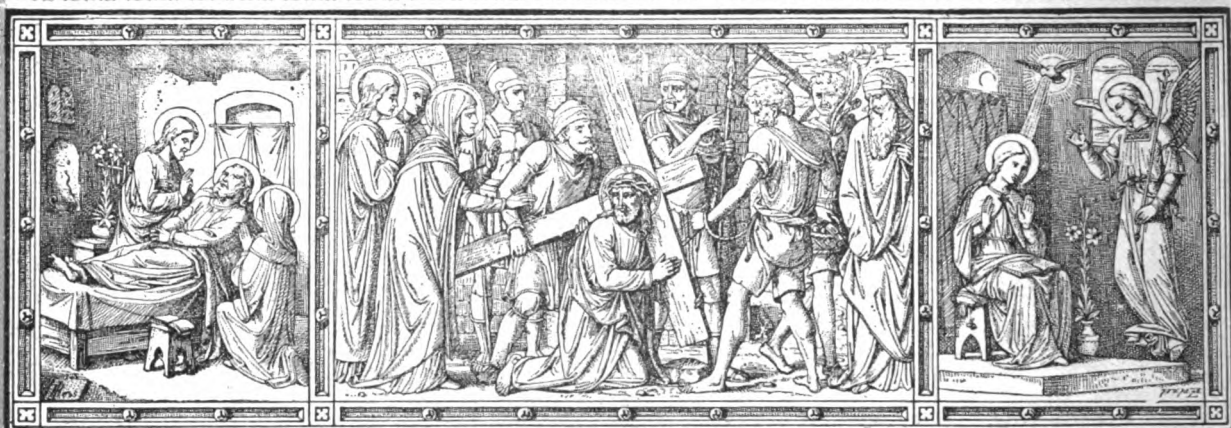
Remorse is not repentance; the one is hopeless, the other is truthful; the one hides from God, the other springs towards Him. — Exchange.

The best advertisement of a workshop is first-class work. The strongest attraction to Christianity is a well made Christian character. — T. L. Cuyler.

It has been seen from the days of Balaam downward that a man may have a hold on the truth intellectually, without its producing any effect on his moral being. — J. C. Hare.

One sure way of making the community in which we live, or the church we attend, or the building in which we do our daily work, a better place than it is, is for us to start correcting our own faults. Every reformation which amounts to anything begins with the individual, and no one will ever find a more suitable individual to begin with than — himself.

Method is the very hinge of business, and there is no method without punctuality.



MARCH. Saints & Festivals.

		Moon's A. C.		Moon Rises. Sets.	
1 D	Albinus. Swidbert. Anthonina. ☽	15	☾	5 41	6 4
2 M	☿ Simplicius. Ceadda. B. Jovinus. M.	16	☾	6 54	6 45
3 D	Cunigund. V. Marinus. M. Asterius.	17	☿	8 5	7 25
4 F	☿ The Holy Shroud. Casimir. K.	18	☿	9 14	8 4
5 S	John Jos. of the Cross. Frederick.	19	☾	10 21	8 43
10. Sunday. 3. Sunday in Lent. G. Jesus casts out a Devil. Luke 11.		S. R. 6 25 S. S. 5 58			
6 S	Fridolin. Coleta. Conon. Victorin.	20	☾	11 24	9 24
7 M	Thomas Aquinas. Perpetua. Felicitas.	21	☿	12 00	10 6
8 D	John of God. Felix. Beata. ☾	22	☿	12 23	10 51
9 M	☿ Frances of Rome. Cath. of Bol.	23	☿	1 17	11 38
10 D	40 M. of Sebaste. Victor. Macarius.	24	☿	2 7	12 28
11 F	☿ The H. 5 Wounds. Sophronius.	25	☿	2 53	1 19
12 S	Greg. the Great. P. D. Egdunus. M.	26	☿	3 34	2 13
11. Sunday. 4. Sunday in Lent. G. The Multiplication of Loaves. John 6.		S. R. 6 15 S. S. 6 5			
13 S	Nicephor. Roderick. Euphrasia.	27	☿	4 13	3 6
14 M	Mathilda. Aphrodisius. M. Roger.	28	☿	4 48	4 1
15 D	Longinus. Clement Hofbauer.	29	☿	5 20	4 56
16 M	☿ Heribert. B. Agapitus. Abrah. ☾	1	☿	5 51	5 51
17 D	Patrick. Joseph of Arimathea.	2	☿	6 22	6 48
18 F	☿ Most Prec. Blood. Gabriel. Arch.	3	☿	6 52	7 45
19 S	St. Joseph., Sp. B. V. M. Amantius.	4	☿	7 24	8 43
12. Sunday. Passion Sunday. G. The Testimony of Christ. John 8.		S. R. 6 4 S. S. 6 12			
20 S	Cyril of Jerus. Wolfram. Cuthbert.	5	☿	7 58	9 42
21 M	Benedict Ab. Philemon. Serapion.	6	☿	8 35	10 41
22 D	Catherine of Sweden. Deogratias.	7	☿	9 17	11 40
23 M	☿ Fidelis. Victorian. M. Theodosia.	8	☿	10 4	12 00
24 D	Child Simeon. Latinus. Seleucus. ☾	9	☿	10 55	12 37
25 F	☿ Annuntiation B. V. M. Desiderius.	10	☿	11 54	1 31
26 S	Seven Dolors B. V. M. Ludger.	11	☿	12 58	2 24
13. Sunday. Palm Sunday. G. Triumphant Entry into Jerusalem. Matth. 21.		S. R. 5 53 S. S. 6 18			
27 S	John Dam. D. Rupert. Lazarus.	12	☿	2 6	3 12
28 M	John of Capistran. Dorotheus. M.	13	☿	3 16	3 57
29 D	Eustasius. Berthold. Pastor. Cyril.	14	☾	4 28	4 38
30 M	☿ John Climacus. Quirinus. Zosimus.	15	☾	5 40	5 16
31 D	Holy Thursday. Balbina. Amos. ☽	16	☾	6 50	5 55

Saving Thoughts.

A little praise is good for a shy temper; it teaches us to rely on kindness of others. — Landor.

Whatever you would have your children to become, strive to exhibit in your own lives and conversation. — Mrs. Sigourney.

He that blows the coals in quarrels he has nothing to do with, has no right to complain if the sparks fly in his face. — Franklin.

'Tis an ill thing to be ashamed of one's poverty; but much worse not to make use of lawful endeavors to avoid it. — Thucydides.

Good nature and evenness of temper will give you an easy companion for life; virtue and good sense an agreeable friend; love and constancy a good wife or husband. — Spectator.

The best rules to form a young man are to talk little, to hear much, to reflect alone upon what has passed in company, to distrust one's own opinions and value others that deserve it. — Sir W. Temple.

Retribution is one of the grandest principles of the divine administration of human affairs; a requital is imperceptible only to the wilfully unobservant. There is everywhere the working of the everlasting law of requital; man always gets as he lives. — J. Easter.

Try to be something in this world and you will be something. Aim at excellence, and excellence will be attained. This is the greatest secret of success and eminence. "I can not do it," never accomplished anything. "I will try," has wrought wonders. — Hawes.

If a man would look upon himself as so mean and despicable, that in his own estimation his society would be wearisome to all and deserving the contempt of everybody, in this way he would make true progress in humility and would bear kindly with the faults of others. — B. James of Todi.



APRIL. Saints & Festivals.

Moon's
A. C. Rises. Sets.

1 F	Good Friday. Hugh. Theodora.	17	♎	7 59	6 33
2 S	Holy Saturday. Francis of Paula.	18	♏	9 5	7 15

14. Sunday. Easter.

G. Resurrection of Our Lord. Mark 16.

S. R. 5 42 S. S. 6 25

3 S	Easter Sunday. Richard. Benignus.	19	♏	10 9	7 57
4 M	Easter Monday. Isidore, B. D. Plato.	20	♐	11 7	8 42
5 D	Vincent Fer. Juliane. Irene. Zeno.	21	♐	12 00	9 30
6 M	Celsus, B. Coelestine. William, Ab.	22	♑	12 1	10 20
7 D	Herman Joseph. Calliopius. Cyriac. C	23	♑	12 49	11 13
8 F	Albert. Redemptus. Perpetuus.	24	♑	1 32	12 5
9 S	Mary of Egypt, Pen. Acatus.	25	♒	2 13	12 59

15. Sunday. 1. Sunday after Easter.

G. Jesus Appears to His Apostles. John 20.

S. R. 5 31 S. S. 6 32

10 S	Low Sunday. Apollonius. Ezech.	26	♒	2 48	1 53
11 M	Leo. I., P. D. Isaac. Antipas.	27	♓	3 21	2 49
12 D	Julius. Constantine. Victor. Vissia.	28	♓	3 53	3 44
13 M	Hermenegild. Ida. Ursus. Carpus.	29	♓	4 23	4 39
14 D	Justin. Tiburt. Valer. Lambert.	30	♑	4 53	5 37
15 F	Crescens. Basilissa, M. Anastas. ☉	1	♑	5 25	6 36
16 S	Benedict Joseph Labre. Lambert, M.	2	♒	5 59	7 35

16. Sunday. 2. Sunday after Easter.

G. I am the Good Shepherd. John 10.

S. R. 5 21 S. S. 6 38

17 S	Anicetus, P. Robert. Innocent.	3	♒	6 36	8 36
18 M	Amidaeus. Apollonius. Eleutherius	4	♓	7 16	9 35
19 D	Timon. Elphege. Hermogene. Rufus.	5	♓	8 1	10 32
20 M	Theotimus, B. Agnes, V. Sulpicius, M.	6	♓	8 53	11 29
21 D	Anselm, B. D. Arator. Simeon.	7	♑	9 48	12 00
22 F	Soter and Caius, P. Leonides. ☉	8	♑	10 48	12 21
23 S	George, M. Adalbert, B. M. Gerard.	9	♒	11 53	1 9

17. Sunday. 3. Sunday after Easter.

G. In a Little While. John 16.

S. R. 5 12 S. S. 6 45

24 S	Patronage of St. Joseph. Fidelis.	10	♒	1 0	1 54
25 M	Mark, Evang. The Great Litanies.	11	♑	2 9	2 33
26 D	Mary of Good Counsel. Cletus.	12	♑	3 18	3 11
27 M	Thuribius. Pet. Can. Theophilus, B.	13	♒	4 29	3 49
28 D	Paul of the Cross. Vitalis. Valeria.	14	♒	5 37	4 28
29 F	Pet. of Verona. Paulinus. Robert. ☉	15	♓	6 42	5 6
30 S	Catherine of Siena, V. Sophia, V. M.	16	♓	7 50	5 47

Wise Words.

Let us never be hard towards those who are weak in virtue; the distrust inspired by harshness would more than counterbalance the good to be expected from a severe reprimand.

One act of resignation to God's will in all that it has ordained contrary to our desire, is more valuable than a hundred thousand sacrifices conformable to our own will and taste.

We should submit ourselves to the Church so completely that if we clearly perceived a thing to be white and she were to declare it to be black, we should, with her, declare it black. — St. Ignatius.

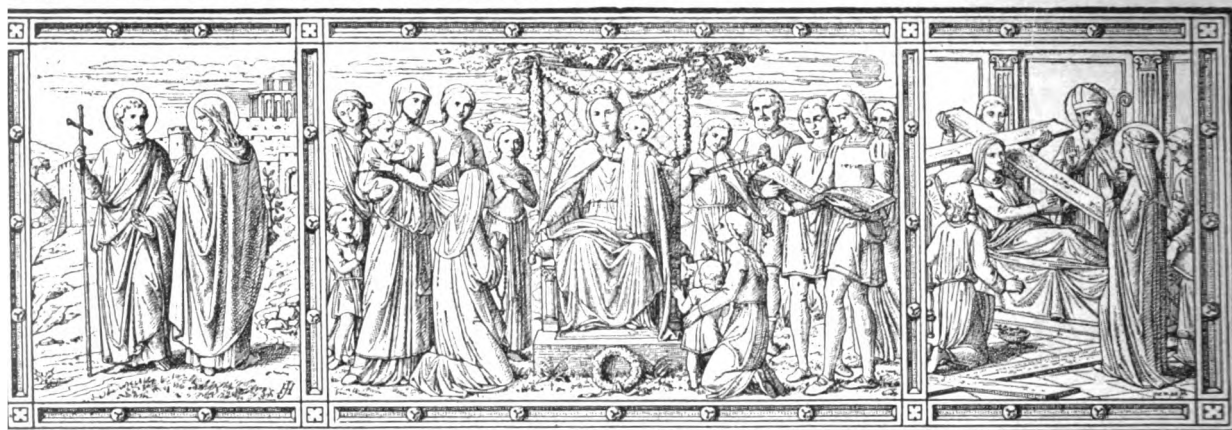
It is God Himself who receives what we give through charity, and is it not an unparalleled bliss to have it in our power to give Him what is His own, and what we have received only from His goodness?

Prayer is an instruction addressed by each one to himself, to convince him of the necessity of having recourse to God, of co-operating with his grace, of eradicating vice from his heart and establishing virtue in it.

Who can tell the number of those who have been rich, powerful and honored? But their greatness and their possessions were only lent to them, and they wearied themselves to keep and to increase that which they were obliged one day to forsake.

As we take the bitterest medicines to recover or preserve the health of the body, we should cheerfully endure sufferings, no matter how repugnant to nature, and look upon them as efficacious remedies which God employs to purify the soul and conduct it to the perfection to which He has called it.

It is safer and easier to decline presents entirely than to determine upon those which one may receive without danger. for it is not easy for a man who



MAY. Saints & Festivals.

Moon's
A. C. Rises. Sets.

18. Sunday. 4. Sunday after Easter.
G. Christ goeth to the Father. John 16.

S. R. 5 3 S. S. 6 52

1 S	Philip and James, Ap. walburga.	17	♂	8 52	6 30
2 M	Athanasius, B. D. Vindemial, B.	18	♂	9 49	7 18
3 D	Finding of the H. Cross. Alexander.	19	♂	10 40	8 8
4 M	Monica. Antonia, M. Florian.	20	♂	11 27	9 0
5 D	Pius V., P. Angelus, M. Nicetus.	21	♂	12 00	9 55
6 F	John bef. the Lat. Gate. Benedicta.	22	♂	12 9	10 49
7 S	Stanislaus. Flavia. Domitilla, V. M. C.	23	♂	12 47	11 44

19. Sunday. 5. Sunday after Easter.
G. Ask in My Name. John 16.

S. R. 4 55 S. S. 6 58

8 S	Apparition of Mich., Arch. Wiro.	24	♂	1 20	12 38
9 M	Rogation Days.	25	♂	1 54	1 35
10 D		26	♂	2 24	2 30
11 M		27	♂	2 55	3 27
12 D	Ascension of Our Lord. Nereus.	28	♂	3 25	4 24
13 F	Peter Regalati. Servat., B. Lucius.	29	♂	3 58	5 23
14 S	Boniface. Pachomius. Justina, M.	30	♂	4 33	6 25

20. Sunday. 6. Sunday after Easter.
G. When the Paraclete shall come. John 15.

S. R. 4 48 S. S. 7 4

15 S	John Bapt. de la Salle. Isidore. ☼	1	♂	5 12	7 25
16 M	John Nepomucen, M. Ubaldus, B.	2	♂	5 57	8 25
17 D	Paschal Baylon. Bruno. Aquilinus.	3	♂	6 46	9 23
18 M	Venantius, M. Erick. Claudia.	4	♂	7 42	10 18
19 D	Pet. Celestin. Pudentiana. Cyriaca.	5	♂	8 42	11 8
20 F	Bernardin of Siena. Plautilla.	6	♂	9 46	11 54
21 S	Felix of Cant. Donatus. Vigil.	7	♂	10 53	12 00

21. Sunday. Pentecost.

G. The Paraclete will teach you all things. John 14.

S. R. 4 43 S. S. 7 11

22 S	Pentecost Sunday. Julia, V. M. ☼	8	♂	12 0	12 35
23 M	Pentecost Monday. John B. de R.	9	♂	1 8	1 14
24 D	Mary Help of Christians. Susanne.	10	♂	2 15	1 50
25 M	Ember day. Gregory. Urbanus.	11	♂	3 22	2 26
26 D	Philip Neri. Eleutherius, B. M.	12	♂	4 29	3 3
27 F	Ember day. Bede the Venerable.	13	♂	5 34	3 42
28 S	Ember day. Augustin, B. Podius.	14	♂	6 37	4 24

22. Sunday. 1. Sunday after Pentecost.
G. Go teach all Nations. Matth. 28.

S. R. 4 39 S. S. 7 16

29 S	Trinity Sunday. M. Magd. of Paz. ☼	15	♂	7 37	5 8
30 M	Ferdinand. Emmelia. Felix. Gabinus.	16	♂	8 31	5 57
31 D	Angela. Petronilla. Crescentian.	17	♂	9 21	6 49

Beautiful Thoughts.

Bishop Dupanloup wished to see women, especially married women and mothers, employ themselves definitely for several hours in the day with some definite kind of mental cultivation. He emphatically urged that the intellectual culture of women was not only a right but that it was a duty, at the same time stigmatizing the prejudice against it in France as one of the worst results of the infidel eighteenth century.

God and His Saints honor and accept, with special ardor, all that worldlings despise and reject; what is really worthy of love, worldlings detest, and esteem only what is hateful. — B. Egidius of Assisi.

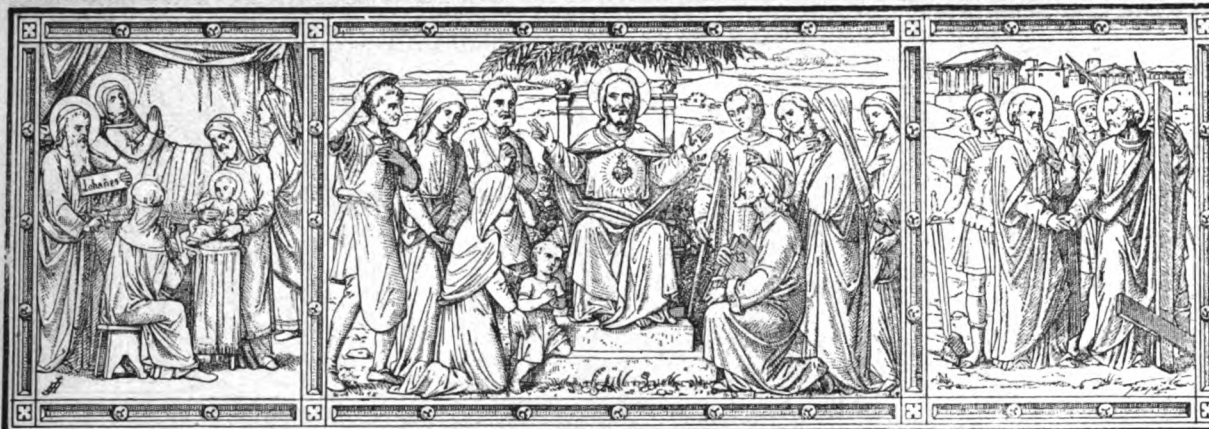
Mortification is the path leading to humility. Let Christians never blush in undergoing humiliations, nor decline humble offices too readily, and let them never seek to extol any work in which they are engaged. — St. Bonaventure. has commenced to receive them to know where it is proper to stop. — St. Elzéar.

The surest means of salvation is to do each day of your life that which, at the moment of your death, you would wish you had done. — St. Angela of Mérici.

Affliction is the preservation of the soul. It places man in the midst of a great number of trials; it forces him to fight for the truth, to fly the occasions of sin and to invoke Divine aid. — St. Bernadine of Sienna.

One should not fear the corrections inflicted here below; but it is well to anticipate many of the charges which may be brought against us at the general judgment. — St. Anthony of Padua.

Practice every virtue with a prudence that is expedient, and consequently, use the salutary aid of true and untiring discretion, for it accrues to the advantage of our salvation and the glory of our Lord Jesus Christ. — St. Catherine of Bologna.



JUNE. Saints & Festivals.

		Moon's		Moon	
		A.	C.	Rises.	Sets.
1 M	Juventius. Firmus. Procul. Caprasius.	18	☾	10 5	7 42
2 D	Corp. Christi. Marcellinus. Eugene.	19	☾	10 45	8 37
3 F	☿ Clotilda, Q. Oliva. Paula. Isaac.	20	☾	11 21	9 33
4 S	Francis Caracciolo. Clateus, B. M.	21	☾	11 54	10 28

23. Sunday. 2. Sunday after Pentecost.
G. The Great Supper. Luke 14.

S. R. 4 36 S. S. 7 20

5 S	Boniface. Dorotheus. Florentius. C	22	☾	12 00	11 24
6 M	Norbert, B. Paulina. Candida.	23	☾	12 25	12 19
7 D	Robert. Jeremias. Sabianus. Paul.	24	☾	12 55	1 14
8 M	Medard, B. Gildard, B. William, B.	25	☾	1 25	2 12
9 D	Primus and Felician. Richard.	26	☾	1 56	3 9
10 F	☿ Sacred Heart of Jesus. Margar.	27	☾	2 30	4 10
11 S	Barnabas, Ap. Felix. Fortunatus,	28	☾	3 8	5 11

24. Sunday. 3. Sunday after Pentecost.
G. The Lost Sheep. Luke 15.

S. R. 4 35 S. S. 7 24

12 S	John of St. Facundus. Nazarius.	29	☾	3 49	6 12
13 M	Antony of Padua. Felicula, V. M. ☿	1	☾	4 38	7 12
14 D	Basil. Eliseus. Methodius. Digna.	2	☾	5 31	8 10
15 M	Vitus. Modestus. Crescentia, M.	3	☾	6 31	9 3
16 D	John Francis Regis. Benno, B.	4	☾	7 35	9 53
17 F	☿ Gundulphus. Himerius, B. Rainer.	5	☾	8 43	10 36
18 S	Mark and Marcellian. Leontius.	6	☾	9 51	11 16

25. Sunday. 4. Sunday after Pentecost.
G. The Miraculous Draught of Fishes. Luke 5.

S. R. 4 35 S. S. 7 27

19 S	Juliana Falconieri. Gerv. & Protase.	7	☾	11 0	11 53
20 M	Silverius, P. M. Florentina, V. ☿	8	☾	12 7	12 00
21 D	Aloysius Gonz. Demetria. Leutfried.	9	☾	1 14	12 29
22 M	Paulinus, B. Alban. Consortia, V.	10	☾	2 19	1 5
23 D	Agrippina, V. M. Zeno. Ediltrude.	11	☾	3 24	1 42
24 F	☿ John the B. Faustus. Theodulph.	12	☾	4 27	2 21
25 S	William, Ab. Lucy. Adalbert.	13	☾	5 26	3 4

26. Sunday. 5. Sunday after Pentecost.
G. True Justice. Matth. 5.

S. R. 4 37 S. S. 7 28

26 S	John and Paul, M. Vigilus, B.	14	☾	6 22	3 50
27 M	Ladislau, K. Sampson. Crescens. ☿	15	☾	7 14	4 40
28 D	Leon. Benignus. Plutarch. Papius.	16	☾	8 0	5 33
29 M	Peter and Paul, Ap. Benedicta.	17	☾	8 43	6 26
30 D	Comm. of St. Paul. Ostian. Lucina.	18	☾	9 21	7 23

Aphorisms.

Let us be convinced that nothing belongs to us, except our bad habits and our sins; we have reason rather to rejoice when we are exposed to temptation, and we should bear bravely in this world, for the sake of eternal life, all trials, whether natural or supernatural. — St. Francis.

Nothing charms me so much as the remembrance of the life and passion of our Savior, which is almost always in my thoughts; and if I were to live until the end of time, I would need no other meditation. — St. Francis.

Self love is the source of every vice and evil, and is fatal to all the virtues; so self hatred is the principle and basis of these same virtues, and the destruction of every vice. — B. James of Todi.

Nothing is more certain than death, and at the same time nothing is more uncertain than the day and hour when it will come to us. The great folly of worldlings is to put aside the idea of death, and to act as if they were to live forever. — St. Anthony of Padua.

So act that your deeds may be as so many counsels and parables, if you wish your inferiors to draw from your words rules of conduct for themselves and to carry out the orders you give them. — St. Francis.

We cannot judge of the extent of man's patience and humility, as long as his desires are gratified and his wants anticipated; but when they, who are wont to gratify him, treat him in a contrary manner, only then can we make a proper estimate of his patience and humility. — St. Francis.

Perfect Christians always bear in mind the shortness of life, and live as if dying daily. They prepare themselves all the more carefully for the life to come, as they judge the things of time from the standpoint of eternity. — St. Bonaventure.



JULY. Saints & Festivals.

Moon's
A. C. Rises. Sets.

1 F	Aaron. Theobald. Rumold, M.	19	≈	9 54	8 18
2 S	Visitation B.V. M. Proc. Mart. Otho.	20	⋈	10 26	9 13

27. Sunday. 6. Sunday after Pentecost. S. R. 4 40 S. S. 7 28
G. The Multiplication of Loaves. Mark 8.

3 S	Most Precious Blood. Hyacinthus.	21	⋈	10 57	10 9
4 M	Osee. Aggaeus, Pr. Theodore, B.	22	⋈	11 26	11 4
5 D	Antony Mary Zaccaria. Cyrilla. ☉	23	☿	11 56	12 00
6 M	Goar. Isaías, Pr. Tranquillinus.	24	☿	12 00	12 57
7 D	Cyril a. Method., B. Willibald, B.	25	♊	12 28	1 55
8 F	Elisabeth of Portugal. Kilian, B.	26	♊	1 3	2 55
9 S	Martyrs of Gorcom. Veronica. Jul.	27	♊	1 41	3 54

28. Sunday. 7. Sunday after Pentecost. S. R. 4 44 S. S. 7 26
G. Beware of False Prophets. Matth. 7.

10 S	Seven Brothers, M. Rufina, M.	28	♊	2 26	4 55
11 M	Pius I., Abund. Savinus. Godfrey.	29	♊	3 17	5 56
12 D	John Gualbert. Nabor. Felix. ☉	1	☉	4 15	6 51
13 M	Anacletus, P. M. Silas. Turian, B.	2	☉	5 19	7 45
14 D	Bonaventure, B. D. Optatian. Justus.	3	☉	6 26	8 33
15 F	Henry II., Emp. Catulinus.	4	☉	7 37	9 14
16 S	Our Lady of Mt. Carmel. Valentin.	5	☿	8 48	9 53

29. Sunday. 8. Sunday after Pentecost. S. R. 4 49 S. S. 7 23
G. The Unjust Steward. Luke 16.

17 S	Most Holy Redeemer. Alexius.	6	☿	9 56	10 31
18 M	Camill. of Lell. Arnold. Frederick.	7	♊	11 6	11 8
19 D	Vincent de Paul. Macrina. Elias. ☉	8	♊	12 11	11 44
20 M	Jerome Emiliani. Margaret, V. M.	9	♊	1 17	12 00
21 D	Praxedes, V. Daniel, Pr. Arbogast.	10	♊	2 20	12 24
22 F	Mary Magdalen. Meneleus, Ab.	11	♊	3 19	1 4
23 S	Apollinaris, B. M. Liborius, B.	12	♊	4 16	1 49

30. Sunday. 9. Sunday after Pentecost. S. R. 4 54 S. S. 7 18
G. The Destruction of Jerusalem. Luke 19.

24 S	Christina. Francis Sol. Vincent.	13	♊	5 8	2 37
25 M	James the Greater, Ap. Christopher.	14	♊	5 56	3 26
26 D	Anna, Mother B.V. M. Theodule.	15	♊	6 40	4 19
27 M	Pantaleon. Natalia, M. Liliola, M. ☉	16	≈	7 20	5 15
28 D	Nazarius and Celsus, M. Victor.	17	≈	7 56	6 10
29 F	Martha. Flora. Beatrice. Simplic.	18	⋈	8 28	7 5
30 S	Abdon and Sennen, M. Ursus.	19	⋈	8 59	8 0

31. Sunday. 10. Sunday after Pentecost. S. R. 5 0 S. S. 7 12
G. The Pharisee and the Publican. Luke 18.

31 S	Ignatius of Loyola. John Col.	20	⋈	9 28	8 55
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Golden Words.

Are you in peace? asks a saint. If so, prayer will preserve you therein. Are you tempted? Prayer will sustain you. Have you fallen? Prayer will raise you up. Have you lost your courage? Prayer will restore it to you.

We should treat our neighbor with kindness, bear his faults and imperfections with patience, and seek to gain him to virtue by those means which a tender heart that is filled with Christian charity knows how to use. St. Vincent de Paul.

We shall each stand alone and apart before the "great white throne" when the books are opened; and as Christ died for each one of us as completely as if He had no one else to die for, so we shall be judged each by himself, as if he were the only one to be judged.

A soul which possesses true liberty will leave his prayer, and with an amiable countenance and gracious manner greet the importunate person who disturbs him. For it is the same to him whether he serve God in meditation or by bearing with his neighbor; for they are both the will of God.

Should we not consider perseverance in our vocation, success in our business, victory in our temptations, a return to God after we fall into a sin, in a word final perseverance in the grace of God and the acquisition of eternal bliss — all as effects solely produced by prayer. St. Vincent de Paul.

God gave three counsels to St. Catherine of Genoa which, faithfully followed would make family life very sweet: My daughter, never be heard to say, "I wish," or "I do not wish." Never make an excuse when thou art asked to perform a work of charity. Endeavor always to do the will of others.

Oh, how simple we make life, and how we preserve the freshness of its first years when we learn to labor cheerfully under the fatherly care of God, never caring what the world may think of us.



AUGUST.

Saints & Festivals.

		Moon's A. C.	Moon	
			Rises.	Sets.
1 M	St. Peter's Chains. Machabees Br.	21	☾ 9 57	9 51
2 D	Indulgence of Portiuncula. Alphons.	22	☾ 10 28	10 47
3 M	Find. R. of St. Stephen. Nicodemus.	23	☾ 11 2	11 43
4 D	Dominic. Aristarchus. Euphronius. C	24	☾ 11 37	12 42
5 F	Our Lady of the Snow. Oswald. K.	25	☾ 12 00	1 40
6 S	Transfigurat. of Our Lord. Xystus.	26	☾ 12 17	2 39

32. Sunday. 11. Sunday after Pentecost. G. Jesus Cures a Deaf and Dumb Man. Mark 7.

S. R. 5 6 S. S. 7 4

7 S	Cajetan. Donatus, B. M. Albert.	27	☾ 1 4	3 38
8 M	Cyriacus. Largus. Smaragdus, M.	28	☾ 1 57	4 35
9 D	Romanus, M. Domitian. Rusticus.	29	☾ 2 57	5 29
10 M	Lawrence, M. Deusdedit. Paula, V. M.	30	☾ 4 4	6 21
11 D	Philomena. Tiburtius, M. Susanna. ☾	1	☾ 5 14	7 7
12 F	Clare, V. Herculanus, B. Euplius.	2	☾ 6 27	7 49
13 S	John Berchmans. Wigbert. Vigil.	3	☾ 7 40	8 28

33. Sunday. 12. Sunday after Pentecost. G. The Good Samaritan. Luke 10.

S. R. 5 13 S. S. 6 56

14 S	Euseb. Ursicius. Athanasia. Demetr.	4	☾ 8 51	9 6
15 M	Assumption B. V. M. Tharsicius.	5	☾ 9 59	9 44
16 D	Hyac. Rochus. Serena. Eleutherius.	6	☾ 11 7	10 23
17 M	Myron, M. Juliana, M. Emilia. ☾	7	☾ 12 12	11 4
18 D	Helena. Clare of Montef. Agapitus.	8	☾ 1 14	11 47
19 F	Louis of Toulouse, B. Donatus.	9	☾ 2 12	12 00
20 S	Bernard, A. Samuel. Christopher.	10	☾ 3 4	12 35

34. Sunday. 13. Sunday after Pentecost. G. The Ten Lepers. Luke 17.

S. R. 5 19 S. S. 6 47

21 S	Joachim. Jane Frances de Chantal.	11	☾ 3 54	1 23
22 M	Timothy. Hippolyt. Symphor., M.	12	☾ 4 39	2 15
23 D	Philip Ben. Claudius. Zachæus.	13	☾ 5 20	3 9
24 M	Bartholomew, Ap. Aurea. George.	14	☾ 5 56	4 4
25 D	Louis, K. of France. Genesius, M. ☾	15	☾ 6 29	4 59
26 F	Zephyrinus. Rufinus, B. Victor.	16	☾ 7 1	5 54
27 S	Joseph Calasanctius. Rufus, B. M.	17	☾ 7 31	6 50

35. Sunday. 14. Sunday after Pentecost. G. No one can Serve Two Masters. Matth. 6.

S. R. 5 25 S. S. 6 37

28 S	Most Pure Heart of Mary. Augustine.	18	☾ 8 0	7 45
29 M	Beheading of St. John Baptist.	19	☾ 8 30	8 40
30 D	Rose of Lima. Felix. Adauctus.	20	☾ 9 2	9 37
31 M	Raymond. Paulinus, B. Aristides.	21	☾ 9 36	10 33

Aphorisms.

He who scrupulously calculates beforehand the difficulties and chances of an undertaking, or who lets himself be too easily carried away by fear, will never accomplish great things. — St. Ignatius.

The adorable Providence of God is wont, by means of greater sorrows and trials, to purify in this world those who are the more speedily to enter into possession of eternal happiness. — St. Ignatius.

When the devil again tempts you to sin, telling you that "God is merciful," remember that the Lord showeth mercy to them that fear Him, but not to them who despise Him. — St. Alphonsus Liguori.

Ridicule, says a German critic, is like a blow with the fist; wit, like the prick of a needle; irony, like the sting of a thorn; and humor, the plaster that heals all the wounds.

To treat of many affairs and with many people, without ever losing recollection or the sense of the presence of God, is an art as rare as it is precious. — St. Ignatius.

When we are under the necessity of exposing a person's faults we should also speak of his virtues and good qualities, in order not to weaken the esteem of others for him.

Pure truth, like pure gold, has been found unfit for circulation, because men often discover that it is far more convenient to adulterate the truth than to refine themselves.

He who desires to submit himself to God in all things may be certain that everything men can do or say against him will turn always to his advantage. — St. Vincent de Paul.

We should not forsake a good work because it does not advance with a rapid step. Faith in virtue, truth and Almighty goodness, will save us alike from rashness and despair. — Bossuet.



SEPTEMBER. Saints & Festivals.

		Moon's A. C.	Moon Riscs. Sets.
1 D	Giles, Ab. Anna, Pr. Constantine, B.	22 ☾	10 13 11 32
2 F	Stephen, K. of Hung. Nonnosus, C.	23 ☾	10 57 12 28
3 S	Serapia, V. Mansuetus, B. Phœbe.	24 ☾	11 46 1 25

36. Sunday. 15. Sunday after Pentecost.
G. The Young Man at Nain. Luke 7. S. R. 5 32 S. S. 6 20

4 S	Rose of Viterbo, V. Rosal. Moses.	25 ☾	12 00 2 22
5 M	Lawrence Justinian. Obdulia, V.	26 ☾	12 40 3 15
6 D	Zachary. Onisephorus. Eugene.	27 ☾	1 42 4 7
7 M	Regina, V. M. Clodoald. Pamphilus.	28 ☾	2 48 4 55
8 D	Nativity B. V. M. Hadrian. Nestor.	29 ☾	4 0 5 37
9 F	Peter Claver. Gorgonius. ☼	1 ☾	5 12 6 18
10 S	Nicolas of Tol. Theodard. Victor.	2 ☾	6 26 6 59

37. Sunday. 16. Sunday after Pentecost.
G. The Man with the Dropsy. Luke 14. S. R. 5 38 S. S. 6 16

11 S	Holy Name of Mary. Protus. Hyac.	3 ☾	7 39 7 38
12 M	Guido of Anderlecht. Autonomus.	4 ☾	8 49 8 18
13 D	Amatus. Elogius. Ligorius. Amatus.	5 ☾	9 57 9 0
14 M	Exaltation of the Holy Cross.	6 ☾	11 3 9 43
15 D	Nicomedes, M. Aper, B. Porphy.	7 ☾	12 4 10 30
16 F	Cornel. Cyprian. Edith. Edgar. ☼	8 ☾	1 0 11 20
17 S	Impr. Stigm. St. Francis. Lambert, B.	9 ☾	1 51 12 00

38. Sunday. 17. Sunday after Pentecost.
G. The Greatest Commandment. Matth. 22. S. R. 5 44 S. S. 6 4

18 S	Seven Dolors B. V. M. Joseph. Cup.	10 ☾	2 37 12 12
19 M	Januarius, M. Elias. Trophimus.	11 ☾	3 19 1 5
20 D	Eustace. Philipa. Candida. Agapitus.	12 ☾	3 57 1 59
21 M	Ember day. Matthew, Ap. Ev.	13 ☾	4 30 2 54
22 D	Thomas of Villanova. Maurice, M.	14 ☾	5 4 3 48
23 F	Ember day. Linus, P. M. Thecla.	15 ☾	5 34 4 45
24 S	Ember day. Our Lady of Mercy. ☼	16 ☾	6 4 5 39

39. Sunday. 18. Sunday after Pentecost.
G. The Man Sick of the Palsy. Matth. 9. S. R. 5 50 S. S. 5 53

25 S	Cleophas, M. Pacificus. Lupus, B.	17 ☾	6 34 6 36
26 M	Cyprian. Justina, M. Senator.	18 ☾	7 4 7 31
27 D	Cosm. & Dam. Adolph. Hildetrude.	19 ☾	7 38 8 27
28 M	Wenceslaus, M. Eustochium, V.	20 ☾	8 14 9 26
29 D	Michael, Archangel. Fraternus, B.	21 ☾	8 54 10 22
30 F	Jerome, D. Sophia, W. Victor.	22 ☾	9 40 11 18

Wise Words.

One bad example spoils many good precepts.

The soul obtains all that it earnestly desires. — Seneca.

He is the happiest man who renders the greatest number happy.

The soul in its highest sense is a vast capacity for God. — Drummond.

Be careful to keep your rule of life, and your rule will keep you. — St. Bernard.

All creatures obey those who serve God with a perfect heart. — St. Francis of Paula.

Can any sin be called light, since every sin involves some contempt of God? — St. Eucherius.

Let us keep the bond of charity, and we shall obtain all that we ask of God. — Letter of the Martyrs.

I cannot understand how a man can ever smile who is in a state of mortal sin. — St. Thomas Aquinas.

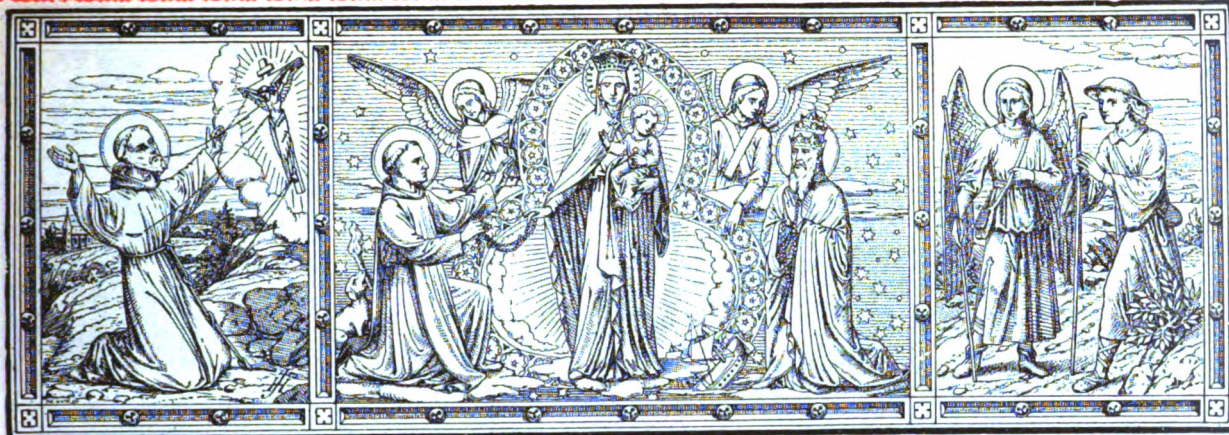
Prayer is the bridge over temptations, and the death of sadness, and the token of future glory. — St. John Climacus.

When the service of our neighbor is in question, we must reserve to ourselves neither time nor place. — St. Phillip Neri.

Whatsoever good thing thou beginnest to do, first of all beg of God to protect it unto the end. — St. Benedict.

The man of God is of a cheerful countenance, calm and pleasant in his discourse, prudent and regular in all his actions, and ever shedding around him peace and blessing. — Thomas a Kempis.

If anything can add one more to the hideousness of hopeless calamity it is flashing remembrance of former unexpected joy with its deceitful surprise and unasked-for promises. — Rosa Mulholland.



OCTOBER.

Saints & Festivals.

		Moon's		Moon	
		A.	C.	Rises.	Sets.
1 S	Remigius, B. Bavo. Aretas, M.	23	II	10 30	12 14
40. Sunday. 19. Sunday after Pentecost. G. The Wedding Garment. Matth. 22.		S. R. 5 57 S. S. 5 42			
2 S	Holy Rosary B. V. M. Leodegar. ☉	24	☾	11 28	1 7
3 M	Holy Guardian Angels. Ewaldus.	25	☾	12 00	1 59
4 D	Francis of Assisi. Aurea. Petronius.	26	☾	12 30	2 46
5 M	Placidus, M. Flaviana, V. Galla, W.	27	☾	1 37	3 30
6 D	Bruno. Magnus. Mart. of Treves.	28	☾	2 47	4 11
7 F	☞ Mark, P. Sergius. Bacchus, M.	29	☾	4 0	4 50
8 S	Bridget, W. Simeon, Pr. Nestor. ☽	1	☾	5 12	5 29
41. Sunday. 20. Sunday after Pentecost. G. The Ruler's Son. John 4.		S. R. 6 3 S. S. 5 32			
9 S	Maternity B. V. M. Denis. Abraham.	2	☾	6 25	6 8
10 M	Louis Bertrand. Gereon. Victor.	3	☾	7 36	6 50
11 D	Francis Borgia. Placidia. Germanus.	4	☾	8 44	7 34
12 M	Walfrid, B. Maximilian, B. Seraphim.	5	☾	9 50	8 21
13 D	Edward, K. Chelidonia. Coloman.	6	☾	10 50	9 11
14 F	☞ Callistus, P. M. Burchard. Donat.	7	☾	11 45	10 4
15 S	Theresa, V. Thecla. Severus, B. ☽	8	☾	12 34	10 57
42. Sunday. 21. Sunday after Pentecost. G. The Unforgiving Servant. Matth. 18.		S. R. 6 10 S. S. 5 22			
16 S	Purity B. V. M. Gall, Ab. Florentinus.	9	☾	1 17	11 52
17 M	Hedwigis, W. Marg. M. Alac., V.	10	☾	1 57	12 00
18 D	Luke, Evangelist. Julian. Justus,	11	☾	2 33	12 47
19 M	Peter of Alcantara. Aquilinus.	12	☾	3 5	1 42
20 D	John Cant. Wendelin. Caprasius.	13	☾	3 36	2 37
21 F	☞ Ursula. Hilarion. Viator. Justus.	14	☾	4 6	3 32
22 S	Cordula, V. M. Mary Solome. Mark.	15	☾	4 35	4 29
43. Sunday. 22. Sunday after Pentecost. G. The Tribute to Caesar. Matth. 22.		S. R. 6 18 S. S. 5 12			
23 S	Feast of H. Reliques. Severin.	16	☾	5 6	5 24
24 M	Raphael, Arch. Evergistus, B. M. ☽	17	☾	5 39	6 21
25 D	Chrysantus. Daria. Crispin. Protus.	18	☾	6 14	7 19
26 M	Evaristus, P. M. Rusticus. Gaudiosus.	19	☾	6 54	8 17
27 D	Florentius. Sabina, M. Elesbaan, K.	20	☾	7 37	9 15
28 F	☞ Simon and Jude, Ap. Faro, B.	21	☾	8 27	10 11
29 S	Narcissus, B. Zenobius, M. Eusebia.	22	☾	9 21	11 6
44. Sunday. 23. Sunday after Pentecost. G. The Daughter of Jairus. Matth. 9.		S. R. 6 25 S. S. 5 3			
30 S	Alphonsus Rodriguez. Eutropia.	23	☾	10 20	11 56
31 M	☞ Wolfgang. Ampliatius. Vigil. ☉	24	☾	11 22	12 43

Beautiful Thoughts.

Christ being born of a Virgin, established the law of Virginity.

Perfect Christians have always before their minds the shortness of life; they live as if they were to die each day and prepare themselves all the more carefully for the future life as they regard the things of time solely from the standpoint of eternity. — St. Bonaventure.

The heart that does not possess the love of God is like the sheaf without the grain; it is tossed about by tempests as the straw is swept away by the wind.

The test of a man is not whether he can govern a kingdom single-handed but whether his private life is tender and beneficent, and his wife and children happy.

One of the best and most epigrammatic epitaphs is that of Alexander the Great. It is in Latin, which translated, is as follows: "Here a mound suffices for one for whom the world was not large enough."

Old men who get angry at the vivacity and sportiveness of youth, might as well find fault with the spring because it produces nothing but blossoms, or expect the fruit of the autumn at that early season.

Of all vanities and fopperies, the vanity of high birth is the greatest. True nobility is derived from virtue, not from birth. Titles, indeed, may be purchased; but virtue is the only coin that makes the bargain valid.

There is this difference between those two temporal blessings, health and money; money is the most envied, but the least enjoyed; health is the most enjoyed, but the least envied; and this superiority of the latter is still more obvious when we reflect that the poorest man would not part with health for money, but the richest would gladly part with all his money for health.



NOVEMBER. Saints & Festivals.

			Moon's		Moon	
			A.	C.	Rises.	Sets.
1 D	All Saints. Benignus. Gildebert.	25	☾		12 00	1 27
2 M	All Souls. Justus. Tobias. Eudoxius.	26	☾		12 30	2 5
3 D	Hub. Pirminius. Winefreda. Sylvia.	27	☾		1 39	2 44
4 F	Charles Borromeo. Vitalis, M.	28	☾		2 49	3 22
5 S	Zachary. Elizabeth. Philotheus.	29	☾		4 0	4 1
45. Sunday. 24. Sunday after Pentecost. The Weath and the Cockle. Matth. 13. S. R. 6 33 S. S. 4 55						
6 S	Leonard. Winoc, A. Atticus. Felix.	30	☾		5 11	4 40
7 M	Engelbert, B. M. Willibrord, B. ☼	1	☾		6 20	5 23
8 D	Godfrey. Four Saints Crowned.	2	☾		7 29	6 8
9 M	Dedic. Basilica of Savior. Theodore.	3	☾		8 33	6 57
10 D	Andrew Av. Tryphon. Monitor.	4	☾		9 32	7 50
11 F	Martin of Tours, B. Mennas, M.	5	☾		10 26	8 45
12 S	Martin, P. Livinus. Cunibert. B.	6	☾		11 13	9 41
46. Sunday. 25. Sunday after Pentecost. G. The Grain of Mustard Seed. Matth. 13. S. R. 6 40 S. S. 4 49						
13 S	Stanislaus. Homobonus. Nicholas.	7	☾		11 55	10 37
14 M	Josaphat, B. Jucundus. Clementine. ☼	8	☾		12 32	11 33
15 D	Gertrude. Leopold. Eugene. Felix.	9	☾		1 6	12 00
16 M	Didacus. Edmund, B. Othmar, Ab.	10	☾		1 38	12 29
17 D	Gregory the Wonderw. Anianus.	11	☾		2 8	1 24
18 F	Dedic. Basilic. of Sts. Pet. & Paul.	12	☾		2 36	2 19
19 S	Elizabeth of Thuringia. Pontian.	13	☾		3 7	3 14
47. Sunday. Last Sunday after Pentecost. G. The End of the World. Matth. 24. S. R. 6 48 S. S. 4 44						
20 S	Felix of Valois. Edmund, K. M.	14	☾		3 38	4 12
21 M	Presentation B. V. M. Honorius.	15	☾		4 13	5 9
22 D	Cecilia, V. M. Pragmatius. Maurus. ☼	16	☾		4 50	6 9
23 M	Clement, P. M. Felicitas, N. Trudo.	17	☾		5 34	7 7
24 D	John of the Cross. Chrysogonus.	18	☾		6 22	8 5
25 F	Catherine, V. M. Mercury, S. M.	19	☾		7 16	9 1
26 S	Silvester. Pet. Alex. Leon. Conrad.	20	☾		8 15	9 55
48. Sunday. 1. Sunday in Advent. G. There shall be Signs. Luke 21. S. R. 6 55 S. S. 4 41						
27 S	Barlaam and Josaphat. Virgilius.	21	☾		9 16	10 44
28 M	Hortulanus. Sosthenes. Gregory.	22	☾		10 22	11 28
29 D	Saturninus. Illuminata. Demetrius.	23	☾		11 28	12 9
30 M	Andrew, Ap. Maura. Justina, V. M. ☼	24	☾		12 00	12 46

Words of Wisdom.

How wonderful is the dignity of those who have been ransomed by the precious blood of Jesus, and so sweetly justified by His victorious resurrection! The heavens are not so high as is their liberty, nor the sea so deep, nor the plains of earth so wide. Poverty cannot soil it, grief cannot sadden it, death cannot end it. Beyond all words that an overfull heart can utter, blessed, thrice blessed be God for the freedom wherewith Christ has made us free. — Faber.

Evil is often more hurtful to the doer than the one against whom it is done. — St. Catherine of Siena.

Be assured that everything thou givest up for the poor is faithfully preserved for thee in heaven, where thou shalt dwell eternally. — Venerable Louis of Granada.

Behold the abridgment of sanctity by which we may arrive easily at the height of perfection; viz., purity of heart and constant remembrance of God. — Venerable John Tauler.

Since I have understood that a few moments of labor can purchase an eternity of glory I count all fatigue light which may merit so great a reward. — Venerable Louis of Granada.

The servants of God are touched only exteriorly by the trials of this life. They are persecuted, but their soul is in peace. — Blessed Henry Suso.

An insignificant work, performed through obedience, has more value, more merit and is more agreeable to God, than the most sublime work performed through self-will. — Venerable John Tauler.

Putting the opinion of the world aside, what is gold? What is silver? A little yellow or white dust that owes its value to the foolish ideas or prejudices of men. — Ven. Louis of Granada.



DECEMBER. Saints and Fetivals.

		Moon's A. C.	Moon Rises. Sets.
1 D	Eligius, B. Nahum, Pr. Olym. M.	25 ♄	12 36 1 22
2 F	☞ Bibiana, V. M. Silvanus. Paulina.	26 ♌	1 45 1 59
3 S	Francis Xavier. Sophonias, Pr.	27 ♌	2 53 2 36

49. Sunday. 2. Sunday in Advent.
G. John in Prison. *Matth. 11.*

S. R. 7 2 S. S. 4 39

4 S	Pet. Chrysologus, B. D. Babara.	28 ♍	4 1 3 15
5 M	Sabas, Ab. Bassus. Pelinus, B. M.	29 ♍	5 9 3 59
6 D	Nicholas, B. Dyonisia. Leontia. ☼	1 ♊	6 15 4 45
7 M	Ambrose, B. D. Polycarp, M. Urban.	2 ♊	7 16 5 35
8 D	Immaculate Conception B. V. M.	3 ♋	8 13 6 29
9 F	☞ Leocadia. Gorgonia. Proculus, B.	4 ♋	9 4 7 25
10 S	Transl. H. House of Lor. Melchiad.	5 ♋	9 50 8 23

50. Sunday. 3. Sunday in Advent.
G. John's Testimony. *John 1.*

S. R. 7 8 S. S. 4 39

11 S	Damasus. Daniel. Barsabas. Thraso.	6 ♋	10 30 9 20
12 M	Our Lady of Guadalupe. Synesius.	7 ♋	11 6 10 17
13 D	Lucy. Othilia. Orestes. Jodocus.	8 ♋	11 39 11 13
14 M	☞ Ember day. Nicasius. Eutropia. ☼	9 ♋	12 9 12 00
15 D	Christiana, V. M. Valerian. Max.	10 ♋	12 38 12 8
16 F	☞ Ember day. Eusebius. Albina.	11 ♋	1 7 1 3
17 S	☞ Ember day. Lazarus. Sturmius.	12 ♋	1 38 2 0

51 Sunday. 4. Sunday in Advent.
G. The Mission of John. *Luke 3.*

S. R. 7 12 S. S. 4 41

18 S	Expectation B. V. M. Theotimus.	13 ♋	2 11 2 57
19 M	Nemesius. Adjutus. Fausta. Zosimus.	14 ♋	2 47 3 55
20 D	Liberatus. Theophil. Eugene. Macar.	15 ♋	3 27 4 54
21 M	Thomas, Ap. Themistocles, M.	16 ♋	4 13 5 53
22 D	Zeno, S. M. Ischyron. Honoratus. ☼	17 ♋	5 5 6 50
23 F	☞ Victoria, V. M. Servulus. Gelasius.	18 ♋	6 4 7 46
24 S	☞ Adam and Eve. Tharsilla. <i>Vigil.</i>	19 ♋	7 6 8 39

52 Sunday. Nativity of Our Lord.
G. The Birth of Christ. *Luke 2.*

S. R. 7 16 S. S. 4 44

25 S	Christmas. Anastasia. M. Eugenia.	20 ♋	8 13 9 27
26 M	Stephen, Protomartyr. Denis, P.	21 ♋	9 20 10 10
27 D	John, Ap. Ev. Maximus. Theophanes.	22 ♋	10 26 10 49
28 M	Holy Innocents. Theophila, V. M.	23 ♋	11 36 11 25
29 D	Thomas of Canterbury. David. ☼	24 ♋	12 00 12 2
30 F	☞ Anyisia, M. Sabinus, B. Rainer, B.	25 ♋	12 44 12 37
31 S	Silvester, P. Columba. Hermes.	26 ♋	1 50 1 15

Saving Thoughts.

Nothing is known unless God be known.

The humble are always at peace, because they take in good part whatever is said or done. — St. Vincent Ferrer.

To renounce, for the love of God, such trifles as castles, lands, gold and silver, is nothing; what we must do is to renounce ourselves, exteriorly and interiorly, spiritually and corporally. — Ven. John Tauler.

Example is the best of precepts. — Thackeray.

A good example is the best sermon. — Franklin.

Men are but children of a larger growth. — Dryden.

Laughter is the sun which drives winter from the human face.

Hope is the leading string of youth; memory the staff of old age. — Paulding.

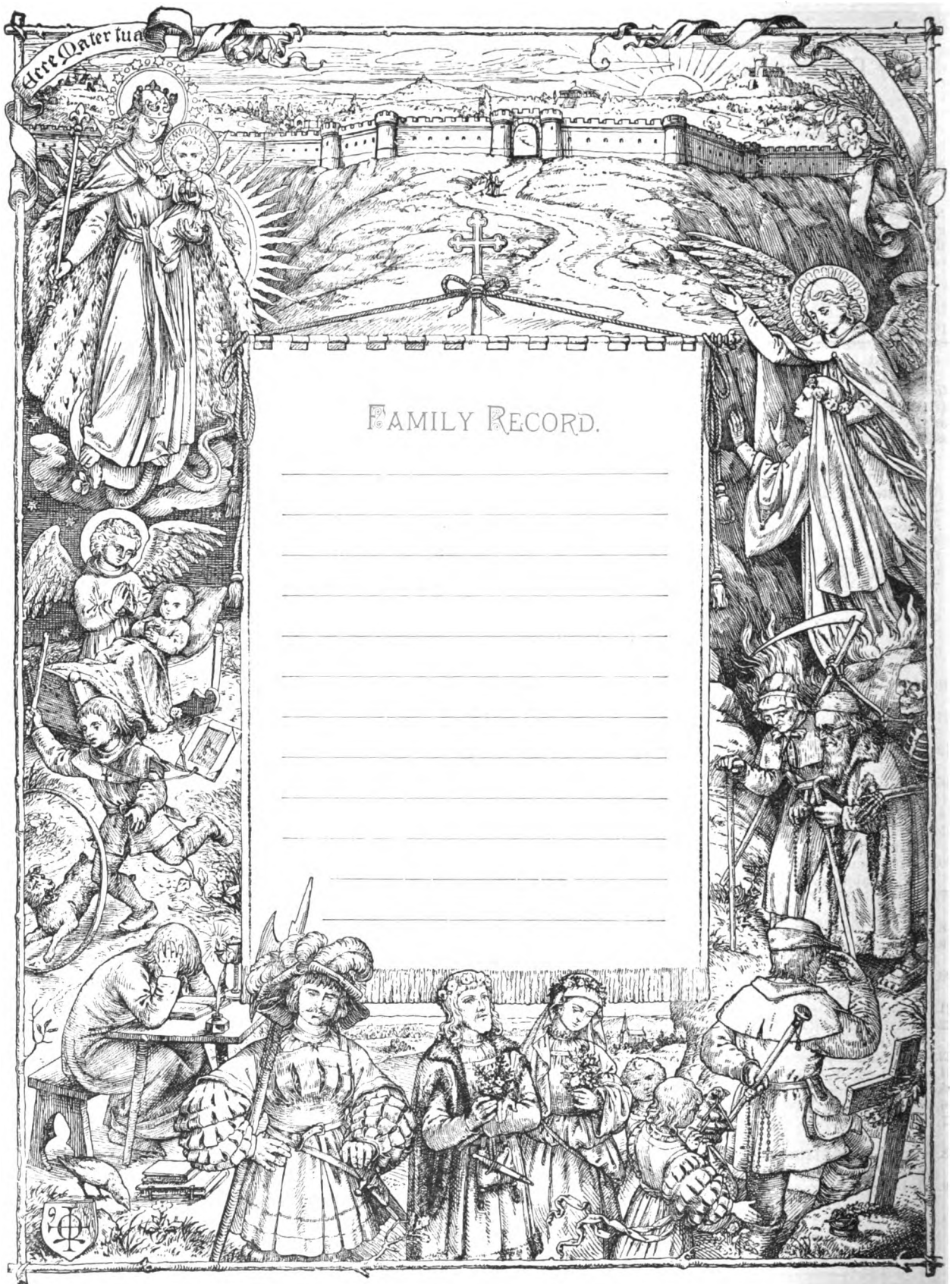
Who is powerful? He who can control his passions. Who is rich? He who is content with what he has.

Sarcasm is a keen weapon, but in handling it many people take hold of the blade instead of the handle. — Josh Billings.

There is nothing that is meritorious but virtue and friendship, and indeed friendship itself is only a part of virtue. — Pope.

Fussy people want everything done to order, and expect that the sun, the moon and stars are going out of their way to oblige them. The first lesson of practical wisdom is: Accept cheerfully the inevitable.

Every one should say to himself: "Though I should have all virtues, if I do not possess humility, I deceive myself, and whilst I consider myself virtuous I am only a proud Pharisee." — St. Vincent de Paul.



Calendar of Indulgences.

Containing the plenary indulgences of 30 confraternities and pious practices.

I. Plenary Indulgences which can be gained once a Year.

General Conditions:	Remark.	
The good works usually prescribed for gaining a plenary indulgence are as follows:	In the following Calendar the day of the month or the feast is given first, then the No. (instead of the name as seen above) of each confraternity, by which on a certain feast a plenary indulg. can be gained; if one confraternity can gain more than one indulg., it may be seen from the number in parentheses; but in this case the members will have to comply with the respective conditions of the different indulgences.	
1. <i>Confession.</i> (those, who go to confession every week, can gain all indulgences offered in the interval without going to confession again.)		
2. <i>Holy Communion.</i>		
3. <i>Visit to a church</i> (whether to the confraternity church or parish church or any church, every one has to look up his enrollment booklet.)	When a person desires to gain 2, or more indulgences for each of which a visit and prayer for the intent. of the Sov. Pontiff is required, he must repeat the visit for each of these indulgences; it is necessary to leave the church at the end of each visit and enter again for the next.	
4. <i>Prayer for special intentions of the Sovereign Pontiff</i> (5 Our Fathers and 5 Hail Marys or any other prayer of about the same length are sufficient.)		
Confraternities.	January.	May.
1. White Scapular.	1. New Year's by 11, 13, 15, 18, 26.	1. Philip and James Ap. 16, 25.
2. Blue "	6. Epiphany by 3, 8, 9, 12, 15, 16, 24, 25, 26, 28, 29.	3. Finding of the Holy Cross 2, 10, 13, 20.
3. Brown "	23. Espousals B. V. M. Raym. Pennaf. by 7, 15, 26.	4. Monica 9(2), 28.
4. Black "	25. Conversion of St. Paul. 11.	5. Pius V. 3, 7, 12.
5. Red "	28. Apparition of St. Agnes 1.	8. Apparition of St. Michael Arch. 10.
6. Sodality of the Bl. Virgin.	February.	10. Antonin 7.
7. Confraternity of the Holy Rosary.	2. Candlemas by 1, 2, 3, 7 (5), 8, 10, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, 18, 19, 24, 25, 26.	16. Simon Stock 3.
8. Archconfraternity of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.	4. St. Andrew Corsini 3.	24. Mary Help of Christ. 13, 28.
9. Archconfraternity of Mary Consolation.	8. John of Matha 1.	29. Mary Magd. of Pazzis, 3.
10. Ingolstadt Mass Association.	11. Seven Founders of Serv. B. V. M. 4.	31. Our Lady of the Sacred Heart 8.
11. Archconfraternity of the Immaculate Heart of Mary.	13. S. Catherine of Ricci 7.	June.
12. Archconfraternity of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.	14. John B. of the Concept. 1.	5. Boniface 21.
13. Archconfratern. of the Precious Blood of Jesus Christ.	24. St. Matthias Ap. 16, 25.	12. John of S. Facundus 9.
14. Apostleship of Prayer.	March.	17. Paul Buralis 2, 10.
15. Archconfraternity for the Veneration of St. Joseph.	7. Thomas of Aquin 7.	19. Juliana Falcon. 4.
16. Bona mors Society or Soc. for a happy death.	12. Gregory the Great 12.	Sunday before June 24, Feast of Perpetual Help 27.
17. Confraternity of Jesus, Mary and Joseph.	17. Patrick Ap. of Ireland 9, 18.	24. John Bapt. 2, 9, 10, 11, 13, 16, 25.
18. Society of the living Rosary.	18. Gabriel, Arch. 29.	29. Peter and Paul Ap. 2, 9, 10, 12, 13, 16, 19, 25.
19. Archconfraternity to help the Poor Souls.	19. Joseph spouse B. V. M. 2, 3, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, 18, 19, 22, 25, 26, 28.	July.
20. Society for the propagation of the Faith. (Franc. Xavier.)	21. Benedict 24.	Feast of Precious Blood (1st Sunday of July) 13.
21. Association of St. Boniface.	24. Joseph Mar. Thom. 2, 10.	2. Visitation of Mary 3, 7(4), 15, 18.
22. Third Order of St. Francis of Assisi.	25. Annunciation B. V. M. 2, 3, 6, 7 (6), 8, 9(3), 10, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, 18, 19, 20, 24, 25, 26.	5. Michael of Santis 1.
23. Association of St. Vincent.	28. Miracle of the Sacred Blood at Ferrara 13.	9. John of Cologne 7.
24. Medal of St. Benedict.	April.	16. Mary of Mount Carmel 3, 13.
25. Apostolic Indulgences.	5. Vincent Ferrer. 7.	19. Vincent of Paul 18, 23.
26. Society of the Holy Family.	12. Canonization of St. Cajetan 2.	20. Margaret, Hieron. 3.
27. Archconfraternity of Perpetual Help.	20. Agnes of Olitiano 7.	3rd Sunday of July (feast of the Most Holy Redeemer) 13.
28. Confraternity of Christian Mothers.	29. Peter of Verona 7.	25. James Ap. 16, 25.
29. Holy Ghost - Mass - Association.	30. Catherine of Siena 4, 7.	26. St. Anne 28.
30. Archconfraternity of the Guard of Honor of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.		August.

14. Exaltation of the holy Cross 2, 10, 13.
15. Dominic in Soriano 1, 7.
17. Impr. stig. of St. Francis 22.
18. Thomas a Villanova 9.
- Seven Dolours B. V. M. (3rd Sunday of Sept.) 4, 13, 16, 18.
21. Matthew Ap. Ev. 16, 25.
28. B. Simon of Roxas 1.
29. Michael Arch. 2, 9, 10, 19.

October.

- H. Rosary (1. Sunday Oct.) 7. Portiuncula Indulg.
4. Francis of Assisi 10, 21, 22.
11. Louis Bertrand 7.
15. Theresa 2, 3.
28. Simon a. Jude 16, 25.

November.

1. All Saints 2, 7, 12, 13, 16, 24, 25.
2. All Souls 12, 13, 19.
9. All saints of the order of St. Dominic 7.
10. Andrew Avellini 2, 10.
13. All Saints of the order of S. Augustine 9.
15. Gertrude 3.
19. Elisabeth of Hungary 22.
20. Felix of Valois 1.
21. Presentation B. V. M. 3, 7(3), 13, 18.
30. Andrew Ap. 16, 25.

December.

3. Francis Xavier 13, 18, 20.
6. Nicolas B. 13.
8. Immacul. Conc. B. V. M. 2, 3, 6, 7(4), 8, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 18, 19, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 28.
13. John Mar. 2, 10.
- 16 & 24. The first & last day of the novena before Christmas 2, 10.
21. Thomas Ap. 16, 25.
25. Christmas 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7(2), 8, 10, 12, 13, 15, 16, 19, 22, 24, 25, 26.
27. John Ap. Ev. 11, 12, 16, 25.

On the movable Feasts.

- Sunday before Septuagesima 11.
- Ash Wednesday 1.
- Passion Sunday 2, 4, 10.
- Friday after Pass. Sun. 2, 4, 7, 10, 13.
- Wednesday in holy week 2, 9, 10.
- Holy Thursday 1, 2(2), 3, 4, 7, 9(2), 10.
- Good Friday 2, 9, 10.
- Easter Sunday 1, 2(2), 3, 4(2), 7(3), 8, 9(3), 10, 13, 16, 18, 22, 24, 25, 26, 29.
- 2nd Sunday after Easter 23.
- 3rd Sun. after Easter 3, 9, 15, 16, 19, 26.
- Ascension of Our Lord 1, 2(2), 3, 6, 7(3), 8, 9(2), 10, 13, 15, 16, 18, 24, 25, 26.

- Pentecost Sunday 2, 7(2), 9(3), 10, 13, 15, 16, 18, 22, 24, 25.
 Trinity Sunday 1, 2, 9, 10, 16, 18, 24, 25.
 Corpus Christi 4, 7, 9, 13, 15, 16, 18, 19, 24, 25.
- Sacred Heart of Jesus 8, 12, 14, 22, 29, 30.
- On special occasions during the year.**
- During the Forty Hours' devotion 2, 3, 4, 10.
 - On any day selected by the individual 2, 7, 10, 28.
 - On every Sat. of the year 9.
 - Every Sat. of Lent 2, 9, 10.
 - On the 6 Sundays or Fridays preceding the Feast of the Sacred Heart 12.
 - On the 15 Tuesdays and Saturdays preceding the Feast of the Holy Rosary or preceding the Feast of St. Dominic 7.
 - Every Friday of March 13.

II. Plenary Indulgences which can be gained more than once a year.

- Every Month.**
- Every first Sunday of the month 2, 7(5), 10.
 - Every first Friday or Sunday 12, 30.
 - Every third Sunday of the month 18.
 - On any Wednesday chosen during the month 3.
 - On any Friday chosen during the month 14.
 - On any day chosen during the month 12, 13, 14, 19, 22, 23, 30.
 - On the day of monthly communion 14.
 - On any two days chosen during the month.
- a. By 11.
 b. The plen. indulgences of the seven churches of the Stations in Rome after Holy Comm. and one visit to seven altars or seven visits to one altar of B. V. M. (one Our Father each visit) 2.
- Every Week.**
- Monday: (Sunday if prevented on Monday), one plenary indulgence.
Condition. Hearing Mass, Holy Communion and Prayer (for the Poor Souls). By the heroic act of charity.
 - Friday: Conditions: Meditation on our Lord's Passion, Communion and Prayer 5. If prevented on Friday, holy Communion may be received on Sunday.
- On the day of H. Communion.**
- 1 plen indulg. for saying: Look down upon me, good and gentle Jesus.... before an image of Christ crucified on the usual conditions: Communion Prayer (no visit required).
 - One plenary indulgence for everyone that has performed the heroic act of charity. Conditions: Communion and Prayer.
- Every Day.**
- 1 plen. indulg by saying the beads (15 decades.)
 - The many plenary and partial indulgences of the blue scapular whenever saying 6 Our Fathers 6 Hail Marys and Glory etc. in adoration of the Blessed Trinity and in honor of the Immaculate Conception for the intentions of the Holy Father.
 - The many plen. and partial indulgences of the stations.
- Remark.**
 The heroic act of charity consists in a voluntary offering made in behalf of the souls in purgatory to the divine Majesty, by anyone of the faithful of all works of satisfaction done by him in his life as well as of all the suffrages which shall be offered for him after death.
- If you could feel, Christian soul what immense pains the Poor Souls have to suffer in the flames of purgatory, and how they long and desire for help from you, how they would be grateful to you and would by their intercession in your behalf aid you, you would not hesitate to perform this heroic act of charity or at least strive to gain as many of the above indulgences as possible for the poor souls. Ask the poor souls to implore for you the grace of perseverance and for the poor dying (about 100,000 daily) the grace to escape the dangers of Hell.

Some partial indulgences easily gained.

- For the Members of the Confraternity of the Holy Rosary.**
 Those who say the rosary can gain:
- 5 years and 5 quarantines every time by pronouncing the name of Jesus in the Hail Mary with devotion.
 - 100 days for every Our Father and Hail Mary on a Dominican-Rosary.
- By ejaculations as often as they are made.**
50 days every time.
- The sign of the cross: In the name of the Father.... 100 days if it is made with holy water.
 - "My God and my all."
 - "Praised be Jesus Christ, (Forever, or Amen)."
 - "Jesus!" "Mary!"
 - "Jesus, my God, I love Thee above all things."
 - "My sweetest Jesus, be not my judge, but my Savior."
 - 100 days every time.**
 - "My Jesus, mercy!"
 - "Angel of God, my guardian dear, To whom His love commits me here, Ever this day be at my side, To light and guard, to rule and guide. Amen."
- 300 days every time.**
- "O sweetest Heart of Jesus! I implore that I may love Thee more and more."
 - "Sweet Heart of Mary be my salvation!"
 - "Blessed be the holy and immaculate conception of the most Blessed Virgin Mary Mother of God."
 - "Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, I give you my heart and my soul."
 - Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, assist me in my last agony."
- 2835 days every time.**
- (7 years and 7 quarantines) for the acts of Faith, Hope and Charity, any form of words may be used, provided it express the particular motive of each of these three virtues.
- By 9, 10, 13 can be gained one plenary indulgence on the usual conditions on any day of the month, if said every day of the month.

Remarks.

This Calendar of Indulgences took up so many confraternities solely for the following reason: Because in different places different confraternities are liked. As for the individual it is advisable to do: "Little but good" viz. to impose upon one's self few obligations only, but to fulfill those few well.

The main point is and always will be a truly Christian life, the avoiding of sin, especially mortal sin and the practice of virtue; it is that what will take us to Heaven.

The above mentioned indulgences are taken from authentic or at least approved works.

The indulgence — a remission of temporal punishments, which, of course, the forgiveness of sins must precede — is frequently found in years and days of the ancient church-penances. For instance one who gains an indulgence of 100 days, expiates a punishment, which was formerly expiated by a church-penance of 100 days.

The richest sources of indulgences are: The Stations, the Blue Scapular, the Confraternity of the Holy Rosary, also the above mentioned ejaculations, the three Divine Acts of Faith, Hope and Charity. If one often repeats the shortest and most richly indulgenced of these he can gain in a short time thousands of days of indulgence.

We should consider how with only a little trouble we can obtain consolation and succor for the poor souls. How ardently will those poor suffering souls in Purgatory lift up their hands in grateful supplication to the Throne of Mercy and intercede for their benefactors! If our dear Lord will not let a cup of water that is given in charity, go unrewarded, He will surely reward a thousand times, what we do for the poor forsaken souls in Purgatory. If anywhere then here especially the Words of our Lord shall be verified: "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends; because the hand of the Lord hath touched me!



✻ At the Gateway of a New Year. ✻

FOND MEMORIES OF THE OLD, KIND GREETINGS OF THE NEW:

AND FOR EACH KINDLY DEED GOD BLESS AND PROSPER YOU.

BELIEVE me, dear Friend, the Almanac is, as no other book can be, a friend and confidant of the whole family. Throughout the year it is a witness of the joyous, as well as of the sad and mournful happenings in the home: it is indeed a member of the bright circle around your fire-side. It teaches the young, consoles the old and entertains all during the long winter evenings, and on Sundays and Holy-days, when you are all gathered in your cozy pleasant room, now one, now another of the children or of the old folks will take down the Almanac. And the Almanac has a good word for everyone.

At the present day far more reading is done than ever before. This is all very well, as long as only good books are read. A good book is like good seed: it does, in fact, contain the seeds of good thoughts and noble endeavors. But where no good seed is sown, there the weeds and thistles are liable to spring up: so if the people, especially the children, find nothing good to read, they will read what is bad and hurtful. Now, a family whose members read only good books, will have no occasion for sad complaints and bitter tears over the perversion of one of its members. This is an old, old truth, confirmed by manifold experiences.

Reading bad books leads to an evil life: reading good books elevates the mind and ennobles the character.

This is quite plain: but you ask, what Almanac, then, shall I choose; what one is the best and most suitable for me and my family? It must be entertaining, for nobody likes dull reading; and then, it must be sound and useful.

St. Michael's Almanac.

2

Entertaining and useful alike, the St. Michael's Almanac is, I think, just what you want.

The St. Michael's Almanac is entertaining. Read the numerous interesting stories it contains, and look at the pretty illustrations. And, I know, you will pass away many a happy hour over its pages.

The St. Michael's Almanac is no less useful. There are a number of timely articles on scientific and religious subjects, written in a popular style so that all may understand them.

The aim and purpose of St. Michael's Almanac is shown by its patron, St. Michael the Archangel. "Who is like to God!" With these words ringing from his lips, the glorious warrior angel of God once withstood the hosts of the fallen angels and overthrew them.

"Who is like to God!" is also the watchword of St. Michael's Almanac; its highest aim is to labor for the cause of God: With God and for God, now and forever!

Your old friend, the St. Michael's Almanac, has already visited many a place in this vast country of ours. East and West, North and South almost every highway and byway is known to him. Thousands and thousands of families annually greet him and receive him as a welcome friend and counselor. This is his sixth year of wandering through the wide, wide world. And how happy your friend is to find with you, dear Reader, this year also, as he has found in the by-gone years, not only an open door, but also an open heart with a welcome glad and sincere.

The numerous new friends, who now see him the first time, will, we hope, soon learn to love him and from year to year eagerly await his annual home-coming.

The St. Michael's Almanac desires to return heartfelt thanks to all his faithful friends who helped him to so fine an appearance, contributing the many beautiful stories and the other articles of interest. Great credit is due to them for having furnished healthy reading matter to the Almanac.

But our thanks are also due to the good and zealous souls who have in a most generous manner opened a pathway for St. Michael's Almanac to so many homes and families. May God bless them all for their noble charity to the home of the Almanac. As you may have noticed on the cover, the St. Michael's Almanac is published for the benefit of St. Joseph's Technical School.

This is an institution in which boys are sheltered and cared for during the most critical period of their lives, receiving there a thorough Catholic education, and also training in some useful art or trade.

What a blessing this is to boys thus preserved in faith and virtue, only they can fully understand who know the manifold dangers, both open and secret, that threaten the youth of our land. We therefore, can but exhort the friends and readers of St. Michael's Almanac: continue the good work, make renewed efforts to gain friends for our good cause. God's blessing will rest upon you for your zeal and self-sacrifice. And the grateful prayers of the boys of our institution, as well as the prayers and benedictions of the priests and brothers of the Society of the Divine Word will daily ascend to the Throne of mercy for you.

Now, at the outset of our journey through the new year 1904, your old friend is expected to give you a word of kind greeting: And he hopes you will pardon an old friend for adding also a word of good counsel.

"Grace and peace to your soul!" this is the best New-Year's wish or greeting he knows. Having these, grace and peace, you have all: lacking these, all earthly possessions are as nothing.

The good counsel he wishes to add is this: Often recall the beautiful words of our Lord: "*Only one thing is necessary*". A true and divine word! But what does it mean, this one thing necessary? I will tell you: "*But one thing is necessary, you must gain heaven!*"

How many steps do not men take to gain a few more cents or dollars than they really need? And when they come to die, are they really richer or happier for the few hundred dollars they have amassed in their lifetime?

If they had taken these steps to gain "the one thing necessary," heaven, if they had gone to church on Sundays and Feast-days of obligation, how much more would they not have profited!

Not to go upwards to heaven, your true destiny, is to go downwards to destruction. *But one thing is necessary, you must gain heaven.* Count, if you can, all the useless, idle words spoken on earth, and all the vain thoughts and cares of men. You might as well count the stars in the blue canopy of night. And still only one thing is necessary, to gain heaven. How much more bright and pleasant life would be, if men would only seek this "one thing necessary."

But one thing is necessary, I must gain heaven. Count again all the useless works, all the vain endeavors of men, would they not fill the deep ocean-bed? Count the years which men would add to their span of life, the days of health and vigor which they would gain, the miseries and diseases which would be spared them, if they would only consider and act upon this word: "*But one thing is necessary: I must gain heaven.*"

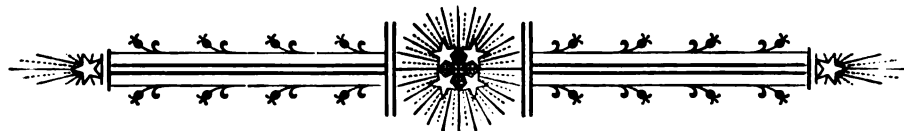
In the house of Lazarus two women sat at the feet of our divine Saviour: Mary and Martha. Mary listened to the Lord and kept everyone of His words in her heart. Martha arose and troubled herself about what she was to place before her divine Master. Both were good and did good. Still the Lord declared: "only one thing is necessary: Mary hath chosen the better part."

Solicitous for her soul Mary forgot the cares for food and drink. The Savior praised her, for she had sought "the one thing necessary."

Let me then write within your home and within your heart: "*But one thing is necessary.*" What would it profit you if you gain the whole world, and loose that which is of supreme value and of endless duration, heaven?

With this word, then, let us enter the new year: and a new life. Your life will be happier and your death most blessed, if you heed it. When you shall come to the home of your eternity, you will bless the writer of this Almanac and his word:

BUT ONE THING IS NECESSARY, I MUST GAIN HEAVEN!



Monthly Reflections.

The Epiphany.

January 6.

THE feast of the Epiphany which the Church keeps with great solemnity twelve days after Christmas, is, as its name implies, a collective feast, that is, one embracing various events in the life of our Blessed Redeemer. For the word Epiphany signifies revelation and places before us three distinct manifestations of Christ's divine origin and power, namely:

1. The manifestation of Jesus to the wise men through a wonderful star.

2. The proclamation of the Lord's divinity by the voice of the Heavenly Father at the baptism in the Jordan.

3. The revelation of Christ's divine power through the miraculous change of water into wine at the marriage feast of Cana.

But the first of these manifestations of our Lord has always been the main object of the Epiphany-celebration: and consequently it is popularly known as the feast of the kings or wise men. It has ever been most dear to the Christian heart, for it commemorates the vocation of the gentiles to the kingdom of God. The barriers were then broken down that separated the gentiles from the chosen people of God. The gospel recounts in the beautiful language of Matthew: "When Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Juda, behold there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem, saying: Where is He that is born king of the Jews? For we have seen His star in the east, and we came to adore Him." Matth. 2.

And then we are told that, following the star, they found the object of their desire, and offered to Jesus Gold, Frankincense and Myrrh.

The gifts of the wise men have a spiritual meaning, showing forth the nature and divine mission of the babe of Bethlehem. Jesus is king of souls in heaven and on earth, and the Gold of the wise men acknowledges this royal dignity and sway. At the same time it is symbolical of the loyalty and love we owe our heavenly king.

Jesus is the high priest, who offered himself as perfect sacrifice for the redemption of men, the divine high-priest, who alone could

reconcile us with the Father, and the frankincense represents the prayer of praise and adoration which every heart should continually offer to Him, our sovereign Lord and God, according to the word of the Psalmist: "Let my prayers be directed as incense in Thy sight." But Jesus is the incarnate God, the Word made flesh, the God-man. As true man He came into this world, and suffered and died for us. Nothing could more aptly symbolize the sacred humanity of Jesus, than the myrrh, which at all times was used for embalming the bodies of the dead.

The solemnity of the Epiphany therefore invites all Christians to remember with joy and gratitude the inestimable blessing of their vocation to the faith, and it also admonishes them to follow the guidance of Christ's wonderful star, the light of religion, rejoicing in its splendor, enkindled to virtue by its benign influence, until it shall bring us to the throne of Jesus in never-ending bliss.

Rev. J. Rothensteiner.

Purity of heart makes us kings, wise men and priests; it is guided by the star of faith in invariable steadiness; it finds the Child and His mother; it alone can offer the gold of pure love, the frank incense of prayer and the myrrh of self sacrifice, and sometimes God will lead a pure soul "back another way into its country" — upon the road of religious life into eternity.



MY SON, GIVE ME THY HEART.

SNOWY LANDSCAPE.

From the German of Leo v. Heemstede by Rev. J. Rothensteiner.

All the earth with snow besprent:
Hill and valley, wood and field
Now to dreamful slumbers yield
Under heaven's all sheltering tent.

Numberless the snow-flakes swarm,
Swirling, eddying, light and fine,
Through each cranny, chink and chine,
Wrapping all things soft and warm.

Polished as with master hand,
Rounded every edge and scar,
Nothing may earth's beauty mar,
Brightly glitters all the land.

O, thou garment lily white,
Clothing all the world anew,
Symbol beautiful and true
Of God's mercy ever bright.

The Purification.

February 2.

AMONG the numerous festivals by which the Church brings before our senses the mysteries of Jesus and of His blessed Mother, there is none more touching and joyous than the feast of the Purification. How loving St. Luke dwells upon the sacred event of the Saviour's presentation in the Temple. And what wonderful figures are placed before us. The Virgin-mother with the double crown of virginal purity and motherly love, the patriarchal Joseph bearing in his hands the doves for the offering, the saintly prophetess Anna, and the aged Simeon enfolding the child in his loving arms, and chanting his swan-song of Israel's redemption. And finally the Lord of the Temple Himself, Jesus, who being carried into the Home of his Father, is publicly acknowledged the King of Ages, and Saviour of the world. The feast instituted in memory of this great event, is known by various names.

In the Roman Church it is called the Purification of the Blessed Virgin. Among the Greeks: "Meeting of Jesus and the holy Simeon," "Entrance of Jesus into the Temple" and "Presentation of Jesus in the Temple." All of these names emphasize one or the other phase of the tender picture drawn by St. Luke, whilst the English name "Candlemass-day" originated in the solemn blessing of wax-candles performed on this day. The Law of Moses prescribed that, when a woman brought forth a son, she should be unclean for forty days, and when the days of her purification are over, she shall bring to the door of the tabernacle a lamb of one year and a young pigeon, or turtledove.... but if the woman be not able to buy a lamb she shall offer two turtle doves or two young pigeons. Mary, indeed, was not in need of this purification. The ray of sunlight, penetrating the crystal, does not dim its brightness, but rather fills it with radiance. So the virgin mother, by receiving from heaven her divine Son and giving Him to the world, lost none of the virginal purity, but rather attained a new unsurpassing splendor of holiness. Yet with her usual humility and meekness Mary, the spotless one, choose to submit herself to the Law of pu-

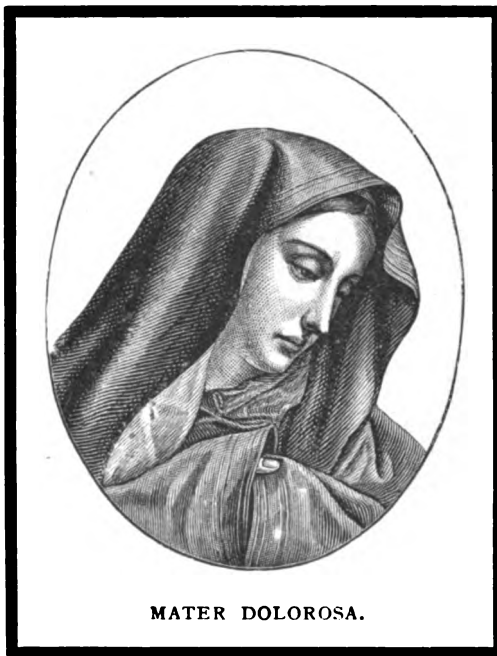
rification. And as the purest of virgins presents herself at the door of the tabernacle, the Holiest one, the Eternal Priest of the New Law offers Himself as a sacrifice to the Lord.

Holy Simeon took the child into his arms and said: "Now Thou dost dismiss Thy servant O Lord, according to Thy word, in peace. Because my eyes have seen Thy Salvation, which Thou hast prepared before the face of the peoples: a light to the revelation of the gentiles, and the glory of Thy people Israel." Luke. 2.

Now, as the inviolate Virgin and Mother of God carried in her arms the "true Light of the world, to enlighten these that were walking in darkness," so our Mother the Church on this day

solemnly blesses the wax-candles that are used at divine services during the administration of the sacraments, and for other religious purposes both in Church and in homes of the faithful. The lighted candles symbolize our Saviour "the Light and the revelation of the gentiles, and the glory of the people of Israel," and the blessing of God is invoked upon them for the temporal and spiritual prosperity of all those who shall piously make use of them. Rev. J. Rothensteiner.

When in trouble go to Him who is the Light of the world, pray before the tabernacle, when there is nobody present there, but He, the sanctuary light and yourself.



MATER DOLOROSA.

RELIQUES OF PARADISE.

From the German of Th. Berthold by Rev. J. Rothensteiner.

Of all the bliss of Paradise,
Of all its beauty sweet and rare,
Wrath's angel would but three things spare,
The flowers, and stars and children's eyes.

The flowers of earth, dear types of love,
In form and color fresh and fair,
Wafting upon the balmy air
Their fragrant message from above.

And heaven's bright flowers, the golden
Tinged as with angel smiles, illumine [stars,
Our devious paths of earthly gloom,
Pouring their balm on wounds and scars.

But oh, the innocent children's eyes,
Native of earth, yet heavenly bright,
Fulfilled with grace and love and light,
The sweetest flowers of Paradise.

Passion Sunday.

March 20.

With Passion Sunday a great change has come over the Church. Everything connected with the Liturgy on this day speaks of grief and deep mourning. Just as in the masses for the dead, the Psalm "Judica" is omitted. The "Gloria Patri" is silent in mass and sacred office. The crucifix, the pictures and statues are veiled in purple. The sacred ministers wear vestments of purple indicating sorrow and repentance.

Passion Sunday invites all Christians to the summit of Mount Calvary.

The Epistle as well as the Gospel of the day dwell on the approaching death of the Redeemer. At the Vespers the Church sings the grand solemn hymn, "Vexilla Regis," that gives the keynote of her Liturgy until Easter Morn:

The royal banners for-
[ward go;
The cross shines forth in
[mystic glow;
Where He is flesh, our
[flesh who made,
Our sentence bore, our
[ransom paid.
When deep for us the
[spear was dyed,
Life's torrent rushing
[from this side,
To wash us in that pre-
[cious flood,
Where mingled water
[flood and blood.
O tree of beauty, tree
[of light!
O tree with royal purple
[dight!

Elect on whose triumphal breast
Those holy limbs should find there rest.
On whose dear arms, so widely flung,
The weight of this world's ransom hung,
The price of human kind to pay
And spoil the spoiler of his prey.

The passion of our Lord embraces all the great and manifold sorrows, insults and pains, and lastly, the cruel death upon the cross, all of which Jesus the Son of God, bore for the salvation of sinful man. This truth, awful and tremendous in itself, is the centre of our faith, and our only ground of hope and joy. The Lord of life suffered the death of a slave, that we, who by sin were abject slaves and doomed to eternal death, might gain the liberty of God's children, and life everlasting.

It is therefore a solemn duty of love and gratitude, as well as a salutary means of spiritual

progress, that we often meditate on the passion of our dear Lord.

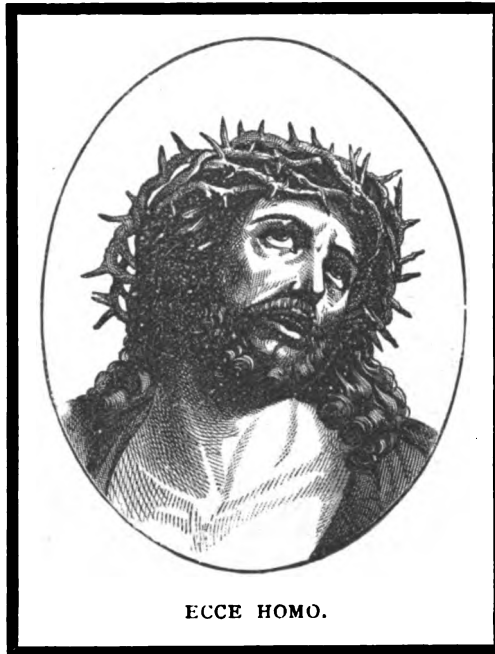
Behold Him bound with ropes, cruelly scourged, crowned with thorns, carrying his cross and falling repeatedly under its great weight! See Him nailed hands and feet, to the cross, then raised up on high between two malefactors!

Hear Him uttering that piercing cry: "My God my God, why hast Thou forsaken me!" Behold! He bows His head in humble submission, and gives up His pure spirit into the hands of his heavenly Father! Recall then the sorrows that surged in upon the soul of Jesus, like a vast stormy sea beating against Him in His dereliction, the denial by Peter, the betrayal by Judas, the mockery and

contempt and raging insult of His own beloved people. And, remembering all this, placing it visibly before your eyes, say to yourselves: It is I that am cause of all this: it is for me and my salvation, that Christ, the sinless one is doomed to die. "You are bought with a great price," says the Apostle, "not with corruptible things as gold and silver, but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb unspotted and undefiled" 1. Peter 1. Give thanks therefore with this hymn:

"To the Eternal Three
[in one
Let homage most by all
[be done,
Whom by the cross Thou
[dost restore,
Preserve and govern ever-
[more.

Rev. J. Rothensteiner.



ECCE HOMO.

THE SISTERS.

From the German of Leo v. Heemstede by Rev. J. Rothensteiner.

Lovely sisters, joy and sorrow:
Purple rosebud, and tomorrow
Palest lily: ever blending:
Each to each its beauty lending.

When with lilies pale they mingle,
Roses deeper glow, than single:
As our human life from sorrow
Must its consecration borrow.

Where, when life and joy are parted,
Shall the sister go, sad hearted?
What of sorrow, when at even
Joy ascends to home and heaven?

Ah, shall entrance be denied her?
Shall she throne with joy beside her,
Glorified o'er death victorious
In the wounds of Christ all glorious?

Easter Sunday.

April 8.

AMONG the solemnities of the Church Easter is the greatest and most sublime.

It is, as it were, the sun of the Christian firmament. It sheds its rays on all the year. All other Sundays and festivals only reflect the light of Easter-day. It is venerable on account of its great antiquity, having been instituted by the apostles soon after the ascension of their master; still more venerable on account of the great mysteries it commemorates. For two thousand years it has filled the world with joy and consolation. Christ is truly risen from the dead; He is indeed the resurrection and the life, and we shall have life through Him and in Him.

The sweet memories of Easter-day have ever exercised a mysterious power over all those who have in the folly of their proud hearts rejected Christ and His saving work.

In Goethe's masterpiece, *Faust*, there is a scene of great power and beauty, which illustrates my point. After spending many years in all sciences, Faust comes to the conclusion that all earthly pursuits are vain, that life itself is a failure. In a moment of dark despair he raises the poisoned cup to his lips, when suddenly the bells ring out a joyous peal, and the sweet notes of the Easter-canticle are borne through the vernal air:

"Christ is arisen!
Perfect though earthly ruth,
Radiant with love and truth,
He to eternal youth
Soars from earth's prison."

He listens to the glad tidings. His faith is dead, but he remembers the happy days when the Easter-song had a solemn meaning for him; when he also was pure and innocent and full of faith, when prayer was as necessary to him as air and sunshine. His heart yearns for the lost paradise of innocence, his tears begin to flow and he sets aside the deadly cup. But the festival of Easter has far sweeter joys in store for the children of the King. To them it is not a mere memory — no, it is a living reality. They may sing with the Church: "We have seen the sepulchre of the living Christ; we have seen the glory of the risen Saviour, we have seen the angels, heavenly messengers, in white, shining robes; we heard them saying to us: 'He is risen. He is not here.'"

Christ is the King of all men. What wonder then that every one feels in a measure His benign influence? But there are special reasons why so many millions of hearts beat in unison on this great day of the Lord. In a word, because Easter-day commemorates an event of general and mighty interest.

The Lamb of God had on Good Friday accomplished our salvation by an ignominious death. Now this sacrifice of the true Lamb, His passage from death to life, the defeat of Satan and the deliverance of the human race—these are the mysteries commemorated on Easter-day. Search the annals of nations and you will never find events comparable with these, events capable of filling with gratitude, enthusiasm and love any one that carries in his mind an idea of faith, and in his heart even a spark of love for noble and glorious deeds. Surely, a heart that does not thrill with joy in contemplating these mysteries, must be cold and dead.

Easter then brings before our mind the grandest deeds of the past, but it also enables us to penetrate the dark veil which hides the destiny of man. "The festival of Easter," says St. Gregory the Great, "is the solemnity of solemnities because it raises us from earth into eternity which it enables us to enjoy beforehand by faith hope and charity." Man loves life passionately; he feels that he is created immortal. Whatever strengthens his belief in immortality, whatever restores him his right to life, whatever breaks the arrow of death, must needs make a deep impression upon him. The festival of Easter therefore, which is the triumph of life over death, which shows us man resuscitated, and Jesus Christ destroying the empire of death, always excites the liveliest joy and produces the sweetest contentment.

And all nature harmonises with religion in repeating this consoling doctrine of the soul's immortality and the body's resurrection. Easter is celebrated in the springtime of the year. A new life is breaking forth on the hills and in the valleys. "The flowers have appeared in our land, the vines in flower yield their sweet smell."

The germs that have lain in the frostbound earth now spring into life. And so it is with us. After life's fitful fever our weary bodies are laid to rest, our eyes are closed to the decaying world, until the angels shall bid us rise on the tremendous day of judgment. The bodies of the just shall be transfigured as Christ was transfigured on Mount Tabor, no longer frail, dull and prone to sin, but all refined by the fire of God's presence, luminous and incorruptible, "tinctured with holy blood and winged with pure desires." If this be true, as it certainly is, then death has lost all its terrors for the faithful Christian, it is but a gentle sleep before the glorious morn of eternity.

Rev. J. Rothensteiner.

WHEN SNOWDRIFTS MELT.

From the German of Leo v. Heemstede by Rev. J. Rothensteiner.

Redeemed, thank God! old winter parts:
The snowdrifts yield to gusty showers,
The ancient hills with youthful hearts
Now dream of sunny days and flowers.



STAY WITH US, O LORD.

Still far away the springtide's mirth;
The air is chill, and grey, and leaden;
But gladly throbs the wakening earth
With hope, no long delay can deaden.

The reign of death is past: and life
Springs up in beauty, fair and tender;
What of the winter's storm and strife?
We feel but triumph's joy and splendor.

Redeemed, thank God! with fainting breath
We bid adieu to sin and sorrow:
Redeemed, and through the gate of death
We hail the dawn of life's bright morrow.

Ascension and Pentecost.

May 12 and 22.

Two of the grandest of Christian festivals will conjointly form the subject of this month's instruction, Ascension and Pentecost.

For, both occurring during the month of May, we were unable to choose between the two; and we concluded to blend their diverse yet related splendors in our humble little picture.

In this we but follow the example of our Lord. For was it not Jesus who said: "I will ask the Father, and He shall give you another Paraclete, that He may abide with you forever, the Spirit of Truth. If I go not, the Spirit of Truth will not come to you." John, 14, 16.

The feast of the Ascension commemorates the triumphal entry of Jesus into His eternal Kingdom; the feast of Pentecost represents the outpouring of the Holy Spirit on Christ's mystical body, the Church on earth.

But if Christ had not ascended into heaven, the Holy Ghost would not have come upon the disciples.

It was forty days after the resurrection that the Saviour led His disciples out of Jerusalem to Bethania, and up Mount Olivet. He had given them His parting instructions. "As the Father sent me, so I send you; go ye therefore and preach the gospel to every creature; teach all nations, baptising them in the name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost". . . "And when he had said these things, while they looked on, He was raised up, and a cloud received Him out of their sight." Acts. 1.

"And He was taken up into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God." Mark. 16.

But to this very day, the last footprints of Jesus are shown on Mount Olivet, from where He ascended into Heaven.

After the departure of Jesus, the disciples felt forlorn; but the Lord had said: "I will not leave you orphans." John. 14.

Remembering this promise, the apostles returned to Jerusalem praying with ever-increasing fervor: "Send forth Thy Spirit and they shall be created, and Thou shalt renew the face of the earth."

And ten days after the Ascension, the Holy Ghost came upon the expectant disciples, filling them with His seven-fold gifts, symbolized by the tongues of fire that descended upon each one of them.

Pentecost was really the birth-day of the Catholic Church. Indeed the body of the Church was complete in head and members at the time of the Ascension. But the Spirit now comes and enters them, "as the breath of God, entered the body of Adam in Paradise," and diffuses life and vigor and joy throughout the members.

The Office of the Holy Ghost in the Church is manifold. It is He that teaches all truth in the Church, so that, believing the Church, we believe God Himself; it is He that sanctifies the members of the Church by the holy sacraments, cleansing from sin, infusing divine grace into the soul, strenghtening the weak, comforting the sorrowing and afflicted, bending the stubborn heart and will and guarding the steps from going astray.

And the presence of the Holy Spirit in the Church is the secret of her wonderful success.

Paganism falls to the ground, Judaism is overcome; and the religion of Christ rises on their ruins.

This fact is plain to all: Truly the Spirit of God hath renewed the face of the earth.

Rev. J. Rothensteiner.

THE ROYAL CHILD.

From the German of Rev. W. Kreiton, S. J. by Rev. J. Rothensteiner.

I've seen a royal child, my king.
Wounded he hath with love my heart;
From him my thoughts can never part.

But tell, what was his royal throne?
No throne so full of majesty;
It was his blissful mother's knee.

Then tell: what was his royal crown?
No crown he wore; a coronal:
His mother's smiles and glances all.

What was his royal scepter then?
It was his mother's loving hand,
Wherewith he rules and blesses the land.

His royal mantle, what was that?
All love and grace and pure delight,
Enfolding him and his mother bright.

As far as the heavens our earth illumine,
He wishes to conquer the kingdom of hearts,
And nothing my heart from his loveliness parts.

Corpus Christi.

June 2.

THE Blessed Sacrament is the centre of our holy religion. In it we have the greatest treasure in heaven and on earth. From it radiate the rays of divine love, that warm and give life to the cold hearts of men.

Here we find not only grace, but the fountain of all graces, Christ our Redeemer and Saviour. It is no wonder then, that the hearts of all the faithful turn with deep reverence, with solemn awe, and yet with tender love to this great mystery.

Our Lord draws them to Himself. Throughout the whole world, upon thousands of altars He lives. Daily He offers Himself as a most acceptable sacrifice to His heavenly Father.

It is His joy to be with the children of men.

It is their joy, strength, and consolation to have Him in their midst, their leader and shepherd. Gladly do they offer Him their homage; before Him they bow. Their riches build Him temples. The gold from the bowels of the earth, the pearls from the depth of the sea, precious stones, these tears of a better world, all go to make His house; His tabernacle a worthy resting place.

Millions of hearts burn with the love of Him, men give their treasures, men give themselves. Deeds of heroic virtue are accomplished by those who are strengthened with this bread from heaven, that contains all sweetness. All tends toward Him, our Lord and God, hidden in the Sacrament of love.

It is therefore just and becoming that the feast of Corpus Christi, the feast of this great Sacrament should be celebrated with great solemnity.

On holy Thursday the Church cannot celebrate this feast, for then she mourns at the sight of the passion of the Lamb of God. She is silent in sorrow with Him who said: My soul is sorrowful even unto death. But after His resurrection, after the descent of the Spirit of love, her joy, in having received this precious gift, breaks forth.

In the midst of blooming nature, amidst the songs of birds and the sweet fragrance of flowers, the children of a lost paradise, she obeys the word: *Lauda Sion Salvatorem*: "Praise O Sion thy Saviour."

Wherever possible the great procession with the Blessed Sacrament takes place. The doors of the churches open. Our Lord and Redeemer, our good Shepherd leaves His self-chosen prison of the tabernacle and goes forth amongst His people, as He once did amongst the hills of Galilee, to bring blessing to all. Old and young, rich and poor surround Him and unite in their praise and worship.

They feel the thrill, that swayed the multitudes of Judea, when they followed Him on His triumphant entry into the holy city.

Again is heard the welcome: *Hosanna* to the Son of David, over hill and dale. Once more field and wood behold their Lord and God. All nature adores Him. Trembling awe and love enkindled by the love of our Lord in the holy Sacrament mingled in the breasts of men. Shouts of joy and triumph would they send forth,

whilst their lips frame the humble prayer of Thomas: *My Lord and my God.*

Thus surrounded by His faithful, amidst the prayers of adoration, our Lord is carried through the streets of the cities and through the fields, blessing His people, blessing the world.

And again He returns to His tabernacle, the prison of divine love, for us the throne of grace. There let us approach Him, adore Him and praise Him, every day, but especially on this great feast of Corpus Christi.

Rev. H. HUSMANN.

O BLESSED DAY!

From the German of Leo v. Heemstede by Rev. J. Rothensteiner

O blessed day when in our weary quest,
The Lord of heaven we welcome as our guest.

Well may our little cares forgotten be,
In rendering him our love and loyalty.

How sweet it is, far, far from life's dull drone
The woodland path to walk with God alone.

And then to scan from airy mountain height.
The world of God, all peaceful, fair and bright.

How beautiful, the smiling vale below,
Its waving green tinged with a golden glow.

The happy grain, as conscious, bows its head.
To my sweet guest, beneath the veil of bread.

And in the chapel, by the embowered way,
I bend my knee, in lowliness to pray.

The sun descends, the day is now at rest
And He departs, my everblessed guest.

And full of gratitude, and burning love,
I praise the Lord of earth and heaven above.

Whilst high in air, catching the sun's last rays,
Two larks ascend in rippling song of praise.

The Scapular of Mount Carmel.

July 16.

AMONG the many beautiful titles under which the dear Mother of God is honored in Church, there are few more widely known and dearer to Christian hearts, than that of our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel, commemorated by a special feast on the 16. day of July.

This festival carries us back to the apostolic age of the Church, and to scenes and places hallowed by the footsteps of our Lord and His holy mother.

For according to pious tradition the earliest chapel in honor of Mary was built on Mount Carmel, and there also a religious order was established, one of whose main objects it has been, to promote the honor of the Blessed Virgin. This "Order of the Carmelites" received its approbation for the Western Church from Pope Innocent IV. The feast of our Lady of Mount Carmel was granted to this Order by Pope Sixtus V., and finally extended to the Universal



THE DESCENT OF THE HOLY GHOST.

Church by Benedict XIII. What has made this feast so very dear to Christian hearts, is the signal fact that it was the birthday of the Scapular. For on this auspicious day the Confraternity of the Scapular was established by our Blessed Lady herself.

The Scapular! Who is so ignorant of Christian practices, as not to know it? Who so careless of our Mother's honor, and of his welfare, as not to wear it. "The Symbol of purity, the habit of Mary, the Queen of Virgins." But let me say a word about its origin. The Confraternity of the Scapular was originally established through an English Saint, Simon Stock. You will learn at once why I say by the Blessed Virgin and through St. Simon Stock. The saint was born in 1164 at Heatford Castle in Kent, of a noble family. At the age of twelve he retired from the world into a forest, where he fitted a little oratory in a hollow tree, furnished it with a crucifix and an image of our Lady.

At the age of 32 he became a member of the Carmelite Order, and gradually rose to the position of general of the order. Being placed at the head of a Society which boasted of having erected the first altar ever consecrated to the Virgin Mother, the blessed Simon employed every means to kindle in all hearts the devotion to Mary. And Mary was well pleased with this faithful and tender servant. One day towards the close of his long life, she appeared to him surrounded by blessed spirits, placing a Scapular over his shoulders and saying these gracious words: "My dearest son, receive the scapular of your Order, the sign of my Confraternity, a privilege for yourself and all Carmelites. Anyone dying in this shall not suffer in eternal flames. It is a sign of salvation, a safeguard in dangers, a pledge of peace, and of an everlasting covenant." Simon immediately published the grace he received, and commenced the Confraternity of the Scapular. Pope Clement VIII. granted faculties, that also secular persons might enjoy the privileges of the Scapular: and Leo XIII. granted a plenary indulgence on the festival of our Lady of Mount Carmel to all those who approach the Sacraments, and pray for the intentions of the Church.

Rev. J. Rothensteiner.

TO THE MOON.

From the German of Leo v. Heemstede by Rev. J. Rothensteiner.

Long years thou gavest to the earth,
O moon, thy silver beams:
Thy light hath power to charm and lull
All earthly woe in dreams.

So like a mother, pityful,
Thou smilest on our gloom.
Thy beams, that on our cradle slept,
Shall sleep upon our tomb.

Thou art, indeed, a prudent friend,
Faithful to young and old;

Full many a secret hast thou known,
But ne'er a one hast told.

Thou lookst on our delight and joy,
Upon our pain and smart,
And ever thy dear charming light
Brings comfort to the heart.

The Feast of the Assumption.

August 15.

WITH holy joy we look up to heaven whither the Blessed Virgin Mary has gone to receive from the Bless. J. Trinity the honor and glory due to her as the Mother and Queen of the new Testament. In the assumption of her body the eyes of the faithful see but the last touch of the Almighty in this glorious masterpiece of creation. From eternity God has contemplated this daughter, destined to be the mother of this son. Mary was to be the second Eden, from which should come forth the second Adam into this world, not staggering under the anger of God, but bringing with him grace and salvation. She was to be the ark of the new covenant, the living tabernacle of God. With her assistance the world has been redeemed, the great work of redemption has been accomplished. Her eyes are closed in death. Free from all sin, she has willingly taken upon herself the consequences of sin, suffering and death, according to her answer given to Gabriel: Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it done to me according to thy word. The apostles, who surrounded her deathbed to receive the last look and blessing of the mother of their master, have laid away the remains of the spotless lily of Israel. Shall her body return to dust to mingle with the sinladen dust of this earth? No. Flesh of her flesh suffered for mankind, blood of her blood was shed for the redemption of the world. Flesh of her flesh is adored in heaven and on earth; will God allow this body out of which the sacred body of the God-man was formed to be destroyed? No.

He vindicated His honor when the sacred vessels of the temple were profaned by Baltsar the King.

He has vindicated His honor when he preserved that sacred vessel, which bore his only begotten Son. Christ, her Son, the God-man did not allow that body which He assumed through Mary to remain in the grave.

Gloriously He arose with that same body from the grave; gloriously He ascended with that same body into heaven, where He sitteth at the right hand of the Father, the King of heaven and earth. There the angels adore Him as God-man, there must also be that body, from which He took His Own, the body of His blessed mother. With rapturous joy the angels and saints have greeted the Redeemer; they also unite their voices in praise of Mary. Ave Re-

gina coelorum, ave Domina angelorum. Hail Queen of the heavens, hail mistress of the angels. Yes truly Queen of the heavens. Where the King of heaven and earth is, there must be His mother, the Queen. Adam and Eve, the Patriarchs and Prophets, and all the Saints pay her homage. The angels venerate her as the mistress. Trembling they have followed her footsteps over the hills of Judea, because she was the living tabernacle of God. In deep reverence one of their number has stood at her threshold waiting for that ever blessed: "Be it done to me according to Thy word." Hail mistress of the angels! Heaven and earth unite in her praise, because He that is mighty has done great things to her. And so we rejoice on the feast of her assumption praising her as our Queen and Mother.

Rev. H. Hussmann.

PRAYER.

From the German of Rev. W. Kreiten, S. J. by Rev. J. Rothensteiner.

Dear mother, fold me in thine arms,
A weak and ailing child:
O keep me safe, and hold me warm,
Sweet mother, meek and mild.

Enfold me where thy child divine,
The fount of life, reposed:
Where heavenly love's pure waters shine
In human heart enclosed.

O let my weary spirit drink
Now and eternally;
And let me all oblivious sink
Within love's burning sea.

O wonderful, mysterious way:
For life's sake to expire,
And flame-encircled still to pray
For flames of living fire.

St. Michael.

September 29.

ST. Michael, the great archangel, the victorious leader of the heavenly hosts against the army of Satan, St. Michael the powerful protector of God's Church on earth, terrible to the powers of wickedness, lovely to all the children of light, who indeed has not heard of his mighty deeds, who has not seen, in painting or in sculpture, the benign countenance and the glorious figure of St. Michael? What wonder then, that the Church keeps two special days in honor of her protector, the archangel, on May 8, and September 29. The Sacred Scriptures tell us in vivid language of the terrible battle that was fought in heaven. Some of the angels of God, bright, pure and happy spirits, forgot their obligation to their creator, and broke their allegiance to the Most High. Under the leadership of Lucifer they stood in

battle array against the angels that remained faithful to the Almighty. And Lucifer himself went so far as to demand a throne equal in glory to the throne of God. "Thou saidst in thy heart," says Isaiah the prophet, "I will exalt my throne above the stars of God, I will ascend above the height of the clouds, I will be like the Most High."

St. Michael arose in the power of God, and with the battle-cry: "Who is like to God?" hurled the rebellious spirits down from the heavenly Paradise into the fiery abyss. Hence he gained his name, "Michael" which signifies: "Who is like to God". For this fidelity and holy zeal Almighty God conferred on St. Michael all those wondrous gifts, with which Lucifer had been endowed, so that now St. Michael is the most glorious as well as the most powerful of all the angels of heaven.

We honor St. Michael above all the other angels because God Himself has distinguished him above all others: and because he is united with us by special bonds as the great protector of the Universal Church. In every age, in every clime, great honor has been paid to him: the numberless altars and Churches dedicated to him, the many confraternities bearing his name, the various devotions practiced in his honor, all give testimony to the love and confidence the Church has ever entertained for the glorious archangel.

And this unswerving confidence in Saint Michael's Patronage is well founded. For his extraordinary sanctity places him near to the throne of God, the source of every blessing: his valor and power make him dreadful to the enemies of our salvation: his love of God makes him ever ready to lead us wandering children back to the home of our affectionate Father.

Rev. J. Rothensteiner.

WARNING.

From the German of Rev. W. Kreiten, S. J. by Rev. J. Rothensteiner.

If one dear faithful heart should beat
For thee in love, unselfish, pure:
O thank the angel, as is meet,
And pray the blessing may endure.

Thou dost not know how poor and lone;
The world, the loveless world, may be:
Cheerless and harsh, as frozen zone,
And icy-cold as polar sea.

Poor little ship, intent to sail,
'Mong dreary ice-bergs' solitudes,
Glittering like any fairy tale,
Where ruthless death in silence broods.

And sad, who sinks within the rifts,
Encased in ice by winter's breath,
And now, unconscious, northward drifts
Into the silent land of death.



THE CORONATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Feast of the Holy Relics.

October 28.

IT is one of the nobler traits of man's nature, that he treats with love and respect the earthly remains of departed friends. Decently and solemnly he buries the dead body, he demands inviolability for the place of burial, and over the last resting place he erects a monument to perpetuate the memory of the dear departed. And this feeling of piety extends even to the articles of dress, and to the books and playthings, once used by the dead. How often do we not hear people say: "I should not mind the loss so much, if the ring or brooch had not been a keepsake from my mother." Who of us does not treasure up some article, possibly insignificant in itself, yet redolent with sweet memories of some dear one now in heaven.

This pious feeling is the natural basis of what Catholics practice in the veneration of relics. For relics, in the sense of the Church, are the earthly remains of the bodies of saints, and in a wider sense, also the articles of wear and the instruments of martyrdom, and whatever has come in immediate contact with the bodies of saints, alive or dead.

The Church holds that the relics of saints are worthy of Christian veneration, because they are the parts of the bodies that shall one day be irradiated with the light of glory, in the heavenly home, shining as stars, throughout the ages of eternity.

Almighty God has on innumerable occasions shown by miracles and wonders that this veneration of relics, is most pleasing to Him. The Holy Scriptures, both of the Old and New Testaments, contain not a few signal instances of miraculous effects produced by the use of sacred relics. The Book of Ecclesiasticus says of the prophet, Eliseus: "In his life he did great wonders, and in death he wrought miracles." (c. 48). One of this latter is recorded in Kings IV. c. 13: "And Eliseus died, and they buried him. And the rovers from Moab came into the land the same year. And some that were burying a man saw the rovers and cast the body into the sepulchre of Eliseus. And when it touched the bones of Eliseus the man came to life and stood upon his feet." Thus the relics of Eliseus were honored by God. In like manner the sick, and infirm and the possessed were healed by the hem of Christ's garment, by the shadow of St. Peter, by the handkerchief of St. Paul, as the Scripture tells us.

Guided by these and similar facts and testimonies the Church has always honored the relics of the saints. The Fifth Council of Carthage ordains that no altar shall be consecrated, unless it contains some sacred relics. Hence every altar, on which mass is celebrated, has an altar-stone, which contains the necessary relics of the

saints. Now, it is in honor of these very relics preserved in every Church, that the Feast of the Holy Relics has been instituted and is celebrated on the fourth Sunday of October, every year.

In honoring these relics, however, our thoughts are chiefly inclined to the living saints of God themselves, those heroes of faith and constancy, who once, in these fragile bodies carried the Spirit of Holiness and Truth. The pious touch and kiss of these earthly remains of sainted ones, and the fervent prayer, and child-like confidence in their presence, bring those saints in spirit to our side, and our thoughts and aspirations to their home above.

Rev. J. Rothensteiner.

LANGUAGE OF THE STARS.

From the German of Leo v. Heemstede by Rev. J. Rothensteiner.

The evening came: star after star
Peered through the casements of the sky,
And filled with limpid splendor far
The silent realms of God on high.

Upon their lone eternal ways
They wander through the darkblue deep,
Wakening in hearts with brightsome rays
Glad thoughts of Him, whose court they keep.

O wondrous fair, ye golden signs,
And letters of God's heavenly scroll,
O could we read the mystic lines,
What high resolves for mind and soul.

But one grand truth, ah, see it shine
In splendors of the stars above:
A being great, immense, divine
Fills all creation with His love.

All Saints and All Souls.

November 1. and 2.

WHAT a grand and touching idea the Church has embodied in the expression: "the Communion of Saints." The Kingdom of God on earth lives in perpetual union with all the saints that have gone before, be they now enjoying the beatific vision in the eternal kingdom, or be they wrapped in the flames of Purgatory for a while, until their sufferings fit them for the abode of bliss where nothing defiled can enter.

On the first of November the Church celebrates the feast of all saints, and on the following day she commemorates the souls of all the faithful departed.

The Feast of all the Saints is a great day of jubilee. The gates of heaven are thrown wide open, and the Church, our heavenly guide, bids us behold "the great multitude which no man could number, of all nations and tribes, and peoples and tongues, standing before the throne, and in sight of the Lamb, clothed with white robes and palms in their hands." "They came



THE SHEPHERDS AT THE MANGER.

out of great tribulation," they were weak men and women, as we are now, they had the grace of God, they had prayer and the sacraments, as we now have: they fought the good fight and now carry palms in their hands in sign of victory and triumph. And even so we must fight the good fight, that we too may gain the victory.

That is the lesson of All Saint's Day. A most consoling and encouraging lesson. One

calculated to inspire us with holy joy and zeal in working out our salvation.

But the day is not yet past, and a change comes over the face of the Church.

Dark mourning takes the place of the bright ornaments of the altar, and the canticles of jubilee are changed to the solemn and sweetly sad tones of the "Miserere." "Remember me, remember me, at least ye, o my friends, because the hand of the Lord hath touched me." Whose voi-

ces are they ascending to us from gloomy depths? They are the souls departed in the faith and grace of God, but bearing some slighter stains in their wedding-garments, or still liable for some debt of penance, and therefore detained for a time in the prison-house of Purgatory.

For one moment they have seen the face of the Beauty Ineffable, and then they knew that, stained as they were, they could not bear to look upon the face of God again until the purging fire had done its work within them. And drawn to God, as the needle to the pole, and yet, kept away from him by the remnants of their sin, yearning for heaven, yet gladly, suffering pain, these holy souls call upon us for succor in their need.

Thus the Church, filling our hearts with joy and exultation on the feast of all Saints, turns it all into a grand act of charity in behalf of our suffering brethren departed, reminding us of the holy bond uniting us all in the Communion of the Saints.

Rev. J. Rothensteiner.

ALL HALLOW'S SUMMER.

From the German of Leo v. Heemstede by Rev. J. Rothensteiner.

The air is balmy, mild and clear,
Its deepblue waves in ceaseless flow,
And in a sunny golden glow
Lingers the glory of the year.

And yet all leafless mourn the trees,
And summer flowers are dead and gone;
The woodland choristers are flown,
And hushed their lilting melodies.

O sun, what boots thy fond deceit,
Of summer in old winter's arms?
Thy glow my heart no longer charms;
Awearry of life's bitter-sweet.

Yet no, dear heart; the bright farewell
Of summer is a heavenly ray:
A symbol on this weary way
Of joys no human heart can tell.

Christmas.

December 25.

ON the 25. day of December, amidst the ice and snow of winter, we celebrate the birthday of our Lord and Redeemer. It is a day of joy, for on that day came into this vale of tears and misery, into the ruined garden of God, the fair flower of the twig of Jesse. With the shepherds let us go to Bethlehem and see the word that is come to pass. We find a poor weak child in the manger, still we have the assurance of the heavenly messenger: it is Christ, the Lord. God humbles proud man who must adore the eternal Word of the Father, by whom he has made the world, in the garb of flesh. Yes the allpowerful God comes into the world as a child. He comes to conquer the world, to draw it unto himself, and He comes in

all the weakness of the human flesh. He might have come in His heavenly splendor, surrounded by His angels and thus force the world at His feet, but not by fear does he wish to conquer the world but by an overwhelming love. He comes as a child. Go to Him, draw near Him and fear not. He holds the world in His hand, still He holds out this same hand to you for support. Would you deny Him what you give to another child? Well might we fear God. Well might we hide from Him like Adam and Eve, when God came to ask an account. But God has laid aside, as it were, His Majesty. He comes not to ask an account, for He knows our misery but too well. He comes not to judge, but to turn away judgment and bring salvation. In this stable, in this manger you find to all appearances the greatest contradictions. God, the Most High, the Creator of heaven and earth, yet depending upon man for assistance. He has given you your life and strength, yet He would accept from you support and the necessities of life. How is this mystery to be solved? By the great, incomprehensible love of God. And your love He asks in return. God has surrendered His Son to us.

"A Child has been born to us, a Son has been given to us." So sings the Church on this day. Note well the words: to us.

This Child is ours. We are reminded of it, whenever we hear the words of the Creed in holy mass: *Qui propter nos homines et propter nostram salutem descendit de coelis*: Who for our sake and for our salvation's sake, descended from heaven. With this child we may dare to approach the throne of the great and just God, and we shall find mercy and forgiveness. Ah, the mystery of this holy night! The world so dark, yet greater light has never been seen; the world so far away from God, and yet never nearer, never more intimately united with God. And all through this Child, through this weak Babe of Bethlehem.

Through ages to come this Child will draw millions of sinladen mankind on a spiritual pilgrimage to the stable and manger, where is now His resting place. From the East and West, from the North and South the nations will come to adore and to love, all will unite their voices in the joyful song: a Child has been born to us, a Son has been given to us. And God the Father looks down with infinite love and compassion upon this throng, because they are His children. They are His children, because His only begotten Son is amongst their number, is one of them. He is a child, He is a man with all the infirmities of mankind, sin alone excepted. Here the just finds strength to continue the battle for salvation, here the sinners find mercy and forgiveness. Let us go then to Bethlehem, and see this word that is come to pass, let us go to the Child to adore and to love Him.

Rev. H. Hussmann.

AT THE MANGER.

From the German of Rev. W. Kreiten, S. J. by Rev. J. Rothensteiner.

O Child within thy hands
I lay my heart and soul,
With all their stormy passions,
With all their grief and dole.

O, see the bitter floods
Rise high in thunderous wavel
Dark fears and wildest longings

Alternate storm and rave.

Still Thou my heart's desires,
Command the tempest wild,
Dispel all fear and anguish,
For Thine I am, sweet Child.

Thou holdest in Thy hands
The ocean's mighty deep;
One sign, and stormy billows
Like children smile and sleep.

— Julia's First Holy Communion. —

By Rev. L. A. Reudter.

SEVERAL years ago, there lived a laborer in Paris, who no longer believed in God or eternity. Sunday, he spent in the company of other wicked men, drinking and blaspheming.

Since the day of his wedding he had not seen the inside of a church. He never prayed and could not hear when his wife or children prayed. "There is no God, nor a hereafter," he used to say, "and man dies just like the animal, religion is an invention of priests." The oldest of his children was in her thirteenth year. She was an amiable girl, and innocence and mildness were imprinted on her face. For nearly four years had she worked in a factory and had every evening fetched to her mama her slender earnings. Julia knew nothing of religion, saving a few little prayers her mother had stealthily taught her. A charitable lady of the neighborhood, who daily saw the little girl pass her house, asked Julia one day, whether she went to Catechism instructions, and if she would not like to make her first holy Communion? "Oh, yes, Madame" replied poor Julia, "I wish it very much; but mother cannot work and has three little ones and none to earn anything but me." — "And your Father?" asked the lady. Julia wiped the tears, coming to her eyes. "Poor child, I have caused you pain; I see you have no father anymore."

"Madame, my father is living, but he does not give anything to mama, nor does he allow that I go to church" — and the little girl cried.

Touched with pity, the lady recommended Julia's case to Father X, who most willingly instructed the child, and in six months Julia was allowed to make her first holy Communion, for she studied her catechism well, and was very eager to learn all about her holy faith. Now she was to go to holy Communion with other children, which was to her a source of indescribable joy. But how was she to tell her father about it? He would heap curses upon her or even prevent her from going. Or should she hide it from him? Could she be happy, and her father not share in her happiness! Should she of all the children be the only one to approach the table of the Lord, without having received her father's blessing? Had not Rev. Father advised

all the children to ask for their fathers blessing!" It was Saturday evening, the evening before that happy day. Her father slept but Julia slept not: weeping, she prayed for her father.

At break of day she arose, dressed herself in the white dress, the good lady had given her. She was beautiful, body and soul. Thus she presented herself at her father's bed.

"Father," she said, trembling all over. "I am going to holy Communion to-day." The father turned over angrily. What a sight for him, to see his child, — innocent and beautiful, — kneel at his bed her hands folded.

"Father, give me your blessing," she asked.

Who can describe the feelings of the father, who had not prayed for many years! But an angel had prayed for him.

Julia repeated her request: "Father give me your blessing."

"I have no blessing to give," her father cried with a husky voice, "I am damned," — and turned his face to the wall.

But a voice within whispered to Julia: "Pray!" and she prayed to God for her father.

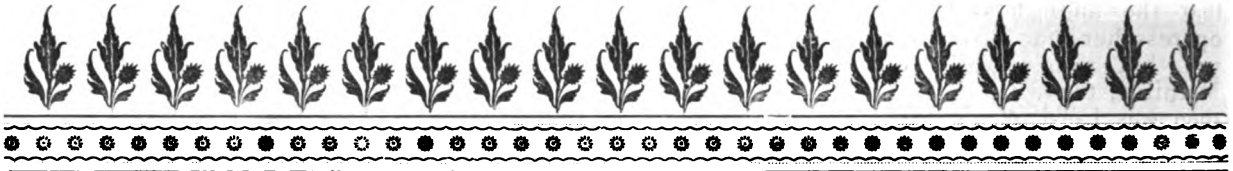
When she had asked him a third time for his blessing, her father arose in bed and with hands raised heavenward, and in a voice choked with tears he said: "Lord, if the prayer of a wicked man, does not insult you, bless my child!"

"My child remain innocent and happy, your father is a sinful man and the gates of heaven are forever closed to him." Copious tears wet his couch.

"He is so good," replied Julia, "the heavenly Father whom I have learned to know; he will forgive you; I shall ask him for you."

For some time the father remained in bed, weeping, but of a sudden he arose, dressed in haste and hurried to the nearest church. There he cast himself to the feet of the priest and made a sincere confession of his life. He returned a changed man. From that moment on he lived quietly and happily, for he lived a Christian life. Julia no longer had to work in the factory. Her father's earnings were sufficient for the whole family.

Such were the results of a child's innocent prayer on the day of her first holy Communion.



~ The Monk of Luetzelburg. ~

ADAPTED FROM THE WORKS OF M. HÖHLER, DD. BY REV. L. A. REUDTER.

CHAPTER I.

TAKING a walk from town Oberehnheim which lies about ten miles from Strassburg at the foot of the Vosges—to the near by village Klingenthal, one sees to the left on a projection of the Homburg Mountain the ruins of twin castles encased in the background by a dark pine forest. Those remnants of mediæval feudalism had once been the home of the old Luetzelburgers and are now known as the Ottenrott castles. They are so close to each other, that from a distance one easily takes them as one cluster of buildings.

The foremost of the two ruins, built more towards the valley below, consists of a black square adobe wall with a mighty round tower, in the dungeon of which—thus rumor has it—a human skeleton was found chained to the wall.

Two deep moats running parallel with each other, and one of them hewn into the solid rock on which the castle rests, separate the first burg from the other and larger one of the two. This one has tremendous walls, which proudly rise above the steep rock and give the visitor a fair idea of the former division of the mighty structure. Two towers protect the whole. The one round and amazingly high, leans on the circular wall towards the East, while the other tower being square and considerably lower, planks the West-side. The principal attraction, however, in this conglomeration of ruins consists in a high square building, which, though but a fragment, still shows unmistakable traces of architecture that must have been exceedingly rich and beautiful. Everywhere remnants of low walls now all but decayed—cross and recross each other and thus indicate, that “the Luetzelburg” must have been a vast structure.

What a change has come over the old place!

Grass, weeds and bushes are growing everywhere and are covering the walls and towers. Yea, trees have here and there forced themselves through the walls and are shooting up unconcernedly, as though they wished the wanderer to forget that they sprang from a grave, that spreads out beneath them. What a difference between now and the days of yore when those proud castles were yet inhabited

and silently defied those in the beautiful valley. And yet perhaps the life now shooting up from the vast ruins is more acceptable to the eyes of the Almighty than were the doings of the proud feudal barons, who lorded it here over the poor, till the measure was full to overflowing, and the blood of the oppressed called down God's vengeance on the inhabitants of those mighty halls.

Let us go back to those wild times, when in many parts of Germany feuds were the order of the day; when cities and nobles were in deadly combat, and surprisals, plunderings, imprisonments and murder had become every day occurrences, and not only the nobility had changed into robber-barons, but the love of unholy warfare had even infected the cities, enriched by commerce, and made powerful through privileges, wrested from profligate sovereigns, whose purse the cities had kept filled in lieu of concessions, amounting to all but immunity from the laws of the country.

March of the year 1460 was nearly over and as yet there were no signs of coming spring. The sun had in the beginning of the month made a feeble attempt to melt the monstrous masses of snow which covered forest and valley, when winter again enveloped the field and mountain country in a mighty garb of snow; and there arose such a roaring of the wind through the woods and valleys of the Vosges that it made even the hardest shudder.

Such a storm raged the evening on which our story commences. The weather cock on the round tower of the Luetzelburg screeched incessantly, as it was whirling around its rusty axis; the windows rattled, doors that were not locked opened and closed with a crash, while the plaintif howls of the dogs in the courtyard gruesomely re-echoed through the roomy corridors.

A pale lady, about 30 years of age, sat lonely at her spinning-wheel. Her dress consisted in a close-fitting dark gown reaching to the neck and ending with a lace ruffle. Deep sorrow was expressed in the lady's emaciated but withal beautiful features, and when she raised her eyes that were slightly inflamed from sorrowful tears, no doubt, a bright lustre shone forth and visaged

that the anguish of heart which seemed to oppress her, had not maimed the energy of her will, but rather confirmed it. The lady was Mathilde, the wife of Kuno of Ramstein, who then was Lord of the larger Luetzelburg. She had sent her lady of the chamber to bed, so that she might be undisturbed. The roaring of the wind did not annoy the lady of the castle, but rather stimulated her, so that the golden flax swiftly glided through the tender fingers and the wheel hummed lustily. Even and anon the lady raised her head, and resting in her work, listened attentively, only to continue her work with a sigh. All at once, it may have been nine in the evening, — she dropped the flax, went to the window and listened, trying at the same time to get a glimpse of the road in the dark night. The storm had quieted down for a few moments.

From the foot of the hill, came the clatter of horses' hoofs and presently wild curses and pitiful cries for help sounded through the dark night, and the reddish glimmer of torchlights through the trees. The

warden of the tower sounded the bugle, the drawbridge was left down, and a troop of wild horsemen sauntered into the yard of the castle, in their midst a grayhaired old man and a trembling young girl. In front of all rode a tall, robust knight, the commander of the troop and lord of the castle. Having reached the yard, he leaped from his horse, that the ground shook under his feet, and commanded in a harsh tone of voice:

"Bring the prisoners into the tower. The rest of you into the hall there you may rest and have good cheer. Good night."

"Good night" answered the troopers in chorus while the baron ascended the narrow winding stairs that led to the room of his wife.

When she heard the clatter of his footsteps on the stairs, she involuntarily blessed herself and returned to her spinning-wheel. The door opened, and the baron entered.

"What! Not yet in bed, Mathilda?" called the baron in a rough voice, while he took off helmet and unbuckled his sword. Next he stood before her and looked at her with unfriendly mien. "I should think it were high time for you to retire."

"It was impossible. The roaring of the storm and the anxiety for you would not have let me sleep." "Care for me?" he scoffingly replied, fondling the silver buckles of his armor."

"Devil and damnation" he yelled, stamping the ground, "where does Roderick stay? Does the old fool intend to make me take off the armor myself?"

With these words he ran to the door, tore it open and shouted, with a voice full of rage:

"Roderick, Roderick, the devil take you! Where are you?"

"I am coming, I am coming, Sir", the answer came from below, and soon slow steps were heard ascending the stairway.

"Let me help you, Kuno," said Mathilda, rising and approaching him.

"Pshaw" the robber-baron cried out, pushing

his wife roughly aside, "Remain at your work. The old fellow shall wait on me. For that he is here. You spoil him enough without that."

"Roderick is old, and work goes slowly with him," she quietly remarked, "he certainly deserves to be treated kindly, for the devotion which he has so often proved."

"Be silent!" yelled he in anger, "I shall not listen to any excuses in behalf of the lazy old fellow."

"Where were you?" — turning to the entering servant. "Do not let that happen a second time, or else my patience will be at an end, and I'll have you whipped out of the castle. Hurry, take off my armor."

Without replying a word, the poor old man loosened the buckles, and with an effort carried the heavy armor out of the room.



"So care for me has kept you up" continued the knight, putting on a comfortable housegown and throwing himself into a big leather chair: "How amiable and solicitous of you! hal hal! I could almost be touched, did I not know that this care pertains less to me than to strangers."

"Do you know what haul I made to day? The steward of the cloister and his tender daughter; a precious catch, a very precious catch, I tell you; you have no show at all aside of her." A braying laughter closed the vulgar speech. The pale lady's eyes slowly filled with tears.

"Kuno," she replied with trembling voice, "If you but knew, how I suffer, from your wild doings, you would certainly desist out of pity for me, if the fear of God, the avenger of all wrong, does not deter you."

"Out of pity for you!" the knight replied with a sneer.

"Your demands are becomig unbearable. Do I not indulge you enough when I listen to your continual reproaches without chasing you from the castle? What is that of your affair what I do? What have I in you but a burden, to whom I owe the dying out of my race! And instead of offering me some consolation by humble obedience and a devoted love, you everlastingly heap on me your complaints and reproaches, so that life with you has become a very hell to me. But rest assured, your time will soon be over, if this does not change.

My mind is made up." Mathilde clasped her hands as in prayer and replied, while the tears flowed down the sallow cheeks:

"Kuno, why do you mistake me thus? Is it right, that you have become the oppressor of the peaceful inhabitants of this province? What have they done to you, that you surprise them, plunder them, and rob them of their liberty? Do your wild actions not cry to God for vengeance? Is it not a proof of my ardent love for you, that I endeavor to tear you from the ways which must cast your soul into eternal damnation! Kuno! Kuno! Your hour of repentance and sorrow will surly come if you do not listen to me."

The vulgar laugh of her husband interrupted her. But she, not deterred, continued:

"Oh! I pray of you, halt! Could you have the heart to imprison a white-haired old man who is near his grave, and a tender innocent child, just budding into life? Is it then worthy of a knight to surprise old men and young girls on the highways!"

At those words Kuno's face became vivid with rage, and fire seemed to shoot from his eyes. But his wife did not mind. Her intence desire to liberate the unfortunate ones, irresistibly spurned her on to attempt the utmost.

With hands raised in supplication she sank on her knees before him, and cried out with sobbing voice:

"Kuno! I pray and conjure you in the name of everything that you hold dear, listen to me at least this time, release the warden and his child, give them freedom."

Alas! Her words glanced off ineffectively from his heart hardened like steel, and with a terrible oath he sprang on her and vehemently pushed her aside.

"Not another word, Mathilde!" he called — beside himself with rage, "or you, too, shall this evening yet be thrown into the tower."

Then he rushed off like a madman, and the unfortunate wife broke down completely.

CHAPTER II.

Mathilda was descended from an old but poor noble family of Upper Alsace and had married Kuno of Ramstein, when she was sixteen. The first years of their married life passed in happiness and contentment. Kuno was a tender and loving husband. But, when year after year passed by, and his ardent wish for an heir remained unfulfilled, the love for his wife grew cold, the pleasure he had enjoyed in her company disappeared, and evil advisers predisposed Kuno against his wife to such a degree that he barely deigned to notice her. Soon harder trials came for the poor Lady. Kuno took part in the bloody feuds which raged at that time in Alsace, the consequence of which was, that Kuno made for himself many and powerful adversaries who at length besieged his castle in great numbers, conquered him and raged his burg to the ground. He and his wife barely saved their lives through a subterranean passage and wandered many days hither and thither in the immense forest of the Vosges, starving and exposed to the inclemency of the weather.

While Kuno raged in wild despair, his wife suffered this frightful ordeal with heroic patience. Neither her patience nor her loving encouragement were able to cheer or console him. Only when the lord of the burghs Girsbaden, Kagenfells and Luetzelburg, James of Hohenstein, found them in his chase of deer in a helpless condition, and touched by their distress offered Kuno an Asylum on the Luetzelburg, did Kuno again take heart, but only to begin anew his wild ways. He became now a mere robber-baron whose greatest delight it was suddenly to appear here and there with his troopers, to plunder merchants, to make captive rich travelers, bring them to his castle in order to demand a big ransom for their release, to burn singly standing houses and farms, in short, it was his delight to be the terror of the neighborhood. In vain were Mathilde's pleadings with her husband, to give up this kind of life. Sneers, ridicule, abuse and threats of casting her out were his answer. With increased terror and dismay she saw him make those sallies and return laden with spoils; the misery of

the unfortunate victims of his expeditions filled her with a burning sorrow, without being able to do anything for the betterment of their lot. —

On this evening a special pity moved her heart for the unfortunate captives. And when Kuno had refused her intercession for them with such unwonted roughness, a grief of heart took hold of the poor lady with such intensity, that she thought she must die of it, and for a long time did she strive in vain to conquer herself. At last she shook it off, dried her tears and knelt before the crucifix in ardent prayer. While she was thus asking for strength and help, she seemed to hear a voice within her bosom whispering: "Save the prisoners!" A sudden fear overcame her at the very thought of this. How could she dare to make such a demand of her husband, how could she, the weak woman, execute such a daring act! For the tower was well guarded and the warden of it was a ruffian, who would at once notify Kuno of any attempt on her part of succoring the prisoners. Yet notwithstanding those seemingly unsurmountable obstacles she found no rest, and the more earnestly she prayed to God for strength, the more pressing grew the admonition from within to liberate the two prisoners without loss of time.

Shivering all over she arose at last to seek old Roderick and ask his advice and assistance.

She took a candle, went cautiously to the lower part of the castle where Roderick's quarter were, and gently knocked at his door.

"Are you awake yet, Roderick!" she whispered.

"The old man, engaged in his night prayer, opened the door and started back in surprise when he saw the lady of the castle.

"Good Lord, is it you, My Lady?" he called out half loud.

She, pressing her finger to her lips, entered quickly and locked the door.

"Be assured, Roderick," she said, "fear nothing. Kuno surely is sound asleep, and so are the troopers, for their wild carousing has long since ceased. Since the two prisoners were brought into the castle I have no rest. Have you seen them, or do you know anything more about them?"

At these words tears filled the eyes of the old man. He placed a chair for her, and when she was seated he replied:

"My Lady, that is a heart-rending affair. I cannot think of it. It was a sight that should have moved a stone to pity, when the rough fellows dragged the poor old gentleman and his angel-like daughter into the tower, separated them and locked them into two separate dungeons. The poor girl grasped her father with a frenzied cry and begged Benno, for our dear Lord's sake not to separate them. The father was speechless from terror and sorrow, and sil-

ently besought his jailor, while tears rolled down his cheeks. It was a sight, that I shall never forget."

Roderick ceased speaking for a time; sorrow seemed to overcome him.

"Well" asked Mathilde, laboring in vain to to compose herself, "what did Benno do, did he let them stay together?" —

The old man sadly shook his head.

"No! He tore the poor girl roughly from her father and locked her in a separate chamber. I had to go along to carry the light and could have cried out loud for grief, when I saw the heavy iron door close behind the prisoners. Good Lord! Those tender people into such a low dungeon!"

Mathilde sat there a picture of such utter dejection that Roderick feared for his mistress.

"And what will they do to the poor father and child?" she continued after a long pause, "have you learned nothing concerning their fate?"

The old servant seemed to combat with himself whether and how he should answer these questions.

I suppose their imprisonment is as usual in order to force a rich ransom out of them," continued Mathilde, when her questions were not answered. The old servant continued his silence.

Then a frightful suspicion arose in the mind of the poor woman. "Speak Roderick" she uttered full of anguish, "tell me all you know; I beg of you, I command you."

"With the old man, yes" replied Roderick at last with suppressed voice; but with the girl, if I interpret correctly the vulgar talk of the troopers and the glance of the knight, no."

The poor lady sank into her chair with a suppressed cry and sat there for some moments as though life had left her.

Then the lady of the castle arose. Out of her eyes shone a ghostly lustre. "Roderick" she said resolutely, "the prisoners must be set free". The old servant opened his mouth in deep astonishment, and stared at her full of amazement, as though he had not understood her.

"The prisoners must be set free," she repeated with more determination, "and this very night."

"But, for the Lord's sake! how, how shall that be accomplished, My Lady?" stammered Roderick.

"That I do not know yet," she replied, "but I think you will find means and ways to bring me to them."

"Benno, no doubt, caroused with the rest and is dead-drunk by this time. You have access to his chamber, you know the keys which open her and her father's prison, you know the dungeons. Roderick, if I ever was kind to you, you can now repay me, by helping me to liberate the girl and her father."



GRANDFATHER'S ADVISE.

The old servant looked at her full of fear and with ash-pale face. "My Lady!" he at last stammered, "that would cost my life."

She acted, as though she had not heard his words and continued: "It must be; it must be, in order to prevent a horrible crime. You must not refuse my request. Roderick, hurry into Benno's chamber and fetch the keys; I pray of you, hear me and do my bidding."

With these words the lady of Luetzelburg went on her knees before her servant and suppliantly raised her hands to him.

"For God's sake, Lady, rise!" he cried out terrified, while his trembling hands were endeavoring to raise his mistress. You demand the impossible of me, it cannot be done, for it would surely be the death of both of us. "And it must be done" she vehemently cried, while she arose; and if you desert me, I shall try myself to get the keys. —With those words, she determinedly went to the door.

Her old servant barred the way; his face was white, like that of a corpse.

"Well" he said, "if you will have it so, then in the name of the Lord, it shall be. I am an old man, nor is my life of much account; my days are numbered. Stay I shall make the attempt."

"A thousand thanks, my faithful servant" cried Mathilde, drawing a deep breath, while she pressed his hand. "Fear nothing, you shall escape all danger, you shall go with them."

Roderick did not hear these last words; he had already left the room.

Scarcely was the oppressed woman alone, when she cast herself to the ground, and with outstretched arms she prayed to the Savior of the innocent. It was a prayer, so intense, so glowing, that it penetrated the clouds. From what Kuno had told her in the early evening; from his diabolical joy over the happy success of this surprisal and from what Roderick had hinted at, it had become evident to her, that the purpose of this imprisonment was a most

dastardly one, and she was determined to liberate the prisoners at any cost and thus prevent a double crime.

Well did she foresee, that Kuno's rage would be boundless when he would find out that his victims had been snatched from him, and that she would have to suffer untold abuse; but she did not heed that!

"Lord help me to liberate the prisoners" she prayed in tears, "and if in consequence of it my sufferings should be increased a hundred-fold, I shall willingly bear them for his sake. I have vowed and promised him eternal faith at Thy altar and have promised to have a care for the salvation of his soul as for my own. His misdeeds cry louder and louder to Thee

for vengeance; perhaps, should he succeed in penetrating this last crime, the measure of his sins be filled."

"Lord!

Hear my prayer; punish me, only save him, let him see the abyss his excesses have led him into!"

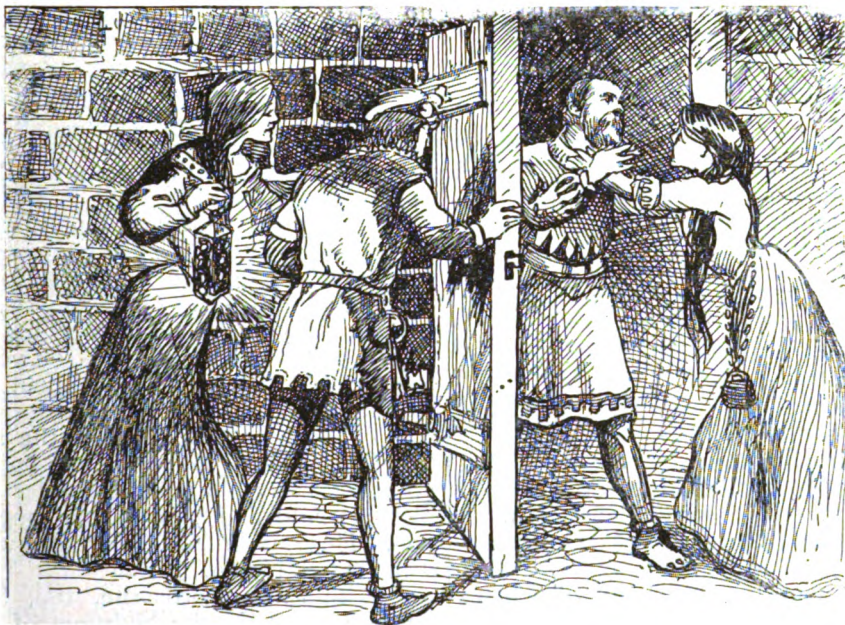
She was still praying, when Roderick returned, with the keys. "It was easier than I

had thought," he whispered, being somewhat more composed. "Benno, like the others, lies dead-drunk in the hall. No one is stirring. But now hurry, My Lady, we have no time to lose."

CHAPTER III.

Carefully they went through the corridor into the dark courtyard and across it to the heavy iron door, which led into the tower. The opening of the same, was not accomplished without a great deal of noise, as the iron door screamed in its hinges, but the wind and storm deadened the sound.

They entered and locked the door behind them, then descending a very narrow stairway they came into a low and narrow corridor, which showed a door to the right and one to the left. Roderick stopped before the door to the right of them. Soon the key turned in the heavy



lock, and Mathilde pushed back the heavy bolts with a mighty effort and entered. But the damp mouldy odor which met them all but choked her, so that she retracted her steps, terrified beyond expression.

"Dear Lord" she prayed, trembling all over, "avenge not on my husband the sins he has already committed here."

Then taking the candle from Roderick, she entered determinately into the narrow cave. The sight of the dungeon was gruesome. It was nothing but a hole dug into the earth, with a sort of chimney, in which, high up in the wall of the tower, there was a slight opening to admit air but sparingly, while the light could not penetrate down to where the prisoners lay. The walls of the prison were but poorly plastered, allowing the water to enter through the fissures, which age and frost had made in the wall. In a corner was a heap of foul straw on which lay the poor victim of the robber-baron Kuno.

Mathilde shuddered.

When she entered, the girl uttered a heart-rending cry and cast herself down before Mathilde, pitiouly asking for mercy and clasping her arms around the knees of her visitor.

Beside herself with horror and pity, the lady of the castle bent low to the unfortunate girl, placed her finger on her lips to ask her silence, and whispered:

"Compose yourself my child, I am here to save you; take courage, rise."

With these words she raised the girl and tenderly pressed her to her bosom.

"O, save me, my Lady, who ever you may be; bring me back with my father to St. Odilia's. Dear Lord! What trials, what dangers have come over us! Dear Lady, bring me to my father, have mercy on us."

"Certainly my child, only be quiet," whispered Mathilde, "come let us leave this abominable place!"

She led the child out of the dungeon and had Roderick, who obeyed mechanically, relock it.

Then she pointed to the door opposite and said: "And is her father in there?"

Roderick nodded. "Very well, open."

Hardly had the key begun to turn when the supplicating voice of the old man was heard from within.

"Father, we are saved," said the young girl trembling with joy, "we shall soon be at liberty; God has sent us an angel. I am coming, I am coming."

Scarcely had the door opened, when she rushed to her father with a joyful exclamation, clasped her arms around his neck and covered his face with kisses.

Mathilde allowed their feeling of joy free course for a few seconds, but then she approached them and said, while tears were trickling down her face: "I pray you, Sir, to follow me

with your daughter, but as cautiously and quietly as possible, for your safety depends on it."

Only then the old gentleman looked up to his liberator, and with an inexpressible look of gratitude he kissed her hand and said:

"Thousand thanks, gracious Lady for your succor; may the Almighty reward you for it. Pardon me." "Come make haste, every minute is precious!" The prisoners obeyed, and all stepped out into the small corridor; Roderick locked the door and all left the tower in silence.

Unobserved they crossed the courtyard and reached the Burghlady's room.

"Now bring back the keys, Roderick", said Mathilde, "then go to your room and get ready; quickly gather, what you hold dear, for you must accompany our proteges, and cannot return, not at least for the present."

The old servant who until then had not spoken, but ever and anon brushed a tear off his eyes, now of a sudden seemed to revive.

His lips trembled while the eyes rapidly filled with tears and with difficulty he spoke:

"My Lady, that must not be; I cannot leave you here all alone."

"Roderick," the lady replied resolutely and with a composure, that must have appeared heroic, "your remaining here is of no avail to me, and your certain death. Obey me, without remonstrance, if you are really devoted to me. The safety of these two depends on your accedance to my wish. Do not worry about me, I am in God's hands."

Thereupon Roderick left the room.

Now, turning to father and daughter: "Help yourselves to cloaks out of yonder chest, for the night is cold and you have a long road before you. Here is bread and some wine; eat and drink till I return."

With these words she, too, left and bent her way towards the bedroom of her husband.

When she reached the door and laid her hand on the knob, a cold shiver went through her. "If he should awake!"

Making the sign of the cross she entered. And then the moon came from behind the clouds — as though the Lord wished, to send her a sign of His assistance — and suffused the room with her light. Thus she was enabled to reach the spot, where the key to the secret passage hung, near her husband's bed, without stumbling against the many articles of clothing, armors and other things around the room in wild disorder. With a fierce hand she reached for the key, and left as noiselessly as she had entered. At the door she stopped an instant took a deep breath and ran back to her proteges, where Roderick, ready for the journey, was awaiting her return.

"Here is the key to the secret passage, that leads into the forest, let us proceed under God's protection."

"Gracious Lady," exclaimed the old gentleman, "what has taken place here, seems to me like a dream, which has my senses so captivated, that I can hardly realize the truth. My dear, poor Elsie, seems to have received in a few weeks, the habit of the nuns of St. Odilia. Together we had visited relatives in Oberehnheim, to bid them good bye, when we were surprised on our way back, our two servants killed, and we dragged along and cast into that horrible dungeon. O Lord! I was near despair and this my poor child!"

"Ah! you were soon to receive the bridal veil of the Lord!" interrupted the lady, while she again embraced the girl.

"Poor, dear child, what a fate you have just escaped!" Then she looked for a moment into the large innocent eyes that had turned up to her and kissing her on the forehead, said:

"Elsie, pray for me and very often, when you shall have become the bride of Christ."

"No day of my life shall I forget you," cried the girl.

"But let us go; time presses," said the lady of the castle. She took holy water, sprinkled herself with it, and also the others, and left the room. Quietly they went down stairs, passed through several halls and descending another flight of stairs, they entered a narrow damp passage, which was so low, that they had to bend down or rather creep along. At last they came to a small door, heavily clad with iron. Mathilde placed the key into the rusty lock, but could only open it after repeated efforts. Meanwhile Roderick had pushed back the mighty iron bolts, and with a push the door flew open, and a stream of fresh air entered.

"Now, farewell," she said, "and do not forget to pray for me."

At these words Roderick her old servant sobbed aloud.

"And must I really leave you?" he cried with half-stifled voice, and taking her hand he covered it with kisses.

"Yes, good Roderick" she softly replied; "it is better for you and me. Many thanks for your faithful services; the Lord will repay you."

"Flee with us dear Lady; escape the rage of your husband."

"No, Roderick" she interrupted in a voice, that did not admit of contradiction, "my place is at the side of my husband; I am his wife."

"Many thanks, Lady," spoke father and daughter simultaneously, "we shall think of you every day and shall not forget to pray for you."

"Farewell" the lady replied, with tears in her eyes; "forgive my husband, the wrong he has done you; farewell."

She once more shook hands with Roderick and the warden of St. Odilia's, embraced and kissed the girl and then listened to the sound

of the footsteps, that grew fainter and fainter. Soon she no longer could hear them.

"May the Lord guide and protect you," she whispered, while she locked the little gate and bolted it. As stealthily as possible, she retraced her steps; noiselessly as before she entered her husband's bedroom, replaced the key and safely reached her own apartments, where she knelt down before the crucifix and prayed for strength.

CHAPTER IV.

When mighty storms break over our heads or sudden catastrophes befall us, it not rarely happens, that our mind leaves the usual grooves in which it has been accustomed to run, and as though propelled by a higher power it all of a sudden forms resolution and as suddenly carries them into execution, that we — when the reaction has come, and the equilibrium of the mind has been restored — look on in amazement and apprehension. Then we appear in a strange light to ourselves, and we cast a glance at what we have accomplished like we do when of a sudden we feel the mysterious working of the invisible world. Such feelings took hold of Mathilde. Though by nature gifted with an unusual amount of willpower, which had been rather strengthened than weakened in the trying years of her married life, yet so far she had used her strength of will to do force to herself and to meet her wild husband without impatience and complaint and selfsacrificing love.

If she had not been able to altogether prevent sudden outbursts of his ill humor, she had as a rule managed to curb them, so that he never went to extremes with her. So far she had never dared to interfere with his doings, much less to directly work against his plans. Patience, prayer and wild remonstrances had been her only weapons.

Now she had left this course and in a way which, as she full well saw, would bring on her the full weight of his fury. The thought, that he was about to sever the most sacred bonds which united him to her, and that a tender flower, an innocent girl, should so basely fall a victim to his lust — this had seized upon her with such a terror and had shaken her to the innermost depth of her soul, that the resolve to prevent this double crime, at any cost, had like a flash of lightning suddenly and clearly arisen within her, and had filled every fibre of her soul with an energy never known before. Now the work was accomplished, the inner excitement began to calm down, and the question of the consequences arose foremost in her mind: What next? What will be the end of it?

Her first thought was that of flight: "Flee, flee at once, withdraw from the rage of Kuno as long as there is time."

The night was not yet over; everybody was still in a deep sleep. She knew the way to St. Odilia's convent. What prevented her escape? Could any one, could the Almighty judge her guilty of sin, if she evaded the rage of a heartless husband who had no love or regard for her?

Would she not thus prevent her husband from laying hands on her?

But no; she shook off those thoughts like a temptation. Rough abuse she had, of course, to expect from Kuno's hands, and especially in the first hours after the discovery of his victim's flight and her active part in it; but she had often before patiently endured maltreatment from his hands, why should she therefore flee? But the conviction, that with her flight would also vanish the last restraint which might yet prevent her husband from violating the sanctity of their union, determined her doubts and induced her to stay; for in the event of her flight Kuno would severely rush to utter ruin. Until now her presence, her tears, her patience and forbearance had at all events kept him from total depravity, and would, united with her continual prayers, and the grace of God, sooner or later bring him to his senses and lead him into better ways. What was to become of him, if she should leave him!

Therefore she resolved to stay, to meet his anger and perhaps — to die through his hand, whispered the voice of presentiment. Ice-cold shivers overran the terrified woman, and again and again the thought of flight returned.

She fought with despairing efforts against this temptation; streams of tears flowed from her eyes; her hands were convulsively pressed together.

Then she thought of our Lord's agony in the garden, and how he prayed in his agony till the bloody sweat came, how he was ready to undergo the sufferings of his bitter passions in order to save sinners.

And in her anguish, too, prayer strengthened the resolve to meet all manner of suffering for Kuno's sake, for the sake of his eternal salvation, and during that meditation the fire of intense, holy love of the wife for her husband burned in her bosom with ever-increasing intensity, till she sank down before her crucifix with the words: "Lord accept my sacrifice! Behold me ready to offer up my life in order to save his soul. Let me endure and suffer as long as you see fit, till my heart breaks in agony; never shall I murmur or complain, but I shall rejoice if I thus can save his immortal soul."

Thus she continued to pray, as though withdrawn from the visible world; she knelt like a spirit, free from the bondage of the body, before the throne of him, who came to save souls. Hour after hour passed: the night was waning, and the golden morning sun was shining into her

chamber; life in the castle began to awaken, and the decisive moment was quickly nearing.

When the jailor had arisen from his drunken sleep he thought of the prisoners, whom the Lord of the castle had given into his charge the previous night. Growling within himself he took the keys from the wall, fetched two stale loaves of bread from the pantry filled two earthen vessels with water and made for the tower.

"This kind of fare will not suit our little dove" he mumbled, but the worse, the better; so much the sooner she will make up her mind to leave the tower! So much the quicker she will understand that it is better to live with the master of the castle than to perish miserably and slowly in a dungeon beneath the ground. Yes! knight Kuno is a farseeing man, and always knows to make use of the most effective means in order to reach his end. Well; we'll see, how soon the little bird will be tamed."

With such soliloquies Benno unlocked the door of the tower and stumbled down the dark steps.

"Everything quiet" he growled, when he had come to the doors of the dungeons; "most likely these two do not yet know that it is daylight: I shall tell them, of course, they could not know it."

With those words he turned the key in the lock, pushed back the bolts and opened the door.

"Hollo, girl, wake up! Here comes breakfast. Do not grieve too much. Knight Kuno means it well with you. — What, no answer! — she must sleep soundly."

Now he stood in the dungeon, raised his lantern, but immediately dropped it again, when he noticed, that the prison was empty. A deadly pallor came over the jailor's face; his knees commenced to shake, his eyes grew dim, and he leaned against the wall so as not to fall.

"Holy St. George" he murmured listlessly, "escaped! — that will cost my head."

It took some time till he had composed himself enough to be able to examine more closely the small room; he held his lantern into every corner, rummaged through the straw, of course — all in vain.

"Escaped!" he moaned, while a cold sweat came over him, "and the old man?"

Shaking all over, he tottered to the opposite door. There a deadly silence reigned. When Benno, on opening the door, found also the warden of St. Odilia's gone, an indescribable fear seized him. Fear of the rage of his master so completely overmastered him that he sank to the ground and everything was going around and around.

Finally he arose with an effort, locked the tower and crept more than walked to his room. There he dropped into a chair and covered his face with both hands. What was to be done now? He sat thus till of a sudden awakened from his stupor by the angry shouts of the master

of the castle; who called with loud voice "Roderick, Roderick, where does the lazy fellow keep himself."

"Roderick! Roderick! you lazy fellow?" Again Kuno was heard calling, but this time from the open window of the first story, and resounding all over the yard of the castle it created a stir and excitement. The troopers — sleepy yet from the night's carousals — ran out to look for Roderick, while the master of the castle was cursing, and the dogs were barking. Benno, too, left his apartment, but he had barely reached the bottom of the steps, when he ran against the baron, who in his mad rage had rushed down to hunt Roderick. At his sight Benno — as though struck by lightning — stood still for a moment, and then threw himself at his master's feet, ringing his hands in despair and crying:

"Mercy, mercy, I am innocent!"

Kuno almost fell over his servant, and more incensed yet, he yelled:

"Thunder and lightning what is the matter with you fellow?" At the same time he grasped the poor

wretch by the neck and endeavored to throw him aside. But Benno clasped his master's knees in his agony, and cried incessantly for mercy.

Kuno commenced to grow suspicious.

"What in the name of the devil are you whining forever: Mercy, I am innocent! and why do you hold my legs, so that I came near falling? of what are you innocent?"

"Lord, the prisoners" — stammered the poor knave, hardly knowing, what he was saying.

"Well, what is wrong with the prisoners?" out with it.

"They have escaped."

If lightning had struck the baron, it could not have stunned him more than the word escaped. For a moment he stared at his servant, as though he had not understood him. The pupils of his eyes were dilated; his mouth wide open; deadly pallor on his countenance; his hands convulsively grasped the handle of the short

sword, that hung at his side. But this rigor gave way to an intense rage. The blood rushed to his face and with a jerk the sword flew out of the scabbard.

"Escaped, you dog!" he cried with rage; "then die, and go to hell!"

"I am innocent, have mercy," again cried the jailor in agony.

The baron did not listen to him. But the very moment the raging baron made a thrust for Benno, a white figure, threw herself between the baron and his victim.

"Stop, Kuno! Benno is innocent!" and sank to the ground, pierced by the thrust that was meant for the jailor.

It was Mathilde.



She had heard the uproar in the yard, and thinking, the flight of the prisoners had been discovered, she had hastened to protect the innocent from her husband's cruelty. She arrived just as the baron made a thrust with his sword for Benno. The one word escaped, uttered by the baron, told her all.

Without hesitating, she threw herself between the baron and Benno, to ward off the deadly steel from the latter; but her weak arm was not able to break the force of the blow, the sword struck her and entered deep into her bosom.

Covered with the blood of his wife, the knight stood, nailed to the ground, and like beside himself. Then he threw himself — the blood of his wife, had loosened the hard crust of his heart — to the ground, where his wife lay, and with a heartrending cry: "My God my God, what have I done!" he began to sob, that it could be heard far over the yard.

Meanwhile the servants of the castle had run to the scene of the catastrophe. The maids of Mathilde endeavored as well as they knew how, to staunch the blood, and to bandage the wound, till pages brought a litter and carried the dangerously wounded burghlady to a room

near the large hall, and carefully laid her on a bed hurriedly prepared for their dying mistress. The maids here undressed her, washed the wound and bandaged it again. One of the troopers galloped to the nearby cloister of St. Gergon, to fetch one of the monks.

Kuno tortured by the agonies of his reawakened conscience — still lay near the spot, where his wife had fallen. He who had till now been so cruel to his wife; who had never shown her any love, and considered her but an incumbrance; he who before had cared but little for the life of others, now saw, crazed by sorrow, and touched through God's grace to sincere repentance, the abyss into which his wild life had thrown him.

"Murderer of your wife!" this horrible word even filled his ears, so that he would not listen to the words of sympathy and consolation of his men. Then Mathilde's waiting maid neared with the words:

"Sire, your dying wife wishes to speak to you." This call roused him, and he rushed into the room where his wife lay.

"Mathilde, dearest Mathilde! Mercy! Forgive your murderer!" With these words suffused with tears, he cast himself down before her bed, hid his head in his hands, and wept most bitterly.

His dying wife looked at him full of tenderness. "Kuno" she said, touching his head, "hear me, be quiet, I forgive you most willingly."

"I liberated the prisoners last night, and after it was done, I prayed to God most fervently that he might illuminate your heart, and lead you back from your dangerous course."

"I have offered myself to the Lord for a sacrifice, and behold, he has accepted my sacrifice."

Wild, heartrending cries of the knight interrupted her words.

"Do not weep any more, Kuno" she continued "look at me."

"I cannot, I must not! Woe to me, a murderer, woe!" he replied.

"Yes, Kuno! look at me, I wish it" she insisted with utmost effort and determination.

Then he raised his countenance with tears and looked up to her.

"My last hour is rapidly approaching; can I leave this world, with the assurance, that you will lead a different life now? Will you promise me, Kuno, to lead a peaceful, God-fearing life, in the future?"

"Never again" he cried, "shall my hand touch a sword. Forgive me, dear Mathilde, and believe, I shall do penance for the remainder of my days." — The dying woman smiled.

"Now I gladly die" she said, laying her hand on his. The priest entered, Kuno tottered out of the room. The pure soul had soon finished her confession. Her life had been spent at the foot of the cross, and sin could not take

deep root in her bosom. Soon the priest gave the sign for the attendants to enter. The pages came with lighted tapers and knelt, forming a circle with the woman. On the table covered with snow-white linen, lay the body of our Lord. Like a child, the knight, allowed himself to be led to the bed of his wife, and there knelt down in deepest sorrow. Mathilde received her Redeemer, with heavenly devotion, and silently repeated the prayers with the priest. She was scarcely able now to make a sign with the hand, towards the direction, where her husband knelt,

"Kuno!" she whispered — "keep your promise — I die gladly — for you — farewell."

A wild tremor went through her body, then she laid her head back on the pillow, closed her eyes and fell to her last slumber like a tired child — The sacrifice was completed.

CHAPTER V.

The mortal remains of Mathilde were interred in the nearby cloister of Nethermunster. When the last sounds of the choir of the cloister ladies had died away, and the mourners who had come to the funeral had departed, Kuno still knelt at the grave of his wife and wet the cold marble with his tears. God alone knew what transformation had taken place in Kuno's heart during the last few days. So much everybody that saw him recognized, he was no longer the much-feared robber-baron. He seemed to have aged a decade of years. Furrows formed in his countenance, and were unmistakable signs of the indescribable sorrow of his heart.

Having thus prayed for hours, he went back to the Luetzelburg. The next morning he sent away his troopers, servants and maids. All his ill-gotten gain he had already returned as far as possible, and had sent word to Hohensteiner, that he was going to give up the castle. In the afternoon the new occupant of the castle arrived, and Kuno left the Luetzelburg, poor and lonely, like he had come. He was dressed in his best mail and rode his favorite charger. Arrived at Nethermunster, Kuno presented his horse to the cloister and passed the whole night in full armor at his wife's grave. But when the morning sun began to shine through the stained glass windows, he took off harness, helmet and sword and hung them up over the grave of his wife. Then he put on a hairshirt — the garb of penitents — and presented himself at the confessional, to tell the priest the story of his wild life and the sad events of the last few days, and often was his confession interrupted by loud sobs.

When he had finished this holy business, and had from the priest's lips received forgiveness of the merciful God, he went to St. Odilia's convent, to ask pardon of the victims of his last sally.

Tears of emotion and pain appeared in the eyes of the old steward and of his daughter, when they saw the knight — once feared so much by all — at their feet and in the garb of a penitent, and heard from his lip of the death of their noble liberator. They willingly forgave him.

The next morning Kuno began his pilgrimage — that was part of his penance — to the city of the princes of the Apostles. Always afoot and under the hardest privations he accomplished at length the long journey. Pius the second who was the then reigning Pontiff, graciously received the penitent and absolved him from the sin of murder. Kuno remained several months in Rome, waiting on the sick in the hospitals during the day, and praying at night at the holy places of the eternal city.

When spring had brought leaves and blossoms to the trees, the longing for the far away grave of Mathilde took hold of him, and with the blessing of the Holy Father he started his journey homeward.

One morning, as the sun was rising over the golden fields of Alsace, Kuno saw from afar the towers of Nethermunster. At their sight he fell on his knees and wept. And when the silvery sounds of the cloister bells swept over the surrounding country, a feeling possessed him, as though Mathilde's spirit were meeting him, as a messenger of divine love to lead him into the sanctuary, where her mortal remains awaited eternal glory. Weeping and praying he entered the church and knelt before the grave of his wife.

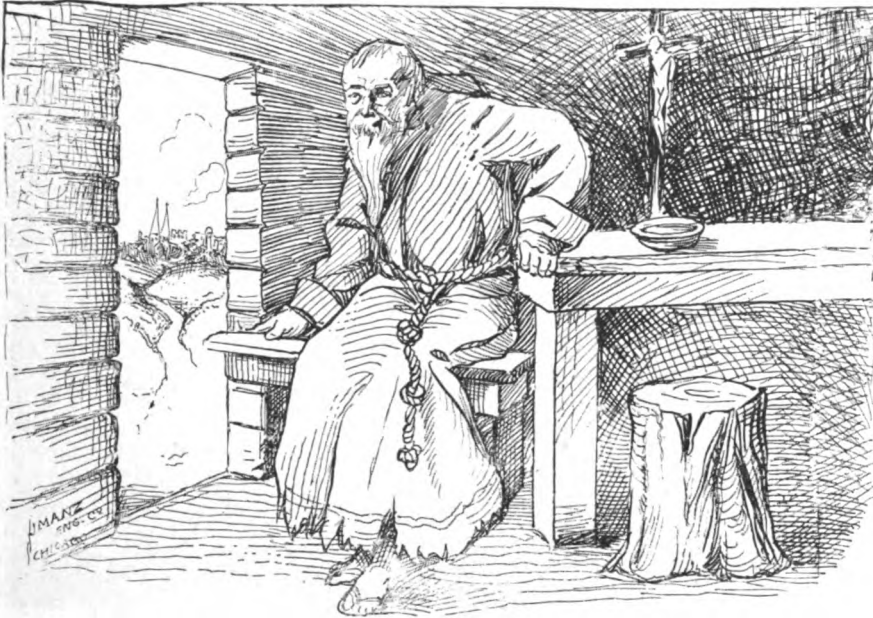
Then his eyes beheld a second grave, upon the plain stone slab of which the few words were hewn: "Roderick awaits here, aside of his mistress, the day of resurrection."

"Rest quietly, thou good, faithful man" the penitent whispered, and may the Lord be to me as merciful a judge, as he surely has been

to thee and Mathilde, so that we may meet again in the eternal fatherland."

After a long and fervent prayer he started for St. Odilia's to make a pilgrimage to the venerable tomb of the great patroness of Alsace. As he was climbing up the mountain, his mind occupied with pious meditation, the bells of the mountain church commenced to ring, and their resonant voices vibrated far over mount and valley, inviting all to the Lord's service. Strange feelings seized the pilgrim. Suddenly the wild remorse that had taken hold of him the few days after his wife's death, broke out anew, as though the sounds of the bells had torn open the old wounds and caused them to bleed again. Involuntarily he hastened his steps. When he

entered the venerable convent church filled with worshipers, and his glance reached the large sanctuary he understood why the sound of the bells had caused him such feelings of sorrow. At the foot of the altar among choir sisters knelt the innocent virgin whom he had — just a year ago — surprised and forcibly dragged



to his castle. The bridal veil covered Elsie's head, she was about to unite herself with her Lord and Redeemer by taking the vows of perpetual obedience and chastity. Like the torrent from the rocky crevice, so tears gushed from the pilgrim's eyes, and trembling with anguish of soul, he fell to the ground and pressed his face, hot with tears, to the cold marble. Those around him looked on with astonishment, but no one knew the strange pilgrim. While he was yet prostrated on the ground, praying and weeping, of a sudden the magnificent organ intoned the mighty hymn of triumph with which the Catholic church knows so befittingly to end her grand ceremonial, and as the Words "Te Deum laudamus" sung by the bishop and taken up in the vernacular by the whole congregation, swept through the convent church, they also awakened in Kuno's aching heart the gladdening echos of hope, so that he dried his tears

and rising joined in the hymn of praise to God, till his heart, too, had taken new courage in the "In te Domine speravi; non confundar in aeternum."

A few days later in the lonely forest valley near the cloister Nethermunster, arose a cell, built of rough logs, in which Kuno commenced his days as the penitent hermit. Every morning brought him to the grave of Mathilde; neither storm nor rain, neither snow or ice, kept him back. Thus years passed, and the high erect figure of the former knight became bent more and more; his beard grew longer and hung in silvery waves upon his breast; at last he had to use a cane, but still he came. The very sight of him often moved passersby to penance, the living example of heroic penance procured many blessings for the inhabitants of the country. One nice

summer morning the old hermit did not appear at his usual post. The people in Nethermunster were so accustomed to the daily appearance of the old hermit, that after the lapse of an hour when he had not yet come to Mathilde's grave they went to his cell. There they found him stretched on the ground — during all those years he had never made use of any other bed — his hands crossed over his breast, a smile of heavenly peace on the pale countenance. In the branches of the oak, that overshadowed his cell a nightingale had built her nest and was singing a last farewell to her companion below.

Deeply moved, the men raised the venerable remains of the hermit on a litter, carried it among sobs and tears into the Church of Nethermunster and next to his wife they buried him — the monk of Luetzelburg.

He found the Apostolic Church.

It was about fifty years ago, when Rev. James B. Donelan, at that time parishpriest in Washington, made the acquaintance of a Mrs. Dr. J. He had frequently heard of this excellent lady, but never had chanced to meet her. Mrs. J. was attending the Presbyterian church on Ninth street, where the bigot John C. Smith was preacher. After the usual formalities of the introduction were passed, Father Donelan, in half solemn, half jesting manner, remarked that Mrs. J. could not by any possibility be a good Presbyterian, for she did not hate the Catholics enough.

"Is hatred for the Catholics essential to a good Presbyterian?" she retorted. "It would seem so, Madam, judging from the line of conduct followed by your preacher."

Mrs. J. was too sensible a woman not to feel the truth of the remark, and far too good a Christian not to be influenced by its force. The conversation however changed as if by mutual consent. Mrs. J. remembered this word. Till now she had never had misgivings regarding her religion. She and her worthy husband had been raised Huguenots in South Carolina. They knew nothing else, and were satisfied that they were right enough.

This charge, however, so true and unchristian, Mrs. J. could not forget. She began to think, to pray, to read, to examine, and finally to seek information and instruction from Father Donelan. Doctor J. discovering the change in his wife's religious sentiments became perfectly indignant. He loved her too much, he respected his wife too highly, to say even an unkind word to her: yet his conduct was of the most fearfully cruel character. He appealed to her regard for him and his position in society, his poor little children who would certainly be de-

prived of a father's protection, in a word, he declared that he could not, would not, live in the same house, if she became a Catholic, but would leave her, and forever. This was a dreadful trial, for she knew him to be incapable of breaking his word, yet though she loved him dearly, she loved God more, and after sufficient instruction, Mrs. J. was solemnly baptized and received in the one fold. The Doctor was informed of the occurrence on the same day. In the most pathetic terms, he proceeded to inform her of the terrible consequences of her action. He directly settled upon her an ample provision for the support of herself and the children, and after all necessary painful arrangements, took leave of her. Both were in tears. "The only request" he said, "I make, now that I go a wanderer on the face of the earth, is that you will not raise our dear little children Catholics. Kissing his little boys, one of seven and the other of three years, and again embracing his wife, he said firmly: "You have destroyed your family, you have broken my heart. Farewell, forever."

There was one of the practices of the Church against which Dr. J. had the most unrelenting antipathy, this is what he termed the worshiping of the Saints. When he left his house, it was with the fixed intention of never again recognizing his wife. In all this, he was perfectly sincere, he thought it his solemn duty. He believed that the Catholic Church was the mother of abominations, spoken of in the Bible, and he considered it only his duty to hate and oppose it, as also to shun the company of those who went with it. Some days after his departure from his home, he went to seek comfort from his preacher, Mr. John C. Smith. He was received very kindly, and the subject of his wife's perversion was of course freely discussed.



PLEADING FOR AN ALMS.

The Doctor informed his Reverence that he had resolved never more to acknowledge his wife, which resolution was applauded by the quasi-minister, with the added suggestion that by a little adroit manoeuvring, he could secure a divorce. The interview had lasted now more than an hour, when the Dr. remarked that he he regretted one thing very much. If he had been better posted regarding the Apostolicity of his church, he might perhaps have prevented the sad calamity that had befallen him. Mrs. J. had been led to believe that the Catholic Church was the Apostolic church, and when he had attempted to disprove her assertion, he had failed signally. Mr. Smith was requested to tell him the proofs, — he of course had them always ready. Mr. Smith replied in a strong, vindictive, and double distilled Presbyterian onslaught upon the scarlet woman of Babylon. He could scarcely express the height or depth of his hate for the monster, the mother of iniquities, drunk with the blood of her abominations, and much more of this sort of tirade, when Dr. J., begging pardon for the interruption, intimated that all this he had heard over and over again, but that it would be such a comfort to him, if he only had the proofs of the Apostolicity of his church. He knew well, the Presbyterian was the Apostolic church, but he was not posted in the arguments. Mr. Smith opened a second valley of expletives or explosives, as you will, but had absolutely nothing to say about the Apostolicity of the Presbyterian heresy. Dr. J. became a little impatient at first then finding that his endeavors to obtain information were futile, he grew indignant, finally, after quite a lengthened effort, he politely bowed himself out of the parson's presence, shocked and disgusted with the utter ignorance of the man whom till now he had looked upon as a prodigy. Yet he was by no means staggered in his belief. His parson was ignorant, but his religion was Apostolic. He now resolved to look up these arguments for himself. Of course the story of the consequences of such an inquiry by so sin-

cere a man as Dr. J. is soon told. He discovered to his horror that his church was not Apostolic. He found that there was however one truly Apostolic Church, and after three weeks of earnest, prayerful study, he was immovably fixed in his convictions that this was the Roman Catholic Church! The sequel is short. Dr. J. repaired to St. Inigo's, near the site of old St. Mary's city, established by Lord Baltimore at the mouth of the Potomac, where he could spend a week with good Father Carbery, the universal friend and favorite, to be instructed and baptized. After a week of retreat and instruction, he was received by baptism into the church he had so much persecuted, and admitted to First Communion. His poor wife knew nothing of all this, but was endeavoring to conform her will to the dispensation of Divine Providence, and submit piously and, as much as possible in retirement from the world, to her sad condition.

One morning she was as usual at Holy Mass; she was praying for her husband, she was supplicating with tears for his conversion. Some one entered the pew in which she knelt, she rose to give more room; and, as she did so, she turned a little towards the individual. Who was it? She looked! Gracious Heaven! it was her husband. His countenance mild, his expression kind, and more than all, he knelt down and blessed himself! "Dearest Charles, what are you doing," she almost gasped. "Mary let us thank God together, for by His grace I am a Catholic. Speak not, dear one, I'll explain all." This was too much joy for the woman; tears choked her breathing, she sobbed aloud. Some months after his conversion, when Dr. J. and his wife were preparing for confirmation, he assured his pastor, Father Donelan, that one of the most pleasing and satisfactory practices of the church to him was the intercession of the saints. Dr. J. and his excellent lady continued to be bright examples of the efficacy of the Divine Grace until their old age and happy death.

AVE MARIA.

—❖❖❖ THE MOTHER DIED. ❖❖❖—

Before that sad day, when the Angel of Death
Swept over our hearth, on his pinions of sorrow,
And the mother we prized as the breath of our breath,
Lay lifeless and cold on the morrow;

Before that dark day, — did I wander afar
At Duty's behest, or the promptings of Pleasure?
My heart, like the needle that turns to the star,
Turned ever to Home, as its treasure.

And I wearied of joys. I grew sick of delights,
'Mid scenes new and charming, I pined for another, —
Mine own quit single, were Home's cheery lights,
Were the face and the smile of my mother!

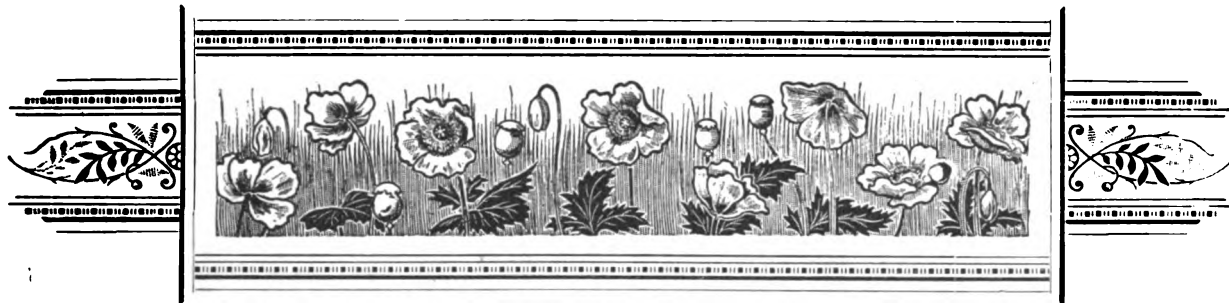
But since, from our midst, from the arms of our love
The shade of our dearest pass'd outward forever, —

Let me flee where I will (like the windbeaten dove),
My heart's never home-sick: no, never!

Indifferent, tho' weary, — wherever I may roam
(With sighs, that the bravest of wills cannot smother).
I have learn'd in love's language, that mother is home,
And home but a week word for mother!

O Friend! as you sit at your desolate hearth,
And gaze thro' your tears at the one vacant corner,
Whence the shadow of death, seems to spread o'er the earth
And veil every joy, like a mourner;

In the long, lonesome days that are certain to come
Let this comforting balm to your sore heart be given;
That, if home is but mother, and mother is home,
Both mother and home are in heaven!



—❖— Chinese Marriage Customs. —❖—

By Dr. J. Weig, S. V. D.



I. THE BETROTHAL.

CHINA, the land of contradictions, as we are wont to regard it, falls in line with all other Nations, in at least one particular, the importance which attaches there to the Marriage Ceremonial.

And elaborate and involved as are the customs relating thereto, those connected with "betrothal" are scarcely less so: therefore I shall describe both as minutely as I can.

It is true, I may not use as my excuse for so doing, the much quoted assertion that "all the world loves a lover" suggesting that all must be interested in my subject, for love or affection as we understand it, is an unknown factor in the Chinese marriage or betrothal.

The preliminaries and in fact the whole affair are arranged between the parents of the boy and girl.

These latter are not asked if they wish to get married or whether the intended partners are mutually agreeable. Opposition would be useless and is never attempted by the interested parties.

It is an ancient custom in China to betroth children of the tenderest ages, even two or three years. Mungtke the philosopher, who ranks next to the greatest in the Celestial Kingdom said: "To seek a wife for the newly born boy and to betroth a girl soon after her birth are prudent actions on the part of the parents."

But very often this parental prudence turns out badly.

Frequently the family of the boy becomes impoverished and the well-brought-up girl is in consequence doomed to the life long sorrow of poverty.

The boy usually does not know the girl nor she her prospective bridegroom; they are generally from different villages and the groom is frequently ignorant of the name of the bride as she is of his. After the betrothal all meeting and all familiarity are forbidden and avoid-

ed. It could scarcely be otherwise for as a rule the parents of the betrothed do not know each other.

What is perhaps more peculiar, the families are comparatively ignorant of each other's wealth and station, being apparently content to rely on the lying statements of the marriage broker who holds his office under sanction of the law.

I have often wondered that all goes with comparative smoothness; the girl may be and often is extremely ill favored and sickly — the boy poor and of undesirable connections, yet only occasionally do objections occur.

It happens sometimes that the groom objects because the bride is homely, or because their dispositions are incompatible, or which is more serious — because the girl's feet are too large. Yet even in these cases, the son must obey his parents, marrying whom they will or relinquishing one who proves displeasing to them, even if she meet his own entire approbation.

Those upon whose consent the validity of the betrothal depends, are first the father and mother; if these are not living, the grandparents even to the fourth degree act in their place. Failing the latter, the affair is managed by the uncle on the fathers side or by his wife; if there no uncle, then the succession falls to the sister of the father — the older brother of the betrothed party — the older sister — or the grandparents on the other side. In the absence of all these, other relations come in as may be determined by custom. It is the rule that the nearest relative entitled to do so, invites some older member of the family who is also eligible; this one then puts his own name to the contract, standing in place of parents and is in case of any difficulty answerable for the arrangement.

The name of a woman does not appear upon the written contract, not even that of the mother, except at the marriage of a widow where the name of her mother in law is permitted.

For the betrothal and wedding one of the so called marriage agents must be employed; most of these are women and they have usually not the best reputation, being held in contempt although regarded as instruments of fate. They lie and deceive most flagrantly.

A Chinese proverb says — "Without lying, no man can carry out any suit or arrange any marriage."

I shall try to describe the national mode of procedure which is interesting because showing the Chinese as he is.

The Marriage agent (A) goes to the family (B) and says: "See your daughter is growing up, must you not be thinking of having her betrothed? I will secure for you an eligible party."

B: "From what village is the boy?"

A: "From your own, in the western part. He is well grown and about New Year he will go to school."

B: "Although we live in the same village; yet we have no intimate knowledge of his family: therefore we do not know how much land he has."

A: "I have informed myself upon that point, of course, from other people: according to current opinion they have 30 acres of good land every one of which is worth 20 to 30 strings of money (five or six dollars). They also have a wagon, two oxen and a donkey, besides a cow; which has recently calved. Although the family are not rich neither are they badly off. As regards the buildings they have three *Tjen* (a house, with a door and three windows) for a dwelling. The door faces toward the south. The rooms are warm in winter and comfortably cool in summer. The outer wall is of brick. Beside this there are two *Tjen* (a house with one door and one window). They are built of air-dried mud, and a *Tjen* (a house with an uncovered door), that serves as a stable. The place is quite sufficient (of course only for a Chinese family). Wherefore should a peasant want a larger house?"

B: "Yes but there are too many children. The boy, of whom you speak, has yet four younger brothers, and two sisters: the youngest cannot walk yet, and the parents are just 40 years old. There will be little of the inheritance for each of the children. (In China the inheritance-land improvements are equally divided amongst the boys). Moreover the daughters are known to have bad dispositions. Wait until my husband comes home. We will talk the matter over together."



YOUNG BRIDE. CHINESE BRIDEGROOM.

A: "All that you have said is not sufficient objection to the betrothal. As you know yourself: all married women have to suffer? One must be resigned to one's lot. 'Fate orders all things, man can do nothing against it,' says the proverb. When one thinks of this thing and that thing, nothing can be accomplished; so long as things are not unbearable, it is sufficient. Besides the daughters are just reasonable girls, not at all ill natured. The mother is good and according to my thinking not a woman who would abuse her daughter-in-law. But I will not take any responsibility upon myself, you can make your own inquiries. Talk it over with your husband. It is already late, I have to go to the next village toward the south, where I have a wedding to arrange. In the course of three or four days I will come again."

B: "Do not go, it is too late, when you are here you are at home."

(A) remains for the night; in the morning she talks again about going, but (B) stops her and says: "You must eat something first, if you go without first eating something, it would not look well for me."

A: "I will dine with you on my return; I must go."

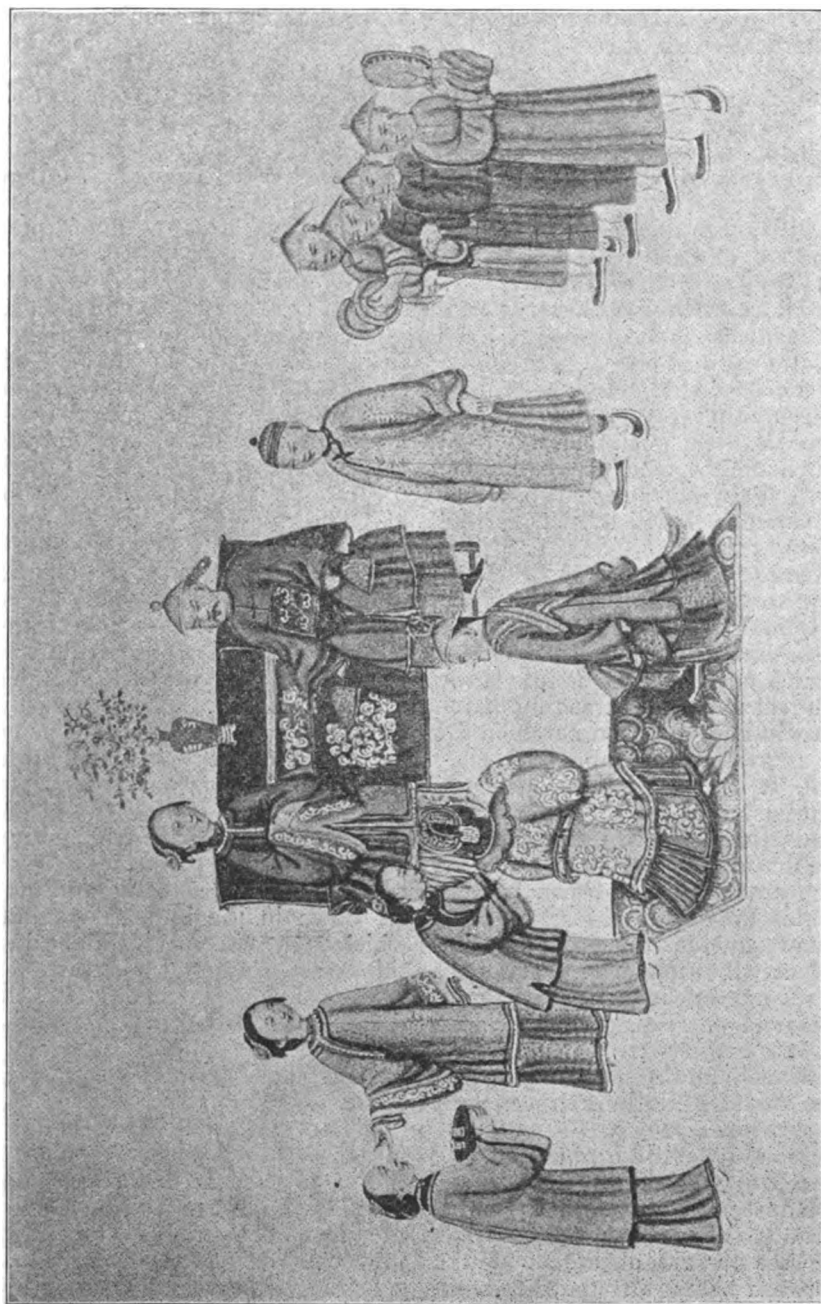
(B) holds her back, and (A) remains with a flood of apologies. (It would seem that according to Chinese customs, people like (A) get their living at the table of others.)

In the morning (A) goes to the next village and directly to the house of (C). She asks immediately about the state of the affair, particularly what the fortune teller has said in regard to the betrothal.

C: "He thinks it will do, the indications are favorable. There remains then only to name the day on which the contract shall be executed."

A: "The first half of the month is the best for that, to-day is the fourth; how would it be to settle it on the sixth? A fortune teller told me that the sixth was a lucky day. I will go to the family of the girl in order that they may have everything ready for the sixth."

C: "Now since the business is settled, you must not go away immediately, you must certainly dine with us, you have taken so much trouble on our account. We have not much in the house. Though indeed it is only three *li* (one mile) to the next market, but you are very busy and will not care if we do not stand on ceremony. Rest yourself a little upon the *kiang* (a bedstead built into the wall of the house). I



THE YOUNG COUPLE OFFERING THEIR HOMAGE TO THE PARENTS.

will go into the kitchen and make *bauze* (dumplings filled with meat, cooked in garlic sauce). I have some salt meat, garlicks, and vinegar left. They will be ready with the turn of the hand, and still they appezize the quickest.

A: "Dont make anything extra; what is good enough for you is good enough for me."

After eating she leaves, and three days afterwards she is again with the family of (B). She asks if (B) has yet discussed the matter with her husband.

B: "Yes! see if the betrothal can be brought about. If the family (D) of the boy agrees we are ready."

A: "Good, I will go to (D)."

B: "Come back to dinner."

Thereupon (A) goes to (D) and asks: "How old is your eldest? I think it is time to find a wife for him."

D: "Where is there one?"

A: "Here in the east side of your village at B's. The girl is neither pretty nor homely. She is, to be sure a little pockmarked but it does not show much on the face. Her feet are not very small, but again not very large, if you wish to have them smaller, I will tell her mother to bind them up tighter."

D: "We have more than 20 acres of land. For that we ought to have a pretty girl. But then if that one is industrious! What we look for in a daughter-in-law is that she should know how to turn the mill and how to handle fork, rake, broom and shovel upon the thrashing floor."

A: "Then you will make a good catch in B's daughter, for she is a strong capable girl."

D: "Very well, it is late, let us dine."

(A) makes the usual excuses, but remains nevertheless. And then (D) invites her to spend the night with them, and she accepts his invitation. The contract is soon drawn up.

The way in which the betrothal is carried out is regulated by law and custom. In the first place no espousal may be made between families of the same name; it would be void, as also any such marriage. Yet, people who do not interpret the law too strictly, often make betrothals between such families, providing that the male members of both do not trace their origin to one progenitor.

If another person takes the place of the one specified in the contract — for instance, a sister in good health instead of an ailing one, it is considered a fraud; the marriage must take place between the persons first specified. If the person brought forward belongs to another family, then the espousal is also considered fraudulent.

Should the marriage with a substitute have been performed, the man may under these conditions, send the woman away. According to the Chinese law the marriage is unlawful if an old person (that is, more than double the age of the

specified one) is substituted for a younger or a young person in place of an old one.

The same thing happens if a sick man take the place of one in good health, the son of a concubine for the son of a legitimate wife, or an adopted child is presented as one's own.

All these facts must be made known beforehand. It is necessary for the solidity of a betrothal that both families agree to it. If a girl were already betrothed, then the new contracts would be void.

Should a father and mother living apart, have each betrothed one of their children, the contract first made is the lawful one, but if the wedding has already taken place then that is binding.

When both families agree to a betrothal, it is first necessary to call in the fortune teller, who casts the horoscop for the intended betrothed. This is done by the aid of the *paze*, that is the letters of the alphabet. The Chinese year is designated by means of two letters, so also every month, every day, and every hour. With eight letters the Chinese can denote the year, the month, the day and birth-hour of the couple. The fortune teller now compares these eight letters, first those of the boy, then those of the girl, with the five elements: He learns therefrom the lot of each. He sees further how the fortune of the future betrothed is related on the other: Metal will provide water, water wood, wood fire, fire earth, earth metal. Metal destroys wood, wood destroys earth, earth destroys water, water destroys fire, fire destroys metal. If the fortunes hold favorable relations to each other, then the fortune teller makes out a writing called the *Huo-Sueh-T'ie*, stating this fact. A lucky day is next named on which the interchange of betrothal cards (Chinese: *Hia Hung Shu*) shall take place. The lucky and unlucky days are set down in the imperial calendar (*Huang Li*), which appears yearly, and designates exactly the days bringing good fortune and those that bring evil, on which days it is lucky to sow, to plant trees, to build houses, to shave the head etc. The life of the Chinese and mercantile business are regulated by this superstitious nonsense.

The betrothal day is designated by the father of the bridegroom and he must notify the family of the bride in a special letter (*Ding Zhin T'ie*). When the day arrives, each family prepares a betrothal contract; if they cannot write they call in some one who can. Everybody responds gladly to this invitation, knowing that there will be a fine feast prepared. The marriage agent brings the contract to the house of the bride, together with the bride's gifts. These may have any value desired, but they must be designated at their actual worth. Small articles, such as handkerchiefs etc. will not do as bridal gifts. If the bride dies, half her gifts are usually re-

turned; if, however the bridegroom dies, nothing is returned. Yet much of this depends upon the varying customs of the various localities, as well as upon the wealth of the families concerned.

Frequently, money is given back to the bridegroom, but the finery of the bride is placed with her in the grave.

If the betrothal is arranged contrary to legal regulations, or fraudulently, the gifts are confiscated, or the bride given up, or the bridegroom reimbursed, as is all exactly set forth in the rules. The length of time which elapses before the wedding takes place, depends upon the age of the betrothed — upon the means of the families and the wishes of the bridegroom's parents.

Should these or the parents of the bride die before the wedding, then the ceremony must be postponed for three years, which is the length of time that the legal mourning endures.

It often happens, that when the intended bride can be no longer supported in her father's home, she is sent to the family of the bridegroom.

This is sad, as it is the beginning of a formal slavery which means scanty food, numerous blows, and hard manual labor, often lasting many years before the real marriage takes place.

II. THE WEDDING.

When the time approaches for the marriage of the betrothed couple, the parents of the bride must decide the month in which the ceremony shall take place. This depends upon the signs under which the contracting parties are born, for "the chickens and hares" must wed in the first or seventh month — "the tiger and monkey" in the second or eighth — "the pig and serpent" in the third or ninth — "the dragon and dog" in the fourth or tenth — "the ox and sheep" in the fifth or eleventh — and "the rat and horse" in the sixth or twelfth.

In the beginning then of the month selected, the bridegroom's family sends a letter (*Tja-Zue-Tie*) to the parents of the bride, in which they make known the day and the hour. All the preparations for the great occasion are entrusted to the groom's parents. A room must be prepared — the windows sheathed with snow white paper — the walls hung with tapestry and the ceiling covered with reeds concealed beneath white paper. The window frames and door posts, which when possible are painted black and varnished over with linseed oil, are decorated with long streamers of reed, on which are painted beautiful texts appropriate to the occasion.

Many flowers are bought and upon chairs, tables, furniture and dishes appears the word "*Ni*" meaning joy. The whole village comes to look on and every one must need say a word of praise.

Next is filled the large four sided basket (*Schoe-Ho*) which contains the gifts of the groom's family to that of the bride. At the bottom are placed five pounds of pork — in the second layer wheat flour — in the third, four or five pounds of rice and on top, four pounds of macaroni.

On the day before the wedding these gifts are carried to their destination; this is called the "*T'aeſ Tz'ui Tschuang*" that is a reminder to the family of the bride that every thing must be quickly prepared for the coming ceremony, because she too must bring her share into the house.

The Chinese have a bride wagon and very many articles are brought on this equipage — trunks and chests, wardrobes, mirrors, tea-pots, tea cups, candlesticks, toilet articles, a large long pocket-handkerchief, a handful of Chinese plums and a single chestnut. This last charm insures that in the near future the couple may be blessed with a son. There is too, a little bag of bran so that their children may be lucky and a single onion which bears two sprouts. All these things must be collected and delivered together before the wedding.

The ceremonies which take place at the wedding itself depend upon the social standing of the family and are quite varied. I will confine myself to the essentials which are observed always and by everybody. The bride is taken from her home by the bridegroom himself: the vehicle used is a red Sedan chair, inside which is a smaller chair which may be removed at will from the large outer one and in this smaller, the young wife takes her place. In the wealthier families the bridegroom also travels on this occasion in a blue chair or in a wagon. A child sits in the red chair destined for the bride.

Where the families are poor, the bride goes early in the morning without ceremony to the house of a relative in the village of the bridegroom and is carried from there.

Before the husband begins his marriage journey (he is usually a boy of only fourteen or fifteen years or younger) fireworks are displayed and musicians begin their accompaniment. In the procession there are many persons wearing the red ceremonial hat: these people serve the bridegroom carrying his gift basket and performing other such offices.

When the procession nears the home of the bride a halt is made at a convenient distance until a man announces by means of a red visiting card, the arrival of the groom. Then the procession is again set in motion: the bridegroom steps from his chair and is conducted with much ceremony into the house. Even now however, his betrothed, the object of his heart's desire, does not appear. As a consolation he may regale himself at the festal board, where the father-in-law or older brother serves him

with wine, a common Chinese liquor. At the same time the mother-in-law presents him with a piece of raw silk.

Next comes an entertainment during which the relatives, who are as a rule very numerous, and the other guests gorge themselves with food and drink, always the principal consideration with the Chinese. To the bridegroom are given two pairs of chop-sticks and two pairs of wine glasses wrapped in fine red paper.

Meanwhile the bride has entered her chair. How her heart must beat with curiosity and the expectation of seeing her chosen spouse! Her chair must be taken in a certain direction

whence the good spirits come: single women carefully chosen accompany her; these must not be in mourning or be widows or above all, must not have been born under the sign of an unlucky beast, that is to say a beast which stands in antagonism to that of the bridegroom (meaning here the star signs).

In the procession are also many relatives of the bride. Upon their arrival at the bridegroom's house, one chosen for the purpose discharges the fireworks, their crackling noise being supposed to drive away evil spirits. This individual also is selected under the same conditions as the bride's female attendants, regarding mourn



CHINESE TRAVELING METHOD.

ing and lucky signs.

While music is being played, the bride is taken in her small chair now lifted from the larger one, into the house. There a table is set out which signifies "Heaven" and "Earth" the principal deities of the Chinese. On it are bows and arrows, kernels of wheat, money, sugar birds, etc. all of which objects have a superstitious significance.

The girl still in her ordinary dress, has her face covered, her hair done in a braid, and wears a red cord denoting the unmarried.

Bridegroom and bride now kneel together and make the usual obeisances, four in number before the festal table, that is before "Heaven"

and "Earth" which are considered the origin of all things. Then, exchanging places they make four more. If there is a "table of ancestors" the young married couple salute eight times before it and at the conclusion make four bows to each other. Then they drink wine, first touching their glasses: the bridegroom takes a sugar bird, breaks it and gives a piece to his wife. With this the marriage ceremony is concluded and the young wife is led to the bridal chamber. The women who accompanied her in the procession unloose her hair and rearrange it in the fashion worn by married women. She makes her next appearance in her bridal costume which is often very beautiful, but usually borrowed for the occasion. She greets her parents-in-

law and their relations and these make her each a small present.

Then the people of the village crowd into the room to gaze upon the bride, making remarks and often very vulgar jokes. This reception lasts for a long time but the girl must sit like a statue and quietly endure it all. Woe to her if she laughs or acts in any way unbecomingly, for her standing in the opinion of her friends would be lost!

Soon the hard daily life of the pair begins: in China there is no honeymoon nor does any one know anything of wedding journeys. Yet

it is customary for the bride to return on the third or fourth day for a nine days visit to her mother, on which her husband accompanies her.

With this all romance ends particularly for the woman, who is soon made to feel the harsh rule of the mother-in-law. Life wears indeed no roseate glow for the Chinese woman and one would imagine that she at least should welcome enthusiastically the advent of that Church which has always been the bulwark of womanly rights from the day when the Angel-messenger hailed one *Woman as "Full of Grace."*

❧ The Incurable Wound. ❧

ONCE upon a time there came, as John Lanuza relates, a young noble man to Alcala, to ask Alfons de Castro, one of the most renowned theologians of his time, for advice and consolation.

"I was," said he, "not long ago at an evening party, where there were present only persons of renown. The conversation turned to a highly esteemed court-lady of princely birth: every one praised her noble qualities and exalted her as a model of chastity and untainted morals. But I smiled and acted, as though I knew better, at last even boasting of her favor. Since these assertions were entirely untrue and simply invented for the occasion, my conscience now troubles me very much and for that reason I have come to seek your counsel and comfort."

Alfons was silent a few seconds: then with signs of deep sadness; he said:

"Sir, your case is incurable; your eternal salvation is jeopardized."

The nobleman was thunder struck at these frightful words. He tried to cheer himself in every possible manner, but the judgement passed on him tormented him day and night. At length he rode to Salamanca to consult with one of the first theologians of that renowned school.

This theologian consoled him with good reasons after he had considered the cause of his trouble.

"With all respect for Alfons de Castro" said he, "who probably meant his words differently, be assured, that God does not want to reject any one and that for every sin there is found a way of perfect penance and expiation."

The youth breathed freely once more! "Thence he exclaimed "impose upon me what penance you think best; and be it ever so hard I shall perform it so as to be freed of this guilt."

The theologian replied: "It does not need any special or difficult penance for that, you need but to call on all those persons, who were at that party telling them candidly and if necessary declaring with oath that all which you said against the reputation of that Christian lady was but slander and lies!"

But the would be penitent arose clenching his hands and gnashing his teeth, ejaculating "Never, never, this is impossible for me; this I can never accomplish, considering my reputation and station of life!"

"As you will" replied the teacher, "now I see clearly that Alfons de Castro spoke the truth; yes Sir, your wound is incurable, you have incurred for your soul eternal death."

In this manner do wicked reports and slander cause incurable wounds, if we submit not humbly to revocation and penance.

S. M. B.

❧ SCIENCE CHEAPER THAN WORK. ❧

THE suburban gentleman stood shivering on the street corner wondering how he could get home, for a fire had destroyed the power house and not a car was running. Cabs were hurrying to and fro. Seeing an empty one he hailed the driver and inquired the fare to Dundee.

"Four dollars," replied the owner of the miniature trust, taking advantage of the trying circumstances.

The man's indignation arose at the injustice, and refusing the offer he walked over and stood in the shelter of a large office building, for it was growing cold and a blinding snow had begun to fall. The gentleman reflected awhile and was about to submit to the demands of the cabman; then he turned suddenly and entered the office of Dr. Lawrence.

"What are your terms for a sick call to Dundee?" he asked.

"Two dollars," replied the physician.

"Then come at once, doctor," ordered our friend, with a well feigned degree of excitement.

The doctor's carriage was brought. Into it the two men jumped and were soon hurrying

to the distant suburb. When they had reached their destination, to the surprise of the doctor his companion arose and placing two silver dollars in his hand said: "Thank you, doctor, the cars were not running and you were two dollars cheaper than the cabman."

C. Barrow Burke.

THE TWO ORPHANS.

Two little children without father or mother two little children all alone in the wide world, one cold winter night, lost in the street of a big city, — without friends, without home, without even a crust of bread to eat, — frightened at the sights of the wide street and strange faces that surrounded them, shivering with the cold, hungry and tired they wearily plodded on they knew not where, while the big tears filled their eyes and rolled down their cheeks.

Peter was the name of the elder, and the younger was called Josey. Poor little Josey! only eight years old, and all alone in the world. But no, not entirely alone; his brother was with him, his strong good brother Peter, four years older than little Josey, whom he partly carried and partly led along on the frozen, slippery pavement, trying to keep his spirits up by brave and consoling words.

"Josey said" Peter, "lean on me."

Ah, if you had seen how tenderly he held his weary little brother, you would not have said that Josey was all alone in the world.

"Don't cry, Josey; our dear Lord wont forget us." And then if you had seen how gently he wiped the tears from the cold face of his sorrowful little brother, you would have felt crying yourself.

Peter was also very tired, and his heart felt sad and sore, but he tried to walk very straight, to hide his weariness: and when the big tears would come into his eyes, he turned aside his head to conceal them and hastily wiped them away with the sleeve of his old jacket. Dear Lord, take pity on poor little children who have no father or mother!

Far away, miles and miles from the big city, Peter and Josey had lived with their parents. Very poor but very happy were they all, in their little logcabin, until death entered its door. First the father died and then the mother, so, the poor little boys were left orphans.

They had an uncle, who for many years lived in a distant city, where it was said he gained a pretty comfortable living at the carpenter's trade. Some good neighbors wrote to him about his nephews, and he answered, requesting them to send Peter and Josey to him. So the neigh-

bors sold the few articles of poor furniture that they found in the cabin, the old clothes of the mother and father, — and with the money of the sale to pay their way, Peter and Josey started on their journey to find their uncle in the big city.

They cried bitterly as they took their last look at the old log house, and turned into the graveyard to say a prayer beside the fresh made graves of their dear father and mother. But theirs was the joyous age when, happily, the dark shades of sorrow are quickly succeeded by the bright smiles of youth; so that as they journeyed on, Peter carrying the little bundle containing all their wardrobe, which you may readily believe was not heavy enough to make him very tired, they soon recovered the gaiety and light-heartedness belonging to their years.

At length they reached the crowded thoroughfares of the great city where their uncle lived. Little Josey was a good deal frightened at first by all the crowd and noise, so he kept very close to his brother. Peter had his uncle's address. After some time he mustered up courage to ask some of the people who were hurrying past him to show him the street; but no one paid much attention to him, until a kind-hearted Irish woman seeing his distress, came to his assistance.

When they reached their uncle's boarding-house it seemed that the poor children's trials just commenced, for a week before their arrival their uncle had fallen from the roof of a house and was killed. Poor children, what now were they to do?

Peter's bundle was light, but his purse was still lighter, containing only a few coppers. Orphans indeed, what now was to become of them?

It was one of those rare days of winter when the rays of the sun seem almost warm; everything in the city looked gay and happy; the military companies paraded the streets in their bright uniforms, their brilliant flags floating in the breeze, and their enlivening strains of martial music captivating the hearts of hundreds of little boys. Peter and Josey could not resist the enchantment; they joined in the crowd of excited little boys, and buying some apples

with their last cents, for the time being, they seemed to forget how all alone they were in the wide world.

But now, the soldiers are all gone. The little orphans have eaten their apples — their purse is empty; the weather has changed; the snow and sleet fall steadily upon the deserted streets and the dark shades of night close around them; they are cold, hungry and frightened.

Heavily tramped those tired little feet through the long street. At last they could go no farther. Worn out by fatigue, they seated themselves upon the steps of a grand-looking house, from whose windows the bright light gleamed warm and bright.

"Oh, I am so hungry," said little Josey.

Peter held out his hand to a passer-by: "Sir, my little brother is very hungry; for the love of the good Jesus give me something for him."

The man threw him a cent. Peter ran to a baker's across the street, and soon returned with a bit of bread which he gave his brother.

"Have you none for yourself, Peter?" said Josey.

"Oh no," replied the brave boy; "I don't want any; I am not hungry."

"Oh my! I am so cold and so sleepy," continued Josey. Peter opened his little bundle, and with the poor contents made a bed upon the step. "There now, Josey," said he, "lie down and rest your head upon my knees." Then he covered him as best he could.

"But what will you do, Peter?" said Josey.

"I am sure you are cold too, and you must be very sleepy."

"No, no," said the brave Peter, "I am neither cold nor sleepy."

Little Josey was soon fast asleep, and in his dreams he murmured "Oh, mother, mother, I am so very cold." Then Peter took off his own poor coat, and spread it over his little brother. Ah, if you had seen him shivering in the cold north wind, and with his frost-bitten hands trying to warm those of his little brother, you could scarcely have restrained your own tears.

CHAPTER II.

It was Christmas eve. In the grand house on whose steps Peter and Josey were freezing in the cold, all was joy and mirth. A happy group of children stood around the gaily illuminated Christmas tree. There were bright little lamps of every hue — red, blue, green, and yellow, hanging from its green boughs; gay-colored ribands interlaced the branches, and turned around some new treasure: here it was a magnificently dressed doll and there a drum, now a horse and then a carriage. Sugar fruit of every variety and candy ornaments of every description loaded the tree. Around its trunk was clustered a farm and all its appurtenances;

gilt-edged books full of bright pictures and a regiment of wooden soldiers. Never did the most imaginative of the children, not even little Willie, who often had wonderful daydreams, ever imagine such a tree as that! The children were in an ecstasy of delight, and their parents shared their joy. The grandmother — who had come from Germany, the country where Christmas trees first came into fashion — declared that in Nuremberg itself, where all the wonderful things were made, she had never seen such a splendid tree.

And now the gifts were all distributed. Willie was particularly delighted with his books — above all, the one that was full of poetry; Mary's heart rejoiced with maternal pride over her new doll, and no commander of a victorious army ever regarded his veterans with more exultant pride than Johnny regarded his wooden soldiers.

"When I grow up to be a man," he exclaimed, with an enthusiasm that made his voice ring through the room, "I mean to get a crowd of soldiers, and go to Palestine to fight the Turkies."

A merry laugh from Willie and Tommie made Johnny turn very red in the face. He knew he must have committed some blunder, so he hurried to repair it.

"Now, Tom, you need'nt laugh; for I did'nt mean turkies what we eat, but Turkies that fight the Christians!"

Here the merriment, which became even more boisterous on hearing Johnny's line of distinction between turkies and Turkies was interrupted by Willie saying: "Oh! mother, do let me read you this beautiful poetry in my new book, all about the dear little Infant Jesus:

At last Thou art come, little Stranger,
And Thine Angels fill midnight with song,
Thou hast come to us, gentle Creator,
Whom Thy creatures have sighed for so long:
Thou art come to Thy beautiful Mother,
She had looked on Thy marvelous face;
Thou art come to us, Maker of Mary —
And she was Thy channel of grace.

Thou hast brought with Thee plentiful pardon,
And our souls o'erflow with delight;
Our hearts are half broken, dear Jesus,
With the joy of this wonderful night,
Thou wilt stay with us, Master and Maker,
Thou wilt stay with us now evermore;
We will play with Thee, beautiful Brother,
On Eternity's jubilant shore.

"Mother — mother," said little Mary, as Willie concluded, "do you know that Wille can write poetry too?"

Willie blushed, as Mary growing very animated continued —

"Why, you know when you had me such a nice bed fixed up all for myself, he said that it looked so pretty, with its soft white pillows, that he could just make some poetry about it; and, what's more — that he was going to do it. So he sat down and wrote it off, and I learned it all by heart; — and oh, it's beautiful!" exclaimed the now quite excited Mary.

"Can't you repeat it now, Mary?" said Tommie, looking rather comical.

"Yes," said Mary. "But it isn't poetry to laugh at!" and in a sweet voice she continued — Dear little pillow, so soft and so white,

Made by mother to keep her pet warm;
While sweetly I sleep on my pillow of down,

I fear not the
wild wolf nor
cold winter
storm.

Many poor children are wanderers to-night,

Sleepy, and
nowhere to
rest their poor
heads;

No mother to
love them, to
rock them to
sleep

On soft
downy pillows,
in warm
cosy beds.

Jesus, dear Jesus! in pity
look down;

Give the
poor little wanderers
something to eat;

A warm
house to shelter
and keep them
from harm,

And a soft downy pillow to soothe them to sleep."

Poor Willie's face became very red. As Mary finished, he felt that it did not sound, somehow, like the poetry he had read. But Mary's voice was so sweet, and she spoke with such genuine feeling, that even their parents were touched by Willie's rude rhyming.

"Oh, Mary!" said Willie, with a quivering lip, "I did not think you would have said them. Now everybody will just laugh at me for making bad verses!"

"No need to be discouraged, my boy," said his father as he caught sight of Willie's tearful eye. "The verses are not so bad, after all,

for a little boy only ten years old, and the sentiment does justice to your heart. Now, say your prayers; and before falling to sleep in your own warm bed, pray the sweet Infant Jesus to shelter all poor little wanderers to night."

Mary still continued a firm admirer of Willie's poetry, and as she sank to sleep she murmured —

"A warm house to shelter and keep them all warm,

And a soft downy pillow to soothe them to sleep."

And the Infant Jesus heard Mary's prayer.

CHAPTER III.

All the bells were ringing their loudest peals and sweetest chimes for very joy at the coming of Jesus. They sang of His birth in the stable, and how He came into the world for the humble and the poor, — for those who suffer and those who mourn; how for love of us He died on the cross for our redemption, and henceforth we became His brothers and the children of the living God.

The bells pealed forth their loudest, deepest tones, and their joyful

and blessed notes brought consolation to sorrowing hearts.

And on the old steps, where with frozen hands he sought to warm his little brother, Peter listened to the glad voices, whose sweet language he well understood. "My dear Jesus," he said, "you see how cold and hungry is my poor little brother! Oh, my dear Jesus, I beseech Thee do not forsake little Josey!"

And the bells answered: "I came into the world for the poor and the suffering!"

Now their voices awakened Josey. "Oh, Peter, said he, 'I dreamt we were home with father and mother, and that the church bell was ringing for High Mass.'"



UNITED IN JOY.

Then finding he was covered with Peter's jacket, he threw his arms around his neck, and murmured: "Oh, you bad brother! you want to die too."

But Peter, shivering in the north wind, replied: "I am not a bit cold." Joyfully sounded the Christmas chimes on the midnight air. "Let us go to the church," said Peter, "and see the Infant Jesus in His Crib. Then we will ask the Blessed Virgin to help us, for she must be happy to night — I am sure she will take pity on us."

And off they started, confident, consoled and even joyful, notwithstanding they shivered and trembled with the cold. The church was

adorned with its most beautiful ornaments and already the little altar boys were lighting the candles for the mid-night mass. The church was already crowded, but our little wanderers edged their way in; here there was no cause of fear, for were they not in the house of their blessed Lord? and all within seemed so beautiful that they forgot all about being cold, weary and hungry.

They knelt at the altar of the Blessed Virgin: "Oh sweet Mother," prayed Peter, "come to our assistance! You see, Blessed Mother, how little we are, and there is nobody left in the world that cares anything about us."

Little Josey said: "Good Mother we're very sleepy and we haven't any bed; do good Mother give us a little bed to sleep in."

Mass commenced; still kneeling by the altar of the Virgin, lost in the crowd they heard the organ's sweet strains, the chanting of the priest; and they thought they could never grow weary listening to such beautiful sounds. Nevertheless it grew late, and they were so tired; so leaning against a bench, very close to each other, they fell fast asleep.

Mass was ended: the crowd was gone and even the few who still lingered as if loth to leave the sacred place, had all departed. Yet no one had paid any attention to the little brothers sweetly sleeping near the Blessed Virgin's altar. They were all alone in the church; but were they not in the house of their God? and while they slept the image of Mary seemed kindly to smile upon them.

The sexton had extinguished the last light and just as he was leaving the sanctuary, he for the first time noticed the two little children, he immediately informed the good pastor, who had not yet left the sacristy. The little fellows were aroused from their sleep; then Peter, being the

oldest, related their simple story. When he ended Father Lemonier's eyes were filled with tears, and he led the orphans kindly and tenderly to his dwelling close by the church, where little Josey and Peter had nothing more to desire.

They had warmed themselves by a good fire; they had eaten a hearty meal of nice cakes and warm coffee; and then they were sweetly sleeping in the great big, soft bed that good Mrs.

White, Father Lemonier's housekeeper,

had prepared for them, while the statue of the Blessed Virgin, placed over the bed seemed sweetly to smile upon them.

The next day, Peter and Josey, well washed, their hair nicely combed, and dressed in their best clothes, (which, after all, were poor enough,) that Peter's little bundle contained, took their breakfast with Mrs. White, while Father Lemonier was saying High Mass. Mrs. White was Father Lemonier's widowed sister, and had kept house for him over twenty years. She was an excellent old lady, and very well adapted to pet little children; and so under her kind care the two little urchins soon forgot all their sorrows, and their merry laughter made good



UNITED IN SORROW.

Mrs. White's heart bound with joy. Little Josey, throwing discretion altogether aside, called her Mother White, caressed Mother White and treated her, as if he had known her all his life. And she, good soul, never dreamed of being offended at his familiarity. On the contrary, she enjoyed it, as she made Peter relate, for the twentieth time, perhaps, their adventures since they reached the city; not, however, without interrupting him, every moment, by a sigh or an exclamation; and indeed, she shed more than one tear over his touching story.

"Poor little angels, she said, poor little angels of our dear Lord!" Then with tears and sobs she embraced first Peter and then little Josey. Peter said: "I knew the Blessed Virgin would hear our prayer."

Josey exclaimed: "Oh, Mother White, you would never send us away from you, if you only knew how cold people are when they have to sleep out in the street."

After Mass Father Lemonier took the boys with him, and went to the same grand house on whose steps Peter and Josey had rested the night before.

"Oh! said Peter, here is the very spot, where we almost froze to death!"

"And here is the place where Peter pulled off his coat to cover me," said Josey.

"Poor little angels, said Father Lemonier, poor little angels of our dear Lord."

Then they went into the grand room where we saw the beautiful Christmas tree. All the family were present, and the children, seated on the carpet, were enjoying their nice Christmas presents.

All were delighted to see Father Lemonier and they said: "Father, where did you get two such pretty little boys?"

"These are the Christmas gifts I bring you," he answered.

All, little and big, listened to Peter's story with emotion, and at the end Josey received so many kind attentions that he almost forgot Mother White. Father Lemonier staid to dinner. The children of the house shared their presents with the little orphans, while the elder members of the family held a council with Father Lemonier in which it was decided that Peter and Josey should be placed with an honest mason of their acquaintance. Peter as an apprentice, while Josey should go to school.

And then it was time for Vespers. Father Lemonier was leaving the house, leading the boys by the hand, little Mary ran after them, holding her little pillow in her arms. "Here Josey," she exclaimed, "here is my little pillow — take it with you, and see how soft it is and how nicely you can sleep on it." And her Mother, although she was generally rather severe, had not the courage to scold Mary for this generosity. —

Peter became a model of an apprentice and Josey rapidly improved in all his classes. On Sunday they used to dine with Mother White and to take supper with Willie and Johnny and little Mary. Everybody loved them, for they were such good boys. When they grew up, Peter became a master mason and Josey a great and good physician. Willie had in the meantime become a fine poet and Johnny a holy priest: he went as a missionary to convert those infidels he once thought of fighting with guns and broad swords.

TO THE OLD HOME.

By Rev. Henry S. Spalding, S. J.

Whither should Walter Stayford go? He was an outcast; he was guilty of a double offence, he had been an illicit distiller and had robbed a stage. He had just escaped from prison; whither could he go? He had not a friend in the world, except his dear, good mother in far off Maryland. Go to her? No, the faithless son had not the courage to appear before his mother. Go to Louis Bowen, — the partner of his guilt, the cause of his imprisonment, his sickness, his suffering?.... No, he could hope for nothing from such a miser and villain.... yes, he would go, — he would see whether vengeance had fallen upon him, — taunt him if it had, and if not, force him to divide the profits of their labor. With this resolve Walter Stayford* directed his steps toward the

cave on the banks of the Beech fork where he and Bowen had plied their unlawful work.

It was a long tramp of more than fifty miles; and its hardships were increased by the rough country over which the journey lay and by a heavy snow fall. He avoided the roads as much as possible, stopping but twice to beg a little bread and meat to satisfy his hunger. Months of confinement had weakened his frame; as he trudged through the drifting snow he trembled in the chilly winds, then he felt his brow burn, his head ache from the fever which crept upon him. On the evening of the third day he reached Bardstown, and entered the village at the west end. Though the air was piercing cold his fevered brow was warm. Seating himself on the steps of the new cathedral, he sought to rest his tired limbs. For twenty years the wanderer had not entered a church, had not

*(The adventures of Walter Stayford to which reference is here made will be found in the author's book entitled *The Cave by the Beech Fork*.)

said a prayer: now that he was so close to God, now that he had not a friend, now that the world offered him no home, would he not look up to heaven and implore the aid of Him who is ever ready to assist the poor and friendless? As he sat there on the cold steps, the Angelus rang out its peaceful, prayer-inviting notes. Half unconsciously Walter Stayford arose, bared his head, and knelt. It was the first time he had heard the Angelus ring since the day he left his home in Maryland; his heart was touched, and with the prayer he uttered came a grace, and with the grace came tears of repentance. He was about to enter the church door when suddenly visions of the past rose up before him, — visions of twenty years of sin, — visions that made him start back! "Too late! too late!" he muttered as he retreated slowly from the door. He paused, looked at the cross above, again muttered "too late! too late!" and again started back. A voice from within seemed to answer "It is not too late! it is not too late!" Still he heeded it not, but slowly passed from the church steps, slowly bent his steps from the place of grace until the cross and steeple were hidden by the darkness of approaching night.

East of the town where the road descends into a deep ravine Stayford saw the entrance to the cave which to-day attracts the attention of so many travelers. Into it he went; it seemed to draw him on; it reminded him of that other cave where he had worked for years. The cavern was cold, and damp, and offered but little protection; so the friendless wanderer went forth again into the cold night air.

Near the cave was a tannery; the door was open and a fire was smouldering within the furnace. Here at last was a resting place.

"Who are you?" demanded a rough voice of Stayford just as the latter seated himself on a bench before the fire.

"A man without friend or home."

"Well, I reckon, you can't stay in this place."

"Are you going to put out a poor fellow a night like this?"

"Git out; I'm goin' to lock up."

"Can't I warm my feet?"

"Git out, right now!"

"Are you a Kentuckian?" asked Stayford.

"It don't matter what I am; git out of here."

"You're not a Kentuckian or you wouldn't drive me out a night like this, I wouldn't put my dog out a night like this."

"But I intend to git you out; do you hear?"

"I've been in this state for fifteen years and I was never refused a place to sleep or a meal when I asked for it."

"You git out of here or I'll throw you out."

"Not if I was well, I've been sick for three months; half starved too, and I believe I'm go-

ing to die to-night. Do you want me to die out in the cold and snow? Just try to put me out, just try it." The man retreated toward the door as he saw the unwelcome visitor seize a charred stick which was lying on the floor near the furnace.

"I reckon you can stay," he grouled keeping at a safe distance from the intruder. "But I dont want no smoking; and you must be off in the mornin' fore the men come to work."

Stayford rested as best he could upon the hard floor; and before any one came to the tannery the next morning he had departed.

Early in the forenoon of the following day he reached the by-path which led to the "Cave by the Beech Fork". His fever had become more intense, his pulse beat fast, his throat was parched with thirst. How he longed for a glass of whisky! Twenty minutes walk would bring him to the place where there had been barrels of it; surely there was left enough to satisfy his cravings. The thought quickened his pace. Faster and faster he went until he was going at a brisk run. The cave was reached, — how strange the woods and hills appeared! The trees were burned, and blackened, and torn, and crushed! The two giant rocks which stood on either side of the entrance were gone! and the entrance, — where was the entrance? He could not find it now, yet he had often found it during the darkest night. For a moment Walter Stayford was half distraught; then he fancied that all was a dream and put out his hand to touch a tree, and see whether it was real. Yes, the tree he had touched was a real tree, and he was walking upon the solid earth. How his fevered brow seemed to burn now that all was a reality. He looked again and saw the place where the two giant rocks once stood, then the path which they had made in their downward flight, then the charred trees near the entrance of the cave; — finally he remembered the barrel of powder, the cords of dry wood, and conjectured aright about the fire and the explosion.

But perhaps a few drops of whisky could yet be found. Stayford approached the former entrance where he tugged and worked in vain to remove a stone of many tons weight, until forced to desist from sheer exhaustion. A short rest — then to the river to slake his thirst and bathe his burning forehead. Whither then? he must hasten to some farm-house or perish in the woods. He would go to the Howard's; they had always been kind to him and he in return had saved the life of young Owen. As he was trudging along a chill stole upon him and his brow grew cold. Was it a death chill? Oh if he were now near the church and could make his peace with God! His legs began to tremble beneath him; his head grew dizzy; within a mile of the Howard farm he fell.



A JOYOUS TIME.

"Help me! help me!" he cried as loud as he could shout. He tried to rise but he could not. "Mercy, help me! help me" he continued to call out while his voice grew fainter and fainter. "Help me! help me!" He moaned and gasped. — A few minutes later, and he was lying in an unconscious state upon a bank of snow.

Returning from work that afternoon Zachary Howard found the dying man and recognizing in him the friend of Owen carried him to the house. At night the fever returned and lasted for three days during which time incoherent scenes of the sufferer's life passed before him.

"I told you, Jerry, I told you old Bowen was a thief! I told you he would rob us!" muttered the sick man. Then some one at his side would try to comfort him and assure him that all would yet be settled as he and Jerry wished.

Often, too, the delirious Stayford thought that he was with Jerry in the cave and asked him for a drink of whisky, "Jerry, get me a

drink of whisky; two hundred barrels here, and you won't give me a drop! Whisky, only a little — only a little! There's old Tom,— he's got all the money!" so he continued to rave until the fourth day when he was completely exhausted and fell into a heavy sleep.

Owen was sitting at his side when he awoke. "Am I in jail?" he asked staring strangely into the boy's face.

"No!"

"Where am I?"

"You must n't talk," answered the boy in a lower voice; for he had received strict injunctions from his mother not to disturb the sufferer or let him speak.

"I know you, youngster."

"You must n't say a word; don't talk, don't talk," repeated Owen, who was frightened by the wild look of the man and moved away from the bed.

"I know you; I saved your life once. Did you tell about the cave?"



HER DARLING .

"No."

"Where is Tom the Tinker?"

"He is dead."

"Who killed him?"

"You are sick now and must n't talk. Go to sleep and I will tell you something about Mr. Bowen some other time."

That name recalled sad remembrances to the mind of Stayford. "Bowen, the Tinker, that is what we called him, the robber, the thief, — he made Jerry and myself work and he got the money. Who killed him? was he robbed?" gasped he with a strength of voice that startled Owen.

The boy remained silent. "Where is Jerry?" asked the patient after a brief pause. "Am I in jail?"

"No."

"You wont put me in jail again."

"No, of course not; just go to sleep again."

For half an hour the sick man was silent, then he opened his eyes and again began to speak.

"You won't tell them that I got out of jail?"

"No."

"You are one of the boys Tom the Tinker wanted to kill in the cave."

"Hush! hush!" was Owen's only response.

"Where is Tom?"

"I told you that he is dead." He had scarcely uttered the words when the man with a quick but overtaking exertion raised himself up repeated the word twice and fell back upon his pillow.

Owen was startled; he ran at once to call his mother who dismissed the boy and herself watched at the bedside. "Do you wish anything?" she asked of the sufferer who opened his eyes and stared at her.

"You look just like my mother," whispered he.

"Where is she?"

"In Maryland."

"I came from Maryland."

"I should — should like to be there now, for I am going to die," muttered the man.

"No, just remain quiet; you are not going to die."

"Where am I?"

"In the house of the Howards."

"Yes, now I remember. Does Father Badin come here still?"

"Do you know him?" inquired Mrs. Howard.

"Yes, I — I — I — met him; I'm a Catholic, or at — least I should be."

"Father Badin is expected this evening on the stage; it is time for the stage to be here."

Far off were heard the notes of a bugle, and shortly afterwards the coach drew up in front of the Howard manor. The mother stood at the window while the two children, Owen

and Bertha, ran out to welcome the old, white-haired priest and talk with the passengers. Father Badin was not there; but some one else alighted. Two heavy carpet satchels and several packages were taken down from the top of the stage and left at the yard gate, — evidently the visitor intended to stay for some time.

"I'll be bound if it ain't Polly!" exclaimed the nurse rushing from the room forgetful of her patient.

"Land sakes! Virginia, and here you are."

"And here you are! Polly, Polly! what brought you here? why didn't you tell us that you were coming?"

"Oh! Virginia you just look the same as when you left us; what a fine climate Kentucky must have to keep you so young!"

"And what has made you so grey, Polly? and what brought you to Kentucky? you said you would never come to Kentucky."

"That boy! he left me, he would not come to me; so I came to look for him. Tell me — Virginia did you get my letters? did you, oh! did you not find him?"

The two sisters embraced and wept, Owen and Bertha stood by with downcast eyes.

"H-e-r-e I am! Mother."

Walter Stayford tottered and fell to the ground. He had heard the lady on leaving the room cry: Polly! he knew that it was his aunt although he had not the courage to tell her who he was, — to tell that his real name was Clarence Medley. But now his own dear mother was there; he had heard Aunt Virginia call her name, call it just as she did fifteen years before in old Maryland. With superhuman effort he roused himself from his bed and walked towards the yard-gate, he heard his mother say that she had come to find her truant son, he pronounced the mother's name and fell senseless on the ground.

Father Badin who had stopped at a neighbor's house was sent for at once. No words of exhortation were needed to arouse the repentant son, who made his Confession with tears of repentance, and then with his hands clasped in his mother's talked in whispers to her of their old home in Maryland.

"Will we go back to Maryland, mother, when I am well?"

"Yes, my son."

"Are the holly trees growing near the door?"

"Yes."

"Both of them?"

"Yes."

"And the porpoises, do they still ride through the water?"

"Yes; but do not talk so much to-night; to-morrow you will hear all about the old home."

"And you will take me back with you?"

"Yes."

A few minutes of silence.

"Mother."

"Are we there yet?"

"Where, my son?"

"In Maryland."

"Be quiet now, we shall go back together when you are well."

"Mother, I am there; the holly trees are

filled with red berries; and oh! how beautiful is the river. Thank you mother for coming to take me back to my old home in Maryland."

He was dead!

Many a son since the days of Augustine has been recalled to a sense of duty by a mother's prayer; and many a time has the thought of the old home been the beginning of his conversion.

— GIVING SCANDAL. —

It chanced, once, in a Catholic choir of some note, that the vocalists were guilty of unseemly levity during the most August Sacrifice of the Mass. One gentleman was a Protestant. He was a regular frequenter of the choir, had a magnificent voice, and, with it, an intense appreciation of the artistic beauties of Catholic music. The giddy force of nominal Catholics, singing in his company every Sunday and holy-day, had never suspected him of any interest in the sacred service outside the enjoyment of its harmonies. On the occasion referred to, whispered jest and suppressed laughter filled up the pauses of the outraged liturgy, this Protestant turned to one of the ladies, and, with a glance at the Tabernacle, said, with unexpected gravity:

"If I believed as you do, I would not behave as you do."

The person reproved was like one smitten by a flash of lightning. She confessed to the writer that, on the instant she saw, as in a terrible mirror, not only the insult to God, of which she and her friends had been guilty, but also the damage they had done this earnest soul by such a mockery of worship. Under heaven, that timely reproof was the cause of that woman's conversion. She became, henceforth, a fervent and edifying Catholic. But the soul she (and others) had so gravely scandalized has never yet sought entrance to the One True Fold. Ah! in the hour of judgment, when the Master counts

His jewels, who shall be bold enough to stand forth and answer the lament of the Sacred Heart over Its own, with the audacious "Lord! am I my brother's keeper?"

Truly, if there be (as Scripture tells us) a special curse reserved for them that do slothfully the work of the Lord, — His creatures may well tremble, when they not only mock Him in His worship, but, with the sword of scandal wound unto death the souls redeemed by His precious Blood.

Let us remember that the choir-music of the church-militant is designed by God to be a real, if imperfect, rehearsal of the melodies for that triumphant choir, of which St. John writes:

"I heard a voice from heaven, as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of great thunder, and the voice which I heard was as harpers, harping on their harps. And they sung as it were, a new canticle before the throne and before the four living creatures, and the ancients: and no man could sing the canticle, but those hundred and forty-four thousand who were purchased from the earth."

* * *

"And in their mouth was found no lie for they are without spot before the throne of God."

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

— Honor thy Father and thy Mother. —



My father, after an absence of three years, returned to the house so dear to him. He had made his last voyage, and rejoiced to have reached a haven of rest from the perils of the sea. During his absence I had grown from a child and baby of my mother's (for I was her youngest) into a rough, careless and headstrong boy. Her gentle voice no longer restrained me. I was often wilful, and sometimes disobedient. I thought it indicated manly superiority to be

independent of a woman's influence. My father's return was a fortunate circumstance for me. He soon perceived the spirit of insubordination stirring within me. I saw by his manner that it displeased him, although for a few days he said nothing to me about it.

It was an afternoon in October, bright and golden, that my father told me to get my hat and take a walk with him. We turned down a narrow lane into a fine open field, — a favorite playground for the children in the neighborhood.

After talking cheerfully on different topics for a while, my father asked me if I observed that huge shadow thrown by a mass of rocks that stood in the middle of the field. I replied that I did.

"My father owned this land," said he. "It was my playground when a boy. That rock stood there then. To me it is a beacon, and whenever I look at it I recall a dark spot in my life, — an event so painful to dwell upon that, if it were not as a warning to you, I should not speak of it. Listen, then, dear boy, and learn wisdom from your fathers errors."

"My father died when I was a mere child. I was the only son. My mother was a gentle, loving woman, devoted to her children and beloved by everybody. I remember her pale, beautiful face, — her sweet, affectionate smile, — her kind and tender voice. In my childhood I loved her intensely. I was never happy apart from her; and she, fearing that I was becoming too much of a baby, sent me to the high school in the village. After associating a time with rude, rough boys, I lost in a measure my fondness for home and my reverence for my mother; and it became more and more difficult for her to restrain my impetuous nature. I thought it indicated a want of manliness to yield to her authority or to appear penitent, although I knew that my conduct pained her. The epithet I most dreaded was "girl boy." I could not bear to hear it said by my companions that I was tied to my mother's apron-strings. From a quiet home-loving child, I soon became a wild, roistering boy. My dear mother used every persuasion to induce me to seek happiness within the precincts of home. She exerted herself to make our fireside attractive, and my sister, following her self-sacrificing example, sought to entice me by planning games and diversions for my entertainment. I saw all this, but did not heed it."

It was an afternoon like this that, as I was about leaving the dining-table, to spend the intermission between morning and evening school in the street, as usual, my mother laid her hand on my shoulder, and said mildly, but firmly, 'My son, I wish you to come with me.' I would have rebelled, but something in her manner awed me. She put on her bonnet and said to me 'We will take a little walk together.' I followed her in silence; and as I passed out of the door I observed one of my rude companions skulking about the house and I knew he was waiting for me. He sneered as I went past him. My pride was wounded to the quick. He was a very bad boy, but being some years older than myself exercised a great influence over me. I followed my mother sulkily, till we reached the spot where we now stand, — beneath the shadow of this huge rock. Oh! my boy, could that hour be blotted from my memory, which has cast a dark shadow over my whole life, gladly

would I exchange all that the world can offer me for the quiet peace of mind I should enjoy. But no! like this huge, unsightly pile stands the monument of my guilt forever.

"My mother, being feeble in health, sat down, and beckoned me to sit down beside her. Her look, so full of tender sorrow, is present to me now. I would not sit, but continued standing sullenly beside. 'Alfred, my dear son,' said she, 'have you lost all love for your mother?' I did not reply. 'I fear you have,' she continued; and may God help you to see your own heart, and me to do my duty. She then talked to me of my misdeeds, of the dreadful consequences of the course I was pursuing. By tears and entreaties and prayers she tried to make an impression on me. She placed before me the lives of great and good men; she sought to stimulate my ambition. I was moved, but too proud to show it, and remained standing in dogged silence beside her. I thought, 'What will my companions say if, after all my boasting, I yield at last and submit to be led by a woman?'

"What agony was visible on my mother's face when she saw that all she said and suffered had failed to move me. She rose to go home, and I followed at a distance. She spoke no more to me till we reached our own door.

" 'It is school-time now,' said she. 'Go my son, and once more let me beseech you to think over what I have said.'

" 'I sha'n't go to school,' said I.

"She looked astonished at my boldness, but replied firmly: 'Certainly you will go, Alfred, I command you.'

" 'I will not,' said I, with a tone of defiance.

" 'One of the two things you must do Alfred, either go to school this moment, or I will lock you in your room and keep you there till you are ready to promise implicit obedience to my wishes in future.'

" 'I dare you to do it,' said I. 'You can't get me up-stairs.'

" 'Alfred, choose now,' said my mother, who laid her hand on my arm. She trembled violently and was deadly pale.

" 'If you touch me, I will kick you,' said I, in a terrible rage. God knows I knew not what I said.

" 'Will you go, Alfred?'

" 'No,' I replied, but quailed beneath her eyes.

" 'Then follow me,' said she, as she grasped my arm firmly. I raised my foot — oh! my son, hear me! — I raised my foot and kicked her, my sainted mother. How my head reels as the torrent of memory rushes over me. I kicked my mother — a feeble woman — my mother. She staggered back a few steps and leaned against the wall. She did not look at me. I saw her heart beat against her breast. 'O heavenly father!' she cried, 'forgive him.'

He knows not what he does.' The gardner just then passed the door, and seeing my mother pale and almost unable to support herself, he stopped. She beckoned him in. 'Take this boy up-stairs and lock him in his room,' said she, and turned from me. Looking back as she was entering her room, she gave me such a look. It will forever follow me. It was a look of agony mingled with the intensest love. It was the last unutterable pang from a heart that was broken.

" 'But you will go if she wishes it, dear Alfred,' said my sister, pleadingly.

" 'No,' I wont' said I, and you need'nt say a word more about it.

" 'Oh! brother, you will kill her! you will kill her! And then you can never have a happy moment.'

" 'I made no reply to this. My feelings were touched, but I still resisted their influence. My sister called me; but I would not answer.

I heard her footsteps slowly re-creating, and again I flung myself on the bed, to pass another wretched and fearful night. Oh, God! how wretched, how fearful, I did not know.

"Another foot-step, slower and feebler than my sister's, disturbed me. A voice called me by name. It was my mother's.

" 'Alfred, my son, shall I come in? Are you sorry for what you have done? she asked.'

"I cannot tell what influence operating at that moment made me speak adverse to my feelings. The gentle voice of my mother, that thrilled me through, melted the ice from my obdurate heart, and I longed to throw myself on her neck; but I did not. No, my boy, I did not.

But my words gave the lie to my heart when I said I was not sorry. I heard her withdraw. I heard her groan. I longed to call her back; but I did not.

"I was awakened from an uneasy slumber by hearing my name called loudly, and my sister stood by my bedside.

" 'Get up, Alfred. Oh! don't wait a moment! Get up; come with me. Mother is dying.'

"I thought I was dreaming; but I got up mechanically, and followed my sister. On the bed, pale and cold as marble, lay my mother. She had not undressed. She had thrown herself



YOU TAKE SOME TOO.

"In a moment I found myself a prisoner in my own room. I thought for a moment I would fling myself from the window and dash my brains out; but I felt afraid to die, I was not a penitent. At times my heart was subdued, but my stubborn pride rose in an instant and bade me not to yield. The pale face of my mother haunted me. I flung myself on the bed and fell asleep. I awoke at midnight, stiffened by the damp night air, terrified with frightful dreams. I would have sought my mother at that moment, for I trembled with fear; but my door was fast. With the daylight my terrors were dissipated and I became bold in resisting all good impulses. The servant

brought my meals; but I did not taste them. I thought the day would never end. Just at twilight I heard a light footstep approach the door. It was my sister, who called me by name.

" 'What may I tell mother from you?' she asked.

" 'Nothing,' I replied.

" 'Oh! Alfred, for my sake, for all our sakes, say that you are sorry. She longs to forgive you.'

" 'I won't be driven to school against my wishes' said I.

on the bed to rest. Arising, again to go to me, she was seized with a palpitation of the heart and borne senseless to her room.

"I cannot tell you my agony as I looked upon her. My remorse was tenfold more bitter from the thought that she would never know it. I believed myself to be a murderer. I fell on the bed beside her. I could not weep. My heart burned in my bosom, my brain was all on fire. My sister threw her arms around me and wept in silence. Suddenly we saw a slight motion of mother's hand; her eyes unclosed. She had recovered consciousness, but not speech. She looked at me and moved her lips; I could not understand her words. 'Mother! mother!' I shrieked, 'say only that you forgive me.' She could not say it with her lips, but her hand pressed mine. She smiled upon me and lifting her thin white hand, clasped my own within them and and cast her eyes upward. She

moved her lips in prayer, and thus she died. I remained still kneeling beside that dear form till my gentle sister removed me. She comforted me, for she knew the heavy load of sorrow at my heart — heavier than the grief for the loss of a mother, for it was a load of sorrow for sin. The joy of youth had left me forever.

"My son, the suffering such memories wake must continue as long as life. God is merciful; but remorse for past misdeeds is a canker-worm in the heart that preys upon it forever."

My father ceased speaking and buried his face in his hands. He saw and felt the bearing his narrative had on my character and conduct. I have never forgotten it. Boys who spurn a mother's control, who are ashamed to own that they are wrong, who think it manly to resist her authority and unmanly to yield to her influence, beware! Lay not up for yourself bitter memories for future years.

Young Folk's Catholic Weekly.

—:~:~:~: An Hour with the Hermits. ~:~:~:—

SILENT as the city of the dead is this old-world Cordoba, as we drive through its streets in the gray light of early dawn on our way to the mountains to visit the hermits who dwell there. One takes advantage of the stillness and absence of sunlight to admire its surroundings. There are mountains on nearly three sides, and on the other the Guadal river flows past the old triumphal arch and other Moorish ruins. It amuses one to imagine what the spirit of one of the Mussulmen would say to the changes effected by so many centuries in the cherished "Mesquita." Formerly it was entirely open, there being no doors to the building; but, when the Christians got possession of it, the four hundred arches which formed the entrance were gradually closed, changing the outward appearance considerably.

There is an air of other times about the whole city, owing perhaps to the very narrow streets, and strange houses which from the outside look like miserable cabins, and on entering very often are found to be like palaces. Some of the older streets are so narrow that three persons can scarcely walk abreast. This was done to keep off the rays of the sun. The windows are very small and deep set in the walls, which are extremely thick; and many of the houses have a "patio," which is a square garden, in the centre, into which all the rooms of the house open.

Now we leave the town behind, and, passing through a long avenue lined with trees, take the road to the mountains. Very soon we have to leave the comfortable carriage, and mount (some of us very unwillingly) uncomfortable-looking donkeys or mules. I prefer the former

on the principle that the lower one's fall the less one's pride or bones are injured. We get into marching order and move on. In parts the path is almost perpendicular, and covered with great stones, causing the animals to stumble, and making us lie almost flat to keep from falling off. It makes me giddy to look back and see how high we are getting, or to keep one's steed from going, donkey-like, very near the edge. Oh, the horror of it when he does so, and one's legs are hanging over the side of some of the steepest declivities I have ever seen. At last I brave the laughs of the rest of the party, as they are easier to bear than such uneasiness, and quietly sliding off, determined to finish the ascent on foot.

All inconveniences are atoned for now, as we stop for a little rest, by the magnificent view that stretches out below us. High up the mountain sides are gardens of olives, apples, plums, etc. The air is heavy with the perfume of the rosemary trees and other flowers of which there are great quantities. Down below the snow-white houses of Cordoba gleam in the rosy light of the now rising sun, which, shining on the fields of corn, make them look like glittering gold. Away in the distance are villages scattered like sails over the ocean. Intense stillness prevails, broken only by the delicious song of the lark as he sends up his morning hymn of praise high above our heads.

One would like to linger longer and impress such a scene on one's mind; but, if we delay, we shall have the mid-day sun on our return journey; so, reluctantly we move on. After many circuitous turns we see higher still little white houses nestling like doves in the

dark bushes. As we get nearer, we hear the tinkle of a bell calling the hermits to Mass, and we have a good time to wait at a strange entrance-gate in which there is a turn where food is left for anyone wanting it. We amuse ourselves reading the names of former visitors scribbled over the place, and add our own with remarks. Presently we hear from within "*Ave Maria Purissima*," and having answered "*Sin pecado concibida*," the permission from the bishop duly examined, we are allowed to enter.

A fat, jolly-looking little old man, clad in a brown habit, and with enormous shoes, opened the gate and goes before us up a long avenue lined with tall pine trees. At the end of this there is a large crucifix on a pedestal, in the centre of which is a skull and underneath is written in Spanish —

As you see, I myself saw.

As you see me, you shall be.

All ends here: think of this,

And sin you will not.

We come now to the main building, which consists of a chapel, library, infirmary, and the superior's house. The little chapel is very devotional, built in the shape of a cross; and around the principal altar are a multitude of pretty silver lamps, gifts of pious visitors. Here one notices the absence of the dressed statues which prevail in all Spanish churches. At first one feels anything but devotion at seeing Our Lady in velvet and lace, with rings and a mantilla; but by degrees, when one sees it is a way of showing respect, we begin to think it quite natural.

Kneeling at the foot of the little altar, so far from the world and all its cares, so far away too from our old Irish home and all who love us, the consoling thought comes forcibly to one's mind and touches one's heart, that we have still one Friend always near, and the same whether we seek him here on the mountain tops, in far-off Australia, or in the "Isle of Saints;" and with a little prayer that He may guide and bless all our own dear ones, however distant, and unite us once again as in the old days, we pass out to the grounds.

The master of novices comes to show the novitiate, which is still higher up the mountain (the novices must leave the world very far behind). It is a little house with only three rooms, the principal one where the novices sit and are taught some trade, carpentering generally,

or how to make rosaries. There are many skulls about and on the tables, in fact they are the most prominent article of furniture. We go to a brother's house, which is very small, with three little rooms; a kitchen, where we have to stoop to enter, a bed-room with a large board for a bed, and a tiny sitting-room, in each of which there are skulls. The novitiate lasts a year and a half. Strict silence is the rule; the brothers never meet except at Mass, and have no communication whatever with each other. There is a turn in each cell where the dinner is left; should it happen to be still there when the brother comes again, he enters to see what is wrong. If ill, the brother is brought to the infirmary. They go to rest at five in the evening and rise at twelve, and then they pray till dawn, when work for the day begins. Each hermit has a garden with all sorts of fruit trees to till and mind. What is not required is sold, and the proceeds go in the common purse.

We pass on to the cemetery, in which, naturally there are more skulls. The coffins are placed in drawers, the end turned out, and closed with a stone. It is a help to meditation, making them consider who shall be the next to be placed in the vacant places.

We try to get some information from the brother as to the details of their life; but he is evidently used to that, and parries all our questions admirably. As a souvenir of our visit, we buy rosaries made by the brothers; and with mingled feelings of sadness and admiration, turn our steps again towards the world below. We pity these men who lead such austere lives with no companionship, none of the comforts, and scarcely the necessities of life; at the same time we cannot but admire their greatness of soul in being able thus to break all human ties and devote their lives to praising God and praying for others and preparing themselves for the other world, which will last longer than this. They do well to go so high up the mountains, for it lifts their thoughts beyond the clouds so near them. But, all the same, a grateful feeling creeps over one, and we thank God for having asked us to serve him in a different way, for having given us kind and good friends to help us by word or example up the rocky, and often-times dangerous path through life, and to warn us of the perils we are likely to meet on the way, and the best means to avoid them.

M. MACAULAY.



A Sad Holocaust.

By M. G. Kilpatrick.

What would we poor mortals do if we had not the weather to talk about? Could anyone suggest a topic that is more universally used on all occasions? Is a conversation ever held that does not begin with: Well, is it hot enough for you? or "Isn't it very cold today?" At another time it will be, "Aren't we having stormy weather?" or "Have we not had lovely clear weather?" and the talk flows on into other channels to which the weather, in some mysterious manner, has smoothed the way.

This was the thought I am sure, which came into the minds of Mrs. Blair and Mrs. Connor as they met on their doorsteps one beautiful spring morning.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Connor. It's fine weather we're having. And Mrs. Blair said this in a preoccupied fashion, which showed plainly that she had something very interesting indeed to talk about, that could not be broached until some general conversation, (as it is appropriately called) had opened the way.

"Indeed, you're right there, Mrs. Blair, but for me—self the weather don't matter much, for all my spirits is taken out of me" and Mrs. Connor shook her head in the most dismal manner which immediately brought out her neighbor's views.

"And no shame for you or any other good Catholic to be pensive to-day, seeing the terrible scandal that's come out in papers. Poor Father Graft, I'll never believe he killed the girl, let them accuse him who will." Mrs. Blair stopped here for want of breath, and then hurried on, greatly alarmed lest Mrs. Connor should have the first surmise: "Yes, indeed, let them accuse who will, they'll never turn Mary Blair's faith from him," and she looked defiantly at Mrs. Connor, as if suspecting that worthy of such intentions.

Mrs. Connor, evidently unwilling to disappoint her neighbor, shook her head and heaved a stupendous sigh:

"Ah! you can't tell in this world who's honest, and who's not. The evidence is very strong against him. I always said as there was something about him as I didn't trust," and Mrs. Connor ended with a wise blinking of her eyes.

"Why, Ellen Connor! Is that you a talking, you, who swore by Father Graft? Indeed! but I've heard you say that he was nothing short of a saint," and Mrs. Blair showed her disgust in her face.

"Sure, yes. That was when little Mike died; but last year, don't you remember when Jim Carter was out of work, I said those self-same words?"

"Well, Mrs. Connor, you put that speech so far back that I've small chance to remember it. Me as has me hands full from mornin' to night, and I mustn't be idle in here now," said Mrs. Blair, as she slammed the door on her astonished neighbor.

The event that had given these two gossips such a shock had acted in like manner on the whole Catholic community.

A Roman Catholic priest arrested for murder was indeed a piece of scandal that made the

Catholics tremble and the non-Catholics smile. Father Franz Graft was a priest residing in the town of C—, and he was pastor of the largest church in the diocese. Two weeks before the meeting of Mrs. Connor with Mrs. Blair Father Graft had been called to the bedside of Elfrida Reiter, the daughter of Hans Algranse who owned a small hotel in C—, Elfrida was a pretty blonde, and the rustic belle of C—, one year before this story opens. At that period, she met Jacob Reiter, who sued for her hand, and won it.

They had been married ten months when it was noticed that Jacob Reiter and his wife were not as united as they had been; and the next month, Elfrida came back to her father's house, a pale, hardened woman, while Jacob



A TEA PARTY.



DON'T CRY!

was much away from C—, and when in the town, most of his time was spent in the saloons.

Father Graft had remonstrated with Elfrida on her duty to her husband, and recalled her marriage vows to her to no purpose. On one occasion, he had said within the hearing of her father:

"Those whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder," and what did you say yourself, Elfrida? Was it not, 'Until death do us part?' Can you take it upon your weak shoulders to break God's commands? You will repent of your sinful actions before long. I feel it, I know it. Retrace your steps while there is yet time! and the good priest's face was lighted up as by an inspiration, but Elfrida looked down, and muttered stubbornly:

"He has broken his vows, so why should I keep mine?"

"Elfrida, if he had broken every vow seven times over, it would still be your duty to keep yours seven times more strictly to give him a good example.

Her father had here interposed:

"Talk with Jacob Reiter, Father; he is the one to blame. My *maedchen* shall not be cast aside by any man," and the old German's face was red with anger.

"Hans! Hans! my good man, you don't mean that you want your daughter to sin! I know you don't," Father Graft had exclaimed.

Nothing he could say, however would move the stolid German's mind. Finally, Jacob Reiter himself was seen hanging around his father-in-law's hotel, but Elfrida could not be persuaded into seeing him.

Suddenly, one night, while the good Father was eating his supper, there was a ring at his bell and there was brought to him a message from Algranse, asking him to come to his daughter, as she was dying.

Father Graft sprang to his feet with an exclamation of surprise, for he had seen her only that afternoon and she was as healthy as ever in her life; and, to his delight her husband had been with her, but he had left soon after the arrival of Father Graft.

"Ah! my child," he had said, "what pleasure it gives me to see your husband with you."

"Well, Father, it is for the last time, as I have positively refused to live with him again. No man shall slight me," and she shook her flaxen head.

Father Graft had pleaded with her, instructed her, and at last, threatened her with the loss of her soul, all to no purpose. He now went quietly, bowed with sorrow. When he arrived, he found her almost unconscious. Everything that he could do to console her and help her to the grace of a happy death, he did promptly; and in a half an hour, Elfrida Reiter was no more.

Then, it was whispered around that there had been foul play, and finally, Jacob Reiter came out boldly and accused Father Graft of murdering his beloved wife.

He informed the public that Father Graft had been the last stranger with her before she was taken ill, and that he had been heard to say to her that he knew she would repent of her actions before long.

In this manner, Jacob gathered evidence about Father Graft, until there was a warrant sworn out against him, and he was arrested.

It is needless to say that all the Catholics within the radius of one hundred miles were excited and indignant, and as the day of trial drew near, these feelings arose to fever heat.

The court-room, which was the scene of this trial, was crowded until not one more could squeeze through the door, when Father Graft was lead to the prisoner's dock.

Never had his face looked so noble and priestly, or his figure so grand. His calm blue eyes looked benignly out upon the crowd, and his lips moved in a blessing upon all, although some had come chiefly to see the downfall of a Catholic priest. It was the lines about his mouth alone that showed how keenly he felt the ignominy of his position, and the fear of the scandal that would be caused by it.

At last the words: "The State versus Father Franz Graft, murderer," stilled the murmuring crowd, and thousands of eyes were fixed curiously upon the prisoner.

He clenched his hands a moment, and closed his eyes. The shock was more than he had pictured it, in his wildest dreams.

"Mr. Solicitor, what do you say for the state?"

"Ready!"

"What do you say for the defense, gentlemen?"

"Ready!"

"Mr. Clerk, call the jury!"

The panel was called and sworn. Then Francis Colday, the lawyer for the defence proceeded to strike off any names that were undesirable.

At the end of an hour, the jury was complete, and they were sworn. The witnesses for the State were then sworn. They were: Hans Algranse, Jacob Reiter, the coroner and the physician.

After the indictment had been read before the jury, the coroner was put upon the stand.

He testified that on the afternoon of January 10, 18— he had held an inquest upon the body of Elfrida Reiter, with the result as was written in the verdict, which he then read, and which was brought in as evidence. When the verdict was turned over to the defense they announced:

"No questions!"

The next witness was the physician, who testified that he found traces of poison in his examination, in sufficient quantities to cause death. This witness was also allowed to retire without any questions from the defense, although they reserved the right to recall him if they deemed it necessary.

Hans Algranse then took the stand. He testified that his daughter had seen but two visitors the day of her death, and that Father Graft was the last stranger with her. He had seen her directly after the prisoner had left her, and she seemed excited and feverish, and had shortly retired.

About fifteen minutes afterward, he had been called to her room, and found her in convulsions. She had continued in this state until within five minutes of Father Graft's second arrival, when she sunk into a state of unconsciousness, and in half an hour she had died.

He also testified that the prisoner had said in his hearing, 'He knew that the deceased would repent of her action before long.'

After this answer, the witness left the stand, and Jacob Reiter was called.

As he took the stand, those around noticed that Father Graft showed more emotion than ever before. His face grew red and pale by turns, and perspiration stood on his brow while his eyes almost flashed fire for a second. Then a calm settled upon him. His face resumed its benign expression, and he looked steadily at the witness. The crowd, however, who had been in sympathy with the prisoner, from the moment that he had entered the dock with that quiet, priestly mien, now broke out in angry mutterings at the sight of the principal accuser, and the court had to rap loudly again before the witness could be heard:

"Did you pay a visit to Elfrida Reiter, your deceased wife, on the morning of January ninth?"

"I did."

"Did Father Franz Graft come to see the deceased while you were with her?"

"He did."

"Did you see him commit any suspicious action while you were in the room?"

"He did, there was a table in the room, and a glass of water upon it. He stood by this table with his back toward us when I was leaving. I believe that this was the time—"

"Your Honor, I object to surmises. Let the witness adhere strictly to facts" exclaimed Colday.

This evidence was ruled out, and the solicitor continued:

"Was your wife perfectly well when you left?"

"She was."

"Did she appear excited as after the departure of the prisoner?"

"She did not."

"The witness is with you."

"Were you long in the room after the arrival of Father Graft?" and as he spoke Colday threw back his shoulders as if for a contest of muscular strength.

"About ten minutes, I think."

"What was your motive in calling upon your wife?"

Jacob hesitated a moment as if uncertain whether to answer, then said:

"To ask her to live with me."

"Did she consent?"

"She did." And Jacob looked defiantly around. Father Graft started visibly at this answer, and looked sorrowfully at the witness.

"You swear to that do you?" asked Colday, while a peculiar light came into his eyes.

"I do." This ended the cross-questioning, and the prosecuting officer announced the closing for the state. Mr. Colday then arose and said:

"Your Honor, we have a witness now who was not here when the case was opened and whom we desire to bring in, and have sworn."

After being directed, the sheriff left, and brought in a tall slender woman dressed in deep mourning. Father Graft looked in surprise at her and then questioningly at Colday. That gentleman smiled reassuringly at his client, and then asked the witness to take the stand. After the preliminary questions as to name, address, occupation, etc., had been asked and answered, Colday asked:

"Where were you on the afternoon of January tenth 18—?"

"In the church of St. John in C—."

"Be explicit, if you please, In what part of the church?" asked Colday.

"In the side aisle close to the confessional occupied by Father Graft," answered the witness.

Her voice was low, but decided, and she appeared to know exactly what she was about. As she answered, Colday looked keenly in the direction of Reiter, and then spoke to the person next to him, who in turn, looked in the same direction. That individual had turned an ashen hue, and his hands were working convulsively.

"For what reason were you in St. John's?"

"I was going to confession to Father Graft."

"Do you know who went to confession immediately before you?"

"I do."

"Could you pick that person out from a crowd?"

"I could."

"What impressed the features of this individual so vividly upon your mind?" asked Colday, without removing his eyes from the deathly face of Reiter.

The spectators, although not seeing the drift of these questions, were listening with breathless interest, for they saw by the rapid, intense questions, that the lawyer for the defense was gradually working up to a climax.

"The fact that I heard his confession although through no fault of my own. I was so close that it was impossible not to hear," answered the witness.

"Your Honor!" exclaimed Colday, in accents loud enough to be heard half way down the hall, "Jacob Reiter is trying to leave the court-room. I request that he be called back."

The court commanded Reiter to resume his chair, and Colday continued:

"What was that confession?"

"The witness hesitated, flushed, and pressed her hands together nervously, and then said:

"It is only in the cause of justice that I divulge this confession."

As the questions and answers were hurried through, Father Graft was becoming more and more disturbed; and at the last answer of the witness, he arose and said excitedly:

"My child what is heard in the confessional is a secret never to be divulged. Beware of—"

"Order! Let the witness proceed!" exclaimed the court.

The crowd by this time perceived some light thrown upon the situation, and an angry hum was heard all through the room.

"I have thought well before appearing as a witness, and I have decided to tell the principal thing told in this confession. This person said that he had killed his wife in a fit of anger on her refusal to live with him. He said that he dropped poison in a glass of water which was standing in the room.

"Look around you, and see if that person is here. Stop that man!" and Colday arose quickly, and pointed to Jacob Reiter, who was trying to steal through a side door.

The crowd, who now understood the fiendish plot, broke into hoarse cries and exclamations of intense anger; and a group gathered around the retreating figure, pushing it roughly back to its chair.

Father Graft was deathly white, and his lips moved in prayer.

The witness naturally looked toward the person who was causing so much commotion, and exclaimed distinctly:

"*That is the man!*" and, as she spoke, she pointed to the shrinking form of Jacob Reiter.

"The witness is with you!" and Colday turned triumphantly to the solicitor.

"Can you swear that that is the same man? Remember, it is a human life you are swearing away!" said the solicitor solemnly.

The witness looked nervously around, but answered decidedly:

"I can, and do swear it!"

"That is all, then," and the witness was allowed to descend.

Colday then called witnesses who proved that there had never been any but the best feeling between the prisoner and the deceased, and consequently, no motive for the murder; and in an hour, the defense closed.

Colday, throughout the trial, had kept his eyes fixed constantly on Reiter, but this precaution was now unnecessary, as hundreds of people were now near him, and only eager to lay hands upon the cowardly murderer.

The jury was briefly charged by the court, and after an absence of half an hour, returned a verdict of "Not guilty."

Jacob Reiter left those walls a prisoner and a doomed man, while his victim Father Graft, walked home with bowed head, after bidding his friends good-bye.

A couple of days passed, a rumor reached the good priest's ears that Jacob Reiter was to be lynched. He immediately went to the authorities, and communicated this plot to them to enable them to take all the precautions necessary; he then visited Reiter in his cell.

These visits continued for nearly a week, and none knew what passed in those interviews; but Reiter gradually became quite humble and sorrow-stricken for his crime.

Four nights and days had passed since the trial of Father Graft and on the fifth evening, he determined to go and see Jacob.

The moon was full, and it shone down on C—, lighting up the prosaic town with a weird, mystic beauty; and a strange peacefulness settled upon the priest as he entered the prison.

He found Jacob walking excitedly up and down his cell. When Father Graft entered, he exclaimed:

"Father, I wish to go to confession."

"Very well, my son."

They had just seated themselves when there was a rumbling heard, and the tramp of many feet. Jacob sprang from his chair:

"Here they come Father. I felt that to-night was to be my last."

"What do you mean, Jacob?"

"They are coming to lynch me, Father, and if I don't go to confession now, I will be lost."

Jacob, in the face of his great danger seemed to grow calmer, and at the feet of the man he had injured so terribly, he made use of the great sacrament of Penance, of which his guilty soul at last felt the need.

Meanwhile, the tumult was becoming more distinct. Hoarse cries and imprecations arose above the tramp of feet, while the yells of, "Where is the traitor? Make an example of him!" came plainly to the ears of the pale,

repentant man, trying to make his peace with God, Whom he was so soon to meet. He continued steadily on, helped by the consoling words of the priest.

Suddenly, there was a violent pulling of a bell; battering-rams were used against the heavy doors of the guard-house, and the crash of falling glass was heard. Then, came the excited parley between the mob and the guards. Demands, threats, cries, and finally a pistol shot, rang out above the horrible din.

Men were heard murmuring, and then there was a heavy thud against the window of Jacob Reiter's cell. Glass crashed into the room, and the end of a ladder appeared resting on the iron bars while the room was lighted up by the flickering dancing light of hundreds of torches.

Quick as a flash, Father Graft sprang to the window, and, catching the wooden pieces in his hands, with one mighty effort hurled them from their position.

For an instant, his adroitness and bravery stupified the infuriated crowd, and the next moment, the stentorian tone of the ecclesiastic rang out above the tumult:

"My people hear!" —but his sentence was never complete, for at that instant there was a flash and explosion, and Father Graft with a slight moan sank from view.

Someone in the rear, not recognizing the priest, had fired, under the impression that it was Reiter, struggling for his life.

In the cell of the doomed, a pitiful scene was being enacted. Reiter, down on his knees, by the motionless figure of Father Graft, was vainly trying to restore him to consciousness, never realising that the noble heart was stilled forever.

In this supreme moment, his selfishness and cowardliness, all overcome by the forgiveness and nobility of the fallen man before him, he lost all thought of his own danger, and knelt frantically bathing the white brow and chafing the hands that were growing cold, while a stream of something thick and dark was trickling its way to his feet.

Meanwhile, the tumult had arisen to a higher pitch than before, and the ladder again appeared at the window.

Reiter noticed nothing until a wild yell arose immediately over his head, and, looking up, he saw the window jammed with ferocious-

looking faces, and the next moment, the iron bars were seized by strong hands, and pulled and hammered until one after another gave away.

Reiter looking around him mechanically for something to defend himself with, and he was just taking his bed apart, when a heavy thump sounded on the door of his cell, and he realized that the guards were trying to burst open the door and save him.

He stupidly wondered what had become of the keys, and the thought crossed his mind in a desultory manner that they must have been stolen; and then he gazed shudderingly at the cold stiffened figure lying in the full glare of the torches, the eyes still looking calmly up into the lowering, animal faces above.

Still the tumult continued. Which one would be first? he wondered, as one who was wholly uninterested in the issue. The guards worked with a will, and they had the advantage of the mob who could not get any great number near the window. Suddenly, there was a crash, and down fell the door, and in rushed the guards.

The mob, insane when they saw their victim escaping, gave one frantic wrench to the bars, yelling wildly:

"Kill him! Kill him! Don't let him escape!"

At the last words, several pistols were fired, and Reiter fell, mortally wounded. Not satisfied with this, three more shots were fired into the prostrate figure. The guards picked him up hurriedly, and carried him away without molestation, as the mob having done their work, now dispersed.

Then, for the first time, the jailors who remained, noticed the motionless form of Father Graft.

Making a simultaneous rush, they lifted him up, only to find him a corpse! Tenderly they carried him away, and a few tears fell upon the placid, white face from the eyes of those world-hardened men — tears of sincere sorrow for the loss of that saintly, courageous, and noble priest, Father Franz Graft.

In the vestibule of the church of St. John in the town of C-, there hangs a life size portrait of Father Graft: and the story is still told with bated breath, of the murder and of his devotion to the man who had so grievously wronged him. Prayers are said to him as to a saint.

❧ St. Joseph our Aid in all Necessities. ❧

A little cottage, void of all luxuries sheltered a mother with her four children who were rich in genuine piety and industry. After the death of her husband the mother toiled as

a washer woman and thus supported herself and family, while her two eldest children, Ernst and Catherine contributed their mite by running errands for neighbors and friends.

Time passed on; and an unusually mild autumn yielded to a despotic winter, sending chill and desolation into the homes of the poor.

Our family, mentioned above, felt like a multitude of others, the inclemencies and severities of this season, but bravely struggled on. One bleak and extremely cold evening the mother, returning home as usual after her day's work, complained of great pain in her eyes. During the night this pain increased, nor did the following days bring any relief. A serious inflammation of the eyes now afflicted her, accompanied by a gradual failing of sight. Finally a physician who was summoned from a large neighboring town could only confirm the poor, stricken mother's dread: "complete loss of sight."

For the first time since the death of her husband, did this poor lady feel keen pain; Her own suffering she bore bravely with her wonted resignation to the will of God, but now blinded as she was, she could no longer follow her usual occupation and thus had almost no means to support herself and children. It is true, the physician had given a ray of hope to the children by promising to restore sight to their beloved mother. He declared that a most careful operation would bring back sight to their mother's eyes; such an operation, he added could not be performed at their home, but their mother must be removed as soon as possible to the neighboring town, there to be put under the treatment of a wise and careful physician. The various expences connected with this undertaking, the physician declared would amount to one hundred dollars.

"One hundred dollars!" The bare thought of this sum was but mockery of their poverty, as they were now barely supplied with the most necessary means of subsistence. Neither could much assistance be expected from neighbors or friends, who were unable or unwilling to advance such a sum and though the two elder children Ernst and Catherine would perform errands of all kinds for their friends it would take an almost endless time before the required sum could be raised. Hence there seemed no prospect of saving their beloved mother. The children were disconsolate, but the pious mother proved her truly Christian spirit. Forgetful of herself she consoled her poor children and bade them trust in God.

Relief is closer at hand than you expect," she said, and "I exhort you, above all, to have recourse to dear St. Joseph, the advocate, hope and refuge of the poor and afflicted!" Every morning and evening henceforth this family united in devout prayer to dear St. Joseph from whom they confidently expected counsel and succor.

March, the privileged month of St. Joseph had come; a special novena to the Saint had been planned for this month and for this pur-

pose the children intended to make a pilgrimage to a chapel in the mountains. This chapel was a mile distant and was dedicated to our Lady, the spouse of their dear St. Joseph.

The weather being unfavorable the children could not at first carry out their intentions, but later as the balmy spring approached they wished to hasten thither. Alas again they were prevented; another sorrow fell to their lot; their mother deprived of sight, became weak and sickly, and the entire charge of supporting the family now rested upon the two elder children. Their intended pilgrimage was now an impossibility.

On a certain evening when the family had gathered in their humble dwelling, Emily a girl of ten and the youngest of the group said to her mother:

"Please let me go alone to the chapel and I shall daily pray most devoutly to St. Joseph that he may make you well again and restore your sight." "The good God has inspired you with this thought," replied the mother joyfully, and may He assist you to carry it out, "for a child's prayer highly pleases the Lord and He always lends a willing ear to its petition."

Early one morning little Emily journeyed over the rugged mountain path to the chapel. The road was tiresome and difficult to travel for such a little girl, but the thought of securing relief and especially sight for her mother made her way seem light and even pleasant. While her eyes admired the beauties of nature, she pictured to herself her mother's joy when again able to gaze upon the luxuriant grass, the fragrant flowers, the tall trees; the gay colored birds and butterflies and — but here she interrupted herself, — I will begin now to pray to the good God and to dear St. Joseph, for they will listen to my prayers as readily here as in the chapel.

The pious little girl poured forth her prayers from the depth of her soul with greatest childlike confidence; every prayer she had learnt at home or in school, yes every pious ejaculation that she had received from the lips of her beloved mother now gushed forth as the waters of an endless stream. Thus engaged she at last reached the chapel.

She entered the holy place and at once sought the little altar above which hung a picture of the Infant Savior's foster father, St. Joseph, throwing herself at the foot of the altar, she took out a little prayerbook and recited from it the prayers to dear St. Joseph; these finished, she began in her innocence to talk with her trusted Saint, telling him all in a most touching manner, that her beloved mother had been for the past three months bereft of sight and that the remedy to restore was beyond their reach, because it was so expensive and they were almost penniless. Again amidst

sobs and tears she prayed to the Saint begging him to help her mother speedily. Her devotion over, she hastened homeward without having taken either food or drink. About noon Emily arrived home where all had been awaiting her with the greatest anxiety. Full of cheer and confidence she approached her mother and said: "Rejoice, dear mother, for St. Joseph will surely make you see again!" A smile passed over the troubled countenance of her mother and somewhat jokingly the latter replied "you seem convinced of my recovery!" "So I am," Emily replied very emphatically, and henceforth I shall daily go to the chapel and implore the merciful God and dear St. Joseph to enable you to see again, for God in His goodness surely does not want to deprive you of beholding His works of love and omnipotence and as soon as you dear mother have regained your sight, we shall in a body make a pilgrimage to our Lady's chapel and there pour out our thanks to God and to St. Joseph.

Little Emily fulfilled her promise; day after day, without even taking a morsel of bread for her breakfast, she traveled the difficult mountain path to our Lady's sanctuary, there pleading for her mother. At home the pious mother and the other children united their prayers with little Emily's. Eight days thus passed, the last day of the novena arrived. Before starting out on her journey this day she said to her mother: "As to-day is the 9, day, I shall stay away longer than usual, and beseech St. Joseph more than ever to grant my request!" "Very well replied the mother but supposing your request be not granted, what then?" "I shall continue thus, until it is granted, answered the child." The mother smiled sadly.

Here may be remarked that the lofty and picturesque mountains surrounding the little chapel to which Emily again turned her footsteps, were often visited by sight-loving tourists and men of prominence. On this particular day a crowd of about forty gay and well dressed gentlemen gathered at the foot of the mountains preparatory to their ascent, intending to reach the summit, thence to gaze upon the surrounding scenery and to take refreshments in an inn erected near the top. The party ascended in separate groups; one of these had already passed our little friend Emily who was greatly ashamed for her poor and shabby clothes and was much relieved when the group of strangers had passed. Hurriedly she traced her steps on the usual path to the chapel, and there once more threw herself before the altar of dear St. Joseph and besought God and the Saint with all the fervor of her soul in behalf of her mother.

In the meantime the second group of strangers had begun their ascent of the mountain.

For the benefit of the reader it may here

be stated that the path which leads to the chapel branches off from the main road leading to the summit of the mountain; the latter path was indeed less rugged and easier to travel but also ended at the chapel. Emily had prayed for nearly a quarter of an hour, when the second group of strangers mentioned before, was journeying on the path that led to the chapel; they had chosen this path because it seemed more convenient, and being ignorant of its terminus they were startled to discover that instead of reaching the mountain's summit they were brought face to face with the little Shrine. Upon this unpleasant discovery, one of the party cried out, "Let us turn back!" These words were spoken by a somewhat corpulent and aged gentleman; the rest of the party looked very gloomy. The eyes of the spokesman now rested upon the pretty little chapel lying in this romantic spot; again he spoke: "Lovely! let us enter," 'twill be no loss of time and 'twill do us no harm." This said, all advanced to the beautiful and consecrated dwelling of the Lord.

Lo! a sound reached their ears, the voice of a praying child. Noiselessly they advanced, cautiously opened the chapel door and silently entered lest they disturb the little child they discovered kneeling before the altar of St. Joseph. Our reader is well acquainted with this child. Little Emily' reciting the litany cried out: Oh, my dear intercessor St. Joseph, listen to my prayer!"

These words deeply moved the old gentleman; the prayer of the child so pathetic, the rays of the sun gleaming through the stained windows, the solemn silence of the sacred place, all tended to cause the entire party to fall on their knees and join in silent prayer. Emily, continuing to recite her litany in honor of St. Joseph, was the object of the old gentleman's observation; deeply absorbed in her devotion she had not noticed the presence of strangers and having finished the litany, in her simple way repeated to St. Joseph the story of her troubles and with heart-rending sighs besought the great Saint's assistance.

Every one of the party was moved to tears; finally the old man no longer able to restrain himself, noiselessly approached the child, tenderly laid his hand on her shoulder. Emily started up, affrighted and abashed.

The old gentleman addressed her kindly: "What did you say just now?"

"Is your mother blind?" he continued to ask with great sympathy. Emily stared at the inquirer in great amazement. "I have not yet finished my prayers," she replied timidly! Thereupon the old gentleman retraced his step, waiting until the child had completed her prayers, whereupon he further examined the child and

learned the facts with which the reader is acquainted.

Another of the party now questioned Emily: "And you expect heaven to send you aid and relief for your mother?"

Emily looked surprised at such a question and replied: "Most certainly, for my mother has always taught me to have recourse in all troubles and trials to St. Joseph, who will surely grant our requests!"

"And so he will," the old gentleman said, and turning to his companions remarked: "How important and beautiful a lesson this child teaches us!" Then he drew out of his pocket a large sum of money and handed it to the poor child, the rest of the party doing likewise. Before taking leave with his companions the old gentleman once more spoke to the child, saying: "Take this to your mother and tell her that St. Joseph will in due time give you what is still needed above the sum you have now received."

For a moment Emily stood speechless, then hurried home to lay her unexpected gift in the hands of her mother.

The joy and surprise of the dear ones at home and their extreme gratitude to the merciful God and dear St. Joseph can be better imagined than described.

In the morning of the following day our happy family received a letter enclosed in a large envelope, tightly sealed, which contained twice as much money as was needed to cover all expenses of their mother's operation. To all appearances the old gentleman had collected this sum from the entire party of tourists.

Be this as it may, though the names of the benefactors were not known one thing was certain St. Joseph had marvellously heard the child's prayer and granted her request.

Some weeks later, joy and happiness reigned again in the humble cottage for the mother who had been successfully operated upon in the neighboring town had returned home enjoying the precious gift of sight. It need hardly be said that shortly after she with all her children made the promised pilgrimage to our Lady's chapel in the mountains to pour forth their thanks to God and dear St. Joseph, who is our aid in all necessities.

—** FOR OUR BOYS. **—



Wanted.

A boy — a brave, courageous, manly, hopeful boy; one who scorns a lie; one who hates deceit; one who loves his mother; one who does not know more than his parents; one who has the courage to say no, and stick to it; one who is willing to begin at the bottom of the ladder and work upwards; one who thinks it would be unmanly to smoke; one who thinks an education is worth striving for; one

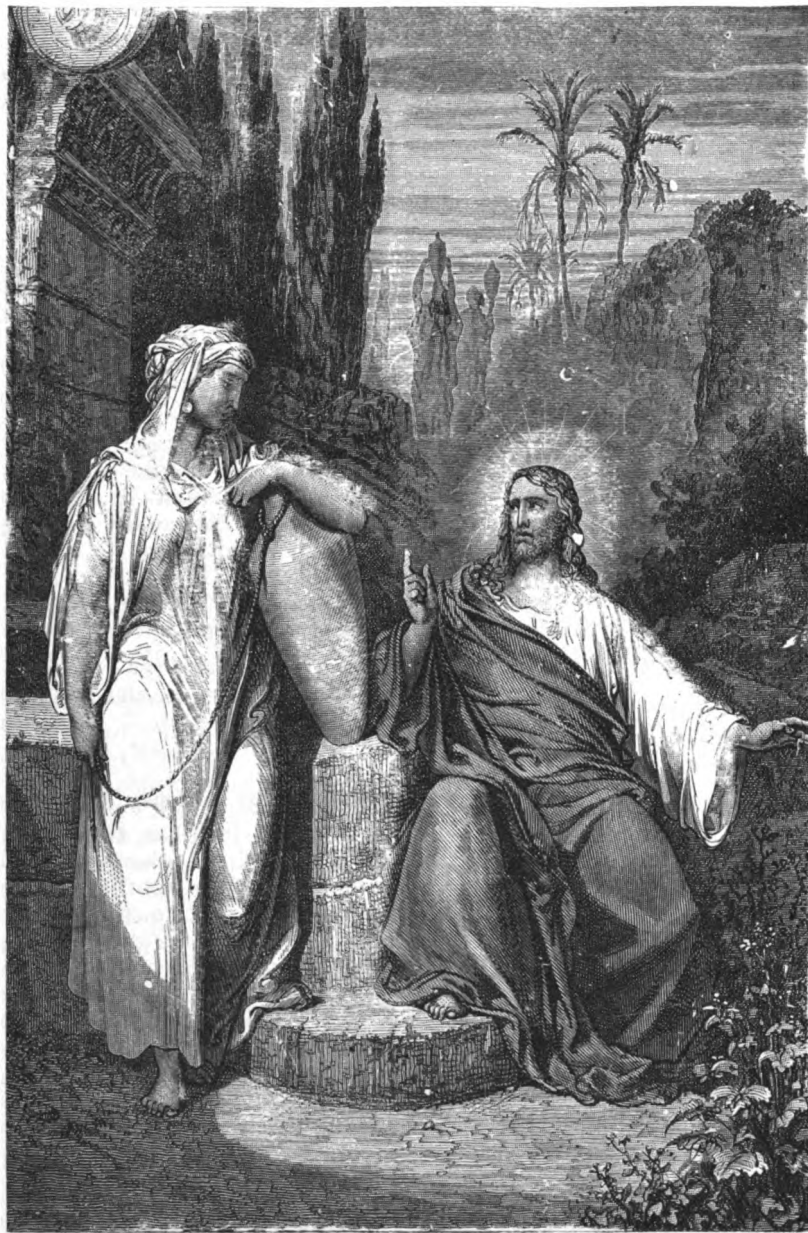
doesn't believe the marvelous tales told in the story papers and will not read the vile stuff; one who won't cheat in a fair game; one who won't do a mean act unseen; one who won't spend every penny he earns or gets; one who thinks he should respect himself and keep himself in decent appearance; one who won't attack an old man because he is feeble and defenseless; one who won't torture dumb animals; one who won't steal; one who won't swear; one who won't listen to or repeat nasty stories; one who won't revile or jeer at drunken persons on the street; one who does right because it is right. Wanted a boy; a whole souled, earnest, honorable, square boy. Where can he be found? Does he live in your neighborhood? Is he a member of your family? Do you know him?

A Pure Heart.

No man gets on so well in this world as he whose daily walk and conversation are clean and consistent, whose heart is pure, whose life is honorable. A religious spirit helps every man. It is at once a comfort and an inspiration, and makes him stronger, wiser and better in every station of life.

There is no substitute for it. It may be assailed by enemies, as it has been, but they offer nothing in its place. It has stood the test of centuries, and has never failed to help and bless mankind. It is stronger today than at any previous period of its history. The world

who is willing to obey his superiors; one who knows his home is better than the street; one who



JESUS AT THE WELL OF JACOB.

has use for the young man who is well grounded in principle, who has reverence for truth and religion, and courageously follows their teaching. Employment awaits his coming and honor crowns his path. More than this, conscious of rectitude, he meets the cares of life courageously; the duties which confront him he discharges with manly honesty. The men who established this government had faith in God and sublimely trusted in Him. They besought His counsel and advice in every step of their progress. And so it has been ever since.

Always be Cheerful.

An old looking boy went whistling along the street the morning after a big snow storm. His hands were bare, his cheeks and ears were red with cold, his shoes were much too large, well-worn at that, while his hat was only a hat in name. That he meant business was shown by his spry movements and the shovel that he carried.

Seeing a man at his door, the boy asked if he wanted the snow cleared away from the walks. "How much?" inquired the man. "Ten cents," replied the boy. "Too much; a nickle is enough," said the man. "There is plenty of work to-day," answered the boy, "and I must do the best I can while it lasts. Good morning."

But the man had just begun to admire the cheerful business air of the boy, and was also moved with pity for him. So he called the boy back, and told him to do the work. The lady of the house looked out of the window a few minutes later, and said, "just look at that little fellow make the snow fly! Why he works like a snow-plow!"

Both the man and his wife watched the little "rag tag" as though he were a new curiosity. They became interested as well as amused, and noted how well he did his work. As he finished the job and came to the door for his money, the lady said to her husband, "Maybe he is hungry; bring him in".

The man asked him to come in. Yes, he was hungry; but he had only time to take a piece of bread. It was a good business day for him. Yes, it was cold out, but he could keep from freezing by hard work, and he needed all the money he could earn.

"What do you want money for just now?" asked the lady; and the little worker replied, "I want to buy mother a shawl. She has to wear one that you can see through, and it isn't right." Then the lady took his name and address, saying, "We may want some more little jobs done, and may want you again."

The boy thanked her in his cheerful way, and hurried on, whistling as he went. That night the mother had a warm shawl, and several other things that her new-found friend

could well spare. But, more than that, the next day the little snow shoveler was dressed in a new warm suit from head to foot, and became the trusty office-boy of a leading lawyer. Cheerfulness and industry are sure to win confidence and success.

Advice to Young Men.

Young men, if your parents are still living treat them cordially. Do all you can to make their declining years sweet and happy. Bear in mind that this is the only precept that we may not always be able to obey. As long as we live we will be able to serve God and to obey all other commandments. But the day comes to most boys when father and mother dies. What bitter feeling we will have when the opportunity is gone by, if we fail to show them the respect and love that is their due. How long is it since you wrote to your mother? Perhaps you have not written home for months, and it may be for years. Boys, did you ever think how your mother and father loved you, and provided for you in your childhood days? When I hear a young man speak contemptibly of his gray-headed father or mother, I think he has fallen very low indeed. For when they have departed from this world our best friends are gone. So, boys, don't forget to show them your respect while on earth.

I count these few lines literally true
That a generous deed is a step towards God;
Raising the soul from the common sod,
To a virtuous air and a wider view.

What a Young Man Should Know.

People differ as to how much a collegiate education helps a young man in a business career, some contending that it is of the utmost importance; others that he can get along without it. As a matter of fact it depends on the young man himself, for, while a college education can hardly be a hindrance, it might in some cases, give a young fellow a foolish pride that would make him hold himself above the so-called drudgery of a business life.

A very successful man, in speaking of what a young man should know to begin a business life in the right way summarized the qualifications about as follows:

He should be able to write a good, legible hand.
To spell all words that he knows how to use.
To speak and write good English.
To write a good social or business letter.
To add a column of figures rapidly.
To receipt an account when it is paid.
To write an ordinary receipt.
To write an advertisement for the newspaper.
To write an ordinary promissory note.
To reckon the interest, or the discount on the note for years, months or days.

A Talk to Business Boys.

I once knew a boy who was a clerk in a large mercantile house which employed as entry clerks, and book-keepers 80 young men, besides a small army of porters, packers and truckmen.

This boy of fourteen felt that amid such a crowd he was lost to notice, and that any efforts he might make would be quite unregarded.

Nevertheless he did his duty. After he had been there a year he had occasion to ask a week's leave of absence during the busy season. "That" was the response, "is an unusual request and one which is somewhat inconvenient for us to grant but for the purpose of showing you that we appreciate the efforts you have made since you have been with us, we take pleasure in giving you the leave of absence for which you ask."

"I didn't think," said the boy, when he came home that night and related his success, "that they knew a thing about me, but it seems they have watched me ever since I have been with them."

They had indeed, watched him, and selected him for advancement, for shortly afterward he was promoted to a position of trust, for there is always a demand for excellent work.

A boy who means to build himself up will find it a long difficult task, even if he brings to bear efforts both of body and mind, but he who thinks to win without doing his very best will find himself a loser in the race.

Heed Good Advice.

A boy should at all times heed the prudent warning and sage advice of his parents. They have tested many of life's joys and passed under the yoke of life's sorrows and know thoroughly the emptiness of the one and the consolations best fitted to assuage the other. Not only do wisdom and calmness and charitableness come with gathering years, making the gray-haired father's counsel eagerly sought, but the thought that they will not long be with us should render them daily more precious in our eyes. The thoughtless and unprincipled fellow shows a restless and unseemly desire to escape whatever advice his parents may have to offer, thus causing them inexpressible desolateness. The thought of being loved by their children, of being prized and cared for is a source of profound gratification to the aged mother and father.

Depend on Yourself.

Remember, boys, that the circumstances that will make or mar you, are to a great extent, within your own control; and that when unexpected or sudden emergencies arise, it is the boy who has studied, who is equipped for emergencies, and has shown skill in his work that will be recognized as the one to meet or control them, or who may himself take advantage of them and turn them to his own use

and profit. Get ready, boys, while you have the opportunity and the occasion, the chance will surely come. Above everything else do not depend upon your "pull." Count only on yourself and your power of commanding recognition. If the influence comes to you, accept it and make the most of it; but never sit down and wait for it, and be sure you justify it or it may sink you as a millstone.

Habits.

Are you a young man just starting out in life? If so, there is nothing more important to you than the formation of good habits. A little watchfulness and care now will enable you to avoid those habits which are bound to do you injury and will at the same time make it easy for you to form those which will be a help and a benefit to you in all your life. There is something almost pitiful in the careless, unconscious way in which so many young men lay the foundations upon which their entire after lives must rest. They do not realize that the habits formed in early manhood become so firmly fixed that middle-age finds it almost impossible to break them. So it behooves you to remember constantly that you are building not for the present alone but for your entire life. Socrates' advice to a young man was "Know thyself," and we cannot do better than learn from him. Selfmanagement, self-discipline are absolutely essential to you if you are going to make a success of your life and become a valuable member of society. Without this discipline of self you are simply the creature of circumstance, the football of impulse, yielding easily to temptation and wrecked by the first mad wave of passion or desire that sweeps over you.

Self-discipline or self-control is not an easy thing to acquire. It is not to be had merely for the asking, you must pay the price and it comes high. You will have many a hard fight to win before it is yours yet when you have conquered and know that you are absolutely master of yourself, you will feel more than repaid for all the self-denial it has cost you and you will be saved from very many bitter hours of repentance and remorse.

It is not enough to avoid the formation of bad habits. You must get in the way of forming good ones. There are many persons who have no bad habits who nevertheless lack many good ones, and who on account of this cannot occupy the position in the world which they otherwise might. Take for instance the habit of continuity, of continuing a task until it is well completed — the habit of correctness in beginning an undertaking, of not permitting oneself to begin anything thoughtlessly and without due consideration, and then wasting valuable time and energy in correcting the mistakes consequent thereto, — the habit of activity, of keeping both mind and body healthfully

active under such right conditions that there will be no waste of nerve force or of mental energy, the habit of patience, slow to anger and plentiful in mercy," — the habit of gentleness and thoughtfulness towards others. Remember the old saying, "inhibits begin in cobwebs and end in iron chains." Root out and destroy the bad ones, cherish and encourage all the good ones. Man is indeed a creature of habit and upon his habits depends whether his life shall be common and

mediocre, or a power in the world, working for all that is good, uplifting and ennobling, a blessing and a help to all with whom he comes in contact. If you are young, your choice lies before you. You can make your habits and consequently your life what you will. If you are not young, the task will be harder, but remember, 'tis never too late to mend." Start the good work to-day; do not procrastinate. You can win if you only will.

Mistaken Identity.

A HUMOROUS TALE BY A. QUIDAM.

Listen Mary" said Mr. Brewer to his daughter, "I have something to tell you, something which ought to interest you greatly" he added puffing and blowing as it was a hot summer day; and Mr. Brewer was rather stout.

He was a stubborn man, who held strictly to his own ideas, and who in consequence was hard to manage. His wife, who at the time of this truthful story, had been dead for two years had not always had a pleasant time with him and his daughter Mary too, had to suffer from his temper. But she was a clever girl and, although she had proper respect and love for her father, did not let him have his way at all times, and objected strenuously, when his plans did not coincide with her own views. She was always prepared for some peculiar proposition on his part. Since he had retired from business and lived on his income, he sometimes made very comical plans.

But this time a very serious affair was concerned.

"Remember we expect young Mr. Sendler to-day" said Mr. Brewer to his daughter after having carefully studied her face to make sure she was of an amiable frame of mind.

"That won't do him any good. He might just as well stay home. I am not going to marry him!

This was said in such an energetic tone that her father was thunderstruck.

"Don't be unreasonable," he replied, listen and let me explain to you."

"There is nothing to explain, I know enough of your plans."

A few days before he had told her that he was in correspondence with his old friend Sendler whom he had not seen for many years and of whom he had learned to his greatest surprise that he had a prosperous business in a populous town not far away. Sendler had a son then 23 years old and Brewer thought that he could not find a better husband for his daughter, than the son of his old friend. Of course, he did not

know the young man, but he felt convinced that he must be as capable a man as his father.

He hinted at his plan in a letter to his friend and met with immediate success. Sendler was willing and offered to send his son to the city where Brewer lived so that they might become acquainted.

Brewer had not been very clever in putting his plan before his daughter and she had become very indignant at the idea of being disposed of in such a manner and was determined to resist resolutely. Brewer tried conciliation. "Young Sendler will only come here for a short time and I hope you will at least receive him pleasantly." "I am pleasant to every visitor and I shall be more pleasant to him than he would like."

"Head-strong again but never mind, you will be glad enough to get such a man as that for your husband. I will now go to the station to meet him on his arrival and bring him to our house.

Mary was in the greatest embarrassment, what was she to do? How could she get out of this difficulty? Some time previously she had in a friend's house, made the acquaintance of a young man, Frederick Bass, an assistant bookkeeper in a large manufacturing concern. It was a case of love at first sight and they had become secretly engaged, but they knew well that on account of Mr. Brewer's stubborn character it would be difficult to get his consent. He spent most of his evenings in the company of convivial friends which made it hard to find an opportunity to introduce the young man. Mary had spoken to her father several times about him in such a manner that it was easy to understand that she was taking more than an ordinary interest in the young man. But her father had only said: "Ah, he is very likely one of those poverty stricken quill-drivers that every city counts by the thousand.

But there was the fact that although the young man was only assistant bookkeeper he soon expected to take the place of the head bookkeeper, who was old and feeble. "Oh, I

know all about that," Mr. Brewer replied to his daughter, when she told him this, "every young fellow talks like that, when he wants to marry the daughter of a well-to-do papa." There the matter rested until young Frederick had finally made up his mind to take the bull by the horns, and call on the old gentleman during the day time to ask him for the hand of his daughter.

Mary had consented, although she had great doubts about his success. She also realized that just now was a bad time to take such a

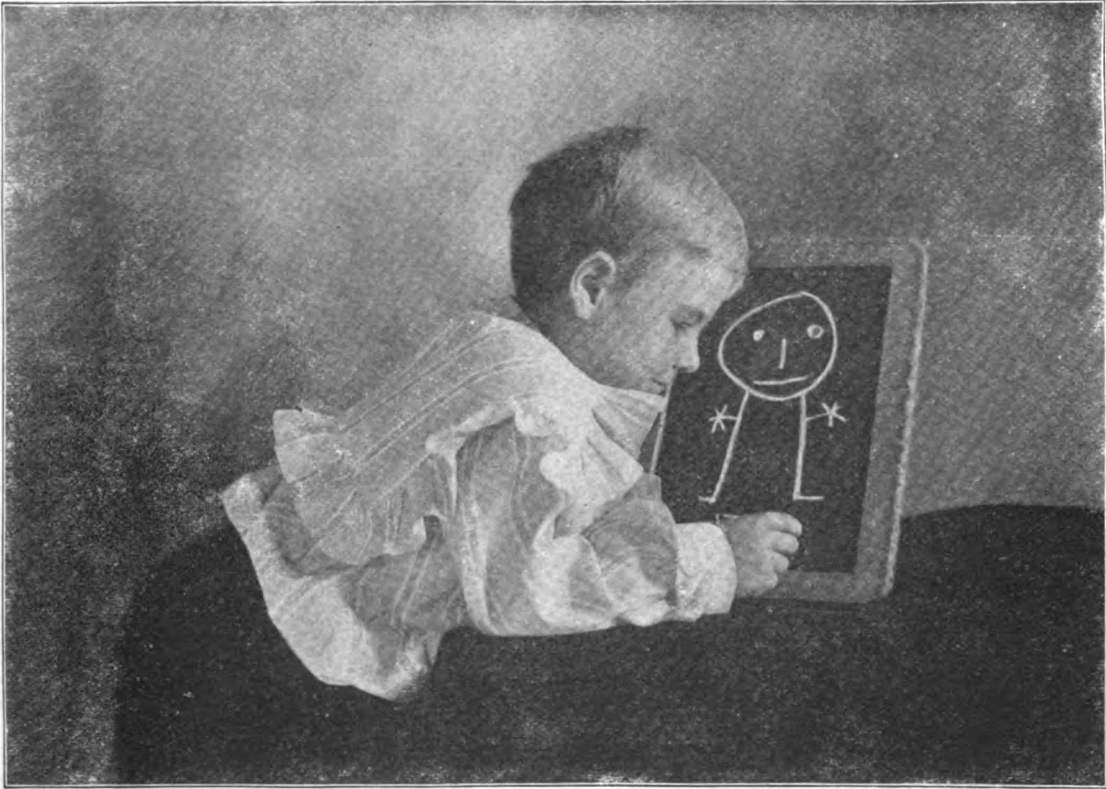
step. Greatly worrying about it and in a very despondent frame of mind, she sat down by the window, thinking how best she could receive Mr. Sendler, when her friend and neighbor Rose Stinert entered the room.

"Good morning Mary, how do you do?"

"Oh is that you Rose?"

"Why, what is the matter? you look as if somebody had taken your favorite dish away from you."

"This is no laughing matter. Just think in what an awkward position I find myself," and



EARLY EFFORTS.

with that she told her sad story. "But the worst of it is," she continued, "that Fred has made up his mind to come here to-day, and now I am told by papa that he expects the other fellow will arrive here to-day too and if Fred comes, when the other man is here he is likely to get a very bad reception."

"That would be fatal indeed but I hope everything will come out alright. If I were you I would receive the other man very politely and if you don't like him, I would tell him plainly that he would have nothing to hope for on your part."

"That is quicker said than — and my fa-

ther —" tears choked her voice and she could say no more.

She jumped up in terror when she heard the bell ring. She had not yet changed her morning dress and attired herself for the occasion and stood there helplessly with a tear stained face.

Rose noticed her embarrassment. "I will go" she said "let me see who it is."

With this she went out to open the door while Mary quickly ran to her room to finish her toilet in case that the caller should be either one of her suitors. In a few minutes she returned

to see who was there, but she could not find anybody, even Rose had disappeared. Greatly puzzled she went to the window but only saw Rose entering her house and came to the conclusion that it was a beggar who had been ringing and that Rose had attended to him. At that moment she heard steps and turning round she saw her father, and to her great relief unaccompanied. He was greatly put out at not having met his intended visitor. He put it all upon his friend Neale, whom he had met on the way to the station. "You can't get past him" he explained to his daughter, "he has always something important to tell you. So we went to have a drink together and when I looked at my watch I found that I was about five minutes late for the arrival of the train. I hurried to the station but could find no young man waiting for me. But he ought to know enough to come here by himself in fact he ought to be here now."

"Perhaps he did not come by this train."

"Of course that is what you would like best."

He hardly uttered the word, when the bell rang. "That must be him. Leave the room and leave us alone for a time. I will open the door myself."

Mary knew that it would be of no use to oppose her father's wish and went into an adjoining room.

Mr. Brewer opened the door. A young man, elegantly dressed, and of attractive appearance stood before him: "Mr. Brewer, I presume?" he said in a modest and apologetic tone.

"I am Mr. Brewer. I suppose you are the young gentleman I expected. Please come in. I have to apologize that I did not meet you at the station. I was detained by a friend."

"That would have been too much to ask of you" said the young man who seemed to be very much embarrassed at this unexpected friendly reception.

"A nice young fellow," thought Mr. Brewer, as he led the young man into the parlor: "I should be greatly surprised, if Mary would not talk kindly to him."

"Please be seated, my daughter will be here in a minute."

Feeling that he had been rather harsh with her he called her into the room in a kindly voice. Mary had put on a serious face but she felt that she had to be polite to her father's friend's son. She was speechless with astonishment when she saw Fred, the beloved of her heart, the more so, when she perceived, how friendly and agreeable her father acted toward him. She tried to compose herself: This was the decisive moment and she had to risk the utmost.

"This is my daughter Mary," said Mr. Brewer, as she appeared at the parlor-door.

Frederick rose and bowed.

"This is the young man, we spoke about," said Mr. Brewer to his daughter; "we did not wait for him in vain."

By these words Mary saw, that her father was mistaken in the identity of the young man. He took Fred for young Sendler, and in her surprise, she did not know what to do.

"But, please be seated" Mr. Brewer said to the young man, who had remained standing, thoroughly surprised at the reception, which was so different from what he had expected. Reluctantly he sat down.

"Well and how is your good father?" added Mr. Brewer.

"Very well, thank you. He sends his very kind regards and hopes soon to be able to come and see you."

"That would give me the greatest pleasure." While these amenities were being exchanged Mary sat as if on thorns. She feared that every moment something would occur to clear up the misunderstanding and that a terrific crash would follow.

"Now, Mary dear, go and fetch a bottle of wine; it is so much more pleasant to talk these matters over, over a friendly glass. Mary left the room silently; she thought that they never would drink that bottle together, for she fully expected, that the whole trouble would have come out before she could return.

She had hardly left the room, when her father asked the young man: "Well, how do you like my dear little Mary? Of course we must use every moment, while we are alone, to talk over the matter, which" —

"Certainly, I understand," was Fred's astonished reply.

"Of course, you see, we cannot very well send her away and in her presence we must handle the matter very discreetly."

"Well, I do not need to assure you, that I like your daughter, as we have some time ago pledged our mutual love."

"How is this?" exclaimed Mr. Brewer "do you know her then?"

"Certainly. Of course!"

Brewer could not understand this, and a doubt arose in his mind as to the identity of the young man.

"Who are you anyhow?" he shouted, jumping angrily from his chair.

"My name is Frederick Bass" said the young man, rising from his chair, "you seem to be laboring under an error."

"Of course, I am. Why did you not introduce yourself at first? I took you to be another man."

"But did you not tell me, that you had expected me, and of course, I thought it superfluous under the circumstances to mention my name."

"We did not expect you at all. We expected the son of a friend of mine, who was to arrive to-day."

Then he stood with clenched fists, as if on the point of attacking the young man, when Mary appeared at the door with a tray on which she carried a bottle of wine and some glasses. Seeing her worst fears realized, she became so frightened, that she dropped tray and all.

"More trouble" growled the irate father, "what are you doing, you stupid thing!"

"Oh, I was so scared" sobbed the poor girl. She did not care for the lost bottle or the broken glasses, but she saw, that all had gone wrong.

"Do you know this gentleman?" her father asked her in harsh tones.

But she was sobbing so, that she could not answer.

"Now, stop your crying. Why didn't you tell me, that I was making a mistake?"

"But you said, that it was the young man of whom we had spoken, I did not know that you took him for somebody else."

"You can't catch me with such a subterfuge as that. Go now and pick up the pieces. Mr. Sendler might be here any moment."

Fred saw that for the moment nothing could be done.

"I must apologize to you, Mr. Brewer" he said, "I was quite surprised, when you received me so kindly. I had made the acquaintance of your daughter at the house of some mutual friends and learned to love her, but I see that you intend to give her hand to someone else."

His voice was choking; he could say no more and with a sad heart he turned and left the room.

"Such a business" growled Mr. Brewer to himself, while Mary was sweeping up the broken glass, "one has nothing but trouble and anxiety with one's children. I wonder how people get

along, who have several such marriageable daughters."

He kept on like this for some time, looking repeatedly at his watch.

"It takes that fellow a long time to find us, very likely he did not come at all. The young people can't be relied on now-a-days, he grumbled to himself. When I was young, people did not miss trains and keep their future fathers-in-law waiting for hours. That fellow does not seem to be any better, than the other young fellows I know."

What angered him more than anything was the mistake he had made by being too hasty. The young man had certainly made a good impression upon him and he felt that for a son-in-law he would like just such a gentlemanly, well behaved and staid young man. Suppose Sendler did not turn up at all? He felt thoroughly ashamed of himself for having been so hasty and ill-tempered.

Mary, who had let him alone during his growling and grumbling, now announced dinner to be ready, when a messenger arrived with a letter.

"I am told to hand this letter to Mr. Brewer personally and to see that it does not fall into the hands of his" — he was going to say "his daughter," but seeing the young lady

and thinking that she probably was the daughter, he stopped short, and said, "into strange hands."

"Now let us see, what this is! More trouble I suppose." With this he tore open the envelope, and read as follows:

Mr. Brewer:

Your daughter is certainly of the same kind as her father.

"Hello, what is this? That is a nice commencement for a letter! Let us see, who wrote this?"

He looked at the signature and found the name Robert Sendler.



ON A SPRING MORNING.

"Well, well, what does this mean? he exclaimed and continued reading.

"I thank you for the welcome, which I received in your house. Your daughter seems to be as conceited as you are stupid according to my father's opinion. My father was right, when he told me to be careful about those Brewers. He did not think much of them. You had better look about for another son-in-law and don't bother me and my father any more."

Robert Sendlar.

"What does all this mean? Was this fellow here after all and what does he mean by sending me such a letter?"

"I did not see him. My friend Rose is the only one, I spoke to to-day. She was here for about 15 minutes."

"Did she speak to him perhaps?"

"I don't know, but I remember now. When she left, I heard her speak to somebody in the hall, but I thought it was you, she had met in the hall, because you came in directly afterwards."

"I met her at the door in the street, but she seemed to be in such a hurry that I had only time to just bow to her. You had better go and ask her to come over here for a minute." Brewer was by this time in a state of great excitement.

His daughter soon returned with her friend Rose, who had a clew to the whole misunderstanding. "Just imagine!" she addressed Mr. Brewer, "just as I was leaving your house, after a few minutes' chat with your daughter, I suddenly came upon a young man, who asked for you. I told him that you had gone out. "That does not make any difference, he is sure to come back," he replied in an offensive and flippant manner."

"I am satisfied, so long as you are here" he added in a very bold way. "What is it you wish?" I asked him. "Oh never mind about that, you will soon find out what I wish. We can talk about that later on, so long as you were waiting for me." "I certainly have not been waiting for you, you impertinent fellow, I wish to have nothing to do with you." With that I slammed the door in his face. I heard him swear, as he was running down the stoop, and as soon as he was gone, I ran as fast as I could to my own house, for fear I should meet him again. I was going to come over to-night to tell Mary all about it."

"Well, well" said Mr. Brewer, "that explains the whole mystery. That was a young man, who came to pay us a visit. But as he behaved in such an ungentlemanly manner I am just as glad, that you gave him the go-by. This letter proves that he is no gentleman.

Of course Mary was not at all dissatisfied at this turn of affairs, and thought that every thing might turn out right yet.

"What did he look like?" asked her father. Rose replied: "Oh he was not at all nice. He looked like one of those cheap dudes, and he looked at me as rudely, as I never saw any man look at me before."

"Well, I shall write his father a letter which neither he nor his worthy son will want to frame and hang up in their parlor as a diploma of honor."

Mr. Brewer was so excited, that he could not enjoy his dinner, although Mary had prepared some of his favorite dishes. She did not say anything during the dinner, as she would not disturb him in his thoughts. She guessed what he was thinking about, and that he was sorry, to have dismissed her Fred in such a harsh manner and that he was thinking how he could set matters right again.

When he arose from the table, he made a few remarks of no importance and then went for a walk.

He remained away the whole afternoon and Mary did not fail to see her friend Rose and thank her for her providential interference. She had not dared to do so, while her father was present.

Towards evening her father returned. He had seen some of his friends, and one of them had given him a very good account of Fred; her father called him Fred, when he was telling this to his daughter, as if the young man already belonged to the family.

"I am told he is a very reliable, hard-working and honest young fellow. It is too bad, that he should have come this morning, when I expected the other fellow. I would not have minded to have listened to him under different circumstances." After saying this, he looked at his daughter, to see what impression his conciliatory speech had made on her.

Her heart was overflowing with happiness, but she tried to conceal her feelings, until her father should make some definite proposition.

"I was indeed too harsh with Fred, but I suppose the wrong can be undone?"

This was a simple enough proposition for Mary. She explained to her dear Fred the mistake her father had made and apologized for her father. He was given permission to call as often as he liked at Mr. Brewer's house and soon irate father-in-law and loving son-in-law learned to know each other better and have a great regard for each other. Soon there was another happy couple in this world. Mr. Brewer exchanged a few letters with his friend Sendlar, which were far from complimentary. After a little while their correspondence ceased altogether.



St. Aloysius and St. Stanislaus Kostka, the Patrons of Youth.

By Rev. Henry Hussmann.

The world has her saints. It is true, she uses not this term, but calls her faithful and successful servants: heroes, great statesmen, kings of finance, etc. and proclaims their deeds and achievements far and wide. Especially does she hold up their example to the young in order to draw them into her service. There is nothing, absolutely nothing, that may keep a young man or woman from being successful. In every clime, for every condition in life the world points to an example. Behold this man! See under what adverse circumstances he was born and lived; see how he struggled, how he battled; his vocabulary did not contain the word impossible, and he succeeded. Power, riches, honors were showered upon him. The world was at his feet. Do as he did. You will have to work, you will have to practice self-denial, but what does it all matter if you only succeed? The mind of youth is fired by these vivid images. Youth is filled with enthusiasm. Many fall by the wayside, what matter? I shall succeed. Many are wrecks now, they have entered the harbor broken in spirit and health, what matter? my ship is good and I shall enter the harbor with full sails and flag proudly flying at the mast. This is youth, and it is well to be so, for courage and enthusiasm are needed in life. But, young reader, you may think what has all this to do with St. Aloysius or St. Stanislaus Kostka? They were not the servants of the world. The world does not know them. I know it well, my dear youth, and you will have to pardon me for talking about the "Saints" of the world, when I really mean to talk about the true Saints, the servants of God. I did it in order to gain your attention and also to excite a little enthusiasm in your breast. I know you would like to be successful in this world, and you have the confidence that you will be. But I was afraid that you would lose this confidence, this enthusiasm, if I would speak to you about the example of the Saints, and how you should follow them. How many times do we not hear, and may be you yourself have said it, oh well those people were Saints. It was easy for St. Aloysius or St. Stanislaus to be good, because — well just because they were Saints? with me it is different. I am surrounded

by so many dangers, I have so many temptations in short it is so hard, nay it is impossible to be good.

But let us see how it is with success in the world. There is a poor boy. He would like to make his way in the world. What would you tell him? What would you tell yourself if you were poor? Do not lose courage! many a poor boy has attained a high place in the world. He worked and worked until he reached the summit, until he became a "Saint" of the world. And so you encourage yourself and so you encourage others to make efforts, to struggle, to labor until they have conquered. So it must be. However, what applies to success in the world, may be applied to success in the spiritual life. And this our Saints did. If we look at their lives, it is evident that they may be called happy and poor. The world would call them happy. It would predict for them a great future and count on them as most faithful servants. For they were of noble birth, had rich, influential parents and friends; in fact all that could insure success in this life. On the other hand, their salvation was in as great or greater danger than yours or that of thousands of other boys, or young men who are surrounded by evil influences. For what is the complaint which we hear but too frequently? "My companions are bad. I see so much that is evil. I hear so much that imperils my soul." All this is but too true, yet to lose courage or to despair, would be wrong. The world bids you: "Try, try again" after you have failed. So do our saints. "Try!"

Let us go to the homes of Saint Aloysius and Saint Stanislaus and see the surroundings, see the company in which these holy youths had to live. St. Aloysius was born in the castle of Castiglione in the diocese of Brescia, on the 9th of March, 1568. His father was Ferdinand Gonzaga, Prince of the Holy Empire, and Marquis of Castiglione. His mother was Martha Tana Santena, daughter of Tanus Santena, Lord of Cherry in Piedmont.

Early he was instructed in holy religion like many a boy of our day. It was the intention of the father to train him for the army, and in order to give him an inclination to that state,

furnished him with little guns and other weapons. It was a great delight to the father to see little Aloysius carry a pike on his shoulder and march bravely before the ranks of the soldiers. Remaining with the soldiers for several months, it is not to be wondered at, that Aloysius should hear words, which were unbecoming, and not understanding their meaning, he acquired some and used them as any boy might do. But when his tutor heard him, and chided him for using such words, how deep was his grief, and how sincerely did he repent, although he had erred only through ignorance.

Never after that could he bear the company of persons, who would in his presence, profane the holy name of God.

Now, my young reader, what is your excuse for using unbecoming words? You hear them you say, so did our Saint. You speak them, so did he. You are told it is wrong, sinful; so was he told. You nevertheless use such words; he did not. You remain in the bad company, even seek it. St. Aloysius avoided it as you should. At the same time his love for prayer grew. Although but seven years old, he began to recite daily the office of our Lady, the Seven Penitential Psalms, and other prayers, which he always said on his knees.

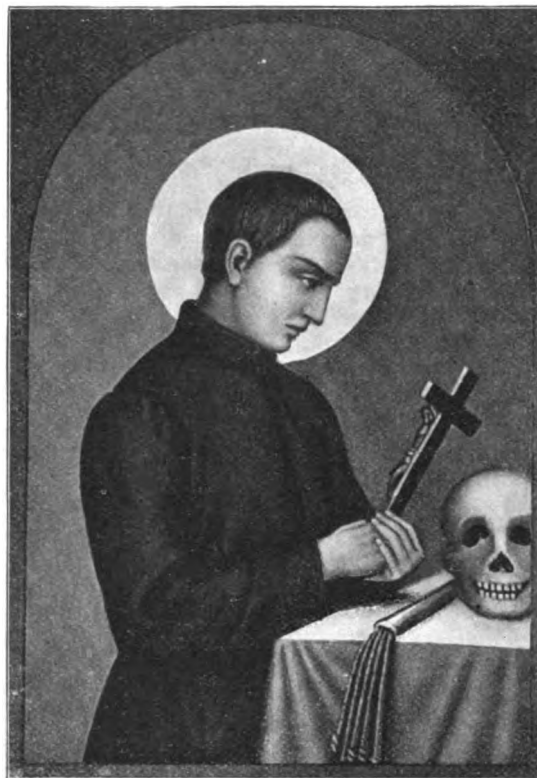
Again I ask you, my young reader, how is it with you? I hear your excuse: "I have no time to pray so much." Granted; this is not asked of you. But do you pray as much as you should? See the little Aloysius on his knees, praying for hours every day and now ask yourself how many minutes do I pray every day? Could you not imitate his example to some extent? Would you not have that sweet peace of conscience if you did? Yes, you would.

But let us follow our Saint further in his life. At the age of eight years, he and his younger brother Ralph were sent to Florence where Francis of Medicis, Grand Duke of Tuscany, held court. Now you must know that courts of princes are not places dedicated to the worship of God. Many times great wickedness is to be found there. So you see that Aloysius was again in dangerous surroundings.

But see how Aloysius lived at the court. His zeal and fervor increased so much that he called the city of Florence the mother of his piety. Amidst the pleasures and distractions, nay, even temptations at the court of a worldly prince, he is like a member of the heavenly court. To the Blessed Virgin he has a most tender devotion; and the virtue of holy chastity, that most beautiful flower in the garden of God here below, gains for him the title of angelic youth. — An angel in the flesh. He guards this treasure with the utmost care. Prayer, mortification, the most watchful flight of all occasions, are his safeguards.

Now young friends, is it a wonder that to-day you and a multitude of others throughout the world, admire him, call on him, and place yourselves under his protection. Does not his example inflame your soul, and say to you: "Follow, and do likewise?"

Cardinal Bellarmine assures us that Aloysius never suffered from temptations against holy purity. No wonder, you exclaim he was so pure. If I suffered no temptation I should be in no danger of sinning. Do not forget, however, the means which the angelic youth applied to guard against temptation. He never looked at any woman, kept his eyes strictly guarded, feeling that the slightest breath of sin would darken the bright mirror of his soul. Do not you who are tempted expose yourself wilfully to the danger of sin. It may be impossible for you to walk about and work with eyes



ST. ALOYSIUS GONZAGA.

cast down at all times, but why not veil them when you know they may see something that may tempt you? Why look at that indecent picture wilfully? Why read that book which contains passages that would crimson your cheeks, were you to read them aloud in the presence of your parents? Why do all this for which your conscience upbraids you, and of which you feel or know that it is a danger to that purity received in holy baptism? Compare your conduct with that of our Saint. He is not tempted, yet he guards against temptation; you are tempted or are in danger of being tempted, and yet you are careless, and with open eyes rush into temptation. You pray very little, your senses are open

to anything that may enter therein, and you complain: It is so hard to be good. Is not the fault with you?

When twelve years old, Aloysius received his first holy Communion. Oh the joy of the angel in the flesh, when he received the Bread of Angels! How careful his preparation, not only the first time, but as often as he approached the holy table! And here is another safeguard to the virtue of chastity, but how often neglected or received in a rather careless manner. The heavenly manna, the wine that bringeth forth virgins, how little appreciated by so many who are sorely in need thereof! The Saint with holy joy approached the table of the Lord, and you? You shrink from it. How strong you would be in your battles for salvation, if you would only strengthen yourself with this Bread of life! Blame not the world and her temptations, but rather blame yourself. Follow the Saint. His example bids you try.

In the year 1581 St. Aloysius was taken to Spain, where he and his brother were made pages to James, the elder brother of King Philip III. Here the practices of piety and self-denial were continued, and here the Saint conceived the thought to enter the Society of Jesus. He the prince to leave the world. Give up his position, his riches and honors, to devote himself to a life of humility and obedience. His mother heard of his resolution with joy, but his

father was much grieved and flew into a violent rage. He threatened to have his son scourged naked. "O that it would please God," answered the holy youth, "to grant me so great a favor as to suffer that for His love." At length the father relented and gave his consent.

In July 1584 Aloysius returned to Italy, and on the journey he did not neglect his pious practices. Arrived at Castiglione his resolution to leave the world was again assailed, not only by his father who had withdrawn his consent, but by a cardinal, many bishops and eminent men. The youth sought refuge in prayer, and not in vain. The marquis, his father, relented and granted permission once more, but only to

withdraw it again. Renewed assaults upon his resolution followed. For nine months he was detained at Milan, from thence brought back to Mantua and Castiglione, and during all this time his father tried to prevail upon him to remain in the world. At last, seeing all his efforts frustrated, he bade him to go in God's name whither he pleased. Aloysius thanked his father, then he ceded his right of marquisate to his brother Ralph, and went to Rome in order to enter the novitiate of the Society of Jesus.



ST. STANISLAUS KOSTKA.

When he entered his cell on the 25th of November, 1585, he repeated with the prophet: "This is my rest forever; here will I dwell, for I have chosen it." He was a model for all who were with him. For five years and nearly seven months he was in the Society of Jesus, where on the 21st of June, 1591, he died, young in years and poor in the goods of the world, but old in heavenly wisdom and rich in the graces of God.

Now, my young friend, I hear you say: "There it is, enter the religious life, leave the world, but I cannot do it. So it always ends."

But listen! I do not ask of you to leave the world; although if you had received a vocation for the religious life from the good God, it would certainly be a blessing and a great grace. But remain in the world, and you will still find Aloysius a model for your worthy imi-

tation. I have no doubt you admire courage and a steadfast purpose. See how Aloysius showed both. He had received from God the grace of a religious vocation and he determined to follow it. His resolution was taken, but it took years of fighting against those who opposed him. Now again remember, those who sought to keep him from entering the religious life were not his enemies. His father, guided by a mistaken love, sought to keep him in the world. There was a cardinal, there were bishops opposed to him, but nevertheless Aloysius was firm, mindful of the words of St. Peter: "We must obey God rather than man."

Now apply all this to yourself. You have a vocation from God. He has created you for heaven. That is the great aim and purpose of your life; to save your soul. I have no doubt, you often tell God of your willingness to be saved. Whenever you go to confession, you make good resolutions; but what becomes of them? There is a friend; he tries to lead you into sin again. You remember the good resolutions you made, you struggle a little to keep them, and then you fall. Where is your courage? Where is your strength of character? Look up to the Saint! See how bravely he kept to his purpose. See how he resisted for years, where you are conquered in perhaps a few hours. Now again I ask you: follow him in his prayers, follow him in his guarding against temptations, follow him in receiving the holy Sacraments, follow him in his courage to listen to God and your conscience, and you will save your immortal soul.

Another Saint, Stanislaus Kostka, proves by his life that it is possible to keep on the straight path, which leads to heaven, even amidst the temptations of the world. Stanislaus like Aloysius was of noble birth. His parents were John Kostka, senator of Poland, and Margaret Kriska, sister to the palatine of Masovia. He was born in the castle of Rostkou, on the 28th day of October 1550. His mother impressed his tender heart deeply with sentiments of piety, and early he consecrated himself to God with great fervor. But without battle there is no victory. Stanislaus was to be tried and was to prove himself the true servant of God.

When fourteen years old, he and his brother Paul, together with a tutor were sent to the college of the Jesuits at Vienna. His dread of sin and the great love for the virtue of purity made him very cautious with regard to his companions. Prayer was his delight, and everyone was struck with admiration to see his great fervor and devotion. The purity of his soul was reflected in his face and gained for him the veneration of those who were with him. But his innocence and virtue were to be perfected by trial.

When the house where he lived was taken

from the Jesuits, his brother, who was two years older than Stanislaus and fond of liberty and diversion, prevailed upon their tutor to take lodging with a Lutheran family. Now his trials began. The life of Stanislaus was a constant rebuke to his brother, who indulged in the pleasures of the world. No wonder that he became angered and frequently struck and beat him. You have no doubt observed this yourself, my young friend. Those who do evil, wish others to do the same, and if they are not successful in leading their companions into sin, they soon persecute them. The boy who is unwilling to

participate in wrong doing is never liked by bad companions. They will hate him, for the very reason that the older brother hated Stanislaus. But how did the latter act? Did he give way to his brother for the sake of peace? Did he give way in order to save himself evil treatment? Oh no! He was brave, he was courageous. The more he was assailed, the more he was on his guard, the greater became his fervor. Even the tutor, forgetting his sacred obligation, attempted to draw Stanislaus into the path of sin. And he used the same arguments that are used to-day against you. He flattered, he rebuked. He would persuade him to give a little more to the world. He argued that so much piety was not necessary for the salvation of his soul, and that one of his rank owed more to the world. How often have you heard these same words? You owe some-

thing to the world. If you wish to be successful you must do as others do. So much piety, so much praying is not necessary to save your soul.

The devil and the world are ever the same. What you give as an excuse, Stanislaus might have given; but he did not. If the assaults were strong, his defence was still stronger. The more he was tempted, the more he placed himself under the protecting hand of God. His devotions were redoubled. Every Sunday and great feast day he received holy Communion, always fasting the day before. He avoided the evil companions, only appearing with them at table. As soon as he heard an unbecoming word, he would rise and leave the table.



ST. JOHN BERCHEMANS.

Now compare your own life with that of Stanislaus. The attacks upon your soul are perhaps identical with those, by which he was troubled, but how about the defence? Are you really concerned about your spiritual welfare or are you not rather glad to be able to give excuses for your frequent sins? Are you always serious in your good resolutions and do you really make serious attempts to keep them? Answer these questions, my young friend, in an honest way, and if you have to blame yourself, do not try to deceive yourself. Manliness behooves you in this matter. It takes courage to be honest with yourself. Follow Stanislaus in his prayers and other works of piety. It is not necessary to do all that he did, but try at least in part and you will marvel at your own strength in overcoming evil.

For two years these dangerous temptations and persecutions continued for Stanislaus, but without effect. Then he fell very ill. Finding his illness serious he desired to receive the Holy Viaticum but the Lutheran landlord would not suffer it to be brought publicly to his house, and the brother and tutor, like the men of the world, asked him to have it deferred. The Saint had recourse to prayer, and it is said that God heard him and that two angels brought him the Holy Communion. The Blessed Virgin in a vision told him that the hour of his death was not come, and that he should devote himself to God and enter the Society of Jesus. This summons he followed. Secretly he left Vienna, for his

father violently opposed his plan. However he reached Rome, and there in the year 1567 took the habit. The father sent a threatening letter, telling his son that he would cause the Jesuits to be driven out of Poland, because they had assisted his son in bringing dishonor on his family. Like a good son Stanislaus answered the letter of his father in the most modest manner, but declared firmly that he would serve God according to his vocation. He was a model of virtue in the order as he had been in the world.

After only nine months and eighteen days in the novitiate he died on the 15th of August 1568, being seventeen years, nine months and eighteen days old. His own country, Poland, chose him together with St. Casimir chief patrons of the Kingdom. Thus he attained a greater honor than he could have gained in the world.

And now, dear reader, we have considered the lives of these youthful saints and have found that they are examples in your temptations and trials. What you have to battle against, they have battled against. They have conquered, so will you, if you are only brave and faithful. You admire success in the world; your heart is thrilled when you read of battles gloriously won. You hear the shouts of the captains as they cry: Follow, men! Shall the example of the Saints have been given in vain? Shall their pleadings: "Follow us!" be unheeded? No, you will say, it shall not be. I shall battle and conquer, even as they did.

St. Aloysius, St. Stanislaus and St. John Berchmans.

I saw three angels walking
Onward on thorny way:
I heard them sweetly chanting
The virgin queen of May.

I saw three spotless lilies,
Planted by purest hand,
Nurtured by dews of heaven,
In radiant beauty stand.

I saw three stars a-gleaming
In heaven so wondrous bright,
And many a thousand others
Encircling them with light.

I saw three valiant brothers,
Battling for Christ the King,
Beneath Loyola's banner
Forever conquering.

The first, St. Aloysius,
From princely throne came down,
All pure of heart, through penance
Winning the virgins' crown.

A tender child, the second,
With love divine fulfilled,
St. Stanislaus came Romeward,
Where life's desire was stilled.

And perfect as the others
In penance and purity,
And love, O Flower of Flanders,
We hail, John Berchmans, thee!

Ye stars ye fragrant lilies,
O may our love endure
And may you keep, bright angels,
All children good and pure.



THOSE AWFUL BOYS.

Story for the Young. — By Edw. Berthold.

Frank and Ida Prindle lived in a romantic old farmhouse. Frank was a very mischievous boy who delighted to tease Ida, who was two years younger.

Somehow Ida had a very quick temper, so that things were not always pleasant at the Prindle home-
stead.

"Hello Sis," said Frank, as Ida made her late appearance at the breakfast table, on Saturday morning. "Where did you sleep last night? In the chicken-coop? I see feathers in your hair."

"No I didn't," snapped Ida, with a mouthful of buttered toast. "It's none of your business if I did. I wish you would leave me alone this morning."

"Did I touch you?" Frank answered good naturedly; "but say, girl, you better hustle around and get your geography lesson; if you don't, you'll be in a nice fix next Monday."

"Frank Prindle, I think you are as mean as you can be," said Ida with tears coming into her eyes. "You think because you can get your lesson, everybody can. I just can't remember those horrid old names, and you can't either. You called Idaho yesterday 'Idago.'"

"Oh the deuce anyhow," said Frank laughing, "I knew it was some girl's name, and —"

"A good excuse is better than none" retorted Ida.

"Tain't so," said Frank angrily, giving her braided hair a pull that sent her crying to her mother and him out to the barn.

Mrs. Prindle came to the door and called: "Fran — — kie!" No answer. She called louder: "Fran — — kie! — Fran — — kie!"

"Jimminies! Now I'll catch it," he muttered as he came toward the house. "What did that cry-baby have to tell you again?"

"Frankie, you go right straight and begin to carry in the load of kindling wood Mr. Dickes brought this morning."



"I BELIEVE IT WAS THOSE HORRID BOYS."

Now, if there was anything Frank hated to do, it was to work at a wood-pile, but he knew when his mother said anything in that firm voice, there was no getting out of it; he had to mind.

So he started to pile up an armful of wood, wishing there was no such thing as wood or a girl in the whole world. "If they are such cry-babies as that crazy Ida, they are no good."

But he did not stop to think that he was mainly the cause of Ida's being a "cry-baby."

When Mrs. Prindle went into the house, Ida stopped crying, but her eyes were red and swollen and she looked so miserable and unhappy that Mrs. Prindle said: "Ida, my little girl, I want to tell you something. I wish you would stop this bad habit of crying. It looks so

bad and it makes it so unpleasant for us as well as for you. I know Frank is very naughty sometimes, and he is more to blame than you. He started the quarrel this morning by teasing you about your hair; but instead of taking it good naturedly, you became angry and told him it was none of his business. Frank is not worse than other boys. They all like to tease but do not like to be teased themselves. If instead of crying, you had laughed and answered him pleasantly, all would have been well. Next time try it and see if it does not bring better results. Now

wash your face and bathe your eyes, for there comes Jessie and Georgie Lewis to play with you."

Ida obeyed, and went out to meet her visitors. "Oh, Ida! I have come to spend the day with you," called Jessie as she leaped up the wooden porch steps. "We shall have just lots of fun. Can't we go out nutting to-day? See what I found as I came up through the lane."

And she held out a handful of large brown chestnuts and two hickory nuts. "There was a hard frost last night," she added, "and there will be lots of them on the ground."

"All right," said Ida, "I'll go and ask mamma."

Mrs. Prindle gave them permission to go and put them up a basket of lunch. They started out brimfull of fun, each swinging a little bag for the nuts.

Frank had forgot his job when he saw Georgie and they were busily mapping out plans for another party, when Ida and Jessie went down the lane.

"There go the girls," he said as he caught sight of them. "I wonder what in the world they are up to now."

"I bet they are going out nutting," said Georgie, "I found some hickory nuts when I was coming over this morning."

"You did?" said Frank, "let's go too. I have not been out nutting for an awful long time."

By this time Frank had forgotten all about the quarrel, but Ida had not; so when she saw them coming she said to Jessie: "We don't want those boys tagging along. Let's run and give them the slip."

But when the boys saw them running, they ran too and soon caught up with them.

"Say, girls, where are you going? Nutting? We are going too."

"No, you aren't," said Ida. "Jessie and I are going alone. Mamma said we could."

"Oh, you are, are you?" Frank answered.

"How are you going to stop us? I would like to know what you have in that basket."

Ida had an angry word on the end of her tongue, but remembering what Mrs. Prindle had told her, she shut her lips tightly and said nothing.

"It is only our dinner," said Jessie pleasantly.

Just then Mrs. Prindle was heard calling for Frank. Frank answered and she said: "You didn't carry in all the wood yet, Frankie, you must come and finish now."

"Oh dear, oh dear! Bother a fellow all the time," said Frank, and while he turned back to

give a look at Ida, he shouted at her: "I'll get even with you, old girl; I hope you will not get a single nut; not one!"

"Never mind, Frank, I'll help you pile up the wood and then we will go nutting too," said Georgie cheerfully. "Let the girls go. They won't find many nuts on the ground and they can't climb the trees like we can."

The boys went to work as lively as they could, and in a very short time the hard task was done, while the girls went on their way unmolested, each taking turns carrying the basket of lunch.

The girls reached the woods and found a large hollow stump in which they hid the basket and then they went deep into the brush hunting for nuts. At first they did not find

many, but they would not give up because they knew the boys would laugh at them if they came home empty-handed, so they kept on and by digging up the leaves with a stick, they gathered enough to half fill the bags.

"Oh look, Jessie, what a pretty seat on this moss-covered log" exclaimed Ida, sitting down to rest.

"It would be a nice little place to eat our dinner. Aren't you hungry?"

"Oh yes, it makes me dreadfully hungry to go out nutting," Jessie answered.



"NOW FOR OUR DINNER."

"Oh say, do you know where we left the basket?"

"Oh yes! to be sure! I can find it. It's in that hollow stump near the old pine tree by the fence. Come on; it must be way past noon already."

They walked along slowly, picking the red-dened autumn leaves from the hazel-nut bushes as they went. They had no trouble in finding the stump. "Here it is", said Ida, suddenly. Then she reached down and got the basket.

"Now for our dinner", said Ida, opening the basket after they had reached the mossy log. "For goodness sake! Did I ever? Jessie look in here! There ain't a single crumb left. Somebody has stolen it! Oh who in the world could have done such a mean thing?"

"I don't know" said Jessie, bluntly. "Did they take it all?"

"Every bit of it is gone. See here; the basket is all filled with wood and leaves, and here are the shells from the boiled eggs" she added, after searching the bottom of the basket.

"Do you s'pose it was a tramp?" she asked looking around anxiously."

"No, I don't", Jessie answered. "I believe it was those horrid boys. You know Frank said he would get even, and I am sure it was he."

At this Ida began to cry, but she soon remembered mamma's words to her that morning: "If instead of crying you had laughed, etc."

"I'll try it" she resolved, and she soon dried her eyes and was laughing with Jessie about the 'joke' the boys had played on them.

They started for home, swinging the empty basket on their arms. When they arrived tired and hungry, and had told mamma their story, the compassionate mother gave them their lunch and told them that the boys had gone nutting too and had not returned.

The girls spent the afternoon making candy and popping corn, and when the boys returned at night, Jessie and Ida went to meet them and laughingly asked if they had enjoyed themselves.

This was not what the boys expected, and they felt astonished to see from those laughing faces that they had been caught. It was too late to try to search for an excuse and the poor boys had to admit their little trick and lost their appetite for mamma's lunch.

"Well boys, I'm glad you had a good time" said Ida pleasantly. "Jessie and I, had a lovely time too. We have just been making candy and popcorn balls. Would't you like to have some?"

Of course the boys did, and Frank secretly told Georgie that he didn't see what was the matter with Ida; she was so good all of a sudden. "I expected she would take my head off when we got here; but she acts as if she didn't care a bit; and after all, I believe, they had a better time than we did."

The afternoon passed very pleasantly, and when Georgie and Jessie had gone home Ida told her mother that it had been the happiest day she had ever spent, even if it did begin so stormy in the morning.

CATHOLICITY IN ILLINOIS 50 YEARS AGO.

BEFORE 1843 the whole State of Illinois was part of the diocese of Vincennes. So far but few places had their residing priest. Catholics were too much scattered. Missionaries traveled from place to place after the stray sheep, but there was hardly any regularity in their visits. In 1843 the State of Illinois was erected into the diocese of Chicago. With the newly organized diocese these things changed rapidly and thus the Metropolitan Catholic Almanac and Laity's Directory for the year 1853, published in Baltimore by Fielding Lucas Jr. gives us the following statistics of the Diocese of Chicago:

Chicago: Cathedral of St. Mary's, East Chicago, brick church, consecrated. Rt. Rev. J. O. Vandeveldt, D. D., Very Rev. R. J. MacElhearne, Rev. James Fitzgerald.

St. Patrick's, West Chicago, frame, lately enlarged (a new brick church will be commenced this year) — Rev. R. J. McLaughlin, Rev. Thomas Kennedy, Rev. McDonohue.

Holy Name of Jesus, North Chicago, frame, Rev. Wm. Clowry, Rev. J. Breen.

St. Joseph's, German, North Chicago, frame, (another large frame being built) Rev. A. Kopp.

St. Peter's, German, South Chicago, frame Rev. J. B. Weikamp.

St. Louis', French, South Chicago, frame, not quite finished. — Rev. J. A. Lebel.

Adelsberger, Monroe Co., St. Francis Xavier's, log — visited every third Sunday from Waterloo. Rev. J. Gallagher.

Alton, Madison Co., SS. Peter and Paul's, stone, service daily — Rev. M. Carroll, Rev. M. Prendergast.

Aurora, Kane Co., frame, not finished, attended monthly from Chicago by Rev. J. A. Lebel.

Barrens, Kane Co., St. Mary's, frame, not finished, attended monthly from Elgin by Rev. Wm. Feely.

Balwinville, Edgar Co., St. Aloysius', brick — service three Sundays in a month. Rev. Thomas J. Ryan.

- Beardstown, Cass Co., frame, attended monthly from Mount Sterling by Rev. R. McCabe.
- Belleville, St. Clair Co., St. Peter's, brick, about to be enlarged, service daily. Rev. J. G. Ostlangenberg.
- Black Partridge, Woodford Co., St. Anne's, a large brick church is being built, service three Sundays in a month. Rev. M. Gipperich.
- Bloom, Cook Co., St. James', frame, not finished, divine service every other Sunday. Rev. N. Jung.
- Buffalo Grove, Cook Co., frame church, attended monthly from New Trier.
- Bourbonnais, Will Co., Maternity B. V. M., frame, not quite finished, service daily. Rev. L. Huicq.
- Brimfield, Peoria Co., St. Joseph's, frame being built, attended two Sundays in the month. Rev. R. Rainaldi.
- Cahokia, St. Clair Co., Holy Family, upright logs — Rev. C. R. Maistre.
- Cass Precinct, Du Page Co., log church, visited one Sunday in the month from Lockport.
- Centreville, St. Clair Co., St. James', brick, not finished, service every other Sunday. Rev. H. Liermann.
- Chester, Randolph Co., Help of Christians, brick, visited every third Sunday from Kaskaskia. Rev. N. Perrin.
- Crystal Lake, McHenry Co., St. Joseph's frame, not finished, attended every other Sunday by Rev. H. R. Brady.
- Coffee, Wabash Co., St. Augustine's, brick, not finished, visited occasionally from St. Marie by Rev. J. G. Fischer.
- Columbia, Monroe Co., St. Thomas', stone, attended twice a month from Waterloo by Rev. J. Gallagher.
- Dresden, Grundy Co., St. Anthony's, attended every other Sunday from Morris by Rev. R. Terry.
- Dutch Town, McHenry Co., St. Joseph's, frame, service daily, Rev. J. B. Jacomet.
- Dwyers, Lake Co., St. Anne's, log, service every other Sunday by Rev. P. Hampton.
- Edwardsville, Madison Co., Imm. Conception, frame, visited twice a month by Rev. M. Prendergast.
- Elgin, Kane Co., Imm. Conception, stone, not quite finished, service monthly. Rev. Wm. Feely.
- Elizabeth, Jo Daviess Co., St. Elizabeth, log, a new church will soon be built, attended occasionally from Galena.
- Fayetteville, St. Clair Co., St. Pancratius', frame church, visited weekly from Oka by Rev. Brickwedde.
- Fountain Green, Hancock Co., St. Simon's, frame, attended every fourth Sunday from Nauvoo, Rev. Ed. O'Neil.
- French Village, St. Clair Co., St. Philip's, frame, Rev. C. R. Maistre.
- Galena, Jo Daviess Co., St. Michael's stone, service daily. Rev. B. McGorrick.
- St. Mary's, brick, service daily. Rev. M. Smyth.
- St. Mary's Germ., frame, service daily. Rev. R. Heimerling.
- Gleeson, Calhoun Co., St. Boniface's, frame, visited occasionally from Mt. Sterling and St. Charles, Mo.
- Groon Creek, Effingham Co., Help of Christians, visited on week days, twice a month from Teutopolis.
- Hanover, Clinton Co., St. Henry's, a new church to be commenced, service daily. Rev. H. Fortmann.
- Hartland, McHenry Co., St. Anthony's, frame, divine service every other Sunday. Rev. H. T. Brady.
- Henry, Marshall Co., brick church being built, attended monthly from Lasalle.
- Highland, Madison Co., St. Paul's, frame, service daily, Rev. Paul Limmacher.
- Irish Grove, Stephenson Co., log church, visited every third Sunday from New Dublin.
- James' Mills, Monroe Co., log church, attended every third Sunday from Waterloo by Rev. J. Gallagher.
- Joliet, Will Co., St. George's, stone, service daily, Rev. G. A. Hamilton.
- St. John Baptist's, German, stone, service daily. Rev. J. B. Regal.
- Kaneville, Kane Co., frame, not finished, attended occasionally from Elgin by Rev. Wm. Feely.
- Kaskaskia, Randolph Co., Imm. Conception, brick, service daily. Rev. N. Perrin.
- Kickapoo, Peoria Co., St. Patrick's, stone, attended three Sundays in a month. Rev. J. C. Brady.
- Lacon, Marshall Co., St. Mary's, frame church, nearly finished, attended every second and third Sunday. Rev. R. Rainaldi.
- Lasalle, Lasalle Co., St. Patrick's, stone, nearly finished, service daily. Rev. J. O. Reilly, Rev. N. Quigley.
- Lawler's, Gallatin Co., St. Patrick's, log, visited monthly by Rev. R. McCabe.
- Lockport, Will Co., St. F. Dennis', frame attended three Sundays in a month. Rev. M. O'Donnel.
- Marshall, Clark Co., St. Patrick's, brick, not finished, visited every third Sunday by Rev. Thomas J. Ryan.
- Meaghan's, Lake Co., St. Michael's, log attended every third Sunday from Waukegan by Rev. H. Coyle.
- Mill Creek, Lake Co., St. Andrew's, frame, not finished, visited monthly from Waukegan.
- Mount Sterling, Brown Co., brick, visited two Sundays in the month. Rev. P. McCabe.

- Mount St. Joseph, Hamilton Co., St. Joseph's, log, visited occasionally from St. Marie and Shawneetown.
- Mount Carmel, Wabash Co., brick church nearly finished, attended by Rev. V. Burgos.
- Murray's, McHenry Co., St. John's, attended every third Sunday by Rev. H. Hampston.
- Naperville, DuPage Co., St. Raphael's, frame, lately enlarged, service daily. Rev. T. C. Zucker.
- Nauvoo, Hancock Co., St. Patrick's, brick, attended two Sundays in the month. Rev. Ed. O'Neil.
- New Dublin, Stephenson Co., frame, divine service every other Sunday. Rev. J. Cavenagh.
- New Trier, Cook Co., St. Henry's, frame, attended three Sundays in the month, service daily. Rev. L. Kupfer.
- O'Hara's, Randolph Co., St. Patrick's, log, visited every other Sunday from Prairie-du-Long by Rev. J. A. Keane.
- Oka, St. Clair Co., St. Liborius', brick, consecrated, divine service daily, Rev. A. Brickwedde.
- Ottawa, Lasalle Co., St. Columba's, a large frame church being built, service daily. Rev. D. Dunne, Rev. N. Stehle.
- Palestine, Lee Co., St. Charles', frame, visited occasionally from Lasalle by Rev. J. O'Reilly.
- Peoria, Peoria Co., St. Mary's, large brick church, just completed, service daily. Rev. A. Montuori.
- Pittsfield, Pike Co., frame church just finished attended monthly from Mt. Sterling.
- Prairie-du-Long, St. Clair Co., English settlement, St. Augustine's, stone, consecrated, service every other Sunday. Rev. J. A. Keane.
- German Settlement, Help of Christians, log, attended every other Sunday by Rev. H. Liermann.
- Prairie-du-Rocher, Monroe Co., St. Philip's, upright logs, divine service daily. Rev. V. Van Cloostere.
- Quincy, Adams Co., St. Lawrence's, English, brick, divine service daily. Rev. J. Dempsey.
- St. Boniface's Germ. brick, div. service daily. Rev. Jos. Kuenster.
- Richtown, Cook Co., frame church being built, attended every other Sunday from Bloom by Rev. N. Jung.
- Ridgeville, Madison Co., St. Michael's, brick, attended monthly from Alton by Rev. M. Carroll.
- Ridgeville, Cook Co., frame church, service one Sunday in the month by Rev. L. Kupfer.
- Rock Island City, Rock Island Co., St. James', stone church being built, service daily. Rev. J. G. Alleman.
- Shawneetown, Gallatin Co., no regular church, divine service one Sunday in the month. Rev. Fitzsimmon.
- Sinsinawa, Jo Daviess Co., frame church, attended twice a month by the Fathers of Sinsinawa College, Wisconsin.
- Springfield, Sangamon Co., St. John Baptist's, frame, service daily. Rev. J. W. Gifford.
- St. Augustine, Fulton Co., St. Augustine's, frame, attended every fourth Sunday from Nauvoo by Rev. Ed. O'Neil.
- St. Charles, Kane Co., St. Patrick's, stone, being built, service every fourth Sunday. Rev. Wm. Feely.
- St. Marie, Jasper Co., St. Marie's, brick, nearly finished, service two Sundays in the month. Rev. J. Fischer.
- St. Francisville, Lawrence Co., St. Xavier's, frame. Rev. V. Burgos, who also visits Mt. Carmel.
- St. Peter's, Jasper Co., St. Peter's, log, visited monthly from St. Marie.
- Stringtown, Richland Co., St. Joseph's, log, visited monthly from St. Marie.
- Sugar Creek, Sangamon Co., St. William's, frame, attended monthly from Springfield. By Rev. J. W. Gifford.
- Taylorville, Christian Co., St. Mary's, frame, attended monthly from Springfield.
- Teutopolis, Effingham Co., St. Peter's, a large brick church being built, service daily. Rev. J. Zoegel.
- Vermillionville, Lasalle Co., frame church, attended monthly from Lasalle.
- Vinegar Hill, Jo Daviess Co., St. Patrick's, frame, attended nearly every Sunday from Galena.
- Virginia, Cass Co., St. Patrick's, frame, visited occasionally from Springfield.
- Waterloo, Monroe Co., brick church, service two Sundays in the month. Rev. J. Gallagher.
- Waukegan, Lake Co., St. Bernard's, frame, divine service first, second, and fourth Sundays of the month. Rev. H. Coyle.
- Wilmington, Will Co., St. Anne's, stone church being built, attended monthly from Joliet.

STATIONS WITHOUT CHURCHES; BUT
REGULARLY OR OCCASIONALLY VISITED:

- Albion, Edwards Co., occasionally from St. Marie.
- Ausable, Kendall Co., occasionally from Joliet.
- Batavia, Kane Co., monthly from Chicago by Rev. J. A. Lebel.
- Bath, Mason Co., regularly visited from Mt. Sterling.
- Beaver Creek, Iroquois Co., church to be built. Rev. Charles Chiniomy.
- Belvedere, Boone Co., visited every alternate Sunday by Rev. J. Hampston.
- Bridgeport, Cook Co., from St. Patrick's, Chicago, every first Sunday.
- Cairo, Alexander Co., } occasionally from Shaw-
Caledonia, Pulaski Co., } neetown by Rev. R. Mc-
Carmi, White Co., } Cabe.
- Canton Fulton, Co., church to be built, monthly from Nauvoo.

- Carlinville, Macoupin Co., occasionally from Alton.
 Dixon, Lee Co., church to be built, occasionally from Ottawa.
 Dolan's, Gallatin Co., occasionally from Shawneetown.
 Dutch Hill, Washington Co., monthly from Oka.
 Dutchman's Point, Cook Co., occasionally from New Trier.
 Dutch Settlement, Calhoun Co., occasionally from Mt. Sterling and St. Charles.
 Equality, Gallatin Co., from Shawneetown.
 Fairfield, Wayne Co., occasionally from St. Marie.
 Fenelon, Winnebago Co., } once a month from
 Freeport, Stephenson Co., } New Dublin.
 Hampton, Rock Island Co., monthly from Rock Island City.
 Hennepin, Putnam Co., occasionally from La-salle.
 Hickory Creek, monthly from Bloom.
 Homer, Putnam Co., monthly from La-salle, on Sunday.
 Jacksonville, Morgan Co., church to be built, visited one Sunday in two months, from Springfield.
 Jerseyville, Jersey Co., occasionally from Alton.
 Kingston, Peoria Co., occasionally from Peoria.
 La-salle Prairie, occasionally by Rev. Rainaldi.
 Liberty, Marquette Co., monthly from Mt. Sterling.
 Little Rock, Kane Co., monthly from Mt. Sterling.
 London, Fayette Co., occasionally from Teutopolis.
 Macomb, McDonough Co., monthly from Nauvoo.
 Mc Henry, McHenry Co., monthly from Hartland, on Sunday.
 Marseilles, La-salle Co., monthly from Ottawa, on Sunday.
 Moline, Rock Island Co., from Rock Island city.
 Middletown, Logan Co., occasionally from Springfield.
 Morris, Grundy Co., church to be built; every other Sunday. Rev. R. Terry.
 Mount, Carroll Co., occasionally from New Dublin.
 Naples, Scott Co., occasionally from Mt. Sterling and Springfield.
 New Haven, Gallatin Co., residence of Rev. R. McCabe.
 Oregon, Ogle Co., church to be built; occasionally from La-salle.
 Oswego, Kendall Co., occasionally from Chicago by Rev. J. A. Lebel.
 Pekin, Tazewell Co., church to be built; monthly from Kickapoo.
 Peru, La-salle Co., church to be built; connected with La-salle.
 Rockford, Winnebago Co., every alternate Sunday by Rev. J. Hampston.
 Small Pox, Jo Daviess Co., occasionally from Galena.
 St. Mary of the Prairie, Grundy Co., church to be built; monthly from Morris.
 Summit, Cook Co., occasionally from St. Patrick's, Chicago.
 Sycamore Grove, DeKalb Co., occasionally from Elgin.
 Tiptown, Monroe Co., monthly from Waterloo.
 Toulon, Stark Co., occasionally by Rev. A. Rainaldi.
 Tremont, Tazewell Co., occasionally from Black Partridge.
 Troy Grove, La-salle Co., occasionally from La-salle.
 Twelve Mile Grove, Will Co., occasionally from Joliet.
 Versailles, Brown Co., occasionally from Mt. Sterling.
 Unity, Alexander Co., occasionally from Shawneetown.
 Warsaw, Hancock Co., church to be built; occasionally by Rev. J. G. Alleman.

INSTITUTIONS.

- St. Mary's Theological Seminary. 2 Professors and 13 students.
 University of St. Mary of the Lake. Including the two professors from St. Mary's seminary, this institution had four professors. all told.
 Convent of the Sisters of Mercy. Chicago 43 Sisters.
 Academy of St. Francis Xavier for young ladies under the direction of the Sisters of Mercy at Chicago.
 St. Joseph's Academy for young ladies under the direction of the Sisters of Mercy at Galena.
 St. Joseph's Male Orphan Asylum, Chicago.
 St. Mary's Female Orphan Asylum, Chicago.
 St. Joseph's Female Orphan Asylum at Galena.
 St. Joseph's Free School for Boys, Chicago.
 St. Mary's Free School for Girls, Chicago.
 St. James' Free School, North Chicago.
 General Hospital of the Lake, Chicago.

RECAPITULATION.

Churches built, 76 — being built, 20.....	96
Churches soon to be commenced.....	19
Stations regularly or occasionally attended...	64
Clergymen on the missions.....	59
Clergymen otherwise employed.....	3
Ecclesiastical Seminary.....	1
Clerical students.....	13
College.....	1
Convents.....	3
Female academies.....	3
Free Schools.....	4
Hospital.....	1
Catholic population.....	about 66 000

Such was the religious aspect in Illinois fifty years ago. What a change has set in since. The one Diocese of Chicago has become the Province of Chicago with the suffragan dioceses of Peoria, (1877) Alton (1853) and Belleville (1887) of which the last named alone shows a greater development of religious institutions in the year 1903 than all Illinois in 1853. But let the reader judge for himself.

According to the Catholic Directory for 1903,

The Archdiocese of Chicago has:

Archbishop	1
Bishops	2
Mitred abbot	1
Secular priests	417
Priests of religious orders	149
Total	566
Churches with resident priests	253
Missions with churches	18
Stations	7
Chapels	61
Ecclesiastical students	100
Seminaries of religious orders	3
Students	102
Colleges and Academies for boys	8
Students	1 546
Academies for girls	23
Students	5 350
Parishes and missions with parochial schools	166
Pupils	67 321
Orphan asylums	7
Orphans	1 283
Infant asylums	1
Inmates during the year	900
Industrial and reform schools	4
Inmates	711
Day nurseries	3
Number of children cared for during the year	15 144

Working boys' home	1
Inmates	150
Total of young people under Cath. care	92 661
Hospitals	15
Patients during the year	3 076
Homes for aged poor	4
Other charitable institutions	3
Communities nursing sick in their homes	3
Catholic population about	1 000 000

The Diocese of Peoria has:

Bishops	2
Secular priests	140
Priests of religious orders	41
Total	181
Churches with resident priests	125
Missions with churches	92
Total churches	217
Ecclesiastical students	22
Colleges and academies for boys	3
Students	270
Academies for young ladies	9
Pupils	976
Parishes with parochial schools	64
Pupils	11 000
Orphan asylums	2

Orphans	95
Industrial and reform school	1
Total of young people under Cath. care	13 200
Hospitals	9
Home for aged poor	1
Baptisms	3 647
Deaths	1 190
Marriages	962
Catholic population about	123 500

The Diocese of Alton has:

Bishop	1
Secular priests	117
Priests of religious orders	35
Total	152
Churches with resident priests	94
Missions with churches	46
Total	140
Stations	5
Chapels	12
Ecclesiastical students	23
Seminaries of religious orders	2
Colleges and Academies for boys	2
Students	330
Academies for young ladies	3
Pupils	380
Parishes and missions with parochial schools	65
Pupils	7 814
Orphan asylums	2
Orphans	110
Total of young people under Cath. care	8 300

Hospitals	9
Home for aged poor	1
Baptisms { infants	2 477
adults	203
Total	2 680
Marriages	556
Burials	1 055
Catholic population about	75 000

The Diocese of Belleville has:

Bishop	1
Secular priests	91
Priests of religious orders	5
Total	96
Churches with resident priests	78
Missions with churches	30
Total churches	108
Stations	5
Chapels	18
Academies for young ladies	3
Pupils	175
Parishes and missions with schools	67
Pupils	7 210
Orphan asylums	2
Orphans	71
Total of young people under Cath. care	7 456
Hospitals	7
Baptisms { infants	2 055
adults	97
Total	2 152
Marriages	536
Burials	1 001
Catholic population	50 000

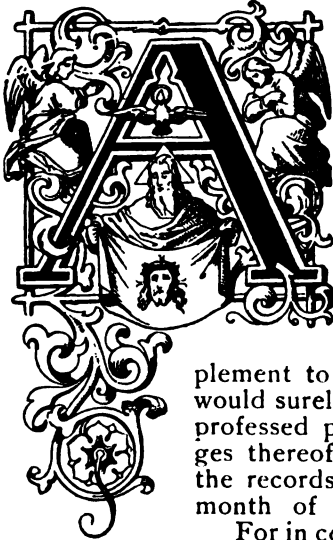
An admirable growth within fifty years, of which the youngest of these dioceses Belleville can claim the first place in the realm of education. While in Chicago one out of ten Catholics receives a Catholic education, in Peoria and Alton one out of nine, in Belleville one out of seven is under Catholic care. J. F. MEIFUSS.





CATHOLIC HAPPENINGS OF AMERICAN INTEREST.

(From June 1902 to June 1903.)



As has grown customary with us, we commence once more with June 1902 our resumé of Catholic happenings on American soil, or of peculiarly American interest. Were only the quantity of material on hand to be considered, a supplement to St. Michael's Almanac would surely be necessary for our professed purpose and many pages thereof might be devoted to the records of June itself — the month of roses and graduates.

For in connection with our subject of American Catholicity, *Catholic graduates* are of prime importance: in their hands under Divine Providence, rests the future of their Mother Church in this progressive land.

Whether the story of that future shall be one of successes or shortcomings, this much is at least assured, our graduate of to-day, who has taken advantage of proffered opportunities, goes forth into the arena of conflict, adequately equipped for any struggle.

For the great *University at Washington*, especially honored as it has been by numerous marks of the Holy Father's love and interest, the scholastic year was rife with gain and promise. Throughout the whole country indeed, are heard such echoes of educational activity as the erection of colleges, academies and schools, the endowment of scholarships, and the universal recognition of excellence. In support of these welcome statements, even statistics, which usually make tiresome reading, may well be pardoned. From the American Cath. Directory we learn, that 919 378 pupils are being educated in Catholic institutions, Chicago Archdiocese leading numerically with 62 728 children in her parochial schools; New York coming second and Philadelphia third on the list. The Diocese of Fort Wayne stands ahead in the matter of attendance: of her 74 000 Catholic children 13 500 are enrolled in Catholic schools.

There are now in the United States 11 000 Churches under the jurisdiction of one hundred Prelates, which include one Cardinal, 13 Abps. and 86 Bps. Counting in with us the countries under the protection of the American flag, the total Catholic population of our great Republic nears 19 000 000.

Wonderful indeed the resourcefulness of the Church which can understand and provide for the necessities of all! Of her efforts and ability to do so, we have constant proofs, as irrefutable as they are innumerable.

An instance to hand occurring also in June, was the ordination of one more colored Priest, — *Rev. John Henry Dorsey*, — which ceremony was performed by Cardinal Gibbons at the Cathedral of Baltimore. Assisting at Fr. Dorsey's first Mass were deacon, sub-deacon and acolytes of his own race and Rev. Fr. Slattery; the devoted Superior of St. Joseph's Society for Colored Missions, in his sermon on the occasion told of countless letters received from colored men and women all over the country, expressing their joy in this ordination and proving how dear to a race is the privilege of a priesthood peculiarly its own.

In Washington, was opened last fall, a *Seminary for the training of priests* to work in non-Catholic missions of the United States and its insular possessions. The Paulist Fathers who have the object in charge, hope to raise ultimately a fund of \$500 000 for its endowment.

The first Religious reception of Polish Sisters ever held in this country was an event of June in St. Louis, Abp. Kain officiating; the Sisters belong to the Third Order of St. Francis and their projected work is the parochial schools of Polish Parishes.

From Brooklyn, N. Y. came tidings of a notable addition to the roll of splendid benefactions, when *Mrs. Ann Eliza Walsh* announced her intention of donating as a memorial of a deceased brother, a fund of \$450 000.00 the proceeds of which will be devoted to the education of candidates for the priesthood.

Much interest was aroused by the ringing arraignment in the pages of the June "Messenger" of a new *Universal Cyclopedia*, which had been heralded as a model of truth and impartiality. The



CARDINAL LEDOCHOWSKI,
the late Prefect of the Congregation of the Propaganda.



MGR. BERNARD O'REILLY.



CARDINAL GOTTI,
Prefect of the Congregation of the Propaganda.

seasonable exposure was the work of the "Messenger's" gifted Editor and the grand rally thus inaugurated, resulted in the elimination of the shameful slanders of our holy religion which had been circulated under the guise of current literature.

Amongst literary happenings of another character, may be mentioned the action of the University of Penn. in conferring the degree of "Litterarum Doctor" on *Rev. Hugh T. Henry*, Rector of Phila's Catholic High School for boys, who has won international fame by his compilation of the Holy Father's Poems rendered into felicitous English verse. No compliment could be more universally appreciated by the Cath-

olics of Phila. than this graceful one paid by 'Old Penn' to the Poet Priest, whose popularity keeps pace with his growing fame in the city of his birth.

The first administration of the Sacrament of Confirmation within the walls of its *City Prison*, was a memorable occasion of June in Phila. Most Rev. Abp. Ryan officiated and the few score people admitted to assist, were unanimous in declaring, that never was his eloquence more fervent or impressive than when, amidst these strange surroundings, he addressed 54 men, bending before him in the prison garb that bespeaks isolation from their fellows. Thus was attention once again drawn to the wonderful work of the Society for Visiting Catholic Prisoners: they it was who smoothed the way for this triumph over prejudice and bigotry, they it is, who rescue for Mother Church, the erring sons who have fallen by the wayside and who, but for this helping hand, should never attempt to regain their footing in the narrow path that leads to salvation.

Early in July was heard the voice of mourning that echoed through Catholic America, when an Archiepiscopal chair was once more made vacant by the Master's call and the Chicago Archdiocese lost its venerated leader. *Most Rev. Patrick*

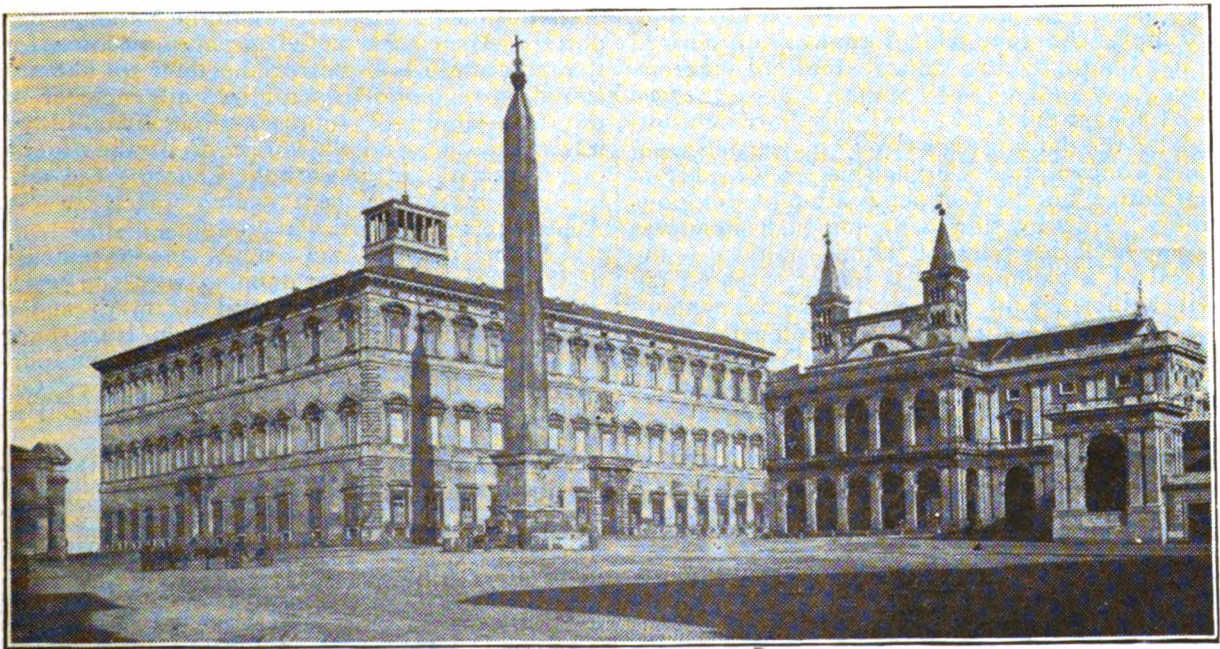


MOSAIC, PRESENTED TO PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT BY POPE LEO XIII.

Augustine Feehan was in his 73d year at the time of his death, and fifty years had been passed in this land of his adoption. Those who only visited Chicago during the Worlds Fair, may remember him best by the title his own priests chose to inscribe on his statue exhibited there "The Defender of our Schools." Privileged ones who followed his career from the earlier days, recall him as described by Abp. Ryan in that magnificent funeral oration — "The strong, self-possessed, self-sacrificing priest who wrought so tirelessly in the Lord's vineyard." By coincidence, in the same month the self-same call sounded in the far off Irish country which was Dr. Feehan's birthplace, and the Shepherd of a historic fold was bidden to the accounting of his stewardship. So familiar has grown the name of *Most Rev. Thomas W. Croke Abp of Cashel*, on this side the Atlantic, it cannot look out of place amongst happenings of American interest, for men of such calibre as he must needs be remembered as Citizen of the world.



MOST REV. J. M. FARLEY, ARCHBISHOP OF NEW YORK



THE CATHEDRAL OF THE POPE.

On the extreme left (as one looks) is the Scala Santa; then a small space and the modern Lateran Palace. Adjoining this is the **Lateran Basilica**, the Cathedral of the Pope as Bishop of Rome. Continuing to the right are the Canons' residences and appurtenances of the Basilica communicating with the Baptistery. (Courtesy of Catholic Philadelphia Standard and Times.)

With its traditional love for shining marks death chose yet another to complete a trio whose records shall live in the religious and secular history of our times. That other was the world-famous *Cardinal Ledachowski*, the patriot prelate who received the news of his promotion to the Sacred College while an inmate of the Prison of Ostrowo in 1875. It was during this fateful imprisonment, that the new Cardinal studied to such good purpose the geography of the Dark Continent, and acquired the knowledge which served him well in later years, when as Cardinal Prefect of the Congregation of the Propaganda, and thus head of the missions of the world, he labored so assiduously for the weal of all. "The great man has now left us" wrote a missionary biographer, "God grant that he continue to prove himself an equally powerful protector in Heaven!"

Meanwhile, nearer home, a Prelate was being enthusiastically welcomed to his new See and the home coming of *Right Rev. Dr. Philip I. Garrigan*, first Bishop of Sioux City, Ia. was chronicled as a popular ovation.

The fourth Annual Convention of Catholic College Representatives was held in Chicago on July 9 & 10, — Rt. Rev. P. J. Muldoon being celebrant of a Pontifical Mass which opened the proceedings. During the session many matters of educational interest were discussed and arranged.

It was noted with general approval that the Archdiocese of New York realized the expectations of its late lamented Abp. by contributing \$500,000, the sum which he had anticipated as its quota to the annual fund of "Peter's Pence."

Amongst the arrivals on our shores chronicled by the daily press of August, we find mentioned Communities of French Sisters, forced from their native land by the persecution of Religious Orders. Side by side with one such item was another well deserving of Catholic notice — the refusal of a gallant French officer to assist the civil authorities in closing the Nuns' schools. For this act of disobedience, Colonel De St. Remy, — the name deserves to live in Catholic annals — was court-martialled by order of the French war minister and sentenced to imprisonment.

In welcome contrast to such scenes were the numerous occasions here, which bid fair to make our American August become known as "Convention Month." Its first week saw the gathering in Chicago of the *Federation of the Catholic Societies* — a convention representing one million members, and worthy of the high hopes and aims of its organizers. It would be impossible here to even outline the proceedings, but at least one resolution adopted there, found responsive echos in millions of Catholic hearts.

"That we extend to the Friars in the Philippine Islands, our fullest sympathy in this their hour

of trial; that we are unmoved by the calumnies uttered against them; that we appreciate the value of their service in the cause of Religion and humanity; that we pledge them our support as American citizens in upholding the hands of our government in its determination to see that they are treated with the common justice that belongs to all, who enjoy the protection of the American flag."

The officers of the National Federation, other than those already named are: President T. B. Minahan, Columbus, O.; first Vice Pre. L. J. Kaufmann, New York; second Vice President T. H. Cannon, Chicago Ill.; Secretary, Anthony Matre, Cincinnati; Marshal, Christopher O'Brien, Chicago; Executive Board, M. P. Mooney, Chairman, Cleveland, O.; E. D. Reardon, Anderson, Ind.; Gabriele Franchere, Chicago and L. Faracher, New Orleans.

At the same time, the Annual Convention of *The Cath. Total Abstinence Union* of America assembled at Dubuque, Ia. with over seven hundred delegates in attendance. Their reports of progress made interesting reading for the public at large, and much commendation was heard of the work of Father Siebenfoercher of Kenton, who is endeavoring to organize the Seminarians of the whole Country, so as to insure earnest workers amongst the priests of the future.

The *Catholic Truth Society of San Francisco* issued its yearly catalogue of publications, proving its powerful claim to intelligent support.

In Boston a convention, not Catholic, honored the memory of one, when the National Reporters' Association voted an appropriation for the erection of a memorial tablet to Thomas Lloyd, a revolutionary soldier and reporter of the first House of representatives. Mr. Lloyd was author of a noted work called "the Unerring Authority of the Catholic Church;" the tablet will mark his last resting place in St. Augustine's graveyard, Philadelphia.

From *Cliff Haven* came announcements of the Summer School's opening with the usual attractive list of lectures and lecturers and a lengthened roll of patrons — from Harrisburg Diocese the tidings of Bishop Shanahan's purchase of a large farm as site for a boys' Orphanage, where the inmates are to be trained in scientific agriculture.

And as if to accentuate by contrast the varied phases of our Holy Religion, Philadelphia's warmest welcome went out just then, to a little colony of *Carmelite Nuns* invited from Boston to make their home in the City of Brotherly love.

At Auriesville N. Y. the *Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs*, a most impressive ceremony was witnessed. An exquisite marble "Pieta" was unveiled in the presence of thousands and a massive crown of thorns, formed of gold and precious gems, was placed as the votive offering of hearts innumerable: Bishop Burke of Albany

unveiled and blessed the statue and Rev. T. J. Campbell, S. J. of N. Y. preached the sermon.

In Rome Cardinal Gotti was appointed to succeed the late Cardinal Ledochowski as Prefect of the Congregation of the Propaganda. Cardinal Gotti was born in 1834, at the age of 16 years he became a member of the Carmelite Order. In 1881 he was appointed Superior General of his Order. In 1895 Gotti was elevated to the Sacred College.

In the little Church of St. Mary, Yonkers N. Y. on Sept. 11th, *Mgr. Bernard O'Reilly* celebrated the diamond Jubilee of his ordination — the first such held in the Catholic Church of America, as *Mgr.*'s golden Jubilee ten years before was also the first of its kind. *Mgr.* O'Reilly ranks high amongst our literary ecclesiastics, having published more than twenty volumes, including the Lives of Pope Leo XIII. and Pope Pius IX.

Pope Leo's gift to the President of the United States, forwarded through Bishop O'Gorman, who presented it at Mr. Roosevelt's summer home, figured largely in notice and illustration. It was an exquisite mosaic, in size about three feet by two — the subject being the Pontiff himself in the Vatican gardens, attended by a few Cardinals and persons of his Court.

Four well known prelates, *Abp. Christie of Oregon* and *Bps. Brondel (Helena) O'Dea (Washington)* and *Glorieux (Idaho)* visited the Flathead Indian Reservation and were enthusiastically welcomed. A description of their meeting with the Red Men who acted as escorts from the station to the Mission, and the ceremonial reception there, reads like a page from the old time Jesuit Records.

In Brooklyn, N. Y. Catholics to the number of twenty thousand, most of them members of the Holy Name Society, participated in a great annual rally to protest against blasphemy, fifteen Churches were selected as rallying places and the parades led from these to the Pro-Cathedral, where Vicar General P. J. McNamara delivered an address.

The Catholic Young Men's National Union held its twenty-eighth Convention in Hartford Conn. and listened to a stirring sermon from Rev. Father Pardow, S. J. One of the resolutions passed at this meeting was significant. "That we again urge our Societies to make every effort to increase the circulation of Catholic Newspapers and Magazines."

In October official notification was received from Rome of the elevation of *Most Reverend John M. Farley* to the Archbishopric of New York. This news was indeed welcome in the great city, where as Priest and Prelate, Dr. Farley won the laurels which bespeak him the worthy successor of the illustrious trio who have filled this See.

Louisville Diocese celebrated in October the golden jubilee of *Bishop McCloskey* ordained priest by Archbishop Hughes of New York in 1852 and before his consecration as Bishop of Louisville, the first permanent Rector of the American College at Rome.

On October twenty first, St. Mary's Cathedral of Trenton was crowded to its utmost, the occasion being the 25 anniversary of the ordination of *Right Reverend Bishop McFaul* and the eighth anniversary of his appointment to the head of the Trenton Diocese. As the prime mover in the great cause of Catholic Federation, Bp. McFaul has come prominently before the American people who must always remember his magnificent service thus rendered to Catholic progress.

In the New York Church of Our Lady of Sorrows, four hundred German Catholics, representing fifty societies of their race and Religion, met to indorse the resolutions adopted by the *National Convention of Central Verein of U. S. at Evansville, Ind.* protesting against the exclusion of the Friars from the Philippines.

The appointment of Bishop John L. Spalding of Peoria, as a member of the Arbitration Committee trying the case between the *coal operators and miners of Penn.*, was received with national approval: Catholic, Protestant, Republican, Democrat, Populist, eulogizing alike the selection which was personally suggested by President Roosevelt.

On the last day of October, *Mgr. Falconio*, Apostolic Delegate to Canada received by cable, from Rome, official notice of his appointment as successor to Cardinal Martinelli at Washington.

Mgr. Falconio arrived in Canada on October the twelfth 1899, and his departure thence was very much regretted. He is however an American citizen having taken out his first papers in Chatteraugus County, New York State, when he came to this country in 1865.

In November, the *Protestant Episcopal Church* held its session in Phila. and Gen. Woodford who was invited to address the assembly paid (unwittingly perhaps) a high tribute to our Catholic Missionaries abroad, when speaking of the Chinese Missions he quoted the following statistics:

"Of the forty million Japanese, about 200,000 are Christians, a few more than 100,000 Roman Catholics, 25,000 Greeks and 40,000 Protestants.

"The Roman Catholic missionaries pursue their work with great fidelity, apparently with great disinterestedness, and certainly with great success. An incident illustrates the marvelous power of Christianity in any form to retain its vitality. When, after 200 years' interdiction of Christian teaching, Roman priests returned to Japan, they found more than 2,000 people at

Nagaski who had retained the traditions and training of their Church."

At this very time, our War Department was investigating the case of *Father Augustine*, a Filipino Priest, tortured and killed by order of Captain Cornelius M. Brownell of the Twenty-Sixth Volunteer Infantry, on the charge of fidelity to duty and accepted obligations! So in all ages civilized as well as benighted, the Church of Christ continues to recruit under varied conditions, her great army of crowned and haloed Martyrs.

The Anthracite Strike Commission continued its work of inquiry in the mining districts and the attention of the country was concentrated on the contest drawn out, between Labor long and Capital.

"In any event" said Archbishop Ryan, discussing the situation, "religious influence is the only protection" and he quoted from the naturally religious Plato: "He plucks up the foundation of society who plucks up religion."

Two new additions, to our Catholic Hierarchy were announced. *John. N. Stariha* of St. Paul, Minn. consecrated for the new diocese of Lead, S. D. and *Rev. Jas. J. Keane* of Minneapolis for Cheyenne with jurisdiction over the State of Wyoming.

On Thanksgiving day (1902) *Loyola College, Baltimore*, celebrated its golden jubilee, the principal address of the occasion being made by Rev. J. A. Conway, S. J. of Georgetown University who spoke on glories of the Christian Education — "the one thing — the only thing which will fit man for his high destiny."

From over the water came the announcement of the death in his 85th year, of *Most Rev. John. McEvilly, D. D. of Tuam, Ireland*, known to Catholics of other races than his own, as the author of the only full Commentary of the New

Testament in English, — a work universally used as text book in Catholic Colleges.

In his great Cathedral of Baltimore, on a Sunday early in December *Cardinal Gibbons* in an eloquent sermon copied through the length and breadth of the land, bore testimony to the work of the Religious Orders in the Philippines, whose lives have been spent for generations in the uplifting of a semi-civilized people. Coincident with this defence was the news, that the Vatican refused to acquiesce in the withdrawal of the Friars from this, their hereditary field of labor.

Amongst deaths chronicled early in December, was that of the oldest Parish Priest in New York State, *Father Thos. McLoughlin* of New Rochelle, to whom it was given a couple of years ago to celebrate his golden jubilee amongst a people, whose love and appreciation he had earned through arduous years. "Like the great patron of a happy death" said the eloquent preacher of his funeral oration, "in the Divine Presence of Jesus Christ, on the Feast of His Immaculate Mother, in the very act of offering Holy Sacrifice, the Angel of Death gently loosed the silver cord and his soul, laden with merits and countless sacrifices, took its flight to its Heavenly Home."



MOST REV. J. E. QUIGLEY, ARCHBISHOP OF CHICAGO.

Another, whose Christmas Vigil was held beyond the stars, was *Very Rev. Dr. Magnien* President Emeritus of St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, over which he presided for more than 25 years, earning nobly his reputation as "preeminently a teacher of priests."

Amongst rumors of the season in ecclesiastical circles were two, which have since been happily verified: the selection of *Bishop Jas. E. Quigley* of Buffalo for Apb. of Chicago and of

Father *J. F. Regis Canevin* of Pittsburg as coadjutor of that Diocese.

The list of Christmas Ordinations seemed unusually long all the great and growing Seminaries of our great and growing country, contributing their quota thereto.

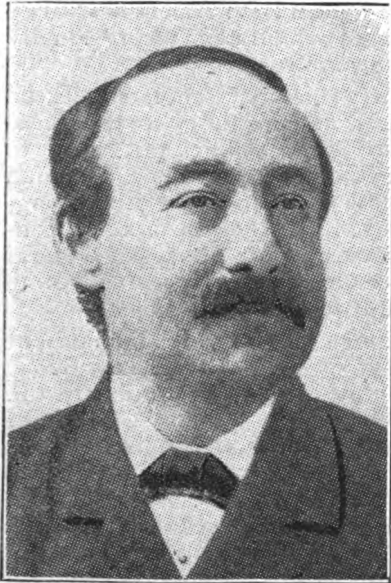
In Pittsburg, the fiftieth Anniversary of the foundation of the Order of the *Passionist Fathers* in the United States, was celebrated at St. Paul's Monastery on Mt. Olivet. Many distinguished Ecclesiastics participated, and thousands of the laity witnessed the ceremony.

With the usual felicitations for the "new face at the door," 1903 was ushered in and blending with its welcome were echoes of that which was being extended by our neighbors over the border to *Mgr. Starretti*, the newly appointed

Apostolic Delegate to Canada, who was accompanied in his journey thither, by Rev. D. Dougherty, D. D. of St. Charles' Seminary, Philadelphia.

Abp. Alex. Christie of Portland, Oregon celebrated early in January the silver anniversary of his ordination, and was presented by the pupils of the Holy Name Convent with a magnificently embroidered and jeweled mitre, the work of the Sisters of the Holy Name in Montreal. Amongst the memorable sentences of the Abp's response to his people's congratulations, were these —

"It is only in our mature years, that we realize our responsibility in training children to love and serve God. When I go home to give an account of the way my life has been spent, I trust there is one thing I can say to



HON. CHARLES J. BONAPARTE. ST. JOHN BAPTIST DE LA SALLE.



MONSIGNOR LE ROY,
Superior General of the Holy Ghost Order.

the Master — I labored for the welfare of the children."

"I tell you here — priests, people and children — that no priests or parents are doing their entire duty except when laboring to give the children a Christian and Catholic education, but in this great and prosperous state of Oregon, I believe every priest will do his best to build and maintain the schools that are to make good Christians and good citizens."

A meeting of the Catholic Missionary Union was held on Jan. 10, when it was determined to begin at once the erection of the Apostolic Mission House at Washington, D. C.: Most Rev. Abp. Ryan and Father A. P. Doyle, C. S. P. continue as directors of this important movement.

In Rome on Jan. 15, passed to eternal rest, *Cardinal Parocchi*, last but one of the members

of the Sacred College who elected Pope Leo XIII and the hundred and forty seventh Cardinal to die since that date. Yet our Holy Father lives on and seems to gain in vigor and vitality, while his contemporaries fade from human vision.

The National Executive Board of the American Federation of Cath. Societies held its Semi-annual session in Cincinnati on Jan. 18, *Rev. Dr. H. G. Gauss* made a stirring appeal in behalf of the Indians under the care of the Catholic Bureau and secured admission to the Federation for a western organization, known as the *Indian Congress*. Incidentally we learn, that the membership of the Society for the preservation of the Faith among Indian children, has now reached 100,000 and it is desired to increase it to 200,000 during the current year.

In Feb. the *Catholic University of Washington* was officially notified of the appointment of *Rt. Rev. Mgr. Dennis O'Connell, D. D. as Rector*, — Bishop Conaty who is about to be transferred to the See of Los Angeles, to remain in charge, pending the new Rector's arrival.

In the presence of 5000 people, and with a solemn service that lasted five hours, *Father Canevan* was consecrated by Apb. Ryan Feb. 24, as coadjutor of Pittsburg; many magnificent gifts testified to the popularity of the new Prelate, whose reputation for energy and progressiveness extends far beyond his diocese.

February 20th. marked for our *Holy Father* the completion of the years of Peter, a quarter of a century on the Throne of the Fisherman! It was an occasion hailed with triumphant joy throughout the universal Catholic world: the celebration at Rome was on a magnificent scale. One of its most interesting features because most characteristic, was the banquet proffered by the Holy Father to the Roman poor in the splendid Belvidere Court, decorated, we are told as if for royalty, with the Swiss guard in attendance and numbers of deft-handed Nuns to wait upon the needs of the unselected company. At one time during the jubilee celebration all the bells of Rome's 439 Churches were rung for half an hour. An item peculiarly indicating our modern progressiveness is, that the papal benediction given at St. Peter's on the memorable date of March 3d, was phonographed and consequently within a short time, cylinders were obtainable reproducing the Pope's voice, so that the faithful in all parts of the world may have an opportunity to hear it. An echo of the celebration nearer home comes from Cleveland, O. where at a jubilee Mass-meeting, presided over by Bp. Hermann, speeches were made in twelve languages.

On March 15 there died at the *Colored Convent of Baltimore* an Oblate Sister of Providence, who is believed to have been 114 years old: she was born as a slave, moved to Washington with her parents' owner before the war of 1812, and became a Catholic in 1827, being baptized at old St. Matthew's, Washington, D. C.

The great event of March in Chicago, was the installation of *Bp. Quigley* as second Abp. of the See: his first official act was to name *Bp. Muldoon, Vicar General of the Archdiocese*.

The appointment of three *Catholic Chaplains to our Army and Navy* was announced in March, *Fathers McKeon and Ferry* of New York and *Brooklyn* to the former, and to the latter *Father M. C. Gleason* of New York.

Wide publication was given about this time to the letter addressed by a Phila. lady to President Roosevelt, asking that the remains of Father Augustine, the murdered Priest of the Philipines be removed by the Government from his baseball-ground grave, to a consecrated one

or that permission be given to his family to make the removal. Reading this letter, one can scarcely realize that the facts so simply recited therein, are actual, recent happenings of our enlightened age, beneath the banner of our own liberal republic.

For several years St. Michael's Catholic Letter has contained the name of the recipient of the Laetare Medal, which is the highest honor within the gift of Notre Dame University. *Hon. Chas. I. Bonaparte* of Baltimore, lawyer and philanthropist, is this year's nominee and needless to say, has well earned his place amongst the brilliant group of men and women similarly honored in the past.

Many of these have been called to the rewards of a higher life, the latest addition to this memorial roll, being *Mrs Anna Sadlier* of Montreal, our best known Irish American Novelist: Mrs. Sadlier leaves behind her a record equally enviable as woman and writer.

The list of forty eminent scholars selected by the Holy Father as consultors to the *Biblical Commission*, was made public and seen to include one American, Rev. Dr. Chas. Grannan of Washington University, and two other English speaking Clerics, Rev. Robert Clarke of London and Rev. David Fleming, Vicar-General of the Franciscan Order, who lives in Rome but is by birth and descent an Irishman.

At the beginning of April, the appointment was chronicled of *Very Rev. Mgr. Rooker*, Sec'y. of the Washington Apostolic Delegation to the See of Nueva Cacares P. I., of *Bp. Glennon* of Kansas City as coadjutor of St. Louis, of *Rev. D. J. Dougherty, D. D.* Phila. as Bp. of Nueva Segovia P. I., and of *Right Rev. Henry Moeller, D. D.* of Columbus as coadjutor of Cincinnati. The venerable *Apb. Elder* of the last named city had just observed his 84th. birthday anniversary, also the 57th of his Priesthood.

In Phila. a notable celebration occurred about this time, a meeting of laymen to take action on the approaching *golden jubilee of their great Archbishop's ordination* to the priesthood: fifty thousand dollars were at once subscribed as a nucleus of the jubilee fund, which fund however, His Grace only consents to accept for the charitable institutions of his Archdiocese. Despite all the efforts of the venerated jubilarian to limit his people's tribute, there is no doubt that "jubilee year" will be made memorable in the annals of Catholic Philadelphia.

An American student of Kenrick Seminary St. Louis, *Mr. Harry B. Tierney* won the prize in a poetical contest instituted by the King of Denmark, in which all European countries were represented through their men of letters. Mr. Tierney is well known under his pen name of "Atlantis" and an Irish Lullaby of his, written in Gaelic, attracted much attention some years ago.

Another welcome item which belongs under the heading of literature, is the widely heralded fact that *Father Cronin*, the able editor of *Buffalo's Catholic Union and Times*, completed in April, his thirtieth year of service as editor of this successful organ of Catholicity. Judging from the profuse felicitations appearing in contemporary columns, Father Cronin's personal popularity has kept pace with his literary success.

The German American Citizens of Phila. were called upon to rejoice with one who had completed amongst them, half a century of heroic labor, *Very Rev. Joseph Wissell, C. SS. R.* The celebration took place on April the 19th. in the same edifice that witnessed the ordination of fifty years ago, when the Venerable Bishop Neumann (himself a Redemptorist) officiated.

The Feast of *Saint De La Salle* attracted much attention and was widely celebrated, for although not an American, this newest Saint is closely identified with our country, not alone because of the innumerable institutions under his patronage, but also because of his blood relations, one of whom discovered our magnificent Mississippi River, and three others who fought in the ranks of the gallant "Continental" in the glorious War of the Revolution.

On May 10th. the celebration of the Silver Jubilee of the *Rt. Rev. Francis S. Chatard* as Bishop of Indianapolis, began in that city, with a mass meeting of the laity. A feature of the glad occasion was the rendition of a Jubilee song by a chorus of 600 voices.

In New York City there occurred on May 8th, the funeral of a simple layman which is worthy of note. It was attended by fully 5000 persons who sought thus to honor the heroism of a young Catholic fireman who lost his life in a brave effort to rescue an old man from a blazing tenement in the most crowded section of the great city. Fitly enough, the sacrifice of this humble hero has resulted in lasting gain for many of his Faith, for because of the rude treatment received on the occasion of Mc Nally's accident, by the reverend Mgr. John Edwards at the hands of an ambulance surgeon, who refused the priest opportunity to minister to the dying fireman — an official order is now issued, "that in future, priests desiring to administer the last Sacraments to injured people, will be allowed to ride with patients in the ambulances of Bellevue and Allied Hospitals."

The Diocese of Brooklyn celebrated royally the 25th. anniversary of its popular Bishop's ordination to the priesthood, presenting *Dr. McDonnell* with a purse of more than 40,000 dollars to be used for the establishment of the Seminary at West Deer Park, L. I. where he has recently bought for this purpose, eleven hundred acres of land. Pope Leo also conferred upon Bishop McDonnell the title of Bishop As-

sistant at the Papal Throne and Noble of the Pope's Household.

Early May letters from Rome were given up to descriptions of two occasions, fast following each other, when *England's King* and *Germany's Kaiser* appeared in the role of visitors to the Sainly Prisoner of the Vatican. The receptions were attended by much pomp and ceremonial, particularly in the case of the German Emperor, and the courtesy was accepted by our people at large in the apparent spirit of its proffering.

Philadelphia's new Federation of Catholic Societies which met on May 19th. for the adoption of Constitution and by-laws and the formal installation of officers was of national interest, if for no other reason than the utterances of Archbishop Ryan, defining, once for all, his position towards Federation.

"I have been slow in coming to a conclusion with regard to Federation," said His Grace "because at the beginning, there have been some mistaken assertions with regard to its objects. After these things are clearly explained and after a little time — it is well to use time before deciding on new things — I am quite certain that federation is to be commended. I have done it myself and I find that a great many of the Archbishops and Bishops have done so."

A most notable visitor to our shores during the Month of Mary was *Mgr. Alexander Le Roy*, Bishop of d'Alinda and Superior General of the Holy Ghost Order. Mgr. Le Roy ranks as one of the greatest Missionary Prelates of the age and an accepted authority on the Dark Continent, with which his two great works — "Across Zanzibar" and "To the Kilmandjaro," deal.

These works which have received official recognition from numerous literary Societies, are illustrated from sketches made by the Right Reverend author, "whose pencil" says one scribe "is as deft as his pen" and whose lingual accomplishments are such, that he is regarded by all French scientific organizations as an indisputable authority on the subject of African dialects. More wonderful than all however, is that compelling eloquence of word and deed which has led thousands of the dark sons of Africa to the Fount of Divine Truth.

As the effect of the dreadful "Associations" law upon the *Religious Orders of France*, more than 1000 monks and nuns are expected to settle shortly in the States and it is rumored that the Order of the Perpetual Adoration, a branch of which was established some years ago in Washington, will transplant its mother house here.

At the eighth annual luncheon of the *Alumnæ Association* of the Academy of Mount St. Vincent on the Hudson, resolutions were adopted in protest against the "unjustifiable suppression of the religious orders in France, especially of those communities of noble women

whose self-sacrifice and devotion to humanity and education should be the glory of any nation really worthy of the name of a republic." Their oppression under a travesty of legal procedure was characterized as a disgrace to the civilization of the age and a mockery of those civil and religious rights a free people should enjoy unmo-
lest.

And now, that we may end our "Letter" as we have usually done, with a few statistics helping readers to appreciate the workings of our Church Militant, we turn to the Report Number of the Annals of the Propagation of the Faith, and glean the following items: "The re-

port for 1902," says Father Freri the present director, "is the most satisfactory we have ever issued: it shows a great increase in receipts over any previous year."

"While several countries show a decrease in their contributions, Catholics in the United States have increased theirs."

Which is just as it should, though in a lesser degree than it might be, for, when we hear on all sides, boasts of our country's prosperity, it would certainly appear fair, that the "thanksgiving tithe" in the shape of offering to good works spiritual and temporal, should show a corresponding increase.

M. M. HALVEY.

June 1, 1903.

Greetings from the Home of St. Michael's Almanac.

THE kind reader has traveled with me far and wide around the world. We have wandered over land and sea, hill and dale. We have peeped into the humble cottage as well as the grand palace, and have become acquainted with poverty and wealth, misery and luxury. We have noticed many things which were beautiful and pleasing, but have also seen much sorrow and sadness.

Now the editor wants to end his trip with you. He is glad to return, anxious to see what news he will find at home, and hopes that you share his eagerness to take notice of the many changes that have taken place there whilst he was roaming around with you. And indeed, many things have been changed and many new improvements have been made in the meantime.

It was just three years last June, since the first large stones were put together for the foundation of St. Joseph's Technical School. (Formerly known under the name St. Joseph's Home.)

Two years have elapsed since the inauguration of the institution, and already the number of pupils in its halls has grown (June 1903) to over one hundred.

They have come from far and near: from the large city of Chicago, that centre of commerce and industry, and from the far South, the home of the banana and the orange, where the negro sings his plaintive songs working in the rice-field; from the prairies of the West, and from the oil and coal regions of the East, not so long ago the centre of interest for all of us on account of the mighty struggle between capital and labor.

St Joseph's Technical School is an institution where only well-behaved boys are received, such as can bring references showing that they are good and obedient. "Good-for-nothing" boys are not allowed there, and many requests from parents to receive boys who were spoiled and ungovernable had to be declined, otherwise the number of pupils would be considerably greater.

St. Joseph's Technical School is an institution which was planned by Catholics, built by Catholics, and which is conducted by the members of a Catholic Order. It is intended, therefore, only for Catholic boys.

Many members of other religious denominations have come to our gates, some belonging to the wealthy class and arriving in beautiful carriages. They have asked permission for their children to enter our institution, and to be brought up under Catholic influence. But though, financially, St. Joseph's Technical School would undoubtedly have been benefited by granting the desired admission, the strictly Catholic character of all its rules and of its aim forbade the reception of any but Catholic pupils.

The surroundings of our institution, of late, underwent a considerable change. The grounds in front of the main building are so much improved that even the statue of St. Joseph placed on a rustic pedestal over the fountain, seems to wear a smile of approval.

Since last May, a railroad station has been opened near the institution. It is named Techny. A pleasant new road leads from the station directly to the institution. It is a nice walk which takes about twelve minutes to traverse. At present there are five trains stopping at this station daily. In time however, the railroad company is expected to agree to still better arrangements.

Midway between the station and the institution the new road crosses the North branch of the Chicago River. Here, for nearly a mile, the river was regulated, and the river bed changed to run in a straight course. By this work, which was performed by the Brothers of the Order, a large tract of swampy ground was changed into beautiful meadows. A handsome, new bridge across the river has just been completed.

Coming along the road we see in the vicinity of the institution, to the right, extensive vegetable gardens, the products of which furnishes

many a delicious dish for the inmates of the institution. In connection with it, and bordering on the institution, is a tree-nursery, containing several thousand young trees.

The hill to the left of the road is crowned by the beautifully situated St. Anne's Home for old people, where the venerable Sisters do their best to brighten and make agreeable the last years of the life of their charges. St. Anne's Home is a fine building. It consists of a basement and three stories. In the basement are situated the kitchen, diningroom, laundry etc. The second story is occupied by women, and the third by single men. The second story also contains the chapel, and on the third story is a large hall used for such festival occasions as may be arranged to brighten the lives of the venerable inmates. The northern part of the building is occupied by the Ven. Sisters in charge.

The surroundings of St. Anne's Home are salubrious and beautiful. Shady walks invite to outdoor exercise, and the near vicinity of the boys' institution affords many a change and pastime. The spiritual life of the inmates is also

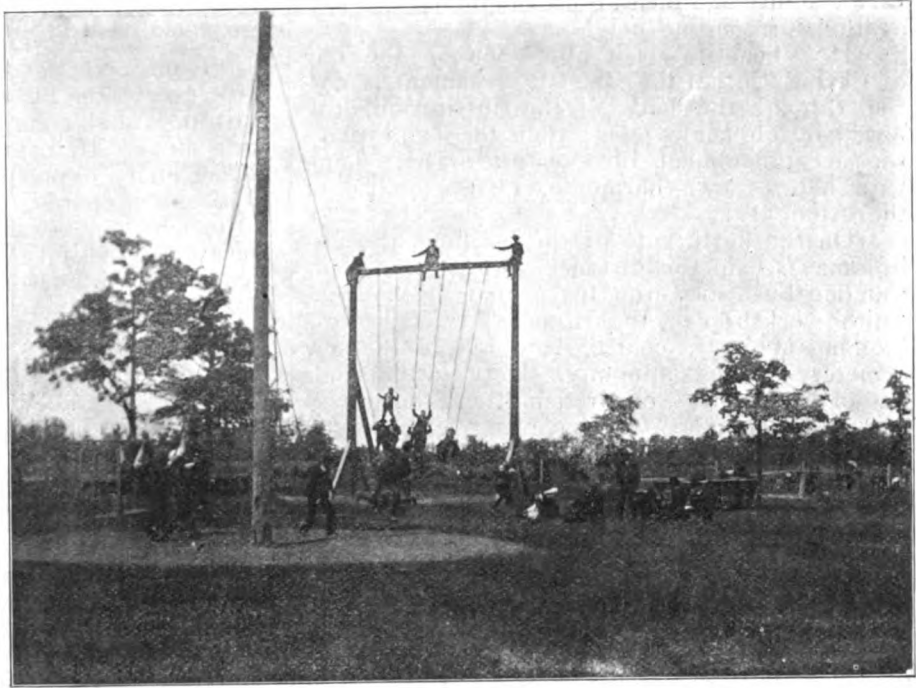
well attended to. There are daily opportunities to hear Mass in St. Anne's Home as well as in the chapel of the institution. In the latter several Masses are said every day.

Whosoever wants to have a pleasant and agreeable old age will not be disappointed in becoming an inmate of St. Anne's Home.

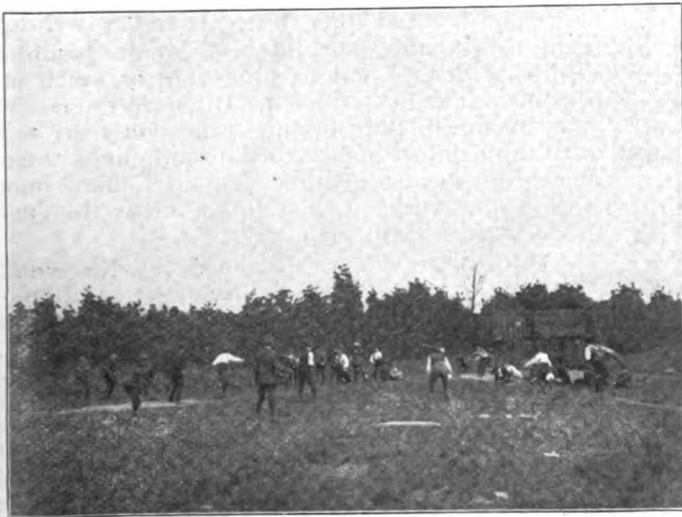
Other improvements made are: a beautiful lake excavated near the institution, on the north of it. Although of but small dimensions, it affords much pleasant pastime. There was also great deal of time and labor spent to create pleasuregrounds and walks for the inmates of St. Joseph's Technical School, and now, even after a rain, dry pathways invite them to outdoor walks and make it possible for them to be in the fresh air.

The workshops also have been improved. They have become better equipped and several new machines have been placed in them. These rooms look quite homelike, and the boys, as well as the Brothers, enjoy making use of them. Some of them, however, are already becoming too small, and if the number of pupils continues increasing, they will soon have to be enlarged. But, happily, provisions were made for this when the plans for the institution were drawn.

The musical and singing societies of St. Joseph's Technical School do a great deal towards making our religious services impressive. They also afford many hours



THE BOYS AT PLAY.



THE BOYS PLAYING BASE BALL.

of sociability and pleasure to the inmates as well as the surrounding neighbors.

How beautiful is it not when on the day of Corpus Christi the Blessed Sacrament is carried through the fields of the institution, followed by old and young: then the band plays the accompaniment of sweetest music, vicing with nature's own harmonies in the praise of the Almighty!

On the north side of the building the visitor may see in the distance a quiet spot, surrounded by a nice iron fence made in the locksmith workshop of the Home. The tall cross looming up in the centre, denotes it as the new cemetery of the community. Here, in the shadow of the sign of our redemption those will find a resting place who have been called away by the Almighty from the busy scenes near by, either in their youthful days, or in the fullness of years after a well spent life.

Now the reader has been made acquainted with almost everything interesting in the home of St. Michael's Almanac. Unless, perchance, some lover of nature feel interested in the conservatory or the colony of little workers occupying nearly one hundred beehives. Both these new ventures, since their inception, have grown wonderfully under intelligent care, and promise fine results in the near future.

And now, dear reader, I see you extending your hand to bid me a kind farewell. But please tarry still another moment, and let me call your attention to the immense expense inseparable from the running of such an institution. Just review at a glance all that you have seen and count the members of the working staff, priests, brothers, and sisters, who toil every day in the interest of the Home; and count our family of boys, many of whom depend entirely on the institution, whilst others pay only a trifle for their support.

No words of mine will then be needed to impress you with the impulse to extend a helping hand to this our struggling St. Joseph's Technical School. Yes, you will feel in duty bound to give your share to help an undertaking through which so much good can be accomplished. One way of doing this is to promote the circulation of the St. Michael's Almanac and the "Amerikanisches Missionsblatt" among your friends and acquaintances, and to win for St. Joseph's Technical School the friendship and favor of such Catholic families as have been blessed by God with abundant means. To still further encourage you to do this, let me quote to you a few of the kind sentiments expressed

by the Most Rev. Archbishop Quigley at his first official visit to St. Joseph's Technical School.

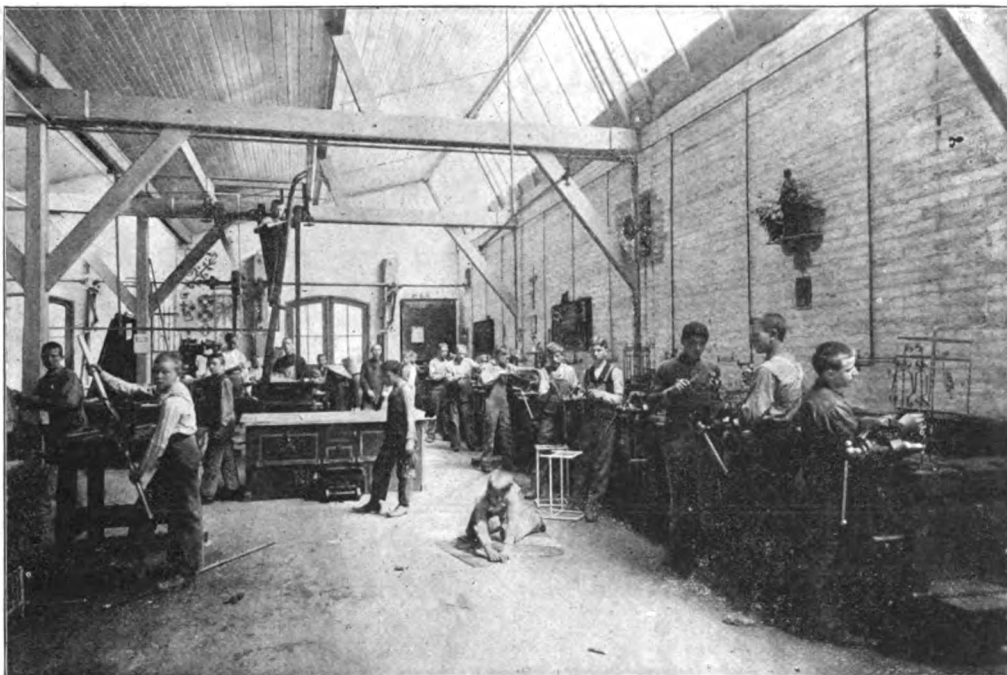
"I am very agreeably surprised," he said, "with everything I have seen and heard in this institution, and I am especially pleased with the work-shops. It seems to me there is here an extraordinary opportunity for boys to be educated and prepared for the battle of life. Good institutions for boys are more necessary than educational institutions for girls. The boys will become men who work for the good of church and country. From their ranks come bishops, priests and brothers. They are our future lawgivers, senators and presidents. I am therefore much pleased with this new institution for boys and give it my sanction and blessing. I hope and wish that, in a few years, it will be one of the largest institutions of its kind, not only in Chicago and the state of Illinois, but in the United States. (The Most Rev. Archbishop felt certain that St. Joseph's Technical School would be attended by one thousand pupils within a few years.) Here the boys come together from near and far. They are instructed and educated under the careful guidance of the priests and brothers of the Society of the Divine Word. They are brought up to become honest and able men.

I thank you, my boys, I thank the Rev. Fathers and Venerable Brothers for the friendly reception you have given me. I thank you especially for the presents you have made me they have afforded me great pleasure. To you, my boys, I give this advice: Use well the glorious chance which is given you here, to learn what is useful and good. Be obedient, diligent and attentive, and try, by a good behavior, to repay your teachers for the great sacrifices they make for you.

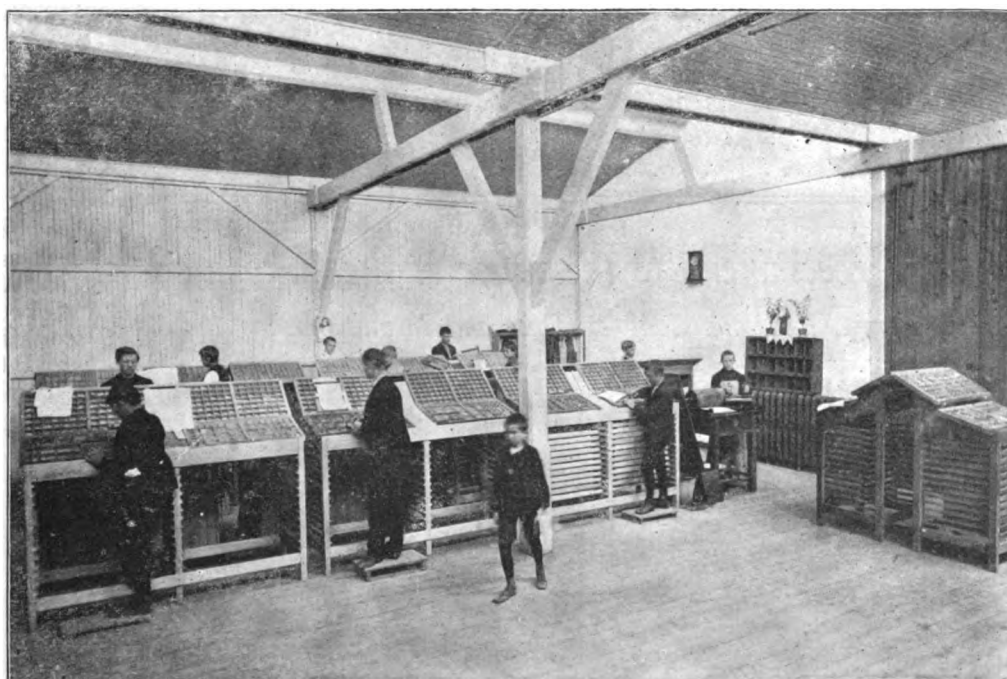
I also thank all those here assembled for their presence at this festival and I exhort them to promote the interests of St. Joseph's Technical School and to support it as much as possible. The Society of the Divine Word is not able to finish the buildings and keep up the institution unless many good friends help them to get the means together. Again I thank you all most heartily. I shall often come to visit this beautiful institution."

May these words of the Most Reverend Archbishop be an irresistible appeal to all our readers to help our good cause! And may God bless all those, who, even in the slightest degree, contribute to the growth and success of this difficult undertaking and give them back, according to his promise, a hundredfold!





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Letter of Recommendation.

New York, Feb. 17, 1903.

DEAR SIR:—I have learned with pleasure of your intention to print an English edition of your excellent monthly, "The Christian Mother" which has hitherto appeared only in German, and I am satisfied that its wider field of influence following on this new departure will be attended with very salutary results. Everything that makes for the sanctification of the home, by the distribution of sound Catholic literature, is an added blessing to the family and to society, of which the family is the root. Praying for "The Christian Mother" all success and blessing, I am,

Very faithfully yours in Christ, JNO. M. FARLEY, Archbishop of New York.

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St. Joseph's Technical School.

ST. JOSEPH'S TECHNICAL SCHOOL is under the direction of the Priests and Brothers of the Society of the Divine Word.

The purpose of this Institution is to safeguard the faith and morals of Catholic boys, while at the same time fitting them for honorable places in the world of industry.

The pupils are trained with equal care to be good Catholics and skillful artisans: diligence, order and economy are inculcated as virtues that lead up to, and form part of the fulfilment of religious obligations.

Boys are accepted between the ages of ten and fifteen years and in exceptional cases when even younger than this minimum.

Any, whose bad example might endanger the morals of their associates will not be retained should such happen to be unknowingly admitted. To guard against this possibility, a certificate of good conduct from pastor or teacher must be inclosed with all applications for admittance.

Besides this a Baptismal certificate — also one of physical health and a letter in the handwriting of the applicant are required.

The monthly fee for board and tuition is from \$6.00 to \$10.00 according to the circumstances: clothes, books and incidentals must be furnished by parents or guardians.

Worthy boys who are destitute of means may be admitted at a lower rate, or even free of charge where necessity requires.

We urgently advise and desire, that boys remain for several years in order that they may acquire thorough proficiency in their chosen occupations. Already a number of trades have been introduced into the Institution. The pupils' time is devoted partly to work and partly to study.

The essentials of healthy and nutritious food, hygienic classrooms, working apartments and dormitories are amply provided for, nor are facilities for fitting amusements neglected.

Parents are kept constantly informed regarding the conduct and progress of their children.

Boys from every part of the United States are received: should one aspire to enter the Missionary Society, he may make his intention known confidentially to the Superior of the Institute.

Our friends and well-wishers can so assist us that we may be able to admit many indigent youths who are deserving of this opportunity.

The means of help are, voluntary contributions to the funds of our Institution and the purchase, introduction and spread of our books and periodicals which now include "Amerikanisches Missionsblatt," German Monthly, \$1.00 per year; "Stadt Gottes," German Monthly, \$1.20 per year; "St. Michael's Almanac," issued in English, German and Dutch.

For particulars write to

*St. Joseph's Technical School,
Shermerville, Ill.*

St. Michael's Almanac.



For the Year of Our Lord

❖ **1905** ❖

For the Benefit of
St. Jos. Tech. School,
Shermerville, Ills.



Printed and Published by the
Society of the Divine Word, Shermerville, Ill.

Chronological Cycles.

Epact 24, Golden Number 6, Solar Cycle 10, Roman Indiction 3, Dominical Letter A.

Eclipses 1905.

In the year of 1905 there will be four eclipses, two of the Sun and two of the Moon.

I. — A Partial Eclipse of the Moon, February 19, the beginning visible in the eastern portions of Europe, Africa, and the whole of Asia, and Australia, and the end visible throughout the whole of Europe, Asia, Africa, and Australia.

II. — An Annular Eclipse of the Sun, March 5, invisible in the United States.

III. — A Partial Eclipse of the Moon, August 14, from 8:30 to 10:43 P. M. the beginning visible generally in North and South America, Europe, and Africa; and the ending generally throughout the whole of North and South America, and the extreme western portion of Africa.

IV. — A Total Eclipse of the Sun, August 29–30, visible in the United States as a partial Eclipse, the Sun rising eclipsed.

Signs of the Zodiac.

Aries γ	Cancer ♋	Libra ♎	Capricorn ♐
Taurus ♉	Leo ♌	Scorpio ♏	Aquarius ♑
Gemini ♊	Virgo ♍	Sagittarius ♐	Pisces ♓

Planets.

Mercury ♿	Venus ♀	Earth ♁	Mars ♂
Jupiter ♃	Saturn ♄	Uranus ♅	Neptune ♆
	Sun ☉	Moon ☾	

Movable Feasts.

Septuagesima Feb. 19	Pentecost June 11
Shrove Tuesday March 7	Holy Trinity June 18
Ash Wednesday March 8	Corpus Christi June 22
Palm Sunday Apr. 16	Sacred Heart June 30
Good Friday Apr. 21	1st Sun. of Advent Dec. 3
Easter Sunday Apr. 23	
Low Sunday Apr. 30	6 Sundays after Epiphany.
Ascension Day June 1	24 Sundays after Pentecost.

Holy Days of Obligation.

On which Mass is of Precept.

Every Sunday throughout the year.

1. New Year's Day, Sunday, January 1.
2. Ascension Day, Thursday, June 1.
3. Assumption B. V. Tuesday, August 15.
4. All Saints, Wednesday, November 1.
5. Immac. Conception B. V. Friday, December 8.
6. Christmas, Monday, December 25.

Days of Fast.

Upon which only one full meal is allowed.

1. The 40 days of Lent.
2. Wednesday, Friday and Saturday in the four Ember weeks.
3. The vigils of Christmas, Easter, Pentecost, Assumption B. V. M., All Saints.
4. In some dioceses the Fridays of Advent.

Ember Days.

First week of Lent, Mar. 15, 17, 18.
Pentecost week, June 14, 16, 17.

Third week in September, Sept. 20, 22, 23.
Third week in December, Dec. 20, 22, 23.

Days of Abstinence.

Upon which flesh meat is not allowed.

1. Every Friday in the year.
2. Every fast day in the year, except Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday (except the second and last Saturday) in Lent, upon which flesh-meat may be eaten once.

Exceptions to Fast and Abstinence.

1. Sunday is never a day of fast or abstinence.
2. All persons that are not obliged to fast may eat meat as often as they like on those days on which meat is allowed.
3. Working people are allowed to eat meat on all days of the year except all Fridays, Ash Wednesday, Wednesday and Saturday of Holy Week, and the vigil of Christmas. When any member of such a family lawfully uses this privilege, all the other members may avail themselves of the same privilege, but those who are bound to fast cannot eat meat more than once a day.
4. United States soldiers in field or in garrison may eat meat every day of the year, except Ash Wednesday, Good Friday, Holy Saturday and the vigils of Assumption B. V. and Christmas.

5. Persons under 21 or over 60 years of age are not obliged to fast. All those that perform severe and exhausting labor, the sick, nursing women, and, all those whose health would be injured thereby, are exempt from fasting.

6. Fish and flesh are never allowed at the same meal on days of fast throughout the year, nor on Sundays in Lent. They are allowed on days of abstinence, such as Fridays, to those who are not bound to abstain. This rule does not apply to the sick.

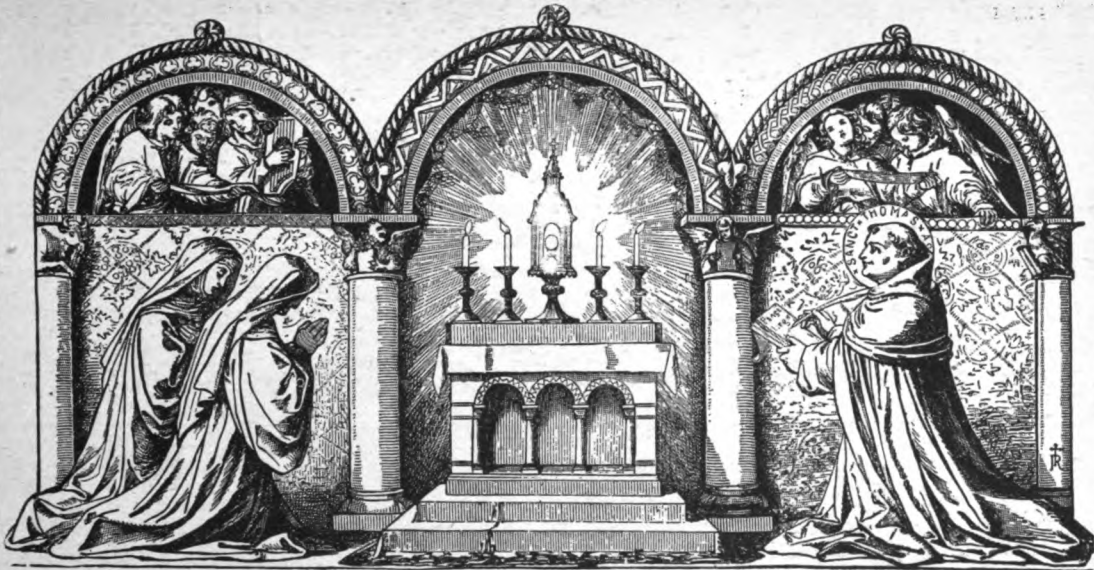
Phases of the Moon 1905.

New Moon.		Full Moon.	
January	5 12 17 P. M.	January	21 1 14 A. M.
February	4 5 06 A. M.	February	19 12 52 P. M.
March	5 11 19 P. M.	March	20 10 56 P. M.
April	4 5 23 P. M.	April	19 7 38 A. M.
May	4 9 50 A. M.	May	18 3 36 P. M.
June	2 11 57 P. M.	June	16 11 52 P. M.
July	2 11 50 A. M.	July	16 9 32 A. M.
July	31 10 03 P. M.	August	14 9 31 P. M.
August	30 7 13 A. M.	September	13 12 10 P. M.
September	28 4 00 P. M.	October	13 5 03 A. M.
October	28 12 58 A. M.	November	11 11 11 P. M.
November	26 10 47 A. M.	December	11 5 26 P. M.
December	25 10 04 P. M.		
First Quarter.		Last Quarter.	
January	13 2 11 P. M.	January	27 6 20 P. M.
February	12 10 20 A. M.	February	26 4 04 A. M.
March	14 3 00 A. M.	March	27 3 35 P. M.
April	12 3 41 P. M.	April	26 5 14 A. M.
May	12 12 46 A. M.	May	25 8 50 P. M.
June	10 7 05 A. M.	June	24 1 46 P. M.
July	9 11 46 A. M.	July	24 7 09 A. M.
August	7 4 16 P. M.	August	23 12 10 A. M.
September	5 10 09 P. M.	September	21 4 14 P. M.
October	5 6 54 A. M.	October	21 6 51 A. M.
November	3 7 39 P. M.	November	19 7 34 P. M.
December	3 12 38 P. M.	December	19 6 09 A. M.



Jesu, Deus Pacis, miserere nobis!

1905.



Adoremus in æternum sanctissimum Sacramentum!

CALENDAR.

JANUARY

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31	...	...	...	...

FEBRUARY

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
...	...	...	1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	...	...	...	...

MARCH

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
...	...	...	1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	...

APRIL

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
...	...	...	...	...	...	1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	...	...	...	...	...	...

MAY

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
...	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31	...	...	...

JUNE

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
...	...	...	...	1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	...

JULY

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
...	...	...	...	...	...	1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31	...	...	...	...	...

AUGUST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
...	...	1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	...	...

SEPTEMBER

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
...	...	...	...	...	1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

OCTOBER

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31	...	...	...	...

NOVEMBER

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
...	...	...	1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	...	...

DECEMBER

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
...	...	...	...	...	1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31	...	...	...	...	...	...

Calendar of the Saints. 1905.

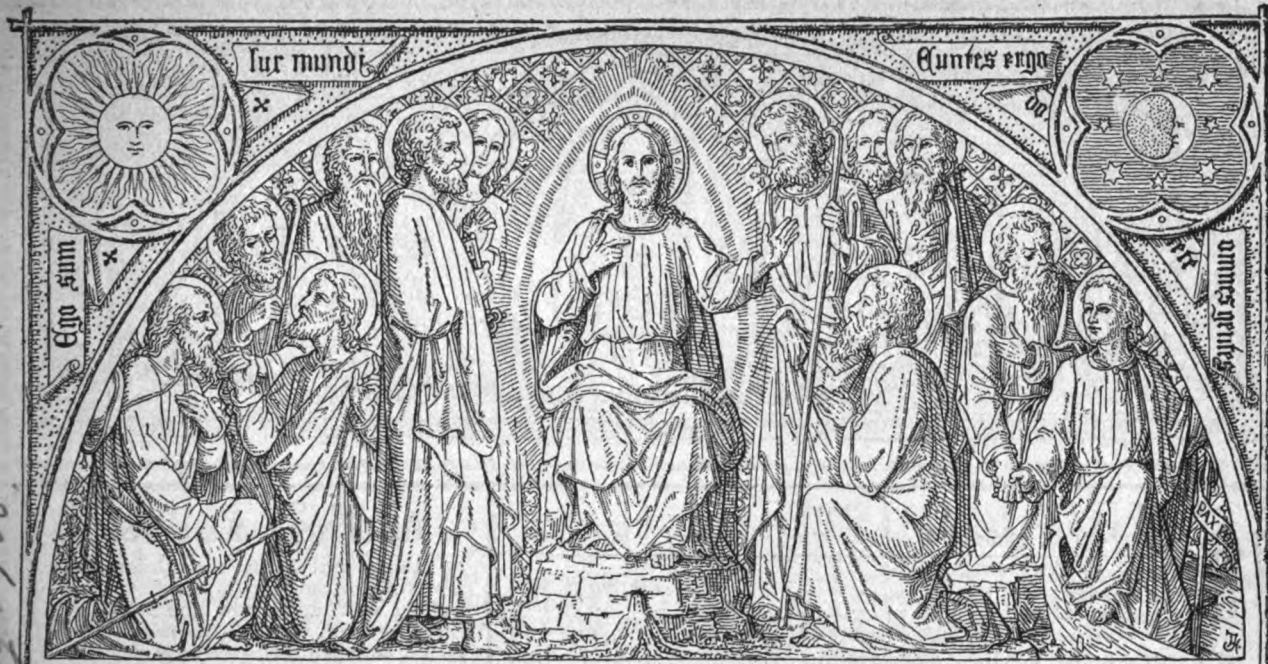
January.	February.	March.	April.	May.	June.
1 S New Year's.	1 W Ignatius, M.	1 W Albinus, B.	1 S Hugh. Theod.	1 M Phil. & James.	1 T Ascension C.
2 M Macarius.	2 T Candlemas.	2 T Simplicius.	2 S Francis of P.	2 T Athanasius.	2 F† Eugene. ●
3 T Genevieve.	3 F† Blase, B. M.	3 F† Cunigund.	3 M Richard, B.	3 W Find. H. Cross	3 S Clotilda, Q.
4 W Eugene.	4 S Andrew C. ☉	4 S Casimir, K.	4 T Isidore, B. ●	4 T Monica, W. ●	4 S Francis Car.
5 T Telesphor. ●	5 S Agatha, V. M.	5 S Frederick. ●	5 W† Vincent F.	5 F† Pius 5. P.	5 M Boniface, B.
6 F† Epiphany.	6 M Titus. Dorot.	6 M Fridolin.	6 T Celestine.	6 S John Lat. G.	6 T Norbert, B.
7 S Lucian, M.	7 T Romuald, Ab.	7 T Thomas Aqu.	7 F† Herman J.	7 S Stanislaus.	7 W Robert, Ab.
8 S Severin, B.	8 W John of Mat.	8 W† Ash Wedn.	8 S Albert, B.	8 M Michael's Ap.	8 T Medard, B.
9 M Jul. & Basil.	9 T Cyril of Alex.	9 T Frances of R.	9 S Mary of Eg.	9 T Gregory Naz.	9 F† Felician.
10 T Agatho, P.	10 F† Scholastica.	10 F† 40 Martyrs.	10 M Apollonius.	10 W Antoninus, B.	10 S† Margaret. ●
11 W Hyginus, P. M.	11 S† Servites.	11 S Sophronius.	11 T Leo. Isaac.	11 T Francis de H.	11 S Pentecost.
12 T Ernest. Arcad.	12 S Eulalia, V. ●	12 S Gregory, P. D.	12 W† Julius, P. ●	12 F† Nereus. ●	12 M John of Fac.
13 F† Veronica. ●	13 M Catherine R.	13 M Roderick, M.	13 T Hermenegild.	13 S Servatius, B.	13 T Anthony of P.
14 S Hilary, B. D.	14 T Valentine, M.	14 T Mathilda, Q. ●	14 F† Justin, M.	14 S Patron. Jos.	14 W† Basil, B. D.
15 S Name of Jes.	15 W Faustinus, M.	15 W† Longinus.	15 S Crescens, M.	15 M Joh. d. l. Salle.	15 T Vitus, M.
16 M Otho. Marcel.	16 T Juliana, V. M.	16 T Heribert, B.	16 S Lambert, M.	16 T John Nepom.	16 F† John Reg. ●
17 T Anthony, Ab.	17 F† Fintan, Pr.	17 F† Patrick, B.	17 M Robert. Innoc.	17 W Paschal Bayl.	17 S† Adolph, B.
18 W Peter's Chair.	18 S Simeon, B. M.	18 S† Gabriel, A.	18 T Amidaeus.	18 T Venantius. ●	18 S H. Trinity.
19 T Canutus. Jul.	19 S Conrad. ●	19 S St. Joseph.	19 W† Timon, M. ●	19 F† Pet. Cel. P.	19 M Juliana Falc.
20 F† Fab. & Seb.	20 M Eleutherius.	20 M Cyril of Jer.	20 T H. Thursday.	20 S Bern. Sien.	20 T Florentina, V.
21 S Agnes, V. M. ●	21 T Maximian, B.	21 T Benedict, Ab.	21 F† G. Friday.	21 S Felix Cant.	21 W Aloysius Gon.
22 S H. Family.	22 W Peter's Chair.	22 W† Catherine.	22 S† H. Saturday.	22 M Julia, V. M.	22 T Corp. Christ.
23 M Esp. B. V. M.	23 T Peter Dam.	23 T Theodosia.	23 S Easter.	23 T John B. Rossi.	23 F† Agrippina.
24 T Timothy, B. M.	24 F† Mathias, A.	24 F† Simeon, M.	24 M Fidelis, M.	24 W M. Help of C.	24 S John Bapt. ●
25 W Conv. of Paul.	25 S Victor, M.	25 S Annunciat.	25 T Mark, Evang.	25 T Gregory, P. ●	25 S William, Ab.
26 T Polycarp, B. M.	26 S Margaret. ●	26 S Ludger, B.	26 W Mary G. C. ●	26 F† Philip Ner.	26 M John & Paul.
27 F† John Chr. ●	27 M Baldomer.	27 M John Dam. ●	27 T Thuribius, B.	27 S Bede the Ven.	27 T Ladislaus, K.
28 S Flavian, M.	28 T Theophilus.	28 T John of Cap.	28 F† Paul of C.	28 S Augustin, B.	28 W Leon. Papius.
29 S Francis de S.		29 W† Berthold.	29 S Pet. of Ver.	29 M (M. Mag. P.	29 T Pet. & Paul.
30 M Martina, V. M.		30 T Quirinus, M.	30 S Catherine S.	30 T (Ferd. K.	30 F† Heart of J.
31 T Peter Nolasco.		31 F† Balbina, V.		31 W (Angela, V.	

● denotes day of abstinence. — Ember days, March 15, 17 & 18; June, 14, 16 & 17. — Partial eclipse of the Moon, Feb. 19. — Annular eclipse of the Sun, March 5. — Both eclipses are invisible in the United States.

July.	August.	September.	October.	November.	December.
1 S Theobald.	1 T Pet. Chains.	1 F† Giles, Ab.	1 S Holy Rosary.	1 W All Saints.	1 F† Eligius, B.
2 S Visitation. ●	2 W Portiunc. Ind.	2 S Stephen, K.	2 M Guard. Ang.	2 T All Souls.	2 S Bibiana V. M.
3 M Prec. Blood.	3 T Rel. S. Steph.	3 S Serapia, V.	3 T Ewaldus, M.	3 F† Hubert, B. ●	3 S Francis X. ●
4 T Theodore, B.	4 F† Dominic.	4 M Rosalia, V.	4 W Francis Assisi.	4 S Charles Borr.	4 M Barbara, V. M.
5 W Anthony M. Z.	5 S Mary Snow.	5 T Lawr. Just. ●	5 T Placidus, M. ●	5 S Zachary, Pr.	5 T Sabbas, Ab.
6 T Goar. Isaais.	6 S Transf. Christ	6 W Zachary.	6 F† Bruno.	6 M Leonard.	6 W Nicholas, B.
7 F† Cyril & Meth.	7 M Cajetan, Pr. ●	7 T Regina, V. M.	7 S Mark, P.	7 T Engelbert, B.	7 T Ambrose, B.
8 S Elizabeth, Q.	8 T Cyriacus, M.	8 F† Nat. B. V. M.	8 S Mat. B. V. M.	8 W Godfrey, B.	8 F† Im. Cohe.
9 S Mart. Gorc. ●	9 W Romanus, M.	9 S Peter Claver.	9 M Denis, B. M.	9 T Theodore, M.	9 S Leocadia, V.
10 M 7 Brothers.	10 T Lawrence, M.	10 S Name of Mar.	10 T Gereon, M.	10 F† Andrew Av.	10 S Melchides, P.
11 T Godfrey.	11 F† Philomena.	11 M Protus. Emil.	11 W Francis Borg.	11 S Martin, B. ●	11 M Damasus, P. ●
12 W John Gualb.	12 S Clara, V.	12 T Guido of And.	12 T Walfrid, B.	12 S Martin, P.	12 T Synesius, M.
13 T Anacletus.	13 S John Berchm.	13 W Amatus, B. ●	13 F† Edward. ●	13 M Stanislaus.	13 W Lucy. Othilia.
14 F† Bonavent.	14 M Eusebius. ●	14 T Exalt. Cross.	14 S Callistus, P. M.	14 T Josaphat, B. M.	14 T Eutropia, V. M.
15 S Henry II., E.	15 T Assumpt. M.	15 F† Nicomedes.	15 S Purity B. V. M.	15 W Gertrude, V.	15 F† Christiana.
16 S Mary Mt. C. ●	16 W Rochus.	16 S Edith. Edgar.	16 M Gall, Ab.	16 T Edmund, B.	16 S Eusebius, B. M.
17 M Alexius. Don.	17 T Emilia, V.	17 S 7 Dol. B. V. M.	17 T Hedwigis, W.	17 F† Gregory.	17 S Lazarus, B.
18 T Camillus Lell.	18 F† Helena.	18 M Sophia, M.	18 W Luke, Evang.	18 S Romanus, M.	18 M Expec. B. V. M.
19 W Vincent de P.	19 S Louis Toul.	19 T Januarius M.	19 T Pet. Alcant.	19 S Elizabeth.	19 T Nemesius, M.
20 T Jerome Em.	20 S Bernard, Ab.	20 W† Eustace, M.	20 F† John Cant.	20 M Felix of Val.	20 W† Eugene, ●
21 F† Praxedes.	21 M Johanna.	21 T Matthew. ●	21 S Ursula, V. M. ●	21 T Pres. B. V. M.	21 T Thomas, Ap.
22 S M. Magdalen.	22 T Timothy.	22 F† Thom. Vill.	22 S H. Reliques.	22 W Cecilia, V. M.	22 F† Honorat.
23 S Liborius, B.	23 W Philip Ben. ●	23 S† Linus, P. M.	23 M Severin, B.	23 T Clement, M.	23 S† Victoria, V.
24 M Christina. ●	24 T Bartholomew.	24 S Mary of Merc.	24 T Raphael, Arc.	24 F† Joh. of the C.	24 S Theotimus, M.
25 T James, Ap.	25 F† Louis, K.	25 M Cleophas.	25 W Chrysantus.	25 S Catherine, M.	25 M Christmas ●
26 W Ann. Erastus.	26 S Zephyrinus.	26 T Cyprian, M.	26 T Evaristus, M.	26 S Silvester, A. ●	26 T Stephen, M.
27 T Pantaleon, M.	27 S Heart of Mar.	27 W Cosm. & Dam.	27 F† Florentius.	27 M Virgilius, B.	27 W John, Ap. Ev.
28 F† Nazarius.	28 M Augustin, B.	28 T Wencesl. K. ●	28 S Sim. & Jud. ●	28 T Hortulanus.	28 T H. Innocents.
29 S Martha, V.	29 T Beh. John B.	29 F† Michael.	29 S Narcissus B.	29 W Saturninus.	29 F† Thom. Can.
30 S Abdon & Sen.	30 W Rose of L. ●	30 S Jerome, D.	30 M Alph. Rodr.	30 T Andrew, Ap.	30 S Rainer, B.
31 M Ignatius. ●	31 T Raymond.		31 T† Wolfgang, B.		31 S Silvester, P.

Ember days, September 20, 22 & 23; December 20, 22 & 23. — Partial eclipse of the Moon, Aug. 14, from 8.39 to 10.43 P. M. (Central time), visible in the United States. — Total eclipse of the Sun, Aug. 29 & 30, in the United States visible as partial eclipse at the time of Sunrise on Aug. 30.

Gift of the publishers, 18. June 1908.



St. Michael's Almanac.

For the Year of Our Lord

1905

For the Benefit of
St. Joseph's Technical School,
SHERMERVILLE, ILLINOIS.

Seventh Year.

Printed and Published by the
Society of the Divine Word, Shermerville, Ills.



St. Michael
ora pro nobis.



St. James
ora pro nobis.



JANUARY, 1903.		Moon's A. C.		Moon Rises Sets	
Sun R. 7 18 Sun S. 4 49					
Epiphany of Our Lord. Magnus.		27	♄	2 56	1 55
2 M	Macarius, Ab. Martinian, Bp.	28	♄	4 1	2 38
3 T	Genevieve, V. M. Florentius, B. M.	29	♄	5 4	3 27
4 W	Rigobert. Eugene. Tryphon. Priscus.	30	♄	6 2	4 18
5 T	Telesphorus. Simeon Stylites. ☿	1	♄	6 54	5 12
6 F	Epiphany of Our Lord. Melan.	2	♄	7 43	6 9
7 S	Lucian, M. Clerus, M. Crispin, B.	3	♄	8 18	7 6
S. R. 7 18 S. S. 4 56					
Severin, A. Patiens, B. Eugenian.		4	♄	9 4	8 5
9 M	Julian and Basilissa. Marciana.	5	♄	9 38	9 1
10 T	Agatho, P. John the Good, B.	6	♄	10 10	9 57
11 W	Hyginus. Honorata. Theodosius.	7	♄	10 39	10 51
12 T	Tatiana, M. Satyrus. Arcadius.	8	♄	11 9	11 48
13 F	Potitus, M. Agritius, B. Veron. ☿	9	♄	11 39	Midn.
14 S	Hilary, B. D. Malachy, Pr. Felix Nol.	10	♄	12 9	12 43
S. R. 7 17 S. S. 5 3					
Holy Name of Jesus. Paul, Hermit.		11	♄	12 43	1 40
16 M	Marcellus. Berard. Priscilla. Otho.	12	♄	1 20	2 39
17 T	Anthony, A. Sulpicius. Leonilla.	13	♄	2 3	3 37
18 W	Peter's Chair at Rome. Prisca.	14	♄	2 51	4 34
19 T	Canutus. Januarius, M. Julius.	15	♄	3 48	5 31
20 F	Fabian & Sebast., M. Neophyte.	16	♄	4 50	6 26
21 S	Agnes, V. M. Meinrad, Ab. Patroc. ☿	17	♄	5 55	7 18
S. R. 7 13 S. S. 5 11					
Holy Family. Vinc. & Anastasius.		18	♄	7 6	8 5
23 M	Espousals B. V. M. Emerentiana.	19	♄	8 16	8 46
24 T	Timothy, B. M. Felician, B. Suranus.	20	♄	9 25	9 26
25 W	Conversion of St. Paul. Ananias.	21	♄	10 35	10 2
26 T	Polycarp, B. M. Paula. Theogene, M.	22	♄	11 43	10 40
27 F	J. Chrysostom, B. D. Vitalian, P. C	23	♄	Midn.	11 17
28 S	Flavian. Valerius. James, Hermit.	24	♄	12 49	11 56
S. R. 7 8 S. S. 5 19					
Francis de Sales, B. D. Aquilinus.		25	♄	1 54	12 38
30 M	Martina. Hyacintha Marisc., V.	26	♄	2 56	1 24
31 T	Peter Nolasco. Louisa Albertonia.	27	♄	3 54	2 13

Haste Not! Rest Not!

Haste not! Let no thoughtless deed
Mar for aye the spirit's speed!
Ponder well, and know the right,
Onward then, with all thy might
Haste not! years can ne'er atone
For one reckless action done.

Rest not! Life is sweeping by,
Go and dare, before you die;
Something mighty and sublime
Leave behind to conquer time!
Glorious 'tis to live for aye,
When these forms have passed away.

Haste not! Rest not! Calmly wait;
Meekly bear the storms of fate!
Duty be thy polar guide—
Do the right whate'er betide!
Haste not! rest not! conflicts past
God shall crown thy work at last.

—GOETHE.



Words of Wisdom.

However good you may be, you
have faults; however dull you may be
you can find out what some of them
are; and however slight they may be,
you had better make some — not too
painful but patient — efforts to get
quit of them — John Ruskin.

We must express our meaning in
few words; truth in all its simplicity
is enough. We must take care not to
draw out all inferences; truth in itself
always contains strength sufficient for
victory; too many ornaments weaken
it and oppress it in its conflict with error.
— St. Ignatius.

The Creator is the creature's home.
Neither spirit of angels nor soul of man
can rest short of God. They can an-
chor nowhere save in the capacious har-
bor of His infinite perfections. All
things teach us this beautiful truth.
All things that find us wandering lead
us home again to the bosom of our Eter-
nal Father. — Father Faber.

A generous man will place the bene-
fits he confers beneath his feet; those
he receives nearest his heart.



FEBRUARY, 1905.

		Moon's		Moon	
		A.	C.	Rises	Sets
1 W	Ignatius, B. M. Bridget. Ephraim.	28	☾	4 49	3 6
2 T	Candlemas. Cornelius. Flosculus, B.	29	☾	5 37	4 0
3 F	Blase, B. M. Anschar. Celerinus.	30	☾	6 22	4 57
4 S	Andrew Cors. Joseph a Leonissa. ☼	1	☾	7 3	5 54

6. Sunday, 5. Sunday after Epiphany.
The Weath and the Cockle, Matth. 13. S. R. 7 2 S. S. 5 26

5 S	Agatha. Phil. of Jes. 26 Jap. Mart.	2	☾	7 38	6 51
6 M	Titus, B. Dorothy, Theophilus.	3	☾	8 11	7 47
7 T	Romuald, Ab. Richard. Theodore.	4	☾	8 40	8 44
8 W	John of Matha. Cointha. Denis.	5	☾	9 11	9 39
9 T	Cyril of Alex. Apollonia. Raynald.	6	☾	9 39	10 34
10 F	Scholastica. William. Irenæus.	7	☾	10 9	11 30
11 S	7 Found. Serv. B. V. M Lazarus.	8	☾	10 42	Midn.

7. Sunday, 6. Sunday after Epiphany.
G. The Grain of Mustard Seed, Matth. 13. S. R. 6 55 S. S. 5 34

12 S	Eulalia. Modestus. Gaudentius, B. ☼	9	☾	11 16	12 26
13 M	Catherine of Ricci. Maura. Fusca.	10	☾	11 55	1 22
14 T	Valentine. Auxentius. Dionysius.	11	☾	12 40	2 19
15 W	Faustinus. Jovita. Georgia. Magnus.	12	☾	1 30	3 16
16 T	Juliana. Onesimus. Porphyrius, M.	13	☾	2 28	4 10
17 F	Fintan. Silvin. Theodul. Faustinus.	14	☾	3 32	5 2
18 S	Simeon, B. M. Helladius, B. Flavian.	15	☾	4 41	5 52

8. Sunday, Septuagesima Sunday.
The Laborers in the Vineyard, Matth. 20. S. R. 6 46 S. S. 5 42

19 S	Conrad of Placentia. Mansuetus. ☼	16	☾	5 52	6 38
20 M	Eleutherius, B. M. Eucherius, B.	17	☾	7 5	7 19
21 T	Prayer of Christ. Maximian. Felix.	18	☾	8 18	7 58
22 W	Peter's Chair at Ant. Paschasius.	19	☾	9 28	8 37
23 T	Pet. Damian. Milburge. Florentius.	20	☾	10 37	9 15
24 F	Mathias, Ap. Edilbert. Sergius.	21	☾	11 45	9 55
25 S	Tharasius, B. Victor. Serapion.	22	☾	Midn.	10 37

9. Sunday, Sexagesima Sunday.
G. A Sower went out to Sow, Luke 8. S. R. 6 37 S. S. 5 49

26 S	Margaret of Cortona. Nestor, B. ☼	23	☾	12 50	11 22
27 M	Leander. Baldomer. Bessa, M.	24	☾	1 50	12 11
28 T	The Passion of Christ. Theophilus.	25	☾	2 44	1 1

☼ denotes day of abstinence. The time of rising and setting of the Sun is given for Sundays only. For the other days, it may easily be found.

Going Home.

Heimgang! So the German people
Whisper, when they hear the bell
Tolling from some gray old steeple,
Death's familiar tale to tell;
When they hear the organ dirges
Swelling out from chapel dome,
And the singers' chanting surges,
"Heimgang!" Always going home.

Heimgang! We are all so weary;
And the willows as they wave,
Softly sighing, sweetly dreary,
Woo us to the tranquil grave;
When the golden pitcher's broken,
With its dregs or with its foam,
And the tender words are spoken,
"Heimgang!" We are going home.

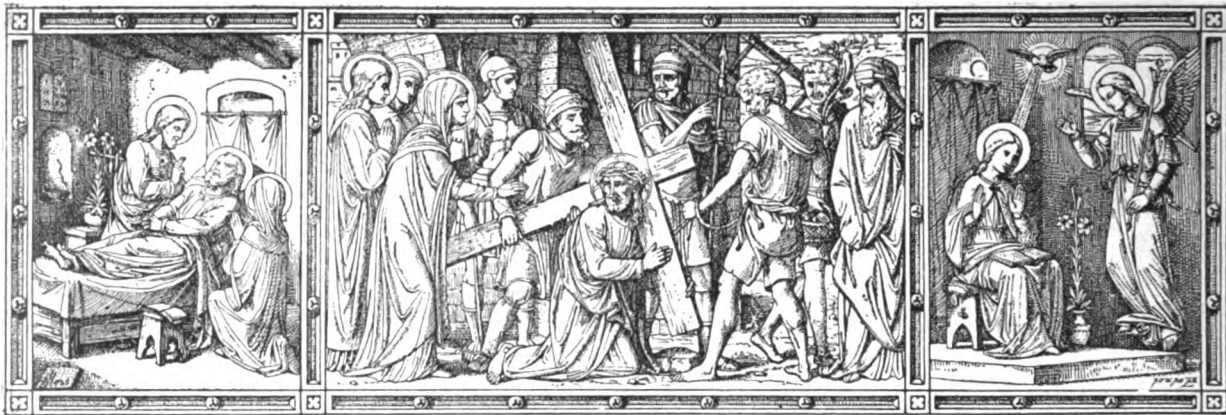


Golden Words.

Each one of us is bound to make the little circle in which he lives better and happier. Each one of us is bound to see that out of that small circle the greatest good may flow. Each of us may have fixed in his mind the thought that out of a single house may flow influences that shall stimulate the whole commonwealth. — Dean Stanley.

It is the peculiar province of prudence to regulate our words and actions. It teaches us to speak with suitable circumspection, and in the manner which the circumstances of time, place and person require. It forbids all discourse against God or our neighbor, every word which can flatter our vanity, or which may be spoken for an unworthy purpose. — St. Vincent de Paul.

Simplicity lives always in a composed consciousness of its own demerit and unworthiness. It is possessed with a constant sense of what the soul is in the sight of God. It knows that we are worth no more than we are worth in His sight; and, while it never takes its eye off that view of self, so it does not in any way seek to hide it from others. In fact, it desires to be this and no more than this in the eyes of others; and it is pained when it is more.



MARCH, 1905.		Moon's A. C.		Moon Rises Sets	
1 W	Albinus. Swidbert, B. Anthonina.	26	☾	3 35	1 56
2 T	Simplicius. Ceadda, B. Jovinus, M.	27	☾	4 20	2 50
3 F	Cunigund, V. Marinus. Asterius.	28	☾	5 1	3 47
4 S	Casimir, K. Cajus. M. Nestor.	29	☾	5 38	4 43
1. Sunday, Quinquagesima Sunday. G. Jesus Cures a Blind Man, Luke 18.		S. R. 6 27		S. S. 5 57	
5 S	John Jos. of the Cross. Frederick.	1	☾	6 12	5 40
6 M	Fridolin. Coleta. Conon. Victorin.	2	☾	6 43	6 35
7 T	Thomas Aquin. Perpetua. Felicitas.	3	☾	7 12	7 30
8 W	Ash Wednesday. John of God.	4	☾	7 40	8 26
9 T	Frances of Rome. Catherine of Bol.	5	☾	8 11	9 22
10 F	The Crown of Thorns. 40 Mart.	6	☾	8 42	10 18
11 S	Sophronius, B. Eulogius. Firmus.	7	☾	9 15	11 14
11. Sunday, 1. Sunday in Lent. G. The Temptation in the Desert, Matth. 4.		S. R. 6 17		S. S. 6 4	
12 S	Greg. the Great. P. D. Egdunus, M.	8	☾	9 51	Midn.
13 M	Nicephor. Roderick. Euphrasia.	9	☾	10 33	12 10
14 T	Mathilda. Aphrodisius, M. Roger.	10	☾	11 20	1 4
15 W	Ember day. Longinus. Clement.	11	☾	12 12	1 59
16 T	Heribert, B. Agapitus. Abraham.	12	☾	1 12	2 50
17 F	Ember day. Lance & Nails. Patr.	13	☾	2 15	3 40
18 S	Ember day. Gabriel, Archangel.	14	☾	3 26	4 26
12. Sunday, 2. Sunday in Lent. G. Transfiguration of Our Lord, Matth. 17.		S. R. 6 6		S. S. 6 11	
19 S	St. Joseph, Sp. B. V. M. Amantius.	15	☾	4 37	5 8
20 M	Cyril of Jerus. Wolfram. Cuthbert.	16	☾	5 50	5 48
21 T	Benedict, Ab. Philemon. Serapion.	17	☾	7 5	6 27
22 W	Catherine of Sweden. Deogratias.	18	☾	8 17	7 8
23 T	Fidelis. Victorin, M. Theodosia.	19	☾	9 28	7 48
24 F	The Holy Shroud. Child Simeon.	20	☾	10 37	8 31
25 S	Annunciation B. V. M. Desiderius.	21	☾	11 41	9 16
13. Sunday, 3. Sunday in Lent. G. Jesus casts out a devil, Luke 11.		S. R. 5 55		S. S. 6 17	
26 S	Ludger. Braulius. Theodosius.	22	☾	Midn.	10 5
27 M	John Dam., D. Rupert. Lazarus.	23	☾	12 39	10 56
28 T	John of Capistran. Dorotheus, M.	24	☾	1 32	11 50
29 W	Eustasius. Berthold. Pastor. Cyril.	25	☾	2 20	12 46
30 T	John Climacus. Quirinus. Zosimus.	26	☾	3 2	1 42
31 F	The h. Wounds. Balbina Amos.	27	☾	3 40	2 39

"Not as I Will."

Blindfolded and alone I stand
With unknown thresholds on each hand;
The darkness deepens as I grope,
Afraid to fear, afraid to hope;
Yet this one thing I learn to know,
Each day more surely as I go,
That doors are opened, ways are made,
Burdens are lifted or are laid
By some great law unseen and still,
Unfathomed purpose to fulfill,
"Not as I will."

Blindfolded and alone I wait,
Loss seems too bitter, gain too late;
Too heavy burdens in the load,
And too few helpers on the road;
And joy is weak, and grief is strong,
And years and days so long, so long;
Yet this one thing I learn to know,
Each day more surely as I go,
That I am glad the good and ill
By changeless law are ordered still,
"Not as I will."

"Not as I will," the sound grows
sweet

Each time my lips the words repeat.
"Not, as I will," the darkness feels
More safe than light when this thought
steals

Like whispered voice to calm and bless
All unrest and all loneliness.
"Not as I will," because the One
Who loved us first and best has gone
Before us on the road, and still
For us must all His love fulfill,
"Not as we will."

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.



Beautiful Thoughts.

None have less praise than those
who hunt for it.

No star ever rose or fell without
influence somewhere.

It is a happy thing for us that this
is really all we have to concern our-
selves about what to do next.

Opportunities are very sensitive
things. If you slight them on their
first visit they seldom come again.



APRIL, 1905.

Moon's
A. C. Moon
Rises Sets

1 S | Hugh. Theodora, M. Walericus. 28 X 4 13 3 51

14. Sunday, 4. Sunday in Lent. S. R. 5 44 S. S. 6 24
G. The Multiplication of Loaves, John 6.

2 S	Francis of Paula. Nicetus. Abundus.	29 X	4 40	4 31
3 M	Richard. Benignus. Pancrati.	30 X	5 16	5 25
4 T	Isidore, B. D. Plato. Zosimus.	1 Y	5 44	6 21
5 W	Vincent F. r. Juliane. Irene. Zeno.	2 Y	6 13	7 16
6 T	Celsus, B. Coelestine. William, Ab.	3 Y	6 44	8 12
7 F	Most Prec. Blood. Herman Joseph.	4 Y	7 17	9 9
8 S	Albert. Redemptus. Perpetuus.	5 Y	7 51	10 4

15. Sunday, Passion Sunday. S. R. 5 33 S. S. 6 31
G. The Testimony of Christ, John 8.

9 S	Mary of Egypt, Pen. Acatius.	6 II	8 30	10 59
10 M	Apollonius. Ezech. Michael de S.	7 II	9 14	11 53
11 T	Leo. I., P. D. Isaac. Antipas.	8 III	10 4	Midn.
12 W	Julius. Constantine. Victor.	9 III	10 59	12 45
13 T	Hermenegild. Ida. Ursus. Carpus.	10 III	11 59	1 33
14 F	Seven Dolors B. V. M. Justin. Valer.	11 III	1 4	2 20
15 S	Crescens. Basilissa, M. Anastas.	12 III	2 12	3 2

16. Sunday, Palm Sunday. S. R. 5 23 S. S. 6 37
G. Triumphal Entry into Jerusalem, Matth. 21.

16 S	Benedict Joseph Labre. Lambert, M.	13 III	3 24	3 41
17 M	Anicetus, P. Robert. Innocent.	14 III	4 37	4 19
18 T	Amidaeus. Apollonius. Eleutherius.	15 III	5 50	4 58
19 W	Timon. Elphege. Hermogene.	16 III	7 3	5 37
20 T	Holy Thursday. Theotimus. Agnes.	17 III	8 15	6 19
21 F	Good Friday. Anselm, Arator.	18 III	9 24	7 4
22 S	Holy Saturday. Soter & Caius, P.	19 III	10 27	7 52

17. Sunday, Easter. S. R. 5 14 S. S. 6 44
G. Resurrection of Our Lord, Mark 16.

23 S	Easter Sunday. George, Adalbert.	20 III	11 24	8 45
24 M	Easter Monday. Fidelis. Egbert.	21 III	Midn.	9 40
25 T	Mark, Evang. The Great Litanies.	22 III	12 15	10 36
26 W	Mary of Good Counsel. Cletus.	23 III	1 1	11 34
27 T	Thuribius. Pet. Can. Theophilus, B.	24 III	1 41	12 31
28 F	Paul of the Cross. Vitalis. Valeria.	25 III	2 16	1 27
29 S	Pet. of Verona. Paulinus. Robert.	26 III	2 48	2 24

18. Sunday, 1. Sunday after Easter. S. R. 5 5 S. S. 6 51
G. Jesus appears to His Apostles, John 20.

30 S	Catherine of Siena, V. Sophia, V. M.	27 III	3 19	3 20
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The Mother's Prayer.

Starting forth on life's rough way
Father, guide them;
Oh, we know not what of harm
May betide them!
'Neath the shadow of Thy wing,
Father, hide them;
Waking, sleeping, Lord, we pray,
Go beside them.

When in prayer they cry to Thee,
Do Thou hear them;
From the stains of sin and shame
Do Thou clear them;
Mid the quicksands and the rocks
Do Thou steer them;
In temptation, trial, grief,
Be Thou near them.

Unto Thee we give them up;
Lord, receive them.
In the world we know must be,
Much to grieve them—
Many striving oft, and strong
To deceive them;
Trustful, in Thy hands of love
We must leave them.

William Cullen Bryant.



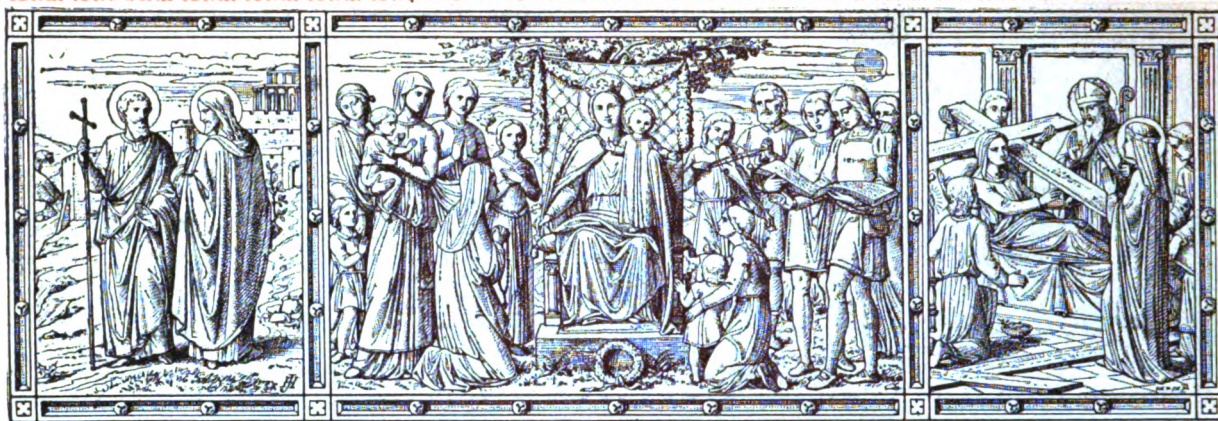
Wise Words.

God loves to enter souls that are
humble, kind, prudent, penitent and de-
vout. But He abandons hearts that are
cold and barren, hearts loving only their
own ease and shrinking before the least
sacrifice, and that have no relish for
prayer or meditation. — St. Anthony
of Padua.

May your intentions in the discharge
of your duties be so pure, that you may
have no other aim in your actions than
the glory of God and the salvation of
souls. — St. Angela of Merici.

The adversities and trials of life
are the most particular and most de-
sirable of God's graces. He keeps them
for these He loves best. Receive them
as such with patience, constancy, and
joy. — St. Joseph of Cupertino.

The tallest mountain casts the deep-
est shadow.



MAY, 1905.

		Moon's		Moon	
		A.	C.	Rises	Sets
1 M	Philip and James, Ap. Walburga.	28	☾	3 48	4 15
2 T	Athanasius, B. D. Vindemial, B.	29	☾	4 16	5 10
3 W	Finding of the H. Cross. Alexander.	30	☾	4 46	6 7
4 T	Monica. Antonia, M. Florian. ☾	1	☾	5 18	7 4
5 F	☾ Pius V., P. Angelus, M. Nicetus.	2	☾	5 52	8 0
6 S	John before the Lat. Gate. Benedicta.	3	☾	6 30	8 56

19. Sunday, 2. Sunday after Easter.
G. I am the Good Shepherd, John 10.

S. R. 4 56 S. S. 6 57

7 S	Stanislaus. Flavia. Domitilla, V. M.	4	☾	7 12	9 50
8 M	Apparition of Mich., Arch. Wiro.	5	☾	7 59	10 43
9 T	Gregory of Nazianzen. Hermas.	6	☾	8 54	11 33
10 W	Antoninus. Gordian. Epimach.	7	☾	9 51	Midn.
11 T	Francis de Hieron. Florentius.	8	☾	10 51	12 18
12 F	☾ Nereus & Achilleus. Domitilla. ☾	9	☾	11 58	1 0
13 S	Peter Regalati. Servat., B. Lucius.	10	☾	1 5	1 38

20. Sunday, 3. Sunday after Easter.
G. In a Little While, John 16.

S. R. 4 49 S. S. 7 3

14 S	Patronage of St. Joseph. Boniface.	11	☾	2 15	2 16
15 M	John Bapt. de la Salle. Isidore.	12	☾	3 27	2 52
16 T	John Nepomucen, M. Ubaldus, B.	13	☾	4 38	3 30
17 W	Paschal Baylon. Bruno. Aquilinus.	14	☾	5 49	4 5
18 T	Venantius, M. Erick. Claudia. ☾	15	☾	7 1	4 52
19 F	☾ Pet. Celestin. Pudentiana. Cyriaca	16	☾	8 9	5 38
20 S	Bernardin of Siena. Plautilla.	17	☾	9 10	6 30

21. Sunday, 4. Sunday after Easter.
G. Christ goeth to the Father, John 16.

S. R. 4 44 S. S. 7 10

21 S	Felix of Cantal. Timothy. Donatus.	18	☾	10 6	7 24
22 M	Julia, V. M. Rita, M. Aemilius. Helen.	19	☾	10 55	8 22
23 T	John B. de Rossi. Michael, B.	20	☾	11 38	9 21
24 W	Mary Help of Christians. Susanne.	21	☾	Midn.	10 20
25 T	Gregory. Urbanus. Aldelmus. ☾	22	☾	12 16	11 19
26 F	☾ Philip Neri. Eleutherius, B. M.	23	☾	12 50	12 15
27 S	Bede the Venerable, D. John, P.	24	☾	1 22	1 11

22. Sunday, 5. Sunday after Easter.
G. Ask in My Name, John 16.

S. R. 4 39 S. S. 7 15

28 S	Augustin, B. Podius. Germanus.	25	☾	1 50	2 6
29 M	Rogation Days. Mary Magd. of Paz. Alexander.	26	☾	2 18	3 2
30 T		27	☾	2 49	3 58
31 W		28	☾	3 19	4 55

Spring Time.

Daffodil, lily and crocus,
They stir, they break from the sod,
They are glad of the sun, and they open
Their golden hearts to God.

They and the wilding Families—
Wind-flower, violet, May—
They rise from the long, long dark
To the ecstasy of day.

We, scattering troops and kindreds,
From out of the stars wind-blown
To this wayside corner of space,
This world that we call our own—

We of the hedgerows of time,
We, too, shall divide the sod,
Emerge to the light, and blossom
With our hearts held up to God.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.



Saving Thoughts.

If Mary intercedes — You may be taken away young; you may live to fourscore; you may die in your bed; you may die in the open field. but if Mary intercedes for you, that day will find you watching and ready. All things will be fixed to secure your salvation; all dangers will be foreseen, all obstacles removed, all aids provided. The hour will come, and in a moment you will be translated beyond fear and risk; you will be translated into a new state where sin is not, nor ignorance of future, but perfect faith and serene joy, and assurance and love everlasting. — Cardinal Newman.

Do good with what thou hast, or it will do thee no good.

If a thing is not right, don't do it; if it is not true, don't say it.

Each man is a hero and an oracle to somebody, and to that person whatever he says has an enchanted value. — Emerson.

The moment we feel angry in controversy we have already ceased striving for ourselves. — T. Carlyle.



JUNE, 1903.

Moon's		Moon	
A.	C.	Rises	Sets
29	♄	3 53	5 53
1	♈	4 28	6 49
2	♉	5 10	7 44

Cause Them No More Trouble.

Is father's eyesight growing dim,
His form a little lower;
Is mother's hair a little gray,
Her step a little, slower;
Is life's hill growing hard to climb:
Cause them no extra struggle;
Smooth out the furrows on their brow,
And cause them no more trouble.

There's nothing makes a face so
young

As joy, youth's fairest token;
And nothing makes a face grow old
As hearts that have been broken.
Take heed lest deeds of ours should cause
Our mother extra struggle;
Stamp peace upon our father's brow,
And cause them no more trouble.

On doubtful pathways do not go,
Be tempted not to wander;
Grieve not the hearts that love you so,
But make their love grow fonder
Much have thy parents borne for thee,
Be now their tender keeper;
And let them lean upon thy love,
And cause them no more trouble.

Be lavish with thy loving deeds,
Be patient, true and tender;
And make the pathway onward leads
Aglow with earthly splendor.
Some day thy dear ones, stricken low,
Must yield to death, the reaper;
And you will then be glad to know
You caused them no more trouble.



Aphorisms.

The two essential instincts of humanity are the love of order and the love of kindness. By the love of order the moral energy is to deal with the earth, and dress it, and keep it, and to deal with all rebellious or disolute forces in lower creatures, and in ourselves. By the love of kindness the moral energy is to deal rightly with all surrounding life. So shall every passion have full strength, and yet be absolutely under control. — Ruskin.

That which thou blamest in another,
do it not thyself. — Grecian.

23. Sunday, 6. Sunday after Easter.

G. When the Paraclete shall come. John 15.

S. R. 4 37 S. S. 7 20

4 S	Francis Caracciolo. Clateus, B. M.	3	♈	5 55	8 39
5 M	Boniface. Dorotheus. Florentius.	4	♉	6 48	9 31
6 T	Norbert, B. Paulina. Candida.	5	♊	7 45	10 18
7 W	Robert. Jeremias. Sabianus. Paul.	6	♋	8 46	11 3
8 T	Medard, B. Gildard, B. William, B.	7	♌	9 49	11 42
9 F	Primus and Felician. Richard.	8	♍	10 55	Midn.
10 S	Margar. Maurin. Zachary. Vigil.	9	♎	12 3	12 19

24. Sunday, Pentecost.

G. The Paraclete will teach you all Things. John 14

S. R. 4 35 S. S. 7 24

11 S	Pentecost Sunday. Barnabas, Ap.	10	♏	1 12	12 54
12 M	Pentecost Monday. John. Nazari is.	11	♐	2 21	1 30
13 T	Antony of Padua. Felicula, V. M.	12	♑	3 31	2 6
14 W	Ember day. Basil. Eliseus. Digna.	13	♒	4 40	2 46
15 T	Vitus. Modestus. Crescentia, M.	14	♓	5 49	3 29
16 F	Ember day. John Francis Regis.	15	♈	6 53	4 17
17 S	Ember day. Adolph B. Rainer.	16	♉	7 52	5 9

25. Sunday, 1. Sunday after Pentecost.

G. Go teach all Nations. Matth. 28.

S. R. 4 35 S. S. 7 26

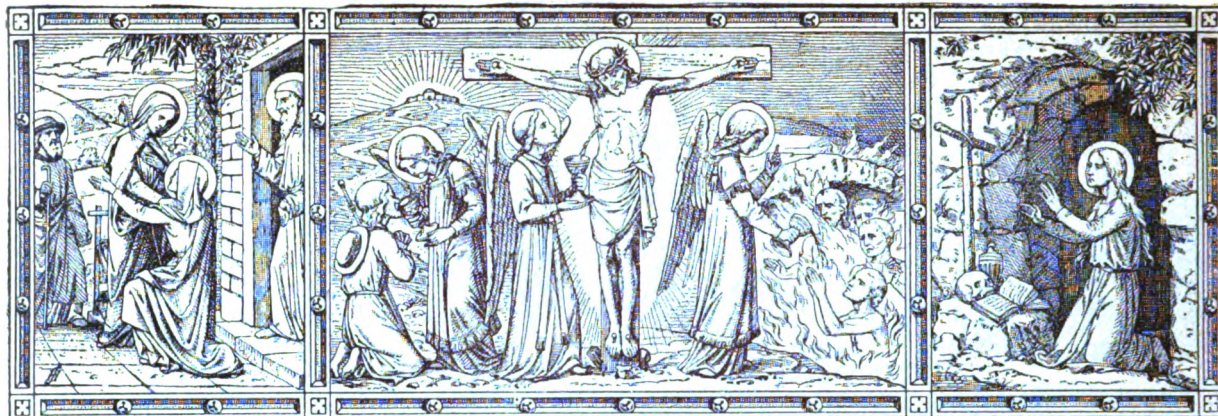
18 S	Trinity Sunday. Mark & Marcell.	17	♊	8 45	6 6
19 M	Juliana Falconieri. Gerv. & Protase.	18	♋	9 32	7 4
20 T	Silverius, P. M. Florentina, V.	19	♌	10 14	8 4
21 W	Aloysius Gonz. Demetria. Leutfried.	20	♍	10 50	9 4
22 T	Corp. Christi. Paulinus, B. Alban.	21	♎	11 22	10 4
23 F	Agrippina, V. M. Zeno. Ediltrude.	22	♏	11 52	11 0
24 S	John the B. Faustus. Theodulph. C	23	♐	Midn.	11 57

26. Sunday, 2. Sunday after Pentecost.

G. The Great Supper, Luke 11.

S. R. 4 35 S. S. 7 28

25 S	William, Ab. Lucy. Adalbert.	24	♑	12 22	12 54
26 M	John and Paul, M. Vigilius, R.	25	♒	12 50	1 49
27 T	Ladislau, K. Sampson. Crescens.	26	♓	1 20	2 45
28 W	Leon. Benignus. Plutarch. Papius.	27	♈	1 52	3 42
29 T	Peter and Paul, Ap. Benedicta.	28	♉	2 26	4 39
30 F	S. Heart of Jesus. Com. St. Paul.	29	♊	3 6	5 35



JULY, 1905.

Moon's
A. C. Fises Sets

1 S Aaron. Theobald. Rumold, M. 30 II 3 49 6 51

27. Sunday, 3. Sunday after Pentecost. S. R. 4 39 S. S. 7 28
G. The Lost Sheep, Luke 15.

2 S	Visitation B V. M. Process. & Mart. ☉	1	66	4 41	7 26
3 M	Most Precious Blood. Hyacinthus.	2	69	5 37	8 15
4 T	Osee. Aggaeus, Pr. Theodore, B.	3	82	6 38	9 2
5 W	Antony Mary Zaccaria. Cyrilla.	4	82	7 40	9 43
6 T	Goar. Isaias, Pr. Tranquilinus.	5	MP	8 47	10 20
7 F	Cyril & Method., B. Willibald, B.	6	MP	9 54	10 56
8 S	Elizabeth of Portugal. Kilian, B.	7	MP	11 3	11 32

28. Sunday, 4. Sunday after Pentecost. S. R. 4 43 S. S. 7 27
G. The Miraculous Draught of Fishes, Luke 5.

9 S	Martyrs of Gorcom. Veronica. Jul. ☉	8	☉	12 11	Midn.
10 M	Seven Brothers, M. Rufina, M.	9	☉	1 19	12 8
11 T	Pius I. Abund. Savinus. Godfrey.	10	M	2 27	12 45
12 W	John Gualbert, Ab. Nabor & Felix.	11	M	3 35	1 26
13 T	Anacletus, P. M. Silas. Turian, B.	12	☿	4 39	2 10
14 F	Bonaventure. Optatian. Justus.	13	☿	5 39	3 0
15 S	Henry II., Emp. Catulinus. Honsa.	14	☿	6 36	3 53

29. Sunday, 5. Sunday after Pentecost. S. R. 4 48 S. S. 7 23
G. True Justice, Matth. 5.

16 S	Most H. Redeem. Mary of Mt. Carm. ☿	15	☿	7 24	4 50
17 M	Alexius. Generous, M. Leon.	16	☿	8 8	5 49
18 T	Camill. of Lell. Arnold. Frederick.	17	☿	8 47	6 50
19 W	Vincent de Paul. Macrina. Elias.	18	☿	9 21	7 50
20 T	Jerome Emiliani. Margaret, V. M.	19	☿	9 53	8 48
21 F	Praxedes, V. Daniel, Pr. Arbogast.	20	☿	10 23	9 45
22 S	Mary Magdalen. Meneleus, Ab.	21	☿	10 51	10 42

30. Sunday, 6. Sunday after Pentecost. S. R. 4 53 S. S. 7 19
G. The Multiplication of Loaves, Mark 8.

23 S	Apollinaris, B. M. Liborius, B.	22	☿	11 21	11 38
24 M	Christina. Francis Sol. Vincent. ☉	23	☿	11 51	12 34
25 T	James the Greater, Ap. Christopher.	24	☿	Midn.	1 30
26 W	Ann, Mother B. V. M. Theodule.	25	☿	12 24	2 27
27 T	Pantaleon. Natalia, M. Liliusa, M.	26	☿	1 0	3 22
28 F	Nazarius and Celsus, M. Victor.	27	☿	1 42	4 18
29 S	Martha. Flora. Beatrice. Simplic.	28	☿	2 30	5 14

31. Sunday, 7. Sunday after Pentecost. S. R. 4 59 S. S. 7 13
G. Beware of False Prophets, Matth. 7.

30 S	Abdon and Sennen, M. Ursus.	29	☿	3 25	6 7
31 M	Ignatius of Loyola. John Col. ☉	1	☿	4 24	6 51

A Child's Laughter.

All the bells of heaven may ring,
All the birds of heaven may sing,
All the wells of earth may spring,
All the winds of earth may bring
All sweet sounds together.

Sweeter far than all things heard,
Hand of harper, tone of bird,
Sound of woods at sundown stirred,
Welling water's winsome word,
Wind in warm, wan weather.

One thing yet there is that none,
Hearing ere its chime be done,
Knows not well the sweetest one
Heard of man beneath the sun,
Hoped in heaven hereafter.

Soft and strong and loud and light,
Very sound of very light,
Heard from the morning's rosiest height;
When the soul of all delight
Fills a child's clear laughter.

Golden bells of welcome rolled
Never forth such notes, nor told
Hours so blithe in tones so bold
As the radiant mouth of gold
Here that rings forth heaven.

If the golden-crested wren
Were a nightingale—why, then
Something seen and heard of men
Might be half as sweet as when
Laughs a child of seven.

A. C. SWINBURNE.



Words of Wisdom.

Method and dispatch govern the world. — Uncle Esek.

In order to attack vice with effects we must put something better in its place. — Sydney Smith.

Souls are never lost because their beginnings break down, but because they won't make new beginnings. — Father Faber.

For a soul whose destiny is eternity, everything that is not everlasting, is too short, and nothing is large enough if it be less than infinite. — St. Francis de Sales.



AUGUST, 1905.

		Moon's		Moon	
		A.	C.	Rises	Sets
1 T	St. Peter's Chains. Machabees Br.	2	☾	5 27	7 39
2 W	Indulgence of Portiuncula. Alphons.	3	☾	6 35	8 19
3 T	Find. R. of St. Stephen. Nicodemus.	4	☾	7 44	8 58
4 F	Dominic. Aristarchus. Euphron.	5	☾	8 53	9 34
5 S	Our Lady of the Snow. Oswald, K.	6	☾	10 3	10 10
32. Sunday, 8. Sunday after Pentecost.		F. R. 5 5 S. S. 7 6			
G. The Unjust Steward, Luke 16.					
6 S	Transfigurat. of Our Lord. Xystus.	7	☾	11 12	10 48
7 M	Cajetan. Donatus, B. M. Albert. ☉	8	☾	12 20	11 9
8 T	Cyriacus. Largus. Smaragdus, M.	9	☾	1 27	Midn.
9 W	Romanus, M. Domitian. Rusticus.	10	☾	2 31	12 9
10 T	Lawrence, M. Deusdedit. Paula, V. M.	11	☾	3 31	12 56
11 F	Philomena. Tiburtius, M. Susanna.	12	☾	4 27	1 47
12 S	Clare, V. Herculani, B. Euplius.	13	☾	5 18	2 41
33. Sunday, 9. Sunday after Pentecost.		S. R. 5 12 S. S. 6 58			
G. The Destruction of Jerusalem, Luke 19.					
13 S	John Berchmans. Wigbert. Hippolyt.	14	☾	6 3	3 39
14 M	Euseb. Ursicius. Athanasia. Vigil ☉	15	☾	6 45	4 38
15 T	Assumption B. V. M. Tharsicius.	16	☾	7 20	5 38
16 W	Hyac. Rochus. Serena. Eleutherius.	17	☾	7 54	6 36
17 T	Myron, M. Juliana, M. Emilia.	18	☾	8 24	7 35
18 F	Helena. Clare of Montef. Agapit.	19	☾	8 53	8 31
19 S	Louis of Toulouse, B. Donatus.	20	☾	9 21	9 28
34. Sunday, 10. Sunday after Pentecost.		F. R. 5 18 S. S. 6 49			
G. The Pharisee and the Puolican, Luke 18.					
20 S	Joachim. Bernard, A. Christopher.	21	☾	9 52	10 24
21 M	Jane Frances de Chantal. Ptolemy.	22	☾	10 24	11 19
22 T	Timothy. Hippolyt. Symphor., M.	23	☾	10 57	12 16
23 W	Philip Ben. Claudius. Zachæus. ☉	24	☾	11 36	1 10
24 T	Bartholomew, Ap. Aurea. George.	25	☾	Midn.	2 5
25 F	Louis, K. of France. Genesis, M.	26	☾	12 20	3 1
26 S	Zephyrinus. Rufinus, B. Victor.	27	☾	1 10	3 54
35. Sunday, 11. Sunday after Pentecost.		S. R. 5 24 S. S. 6 39			
G. Jesus Cures a Deaf and Dumb Man, Mark 7.					
27 S	Most Pure Heart of Mary. Jos. Cal.	28	☾	2 7	4 43
28 M	Augustin, B. D. Hermes, M. Pelagius.	29	☾	3 9	5 30
29 T	Beheading of St. John Baptist.	30	☾	4 14	6 13
30 W	Rose of Lima. Felix. Adauctus. ☉	1	☾	5 24	6 53
31 T	Raymond. Paulinus, B. Aristides.	2	☾	6 35	7 30

All Wait on Thee.

Leaf from leaf Christ knows.
Himself the Lily and the Rose.
Sheep from sheep Christ tells,
Himself the Shepherd, no one else.
Star and star He names,
Himself outblazing all their flames.
Dove by dove He calls,
To set each on the golden walls,
Drop by drop He counts
The flood of ocean as it mounts.
Grain by grain His hand
Numbers the innumerable sand.
Lord, I lift to Thee
In peace what is and what shall be.
Lord, in peace I trust
To Thee all spirits and all dust.

—CHRISTINA G. ROSETTI.



Golden Words.

Every man knows his own sins and also what grace he has resisted; but to those of others and to the circumstances under which they were committed he is a stranger; he is therefore to look on himself as the greatest sinner he knows of. — Law's Serious Call.

"Ah, your saints have cruel hearts." It is a lie. No, it is your sinners that have cruel hearts. Even the poor soft-hearted drunkard often shows great cruelty and always great selfishness of a stupid sort. But the ruffian, the vile tempter, the sensualist, no matter how polished or smooth, he is a tyrant, a cruel brute, a tiger. — M. R.

No mockery in this world sounds to me so hollow as that of being told to cultivate happiness. What does such advice mean? Happiness is not a potato, to be planted in mould and tilled. Happiness is a glory shining far down upon us out of heaven. She is a divine dew which the soul, on certain of its summer mornings, feels gently dropping upon it from the amaranth bloom and golden fruitage of paradise. — Charlotte Bronte.

Much danger makes great hearts most resolute. — Marston.



SEPTEMBER, 1905.

		Moon's A. C.	Moon Rises	Sets
1 F	Giles, Ab. Anna, Pr. Constantine.	3 ♄	7 48	8 9
2 S	Stephen, K. of Hung. Nonnosus.	4 ♄	8 59	8 46

36. Sunday 12. Sunday after Pentecost. S. R. 5 31 S. S. 6 28
G. The Good Samaritan, Luke 10.

3 S	Serapia, V. Mansuetus, B. Phœbe.	5 ♍	10 9	9 10
4 M	Rose of Viterbo, V. Rosal. Moses.	6 ♍	11 18	10 8
5 T	Lawrence Justinian. Obdulia, V. ☽	7 ♀	12 24	10 54
6 W	Zachary. Onisephorus. Eugene.	8 ♀	1 29	11 44
7 T	Regina, V. M. Clodoald. Pamphilus.	9 ☿	2 23	Midn.
8 F	Nativity B. V. M. Hadrian. Nestor.	10 ☿	3 15	12 37
9 S	Peter Claver. Gorgonius. Seraphina.	11 ☿	4 2	1 33

37. Sunday, 13. Sunday after Pentecost. S. R. 5 37 S. S. 6 18
G. The Ten Lepers, Luke 17.

10 S	Holy Name of Mary. Nicolas of Tol.	12 ♍	4 44	2 31
11 M	Protus. Hyacinthus, M. Patiens, B.	13 ♍	5 21	3 30
12 T	Guido of Anderlecht. Autonomus.	14 ♀	5 54	4 28
13 W	Amatus. Elogius. Ligorius. Amatus. ☽	15 ♀	6 25	5 26
14 T	Exaltation of the Holy Cross.	16 ♀	6 54	6 23
15 F	Nicomedes, M. Aper, B. Porphy.	17 ♀	7 23	7 19
16 S	Cornel. Cyprian. Edith. Edgar.	18 ♀	7 52	8 16

38. Sunday, 14. Sunday after Pentecost. S. R. 5 43 S. S. 6 7
G. No one can Serve Two Masters, Matth. 6.

17 S	Seven Dolors B. V. M. Stigm. Franc.	19 ☿	8 24	9 11
18 M	Joseph of Cupert. Sophia. Irene.	20 ☿	8 56	10 8
19 T	Januarius, M. Elias. Trophimus.	21 ☿	9 33	11 2
20 W	Ember day. Eustace. Philipa.	22 ♀	10 13	11 57
21 T	Matthew, Ap. Evang. Eusebius. ☾	23 ♀	10 59	12 51
22 F	Ember day. Thomas of Villanova.	24 ☾	11 52	1 43
23 S	Ember day. Linus, P. M. Thecla.	25 ☾	Midn.	2 33

39. Sunday, 15. Sunday after Pentecost. S. R. 5 49 S. S. 5 55
G. The Young Man at Nain, Luke 7.

24 S	Our Lady of Mercy. Gerard.	26 ♀	12 50	3 20
25 M	Cleophas, M. Pacificus. Lupus, B.	27 ♀	1 52	4 4
26 T	Cyprian. Justina, M. Senator.	28 ♀	3 0	4 44
27 W	Cosm. & Dam. Adolph. Hildetrude.	29 ♀	4 11	5 23
28 T	Wenceslaus, M. Eustochium, V. ☽	1 ♀	5 23	6 0
29 F	Michael, Archangel. Fraternus, B.	2 ♄	6 37	6 40
30 S	Jerome, D. Sophia, W. Victor.	3 ♄	7 50	7 19

What is Good.

"What is the real good?"
I asked in musing mood.

Order, said the law court;
Knowledge, said the school;
Truth, said the wise man;
Pleasure, said the fool;
Love, said the maiden;
Beauty, said the page;
Freedom, said the dreamer;
Home, said the sage;
Fame, said the soldier;
Equity, the seer;—

Spake my heart full sadly:
"The answer is not here."

Then within my bosom
Softly this I heard:
"Each heart holds the secret:
Kindness is the word."

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.



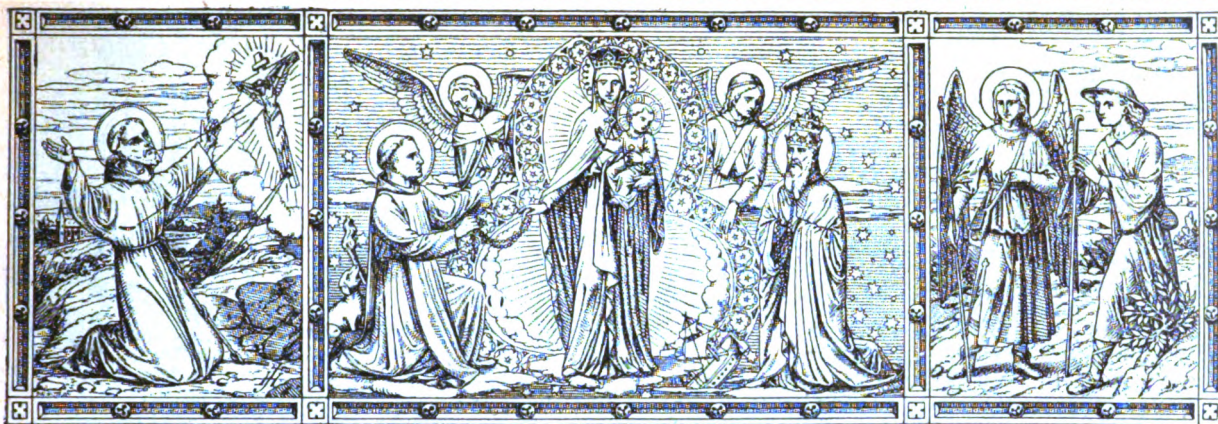
Beautiful Thoughts.

Saying sharp things effects no good.
It may gratify our spite at first, but
it is better to have friends than enemies,
and if we cannot make people happy,
at least let us refrain from adding to
their misery.

Out of suffering have emerged the
strongest souls, and the most massive
characters are seamed with scars. Mar-
tyrs have put on their coronation robes
glittering with fire, and through their
tears have the sorrowful first seen the
gates of heaven.

Happy indeed are they whose inter-
course with the world has not changed
the tone of their holier feelings, or bro-
ken those musical chords of the heart,
the vibrations of which are so melo-
dious, so tender, and so touching in
the evening of their lives.

We are either raised or lowered by
our associations. Manners, temper,
intellect, and morals are all directly
influenced by our surroundings, and
those who choose for themselves friends
of an inferior caste—whether of mind
or of manners, of morals or of conduct—
fall to the level of their choice.



OCTOBER, 1905.

		Moon's		Moon	
		A.	C.	Rises	Sets
40. Sunday, 16. Sunday after Pentecost.					
G. The Man with the Dropsy, Luke 14.		S. R. 5 56 S. S. 5 44			
1 S	Holy Rosary B. V. M. Remigius, B.	4	♍	9 1	8 2
2 M	Holy Guardian Angels. Leodegar.	5	♍	10 13	8 48
3 T	Cand., M. Gerard, A. Ewaldus, M.	6	♊	11 19	9 39
4 W	Francis of Assisi. Aurea. Petronius.	7	♊	12 18	10 32
5 T	Placidus, M. Flaviana, V. Galla, W. ☉	8	♋	1 13	11 28
6 F	☿ Bruno. Magnus. Mart. of Treves.	9	♋	2 1	Midn.
7 S	Mark, P. Sergius. Bacchus, M.	10	♌	2 44	12 25
41. Sunday, 17. Sunday after Pentecost.					
G. The Greatest Commandment, Matth. 22.		S. R. 6 2 S. S. 5 34			
8 S	Maternity B. V. M. Bridget. Nestor.	11	♌	3 22	1 24
9 M	Denis. Abraham. Publia. Deusdedit.	12	♏	3 56	2 23
10 T	Louis Bertrand. Gereon. Victor.	13	♏	4 28	3 19
11 W	Francis Borgia. Placidia. Germanus.	14	♏	4 57	4 17
12 T	Walfrid, B. Maximilian, B. Seraphim.	15	♐	5 25	5 13
13 F	☿ Edward. Chelidonia. Coloman. ☼	16	♐	5 54	6 9
14 S	Callistus, P. M. Burchard. Donat.	17	♑	6 26	7 2
42. Sunday, 18. Sunday after Pentecost.					
G. The Man Sick of the Palsy, Matth. 9.		S. R. 6 9 S. S. 5 24			
15 S	Purity B. V. M. Theresa, V. Severus.	18	♑	6 56	8 1
16 M	Gall, Ab. Florentinus. Lullus, B.	19	♑	7 31	8 57
17 T	Hedwigis, W. Marg. M. Alac., V.	20	♒	8 9	9 52
18 W	Luke, Evangelist. Julian. Justus.	21	♒	8 52	10 44
19 T	Peter of Alcantara. Aquilinus.	22	♓	9 43	11 38
20 F	☿ John Cant. Wendelin, Caprasius.	23	♓	10 37	12 29
21 S	Ursula. Hilarion. Viator. Justus. ☾	24	♓	11 35	1 14
43. Sunday, 19. Sunday after Pentecost.					
G. The Wedding Garment, Matth. 22.		S. R. 6 16 S. S. 5 14			
22 S	Feast of H. Reliques. Cordula, V. M.	25	♓	Midn.	1 58
23 M	Severin. Verus. Peter Paschasius.	26	♓	12 38	2 39
24 T	Raphael, Arch. Evergistus, B. M.	27	♐	1 45	3 16
25 W	Chrysantus. Daria. Crispin. Protus.	28	♐	2 56	3 53
26 T	Evaristus, P. M. Rusticus. Gaudiosus.	29	♐	4 8	4 30
27 F	☿ Florentius. Sabina, M. Elesbaan.	30	♐	5 22	5 9
28 S	Simon and Jude, Ap. Faro, B. ☾	1	♑	6 36	5 51
44. Sunday, 20. Sunday after Pentecost.					
G. The Ruler's Son, John 4.		S. R. 6 24 S. S. 5 4			
29 S	Narcissus, B. Zenobius, M. Eusebia.	2	♑	7 50	6 36
30 M	Alphonsus Rodriguez. Eutropia.	3	♊	9 1	7 26
31 T	☿ Wolfgang, B. Ampliatius. Vigil.	4	♊	10 6	8 20

The Happiest Heart.

Who drives the horses of the sun
Shall lord it but a day;
Better the lowly deed were done,
And kept the humble way.

The rust will find the sword of fame;
The dust will hide the crown;
Ay, none shall nail so high his name
Time will not tear it down.

The happiest heart that ever beat
Was in some quiet brest,
That found the common daylight sweet,
And left to Heaven the rest.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.



Saving Thoughts.

Envy is a most fatal evil; when it reigns in a soul, it troubles, blinds, and excites it to every excess. It is from self love that envy springs, and it is the love of the common welfare that combats and destroys it. — St. Anthony of Padua.

We should give as we receive, cheerfully, quickly, and without hesitation for there is no grace in a benefit that sticks to the finger.

Each day, each week, each month, each year, a new chance is given you by God. A new chance, a new leaf, a new life, this is the golden, unspeakable gift which each new day offers to you.

Do your own thinking. It is well to listen to the expressed thoughts of others, and it is an agreeable pastime to give expression to your thoughts; but when alone, weigh what you have said.

Talent is power; tact is skill. Talent makes a man respectable; tact makes him respected. Talent convinces; tact converts. Talent commands; tact is obeyed. Talent is something; tact is everything.

I believe in remembering and respecting men for the good they did, and charitably forgetting the rest, so long as that rest is not too bad. — C. W.



NOVEMBER, 1905.

		Moon's		Moon	
		A.	C.	Rises	Sets
1 W	All Saints. Benignus. Gildebert.	5	♂	11 5	9 17
2 T	All Souls. Justus. Tobias. Eudoxius.	6	♂	11 57	10 16
3 F	Hubert. Pirminius. Winefreda. ☉	7	≈	12 43	11 16
4 S	Charles. Borromeo. Vitalis, M.	8	≈	1 24	Midn.

45. Sunday, 21. Sunday after Pentecost. S. R. 6 31 S. S. 4 56
G. The Unforgiving Servant, Matth. 18.

5 S	Zachary. Elizabeth. Philotheus.	9	≈	1 59	12 15
6 M	Leonard. Winoc. A. Atticus. Felix.	10	⋈	2 31	1 13
7 T	Engelbert. B. M. Willibrord, B.	11	⋈	3 1	2 11
8 W	Godfrey. Four Saints Crowned.	12	☾	3 30	3 8
9 T	Dedic. Basilica of Savior. Theodore.	13	☾	3 58	4 4
10 F	Andrew, Av. Tryphon. Monitor.	14	☾	4 27	4 59
11 S	Martin of Tours, B. Mennas, M. ☉	15	♂	4 58	5 54

46. Sunday, 22. Sunday after Pentecost. S. R. 6 39 S. S. 4 50
G. The Tribute to Caesar, Matth. 22.

12 S	Martin, P. Livinus. Cunibert. B.	16	♂	5 32	6 52
13 M	Stanislaus. Homobonus. Nicholas.	17	☿	6 9	7 47
14 T	Josaphat, B. Jucundus. Clementine.	18	☿	6 49	8 41
15 W	Gertrude. Leopold. Eugene. Felix.	19	☿	7 38	9 34
16 T	Didacus. Edmund, B. Othmar, Ab.	20	☿	8 31	10 27
17 F	Gregory the Wonderw. Anianus.	21	☿	9 27	11 14
18 S	Dedic. Basilic. of Sts. Peter & Paul.	22	♂	10 26	11 57

47. Sunday, 23. Sunday after Pentecost. S. R. 6 46 S. S. 4 45
G. The Daughter of Jairus, Matth. 9.

19 S	Elizabeth of Thuringia. Pontian. ☉	23	♂	11 30	12 38
20 M	Felix of Valois. Edmund, K. M.	24	☿	Midn	1 14
21 T	Presentation B. V. M. Honorius.	25	☿	12 37	1 54
22 W	Cecilia, V. M. Pragmatius. Maurus.	26	♂	1 45	2 24
23 T	Clement, P. M. Felicitas, N. Trudo.	27	♂	2 57	3 2
24 F	John of the Cross. Chrysogonus.	28	♂	4 8	3 39
25 S	Catherine, V. M. Mercury, S. M.	29	♂	5 22	4 23

48. Sunday, Last Sunday after Pentecost. S. R. 6 54 S. S. 4 41
G. The End of the World, Matth. 24.

26 S	Silvester. Pet. Alex. Leon. Conrad. ☉	1	♂	6 35	5 10
27 M	Barlaam and Josaphat. Virgilius.	2	♂	7 45	6 2
28 T	Hortulanus. Sosthenes. Gregory.	3	♂	8 49	6 58
29 W	Saturinus. Illuminata. Demetrius.	4	♂	9 47	7 59
30 T	Andrew, Ap. Maura. Justina, V. M.	5	♂	10 37	9 1

He Rests in God.

"He rests in God." 'Tis all we read;
The mouldering stone reveals no more.
"In God." Of other words what need?
These span the broad, eternal shore.

O'erladen with its starry blooms,
A jasmine bush conceals the mound,
Neglected in the place of tombs,
With spicy, golden sweetness crowned.

And deep within its leafy breast
Some tuneful bird has sought a home,
They tiny brood within the nest
Fearless and free to go and come.

A holy quietude is here,
Save where the happy birdling's song
Creaks through the stillness pure and
clear,

And echoes the dark firs among.

Sleep on, sleep on, thou pulseless
heart,

Where jasmine stars drop golden rain,
From every troubled thought apart,
Forgotten every earthly pain.

Sleep on, thy long repose is sweet;
Tender and cool thy grassy sod.
O traveller! stay thy hurrying feet;
Step softly here—"he rests in God."



Wise Words.

It is great virtue for man to know
how to conquer himself. If you can
conquer yourself, you will overcome
all your enemies and possess every hap-
piness. — B. Egidius of Assisi.

Remember, O man, to what height
the Lord has raised you, when He created
and formed you to the image of His
divine Son in your body, and to His
own likeness in your soul. St. Francis.

Ingratitude closes the door of
heaven's gifts, acknowledgment of
them keeps it open. If you desire the
treasure of Paradise to be opened to
you, be always grateful to your Sov-
ereign Benefactor. — St. Leonard of Port
Maurice.

Simple methods in strong hands
have done the world's great work. —
Halliday Sparling.



DECEMBER, 1905.

Moon's
A. C. Rises Sets

1 F	Eligius, B. Nahum, Pr. Olym., M.	6	≈	11 22	10 4
2 S	Bibiana, V. M. Silvanus. Paulina.	7	≈	11 59	11 4

49. Sunday, 1. Sunday in Advent.

G. There shall be Signs, Luke 21.

S. R. 7 1 S. S. 4 39

3 S	Francis Xavier. Sophonias, Pr.	8	⋈	12 33	Midn.
4 M	Pet. Chrysologus, B. D. Babara.	9	⋈	1 4	12 3
5 T	Sabbas, Ab. Bassus. Pelinus, B. M.	10	☿	1 33	1 0
6 W	Nicholas, B. Dyonisia. Leontia.	11	☿	2 1	1 56
7 T	Ambrose, B. D. Polycarp, M. Urban.	12	☿	2 29	2 52
8 F	Immaculate Concept. B. V. M.	13	♊	3 0	3 48
9 S	Leocadia. Gorgonia. Proculus, B.	14	♊	3 32	4 44

50. Sunday, 2. Sunday in Advent.

G. John in Prison, Matth. II.

S. R. 7 7 S. S. 4 39

10 S	Transl. H. House of Lor. Melchiad.	15	♋	4 8	5 40
11 M	Damasus. Daniel. Barsabas. Thraso.	16	♋	4 47	6 35
12 T	Our Lady of Guadalupe. Synesius.	17	♋	5 33	7 29
13 W	Lucy. Othilia. Orestes. Jodocus.	18	♌	6 27	8 23
14 T	Nicasius. Eutropia. Agnellus.	19	♌	7 22	9 14
15 F	Christiana, V. M. Valerian. Max.	20	♌	8 21	9 57
16 S	Eusebius. Albina. Beanus. Ananias.	21	♌	9 22	10 40

51. Sunday, 3. Sunday in Advent.

G. John's Testimony, John I.

S. R. 7 12 S. S. 4 40

17 S	Lazarus. Sturmius. Olympias, W.	22	♍	10 27	11 17
18 M	Expectation B. V. M. Theotimus.	23	♍	11 33	11 53
19 T	Nemesius. Adjutus. Fausta. Zosim.	24	♍	12 9	12 26
20 W	Ember day. Eugene. Theophil.	25	♎	12 40	1 1
21 T	Thomas, Ap. Themistocles, M.	26	♎	1 49	1 36
22 F	Ember day. Zeno, Honoratus.	27	♎	2 59	2 15
23 S	Ember day. Victoria, V. Gelasius.	28	♎	4 10	2 58

52. Sunday, 4. Sunday in Advent.

G. The Mission of John, Luke 3.

S. R. 7 16 S. S. 4 44

24 S	Adam and Eve. Tharsilla. Vigil.	29	♏	5 22	3 47
25 M	Christmas. Anastasia. Eugenia.	1	♏	6 29	4 41
26 T	Stephen, Protomartyr. Denis, P.	2	♏	7 29	5 39
27 W	John, Ap. Ev. Maximus. Theophane.	3	♏	8 24	6 40
28 T	Holy Innocents. Theophila, V. M.	4	≈	9 14	7 45
29 F	Thomas of Canterbury. David.	5	≈	9 56	8 47
30 S	Anysia, M. Sabinus, B. Rainer, B.	6	⋈	10 32	9 48

53. Sunday, Sunday after Christmas.

G. The Prophecy of Simeon, Luke 2

S. R. 7 18 S. S. 4 48

31 S	Silvester, P. Columba. Hermes.	7	⋈	11 5	10 48
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A Thanksgiving Song.

O Thou, to whom our fathers bowed of old,
Whose holy name was by their lips extolled,

Be our thanksgiving lifted unto Thee
For blessings multiiform and manifold!
Thanksgiving for all gracious eyede-

light—
The nimble water dancing down the height,
The irradiant tints that flower the open fields,

The glamor of the sunset and the night!
Thanksgiving for the sweetnesses of speech—

The harmonies that tuneful bird-tongues teach,

The passionate arpeggios of the wind,
The lyric tree-tops calling each to each!
Thanksgiving for high friendship! —for the thrill

Of heart to heart when twilight hours grow still;

For noble thoughts and sacrificial deeds
That show the working of the master will!

Thanksgiving for the manifest design
Through which the ascending coils of being shine!—

For every beckoning beacon fire that leads

The striving mortal up to the divine!
Thanksgiving for Thine unremitting ward

In stress of strife, in time of blessed accord!

And mayest Thou be our guide and guardian still,

O Lord, that wert of old our father's Lord!

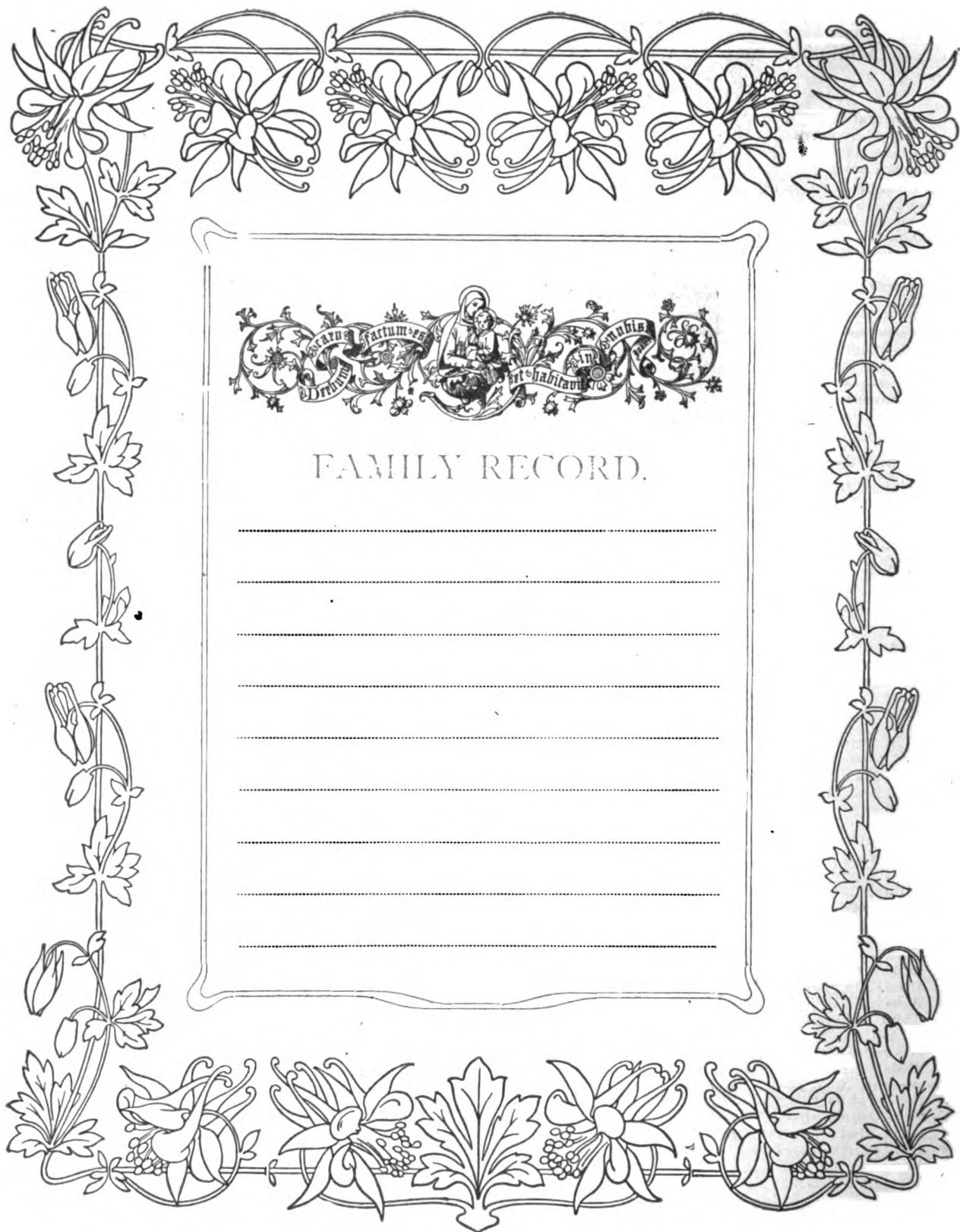
—Clinton Scollard.

Gems of Thoughts.

Silence is one great art of conversation. — Hazlitt.

Heaven will permit no man to secure happiness by crime. — Alfieri.

The usual fortune of complaint is to excite contempt more than pity. — Johnson.



Calendar of Indulgences.

Containing the plenary indulgences of 30 confraternities and pious practices.

I. Plenary Indulgences which can be gained once a Year.

General Conditions:

The good works usually prescribed for gaining a plenary indulgence are as follows:

1. *Confession.* (those, who go to confession every week, can gain all indulgences offered in the interval without going to confession again.)

2. *Holy Communion.*

3. *Visit to a church* (whether to the confraternity church or parish church or any church, every one has to look up his enrollment booklet.)

4. *Prayer for special intentions of the Sovereign Pontiff* (5 Our Fathers and 5 Hail Marys or any other prayer of about the same length are sufficient.)

Confraternities.

1. White Scapular.
2. Blue "
3. Brown "
4. Black "
5. Red "
6. Sodality of the Bl. Virgin.
7. Confraternity of the Holy Rosary.
8. Archconfraternity of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.
9. Archconfraternity of Mary Consolation.
10. Ingolstadt Mass Association.
11. Archconfraternity of the Immaculate Heart of Mary.
12. Archconfraternity of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.
13. Archconfratern. of the Precious Blood of Jesus Christ.
14. Apostleship of Prayer.
15. Archconfraternity for the Veneration of St. Joseph.
16. Bona mors Society or Soc. for a happy death.
17. Confraternity of Jesus, Mary and Joseph.
18. Society of the living Rosary.
19. Archconfraternity to help the Poor Souls.
20. Society for the propagation of the Faith. (Franc. Xavier.)
21. Association of St. Boniface.
22. Third Order of St. Francis of Assisi.
23. Association of St. Vincent.
24. Medal of St. Benedict.
25. Apostolic Indulgences.
26. Society of the Holy Family.
27. Archconfraternity of Perpetual Help.
28. Confraternity of Christian Mothers.
29. Holy Ghost - Mass - Association.
30. Archconfraternity of the Guard of Honor of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Remark.

In the following Calendar the day of the months or the feast is given first, then the No. (instead of the name as seen above) of each confraternity, by which on a certain feast a plen. indulg. can be gained; if one confraternity can gain more than one indulg., it may be seen from the number in parentheses; but in this case the members will have to comply with the respective conditions of the different indulgences.

When a person desires to gain 2, or more indulgences for each of which a visit and prayer for the intent. of the Sov. Pontiff is required, he must repeat the visit for each of these indulgences; it is necessary to leave the church at the end of each visit and enter again for the next.

January.

1. New Year's by 11, 13, 15, 18, 26.
6. Epiphany by 3, 8, 9, 12, 15, 16, 24, 25, 26, 28, 29.
23. Espousals B. V. M. Raym. Pennaf. by 7, 15, 26.
25. Conversion of St. Paul. 11.
28. Apparition of St. Agnes 1.

February.

2. Candlemas by 1, 2, 3, 7 (5), 8, 10, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, 18, 19, 24, 25, 26.
4. St. Andrew Corsini 3.
8. John of Matha 1.
11. Seven Founders of Serv. B. V. M. 4.
13. S. Catherine of Ricci 7.
14. John B. of the Concept. 1.
24. St. Mathias, Ap. 16, 25.

March.

7. Thomas of Aquin 7.
12. Gregory the Great 12.
17. Patrick Ap. of Ireland 9, 18.
18. Gabriel, Arch. 29.
19. Joseph spouse B. V. M. 2, 3, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, 18, 19, 22, 25, 26, 28.
21. Benedict 24.
24. Joseph Mar. Thom. 2, 10.
25. Annunciation B. V. M. 2, 3, 6, 7 (6), 8, 9(3), 10, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, 18, 19, 20, 24, 25, 26.
28. Miracle of the Sacred Blood at Ferrara 13.

April.

5. Vincent Ferrer. 7.
12. Canonization of St. Cajetan 2.
20. Agnes of Olitiano 7.
29. Peter of Verona 7.
30. Catherine of Siena 4, 7.

May.

1. Philip and James Ap. 16, 25.
3. Finding of the Holy Cross 2, 10, 13, 20.
4. Monica 9(2), 28.
5. Pius V. 3, 7, 12.
8. Apparition of St. Michael Arch. 10.
10. Antonin 7.
16. Simon Stock 3.
24. Mary Help of Christ. 13, 28.
29. Mary Magd. of Pazzis, 3.
31. Our Lady of the Sacred Heart 8.

June.

5. Boniface 21.
12. John of S. Facundus 9.
17. Paul Buralis 2, 10.
19. Juliana Falcon. 4.
- Sunday before June 24, Feast of Perpetual Help 27.
24. John Bapt. 2, 9, 10, 11, 13, 16, 25.
29. Peter and Paul Ap. 2, 9, 10, 12, 13, 16, 19, 25.

July.

- Feast of Precious Blood (1st Sunday of July) 13.
2. Visitation of Mary 3, 7(4), 15, 18.
5. Michael of Santis 1.
9. John of Cologne 7.
16. Mary of Mount Carmel 3, 13.
19. Vincent of Paul 18, 23.
20. Margaret, Hieron. 3.
- 3rd Sunday of July (feast of the Most Holy Redeemer) 13.
25. James Ap. 16, 25.
26. St. Anne 28.

August.

2. Portiuncula Indulg. 2, 27.
4. Dominic 7.
7. Cajetan 2, 3, 10.
12. Clara. 22.
15. Assumption B. V. M. 2, 3, 4, 6, 7(6), 9(3), 10, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, 18, 19, 20, 24, 25, 26.
- Sunday after the feast of the Assumption 3, 9(8) and Portiuncula ind.
16. Hyacinth 7.
23. Philip Beniti 4.
24. Bartholomew Ap. 16, 25.
25. Louis King of France 22.
27. Piercing of the heart of S. Theresa 3.
28. Augustine 2, 9(3), 10.
30. Rosa of Lima 7.

September.

8. Nativity B. V. M. 1, 2, 3, 6, 7(4), 8, 9(2), and Port. Ind. 10, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, 18, 24, 25, 26.
10. Nicolas of Tolentino 9.
- Following Sun. 9 & Port. Ind.

14. Exaltation of the holy Cross 2, 10, 13.
15. Dominic in Soriano 1, 7.
17. Impr. stig. of St. Francis 22.
18. Thomas a Villanova 9.
- Seven Dolors B. V. M. (3rd Sunday of Sept.) 4, 13, 16, 18.
21. Matthew Ap. Ev. 16, 25.
28. B. Simon of Roxas 1.
29. Michael Arch. 2, 9, 10, 19.

October.

- H. Rosary (1. Sunday Oct.)
7. Portiuncula Indulg.
4. Francis of Assisi 10, 21, 22.
11. Louis Bertrand 7.
15. Theresa 2, 8.
28. Simon a. Jude 16, 25.

November.

1. All Saints 2, 7, 12, 13, 16, 24, 25.
2. All Souls 12, 13, 19.
9. All saints of the order of St. Dominic 7.
10. Andrew Avellini 2, 10.
13. All Saints of the order of S. Augustine 9.
15. Gertrude 3.
19. Elisabeth of Hungary 22.
20. Felix of Valois 1.
21. Presentation B. V. M. 3, 7(3), 13, 18.
30. Andrew, Ap. 16, 25.

December.

3. Francis Xavier 13, 18, 20.
6. Nicolas B. 13.
8. Immacul. Conc. B. V. M. 2, 3, 6, 7(4), 8, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 18, 19, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 28.
13. John Mar. 2, 10.
16. & 24. The first & last day of the novena before Christmas 2, 10.
21. Thomas, Ap. 16, 25.
25. Christmas 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7(2), 8, 10, 12, 13, 15, 16, 19, 22, 24, 25, 26.
27. John Ap. Ev. 11, 12, 16, 25.

On the movable Feasts.

- Sunday before Septuagesima 11.
- Ash Wednesday 1.
- Passion Sunday 2, 4, 10.
- Friday after Pass. Sund. 2, 4, 7, 10, 13.
- Wednesday in holy week 2, 9, 10.
- Holy Thursday 1, 2(2), 3, 4, 7, 9(2), 10.
- Good Friday 2, 9, 10.
- Easter Sunday 1, 2(2), 3, 4(2), 7(3), 8, 9(3), 10, 13, 16, 18, 22, 24, 25, 26, 29.
- 2nd Sunday after Easter 23.
- 3rd Sun. after Easter 3, 9, 15, 16, 19, 26.
- Ascension of Our Lord 1, 2(2), 3, 6, 7(3), 8, 9(2), 10, 13, 15, 16, 18, 24, 25, 26.

- Pentecost Sunday 2, 7(2), 9(3), 10, 13, 15, 16, 18, 22, 24, 25.
 Trinity Sunday 1, 2, 9, 10, 16, 18, 24, 25.
 Corpus Christi 4, 7, 9, 13, 15, 16, 18, 19, 24, 25.
- Sacred Heart of Jesus 8, 12, 14, 22, 29, 30.
- On special occasions during the year.
1. During the Forty Hours' devotion 2, 3, 4, 10.
2. On any day selected by the Individual 2, 7, 10, 28.
3. On every Sat. of the year 9.
4. Every Sat. of Lent 2, 9, 10.
5. On the 6 Sundays or Fridays preceding the Feast of the Sacred Heart 12.
7. On the 15 Tuesdays and Saturdays preceding the Feast of the Holy Rosary or preceding the Feast of St. Dominic 7.
7. Every Friday of March 13.

II. Plenary Indulgences which can be gained more than once a Year.

Every Month.

1. Every first Sunday of the month 2, 7(5), 10.
 2. Every first Friday or Sunday 12, 30.
 3. Every third Sunday of the month 18.
 4. On any Wednesday chosen during the month 3.
 5. On any Friday chosen during the month 14.
 6. On any day chosen during the month 12, 13, 14, 19, 22, 23, 30.
 7. On the day of monthly communion 14.
 8. On any two days chosen during the month.
- a. By 11.
- b. The plen. indulgences of the seven churches of the Stations in Rome after Holy Comm. and one visit to seven altars or seven visits to one altar of B. V. M. (one Our Father each visit) 2.

c. Plen. indulgences of the Holy Land. 2.

Every Week.

1. Monday: (Sunday if prevented on Monday), one plenary indulgence.
Condition. Hearing Mass, Holy Communion and Prayer (for the Poor Souls). By the heroic act of charity.
2. Friday: Conditions: Meditation on our Lord's Passion, Communion and Prayer 5. If prevented on Friday, holy Communion may be received on Sunday.

On the day of H. Communion.

1. 1 plen. indulg. for saying: Look down upon me, good and gentle Jesus.... before an image of Christ crucified on the usual conditions: Communion Prayer (no visit required).

2. One plenary indulgence for everyone that has performed the heroic act of charity. Conditions: Communion and Prayer.

Every Day.

1. 1 plen. indulg. by saying the beads (15 decades.)
2. The many plenary and partial indulgences of the blue scapular whenever saying 6 Our Fathers 6 Hail Marys and Glory etc. in adoration of the Blessed Trinity and in honor of the Immaculate Conception for the intentions of the Holy Father.
3. The many plen. and partial indulgences of the stations.

Remark.

The heroic act of charity consists in a voluntary offering made in behalf of the souls

in purgatory to the divine Majesty, by anyone of the faithful of all works of satisfaction done by him in his life as well as of all the suffrages which shall be offered for him after death.

If you could feel, Christian soul what immense pains the Poor Souls have to suffer in the flames of purgatory, and how they long and desire for help from you, how they would be grateful to you and would by their intercession in your behalf aid you, you would not hesitate to perform this heroic act of charity or at least strive to gain as many of the above indulgences as possible for the poor souls. Ask the poor souls to implore for you the grace of perseverance and for the poor dying (about 100,000 daily) the grace to escape the dangers of Hell.

Some partial Indulgences easily gained.

For the Members of the Confraternity of the Holy Rosary.

- Those who say the rosary can gain:
- a) 5 years and 5 quarantines every time by pronouncing the name of Jesus in the Hail Mary with devotion.
 - b) 100 days for every Our Father and Hail Mary on a Dominican-Rosary.

By ejaculations as often as they are made.

50 days every time.

1. The sign of the cross: In the name of the Father.... 100

days if it is made with holy water.

2. "My God and my all."
3. "Praised be Jesus Christ, (Forever, or Amen)."
4. "Jesus!" "Mary!"
5. "Jesus, my God, I love Thee above all things."
6. "My sweetest Jesus, be not my Judge, but my Savior."

100 days every time.

7. "My Jesus, mercy!"
8. "Angel of God, my guardian dear, To whom His love commits me here, Ever this day be at my side,

To light and guard, to rule and guide Amen."

300 days every time.

9. "O sweetest Heart of Jesus! I implore that I may love Thee more and more."
10. "Sweet Heart of Mary be my salvation!"
11. "Blessed be the holy and immaculate conception of the most Blessed Virgin Mary Mother of God."
12. "Jesus, Mary and Joseph, I give you my heart and my soul."

"Jesus, Mary, and Joseph,

assist me in my last agony." "Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, may I breathe forth my soul in peace with you."

2835 days every time.

13. (7 years and 7 quarantines) for the acts of Faith, Hope and Charity, any form of words may be used, provided it expresses the particular motive of each of these three virtues.

By 9, 10, 13 can be gained one plenary indulgence on the usual conditions on any day of the month, if said every day of the month.

Remarks.

This Calendar of Indulgences took up so many confraternities solely for the following reason: Because in different places different confraternities are liked. As for the individual it is advisable to do: "Little but good" viz. to impose upon one's self few obligations only, but to fulfill those few well.

The main point is and always will be a truly Christian life, the avoiding of sin, especially mortal sin and the practice of virtue; it is that what will take us to Heaven.

The above mentioned indulgences are taken from authentic or at least approved works.

The indulgence — a remission of temporal punishments, which, of course, the forgiveness of sins must precede — is frequently found in years and days of the ancient church-penances. For instance one who gains an indulgence of 100 days, expiates a punishment, which was formerly expiated by a church-penance of 100 days.

The richest sources of indulgences are The Stations, the Blue Scapular, the Confraternity of the Holy Rosary, also the above mentioned ejaculations, the three Divine Acts of Faith, Hope and Charity. If one often repeats the shortest and most richly indulgenced of these he can gain in a short time thousands of days of indulgence.

We should consider how with only a little trouble we can obtain consolation and succor for the poor souls. How ardently will those poor suffering souls in Purgatory lift up their hands in grateful supplication to the Throne of Mercy and intercede for their benefactors! If our dear Lord will not let a cup of water that is given in charity, go unrewarded, He will surely reward a thousand times, what we do for the poor forsaken souls in Purgatory. If anywhere then here especially the Words of our Lord shall be verified: "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy"

Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends; because the hand of the Lord hath touched me!



A Happy New Year to All!

The sun of the old year 1904 has set. Bright and early the new year 1905 is standing at your door. You are still among the living to greet the welcome visitor and to answer his cheery "God bless you one and all!" Many have died during the last twelve months. Perhaps some of them were your friends and kinsfolk and acquaintances. Some died in ripe old age, full of years and good works: some in the first flush of manhood, in the fresh bloom of maidenhood: some in the sweet innocence of infancy and youth. To many of them death came as a chilling frost that falls on the flowers of May; to others as the first breath of the eternal spring. But whether tired of life's wild storm and stress, or looking forward with glad anticipations to brighter, happier days, all had to go when Death touched them with his icy fingers. They have entered the house of their eternity: for them time is no more.

But you, gentle Reader, are still among the living. Be glad: for new opportunities, new graces, new blessings are offered to you. Whether you be old or young, weak or strong, prosperous or unsuccessful, be glad because you still have time to work out your salvation. You can gain merits day by day to enhance your future glory and joy: your limbs were made to labor, your mind was made to dwell on God's greatness, power and beauty. Your will was made to love and serve your Creator and Father. Be glad then on this New Year's day; but with your gladness let prudent watchfulness go hand in hand. The New Year lays new obligations, new responsibilities upon you. The greater and more numerous your opportunities for good, the greater also your responsibility, and the more severe your condemnation if you fail to meet your obligations.

And if you be poor and lonely and unfortunate, still be glad! Poverty and loneliness and misfortune, when humbly borne, are like the sweet incense of prayer ascending to the Throne of Mercy and Grace. What though some days be dark and dreary! Life is made up of light and shadows, of joys and sorrows. It is well that it is so. The German poet says: "Everything in this world can be borne, except a long series of pleasant days." Just think: what would become of patience and humility and charity and purity, if we never had a sorrow to water the parched soil of our souls? Does not the Psalmist say: "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy." Ps. 125.

Now whatever the old year brought us, the new year is sure to bring. Live in hope, then; and if you should have three evil days to one of gladness, learn to bear all four with humble patience. Put your trust in God and do your duty. Whoever depends upon the assistance of others is sure to fail. Be true to yourself. Do the work that lies before you day by day. "Ora et labora," pray and work, that is the great secret of making the year 1905 a prosperous one.

Look back upon the past year. What days are now the brightest and sweetest in your memory? Not, indeed, the days of idleness, or dissipation, or of sinful indulgence. Ah, they haunt your soul like a hideous nightmare. You don't want to think of them, you would gladly forget them. But the days filled with good works, however humble they were, the hours, spent in the fulfilment of your religious duties the quiet days of honest labor, they are indeed a joy forever.

Now, as you work and pray, so you will prosper during the coming year; "like a tree which is planted near the running waters, which shall bring forth its fruit in due season." Ps. 1.

One of the ancient philosophers of Greece, Thales, was asked: what is the most precious thing on earth? and he answered: time; for with time we can purchase all other goods.

The greatest of all earthly treasures, time, is yours, as yet: be glad, dear Reader, and thank God for it. But above all things resolve to make a good use of it every hour. "I thought of the days of old" said the Psalmist, and I had in my mind the eternal years." Ps. 76.

In a village of France there is a town-clock, having on its dial this remarkable inscription: "Omnes fidæ, nulla certa," all are faithful, none is certain." The meaning is: All hours marked on the dial, all the hours of the day, are true and faithful to us, as friends, ready to assist us in all our undertakings; but not one is certain as this moment may be our last. How clearly and beautifully these words express the nature and quality of time. Time is indeed, at our disposal as long as we live: and yet the next hour, how uncertain it is! Omnes fidæ, nulla certa. Should not this thought encourage us to make the best possible use of the coming year, of every hour as it comes to visit us? Use well the future hours, because they are true and faithful. God gives us time that we may gain Eternity. Time and all temporal things are but rungs of the ladder that reaches heaven. Beneath us lies the yawning gulf of fire. The very moment time forsakes us, we are in Eternity, never to return. Pray God it be the Eternity of bliss!

Time is a faithful chronicler of all things we do. Nothing is ever lost: no deed, no thought, no desire, no intention, no winged sigh or complaint. On the pages of the book of time all things are immortalized. But remember, not only the good, but also the evil deeds find a faithful chronicler in Father Time.

What a terrible thought for the wicked, the careless, the impious! They themselves may succeed at last in forgetting their past sins: Time will not forget them. Forgotten sin is not sin forgiven. What dreadful revelations the faithful pages of the book of Time will make on Judgment day! "Omnes fidæ," truly, all hours are faithful: be you also faithful to them, and you need never fear. Be faithful in the use of every hour, that henceforth only good and meritorious deeds, pious thoughts, pure and noble desires may be inscribed on the pages of the Book of Life.

But as every hour is faithful, so not one is certain. "Omnes fidæ, nulla certa." It may sound paradoxical, yet it is perfectly true: not one can be trusted; for what is more fleeting and uncertain than time? Who can tell how many hours are certainly in store for me or you? Not one. All the future is wrapped in uncertainty. Many died last year who hoped to live another and yet another year. Consider the rich man in the Gospel: He enlarged his barns and garnered the rich harvest, promising himself a

pleasant and luxurious life: "But God said to him: Thou fool, this night do they request thy soul of thee; and whose shall these things be which thou hast provided?" Luke 12, 20. "So is he that layeth up treasures for himself, and is not rich towards God." Luke 12, 21.

And do you ask me what it is to "be rich towards God?"

My dear Brother, my Sister, listen! The Savior said: "Whatever you did to one of these my least brethren, you did it to me." Matth. 25, 40. Almighty God is so great, so infinitely rich, so perfectly happy in himself, that we poor mortals cannot add the least thing to his substantial beatitude. We love him with all our mind and heart and soul and strength. And gladly would we give our little all to Him, if he would only accept of it. Love is generous and self-sacrificing. Have we no way of gratifying this noblest impulse of our souls? Oh yes. I seem to hear our Savior's voice from heaven: Whatever you would do to me in your Charity, do to my dear children on earth, the poor and afflicted, the homeless, the widow and the orphan. "And whatever you did to one of these my least brethren, you did to me."

There are indeed many opportunities for exercising this great virtue of brotherly love and helpfulness.

I trust you will not take it amiss, if in concluding my New Year's Greeting, I remind you of our Institutions for the education of the young, and for the care of the aged poor.

Our work is great and difficult; and the means of carrying it on, are limited. We trust in Divine Providence and in your assistance.

Do today what God's grace is inspiring you to do for St. Joseph's Technical School. Delay it no longer; for remember the saying about the hours: All are faithful, not one is certain." "Time and tide wait for no man."

Let us then enter upon the "New Year with high resolves to live soberly and justly and piously in this world, looking for the blessed hope and coming of the glory of the great God and our Savior Jesus Christ." Titus. 2, 12.

CONFIDENCE.

From the German of Paul Fleming.

Let nothing make thee sad and fretful,
Or too regretful: — Be still!

What God ordaineth must be right:
Then find in it thine own delight, — My will!

Why shouldst thou fill today with sorrow
About tomorrow, — Fond heart!

God keepeth all with care most true:
Doubt not that He will give thee, too, — Thy part.

Only be steadfast; never waver,
Nor seek earth's favor: — The rest.

God knoweth: and His will must be,
For all His creatures, so for thee — The best.



Fortune's Turns.

Adapted from the Works of H. Peregrinus, by L. A. Reudter.

I.



"Do you not intend to speak to me at all today?" asked Julia, a girl of about twenty summers addressing her sister Bertha, who was a few years older than herself. The older sister smilingly looked up from her work.

"Certainly Julia dear," she said pleasantly "I had not noticed your coming into the room."

"What is it you are dreaming about anyhow? You are becoming more taciturn every day and altogether too retired. And where were you yesterday?"

"As it was Sunday afternoon I went to pay a visit to Lisbeth who is sick in bed."

Julia laughed sarcastically.

"You are a fine nurse: I would never think of visiting the old beggar woman."

"Julia, please do not speak thus. I know you have a good heart nor, would you remain if the good Lisbeth with her helpless children were to ask your assistance. You should have seen the joy of the poor woman when she found her children taken care of. Such gratitude is ample reward for the assistance we give to the poor."

"I know other pleasures which are more to my liking; I was to a ball last evening. What have you to say to that?"

"Sister" replied Bertha "I wish you every enjoyment, but you are too good for the ball-room. Who brought you there?"

"Hugo."

"Hugo!" replied Bertha in surprise, "and who is Hugo?"

"Mr. Green the bookkeeper."

"With sorrow I have noticed for some time that your relations with this young man seem of a very cordial nature."

"Hugo is an honest man; have you anything against him?"

"I have not seen him at Church yet."

"He is not a Catholic," answered Julia, a little less boldly. "Must I therefore shun him?"

"Cordial relations, according to my ideas, we should have only with those who agree with us in questions of importance, which is not the

case with non-Catholics. Therefore my dear sister, I would ask of you with a sister's love to avoid all such."

Julia blushed with shame and anger. She sprang up from her seat, the needle work flew into a corner, and with the words "This is none of your business" she rushed out of the room.

Sad presentiments arose in Bertha's mind.

She felt that the frequent meetings of the young people were paving the way to real courtship, and was frightened at the thought of a mixed marriage for her sister. While she was thus occupied with her sad forebodings, the mother entered.

"Bertha I bring news! Mr. Green has asked for Julia's hand."

"And Julia?"

"Julia has accepted him. Mr. Green will pay us a visit to-day and if I give my consent, the wedding shall take place in the near future."

"But mother" interposed Bertha with animation and sadness "Mr. Green is a Protestant as Julia told me."

"So Julia has spoken to you about it?"

"She did not tell me that matters were so far advanced. But I ask you mother not to let this go any further. Consider with what responsibility you burden yourself, when you give your daughter to a man not of our faith."

"That does not cause me any concern" answered the mother "Mr. Green is a nice young man and has, what is at present of much moment, a good position and a sure income."

"Since when has money proved the foundation of a family's happiness mother?" Does not all depend on the Lord's blessing? And how can the Lord bless such marriages with His special graces when the Church forbids them? Moreover Julia is so very young."

"Her future gives me less concern than yours, Bertha."

"Do not worry about me mother: I have consecrated my life to God's service and He will take care of me."

At these words Mrs. Roden left the room. She did not feel the weight of Bertha's objections, for the poor woman was too worldly minded to be influenced by matters of religion in the consideration of her daughter's marriage.

Her only objection was, "What will the people say" and Julia knew how to satisfy her mother on that point too.

II.

The Pastor of the town was a very friendly man, who for all his urbanity, strictly adhered to the principles of his Church. He incessantly sought to impress his parishioners with the necessity of being ardent Catholics, often quoting to them the words of St. Augustine: "Only from the Spirit of Christ can the body of Christ live; do you wish to live in the Spirit of Christ, then you must belong to the body of Christ." And "dear Christians" he would add "as much as we have Christ's Church, so much have we of His holy spirit."

The more painfully therefore, was the good priest affected, when he heard that one of his spiritual children was about to contract a mixed marriage. That very day he repaired to the house of the Roden family, to avert the impending evil. Julia retreated to her room when she happened to see the priest approach. Her mother too, felt rather embarrassed, for she divined the purpose of the pastor's visit. She steeled herself for the lecture and was determined not to be influenced in the least by anything the priest might say, receiving him with the greatest "naïveté".

"Julia intends to get married" said the pastor after a few introductory remarks.

"Yes Father! Mr. Green the bookkeeper has asked for her hand."

"Is the young man not a Protestant?"

"Mr. Green is not a Catholic but seems to be very good and honest just as Julia told me. Therefore the difference of religion shall scarcely be cause of dissension in the family."

"The Church warns expressly against such marriages. And justly so; for how can husband and wife be happy when they differ in the most

essential point — in their faith which is the basis of all true union. And what will become of the poor children."

"Mr. Green will bring up his children in the Catholic Faith; he could not trouble much with their education anyhow, seeing that he is absent the whole day."

"But it cannot help to influence the children" the worthy pastor replied, "when their father believes, speaks, acts differently from them and their mother. The faith of such children must be endangered and at best they can be but indifferent Catholics."

The mother knew not how to answer this objection.

"Therefore, follow my well meant advice," continued the pastor: "use your influence as a mother to prevent a marriage which, in all probability, will make your daughter unhappy."

"But are all marriages of Catholics to Catholics really happy ones, Father" she retorted; "do we not see a great deal of misery even there?"

"Certainly, Mrs. Roden" replied the Father "this world is a vale of tears and none of us entirely escape tribulations but not all suffer alike; some bear the cross with which God's



THE WEDDING IN THE RECTORY.



THE HAPPY HOME AT NAZARETH.

love has burdened them with resignation, for God's grace makes their yoke bearable and meritorious. The cross of others is heavy and burdensome, for self-love and the sinful world have inflicted it. God lets them suffer out of justice because of their sins, and out of mercy, that they may through suffering be led back to the ways of penance, and so escape being lost. My firm opinion is, that your daughter will meet a great deal of disappointment if she enters on this marriage."

The mother finally promised to talk the matter over with Julia; but eventually, love of the world conquered.

In a few weeks the engagement was celebrated and preparations made for the wedding.

Since Mr. Green had promised that his children should be brought up in the Catholic religion, Julia was married in the Rectory. She was happy and had but one wish that her husband might become a Catholic. Her mother thought within herself "Thanks be to God! Julia is well provided for." Bertha cried silently in her chamber.

III.

The young couple were seated at the breakfast table on the Sunday morning following their marriage.

"Hugo, will you do me a favor?" asked Julia.

"Certainly my love, it is granted before I know what you wish."

"Very well, come with me to late Mass to-day."

The bridegroom looked startled.

"I would like to fulfil every wish of yours, but you ask the impossible. How ridiculous would I a protestant look and feel in your church. Your friends would point at me and what would my friends say! They have already asked me whether I have rented a pew for you."

Julia was very much hurt by this refusal. She had pictured to herself how nice it would be to kneel beside her husband, and that he should soon see for himself how unfounded was his prejudice against the Catholic service. At the same time it would have proved her pastor wrong in his predictions. Tears came to her eyes and she went to church with a heavy heart. Why was it that she could not pray to-day? The sarcastic look on her husband's face was ever before her eyes.

Soon, only too soon, she met with the sadder experiences: he laughed when she blessed herself at the table and when he saw her saying her morning and night prayers. The poor girl grew to omit her prayers, just to keep peace in the family. At times she stayed home from Mass on Sunday at the express wish of her husband also, for no other reason but for the sake of peace.

Thus the Feast of All-Saints came. Julia was accustomed from early youth to go to the Sacraments on this day. This time she felt their need the more, since she had during the four months of her married life, been guilty of many transgressions.

She therefore rose early and was about to leave for church, when her husband came downstairs and asked in surprise—

"Where are you going so early in your best apparel?"

"I am going to confession."

"To confession?" he slowly repeated in a sarcastic manner. "Give up that nonsense! To-day is no legal holiday is it?"

"But Hugo, you know we Catholics have a holiday to-day. And you will at least allow me the privilege of frequenting the sacraments. You have guaranteed me the free exercise of my religion."

"Adore God in spirit! For that you do not need outward ceremonies."

"I must go to church to-day!" the young wife replied in a decided manner.

"Foolish talk! you stay here; that settles the matter."

Julia stayed with a heavy burden on her mind, for now she saw the future clear before her. When they were at dinner, Hugo was full of attention to his wife.

"Julia" he commenced "do not be angry with me for having spoken so determinedly this morning. You are my dear wife and I cannot bear the thought that any one should come between us. And why should you want to go to confession? I have never confessed. But if you should have any scruples, just tell me; I shall explain them for you?"

These scoffing words were uttered in a gentle tone of voice, so that the poor wife did not know how to answer. She felt the insults heaped on her religion but had not moral courage enough to take a firm stand. Thus did she become estranged from her Church more and more, nor was it long till Green had not only robbed his wife of her faith, but had also injured her sense of duty by his own godless life.

In the beginning she fought against her husband's principles, but being deprived of the ordinary means of grace — prayer and the sacraments, she fell a victim to all kinds of excesses.

IV.

Mrs. Roden noticed with alarm that her daughter was becoming very lax in matters pertaining to religion. Though none too fervent herself in the exercise of her religious duties, yet she was not pleased with the carelessness displayed by Julia, the less so because friends and relatives often spoke disapprovingly of the fact.

She therefore frequently warned Julia:

"Child, 'whither will this lead you? You make yourself unhappy."

Mrs. Green met her mother's remonstrances with light words.

"Mother, you should have told me sooner; now it is too late."

When Hugo heard of these remonstrances, he told his wife that he was thinking of accepting a position with his former employer in the principal city of the province and that they had better move there, before the first of December. The young woman, grown weary of her family's interference, forthwith gave her consent. Thus Mrs. Roden's hopes of bringing her daughter back to a sense of duty vanished and the poor lady's health began to decline, notwithstanding Bertha's sacrificing love and care.

The more Julia estranged herself from her mother, the more Bertha lovingly endeavored to take her sister's place. And it was only then that Mrs. Roden commenced to recognize the unselfish, tender devotion of her older daughter, and to repent of her indulgence of Julia. But too late! she had to lock her grief in her heart and bear it silently.

Christmas had come; it was the third Christmas since Julia's marriage.

In the pretty cottage at the Eastern gate, no trace appears of the glad excitement which had formerly reigned at this season. The blinds are down. Bertha is sitting in the darkened room at the mother's bedside. Her hands are clasped and she is looking at the pale, painfully twitching countenance of the sufferer. The latter opens her eyes, takes her daughter's hand and gazes at her with deep emotion. At last she speaks:

"Bertha, dear child" she whispers "I wish to say something to you before I receive my Redeemer for the last time during my sojourn in this world. It concerns you and poor, poor Julia."

The sick woman's voice became tremulous at these words:

"After my death you will be all alone in the world. But I do not worry on your account. You have always been a source of joy to me and my last years here would have been the happiest of my life, were it not that my conscience upbraided me with the accusation: your daughter is unhappy through your fault."

Bertha rose quietly upon a gesture from her mother, reached her a drink of water and rearranged the pillow. After a short pause the sick lady continued —

"It is hard to know one's own child unhappy, but terrible the thought that we have to account for it to our Judge. What shall I say when He demands of me the soul of my child? He will say 'I placed an immortal soul in your safekeeping. You should have led it on the way of rectitude; the young heart was susceptible to

good and my graces were lavished on it; how have you left this soul on earth? What answer shall I give my Judge?"

"Mother! have courage and confidence, for God's mercy is unbounded like the heavens above, and a contrite and humble heart He will not refuse.

"But what will become of my poor child?"

"It is written" replied Bertha "God willeth not the death of the sinner but that he be converted and live."

"But how can Julia come to repentance," sighed the mother "since she abandons her heart to the influence of a man without any faith."

"Mother, the Lord's ways are wonderful; He is always able to help, since He is omnipotent; and He will help, for His love is without end."

"Yes, but God is just too" replied the sick woman, "Yes, He is just and retribution follows every sin."

The girl was deeply moved at these words. There was silence for some time in the room; only the sobs of the sick woman were audible. Bertha continued sitting near her mother's bedside, deeply engaged with her thoughts.

"Mother" she said "it has long been my desire to consecrate myself entirely to God. To-day I will promise Him to spend the balance of my life in His service, that He may give you rest and lead both Julia and her husband back to the right path. As poor and insignificant as my sacrifice may be, He will not refuse it, when I unite it with the precious sacrifice of His Divine Son."

"Thank you, my noble child" was the answer of the mother. "Your vow brings peace to my soul; yes, the Lord will accept your offering and I can die more peacefully."

The next morning the little bell rang softly as the priest passed through the town to the Eastern gate, indicating to the people, that the Lord was coming to a poor sick pilgrim to strengthen her for her passage from this world.

The priest entered the cottage and while he administered the Holy Viaticum to the dying woman, Bertha, her daughter knelt at the bedside, in fervent communion with her Redeemer.

V.

It was some weeks now, since Mrs. Roden's remains had been carried to their last resting place.

Bertha prayed almost unceasingly for her deceased mother and hoped that the Lord would be merciful to her, for she had suffered much, and her repentance had been great and sincere.

She heard very little of Julia, from whom, shortly after their mother's death, a letter arrived, stating that she was prevented by her husband's sickness from attending the funeral. Soon, Bertha longed to leave the lonely homestead in order to fulfil her vow.

"Why hesitate" she said to herself "time is precious and the Bridegroom calls."

The Superioress of the Sisters of St. Vincent wrote to her, that she could enter, as there was no obstacle in the way. She was overjoyed. She had read and pondered over the word of St. Bernard, who says:

"What pearl can be as precious as the pure, holy life of the religious state, wherein one lives much purer, falls more seldom, rises more quickly, walks more carefully, receives more graces, rests quietly, dies resignedly — and wherein, one will receive a greater reward in heaven, than would be the case had he lived in the world."

Her pastor praised the girl for her courage and exhorted her to remain faithful to her resolution.

When she said "goodbye" to friends and relations, many an eye was moist, for all had loved her dearly. The sick and poor were sad for they had lost a good friend, but Bertha herself was not loath to leave the place of her childhood. She could say with the Psalmist:

"Thou hast severed O Lord! my fetters; I will bring Thee a sacrifice of praise and call upon Thy name."

How happy she was that the long-looked for day of her reception had at last come; and how intense was her joy when she neared the goal of her wishes.

There was another reason too, why she was pleased with the change of residence: Her sister Julia lived in the city, where the Mother House of the Sisters of St. Vincent was. Perhaps she could now give Julia some good advice or even bring her back to better ways.

Having arrived at her destination, Bertha's steps were directed towards the street in which the Green's lived. She stood at the threshold and knocked with some misgiving.

Julia opened the door.

"Bertha, dear Bertha" With these words she flew to her sister's embrace. She leaned her head against Bertha's shoulder and remained there for some time. When she raised her face, tears stood in her eyes. When the sisters were at last seated, Bertha said.

"Now you must tell me how you live Julia, and how your husband is."

Julia sighed.

"Things might be better, Bertha; the happiness of which I dreamed was shortlived. Instead of it I found a hard lot. My husband is more away from home than with me and peace has left us. We are not yet suffering want, but I fear matters cannot go on long in this manner, without my husband losing his position. He does not show up for days together and does not work either. He has already been threatened with dismissal but all to no effect"

Bertha took Julia's hand and looked into her eyes.

"And what are you doing Julia, to bring back your husband?"

"I! What can I do? He will not listen to me."

"But there is One who will listen to you Julia."

Julia did not reply.

"Do you pray to Him daily?"

Julia commenced to weep.

"I have long since given up prayer" she replied sobbing.

"Think of your young days Julia; think of the beautiful time when we went to church together and knelt before the altar of the Blessed Virgin."

Bertha looked around the room without being able to detect any objects of pious devotion. Not deterred by this painful discovery, she continued.

"We are everywhere in the presence of God. Come sister let us say a short prayer." They recited aloud the Our Father and Hail Mary alternately and Bertha added "O Lord from Whom come all good intentions and works, give to Thy servants that peace which the world cannot give, that our hearts may remain faithful to Thy promptings and commandments and that our time may pass peacefully under Thy heavenly protection, through Christ our Lord. Amen."

"Sister" said Julia as they arose "if I could only pray with you daily!"

"We can be united in spirit, nor shall we be far from each other as I enter the convent of the Sisters of Charity here."

The sisters spoke concerning many matters and when Bertha told of their mother's happy death, she gave Julia a prayer book as a remembrance of their dear departed.

"Say daily a few 'Hail Marys' for yourself and your unfortunate husband, and I too shall remember you in my prayers."

She left her sister with a sad heart and turned towards her future home, the novitiate of St. Vincent where, when the convent gate separated her from the outside world, she could exclaim: "My beloved is mine and I am His."

The time of the novitiate did not pass without trials. It was often hard for Bertha to perform the allotted tasks and the yoke of obedience was oppressive at times. Then she would repeat to herself: "Did you enter the convent for rest and recreation?"

At home, Bertha had been overwhelmed with thanks and blessing for her services to the sick. Here it was different. Many of those who were in the hospital had no words of love or gratitude, but took the services of the good Sisters as a matter of course — something for which the religious were simply delegated. Often Bertha had to hear complaints instead of thanks. At times, when almost losing heart, she would turn

to her suffering Savior and remember how the Lord did not rebuke His torturers, but asked His Heavenly Father to forgive them. In imitation of her Divine Savior, Bertha strove to endure her trials patiently, offering up her sufferings to Him, until with every new victory over self, she tasted more of the peace of God. She became quite contented, and experienced

"Sister, do you really feel happy after having promised to spend your days inside the convent walls?"

"Indeed yes; we do not pine away our young days here, but serve the Lord with gladdened hearts."

"Do you really find pleasure in passing whole days and nights in the sick chambers of

impatient sufferers, stricken with loathsome diseases?"

"Those are the briars from which sweet scented roses are gathered. To be sure many things in the convent are difficult, but do you not experience the same in the world?"

Julia heaved a deep sigh while Sister Frances looked interrogatively after those words; she did not reply, but her expression spoke volumes.

"And Julia, from now on, you must visit me often, as often as your duties will permit; you know that I have a sympathizing heart for all your trials."

Then the convent bell rang.

"You promise me Julia?"

Julia pressed

the hand of the new religious and the sisters parted.

VI.

"Peace has long since departed from us and I dread the future." Those were the words Julia had spoken to her sister on their meeting. She had indeed reason to be concerned about the future. Green was formerly an experienced and diligent bookkeeper who enjoyed the full confidence of his employer. Of course he did not go to church, nor did that matter to his employ-



THE SOLEMN PROFESSION IN THE CONVENT CHAPEL.

These were solemn moments and their interior happiness was reflected on the countenances of the new religious. They had broken with the world and exchanged its pomps and vanities for the happy prerogative of being servant brides of the Crucified Savior.

When Bertha — whose convent name was now Sister Frances, came for Julia after the celebration, she found her in the chapel — her countenance buried in her hands. Kneeling beside, she sent a fervent prayer to heaven for the afflicted one. Then the sisters arose and walked into the convent garden. After a while, Julia began.

er, who was well satisfied when the employee spent his Sunday morning in the office, to finish correspondence and other work left over from the week. At home, matters did not run so smoothly. There were many differences, not so much because of religion, for Julia had given up the practice of hers, but because of the general management. What family escapes occasional disagreements? Many men would have thought, "well this cannot be helped" and so have carried the burden resignedly. Not so, Green. Whenever anything unpleasant happened at home, he would rush to the Crown "to wash down his anger" as he said. The "Crown" was a saloon with a little private room, where everything bespoke cleanliness and neatness. No wonder therefore that Green preferred this to his own home.

To-day he sat there all alone with his stone mug in an uglier mood than usual. The innkeeper crossed the room and went to the window. It was about six in the evening.

"Bad weather this evening" the man commenced, drumming a march on the window pane.

"That does not concern me at all" growled Green.

"Oho!" the host thought, the wind comes from the wrong side too. Storm brewing—therefore long session. I have no objection."

He went behind the bar and washed glasses.

Later, the regular customers generally assembled. They were not exactly ideal company but Green felt at home here, because they shared in his views, and preferred cards and dice to church and home. The innkeeper knew this and had cards and dice ready for them, nor was it long till all went to play. Some played for pastime, some for gain, others because of their passion for play. When Green first made the acquaintance of his boon companions, he had taken to the dice only after a long fight against them and much coaxing, but he soon found out that time passed more pleasantly and anger was chased away as by magic. It was natural therefore, that ere long he was a most interested player, so much so that only at the dice table did he altogether feel like himself.

This evening, a stranger had taken a seat opposite Green.

He took the cup with the dice and threw—just for practice sake. His whole demeanor—the way he held the cup—betrayed the professional gambler. When he examined his throw, it was but a poor one. He repeated the experiment with the same lack of success.

"How awkward I am to-day" he said with a pleasant smile to the bookkeeper. "This seems to be an off-day for me! Will you try your luck with me?"

Green took the dice. The stakes were small. Green was in luck, for no matter how small the number he cast, the stranger's throw was poorer.

"Shall we double the stakes?" asked the stranger "I just want to see if I cannot force the luck to come to my side." Then he threw.

"Seventeen! most likely not enough."

Green shook the cup, the dice rolled, he had twenty and won. A satisfied smile passed over his countenance. The stranger silently doubled the stakes and looked at the bookkeeper questioningly. He nodded and threw. This time he lost. The loss did not affect him much, since it was winnings which simply wandered back to their owner. But a peculiar feeling took hold of him. Any one watching, would have noticed the trembling hand with which he held the dice, and the restless glance with which he followed each successive throw. It was the fatal awakening of the gambler's passion yet in its incipency, but growing with every increasing stake that was placed. The excitement increased through drinking. Green's face began to grow rosy, while his companion remained sober though he seemingly drank much. The second time Green staked a dollar, which disappeared as quickly as the money he had won of the stranger. The tables had evidently turned, for now he lost stake after stake. The stranger was again putting the winnings away, when Green prevented him by throwing the same amount on the table. The dice rolled and Green lost: luck had left him and by one o'clock, he was minus a month's wages.

During all this time Julia sat at the sewing machine, awaiting her husband's return. Hour after hour lapsed but Hugo did not appear. When ten o'clock had struck and he was yet absent she dropped her work—Where was the happiness dreamed of in flighty moments? How passion had blinded her! The man whom she had preferred to her religion, whose words she trusted better than those of her good old pastor, had fallen from the high pedestal on which she had placed him. Passion's intoxicating charms were vanished, and there was nothing left now to honor or respect in him to whom she was bound for life—who had made her unhappy and would surely blight the days to come. She saw clearly that such would be the case, for there was no remedy by means of which he could be cured and brought back to an honest life. He did not heed the commands of God; her words and prayers he ridiculed.

When the clock struck midnight and Green had not yet returned, his wife became frightened for never before had he stayed out so late. Could he have met with an accident? Towards one o'clock she heard steps and the husband slowly crept upstairs. He entered the room—but in what condition! Julia saw that it would be useless to remonstrate with him in his present state. She placed before him a cold supper which he did not touch

Next morning Green was in a very bad humor. He was at least an hour late and as he was about to go, Julia said to him:

"I need some money for I have to make various purchases."

Green bit his lips; all that was left from his month's salary, he had lost in play the night before; he searched his pockets.

"Where is my key? O, yes, I left it in the office. You will have to wait till dinner."

Julia had not the least idea that her husband had lied to her. That morning he went to his employer and asked of him an advance on the coming month's salary. His chief looked at him surprisedly but handed him the full month's salary without a word, for he still had boundless confidence in his bookkeeper, who he thought had met extraordinary expenses. Green confirmed this opinion by remarking smilingly "I would not have asked for this, were it not that my wife's birthday happens to come tomorrow and on such an occasion a little extra expense is permissible."

The head of the house slightly nodded in token of assent but added:

"You have been somewhat careless of late as far as punctuality is concerned; I would not make further mention of this as I believe that it must have been unavoidable, but since the order of the whole office depends on your punctuality, I wish you would in future be more exact on this point."

Green had grown pale, yet the reprimand was just and he had to submit. He was pleased that he could give his wife the money she asked for. The balance he put in his pocket with the intention of recruiting his losses of last night. But he met again with disaster and lost also this time, every cent he had. From this day on, matters with the Greens went from bad to worse. His employer noticed with regret that the bookkeeper drew his salary in the beginning of the month and would usually get but a small portion as the balance had been borrowed before hand. We can surmise where the larger portion of the man's salary went, and also that the small balance was given to his wife.

VII.

In this way some few months passed by. Green was seldom at home, and then generally in such a state of intoxication, that Julia did not dare talk to him. One evening he returned earlier and rather sober. The reason of this however, was not that a better feeling had taken hold, which would have led to repentance and perhaps amendment of life; no, he came home because his funds had run out and his credit in the 'Crown' was none of the best. He was accordingly not in the brightest of humor.

At supper Julia laid a few bills next his plate, bills that had come in that afternoon.

Hugo glanced at them in a passing way but grew angry.

"Such debts are contracted without my knowledge," he cried angrily.

"They are merely the ordinary expenses of housekeeping" Julia coldly retorted.

"Why did you not speak sooner to me, then they should not have reached such a height."

"When should I speak to you" the wife answered in an irritated tone "perhaps when you come home in the evening? Have I not often asked you for some money? But this is not all; the rent is due on the fifteenth, that is tomorrow. That must be paid first of all. The rest too must be settled for."

Green cast a scathing glance at his wife.

"Where is the money to come from?"

"From your salary of course. It is now nearly two months since you brought any money home. No doubt you have laid it away for pressing needs."

Green did not answer; nor did he close his eyes during the night. The doubt as to where to get money kept him awake. He must get some at all hazards; his creditors pressed for payment nor was he inclined to give up his accustomed way of living. To ask another advance on his salary would not do.

His employer had repeatedly expressed his disapproval of such transactions, but lately he had spoken more severely and threatened dismissal. Green brooded over his books but could find no way out of the difficulty.

"Mr. Green!" the voice of the head of the firm suddenly awakened the bookkeeper "It is not the first time that you have forgotten to enter an amount and to-day, I am searching in vain for an item of a hundred dollars. Where will this end?"

The bookkeeper turned pale with rage. It was not the first reprimand, but never before was it given in the presence of the other clerks.

"I shall not forget that old man" murmured he, when the employer had gone to his private office, and a strange fire was in Green's eyes.

That same evening he went to the "Crown" as was his custom. He paid his bills there and brought Julia money enough to settle all accounts. She did not know whence the supply came and when she asked her husband, he gave evasive or unsatisfactory answers. She had now become used to his absence from home and breathed more freely when he was away. Thus the weeks passed slowly and drearily. Julia saw her husband sink to the level of a common drunkard and gambler; at the same time she noticed that an unrest, inexplicable to her, possessed him as time went on. About two months after the public rebuke from his employer, Green entered his sitting room in a rather friendly mood.

"Julia" he said to his wife, who was getting breakfast ready "I must make a pressing journey

for the house. My employer sends me because he does not wish to entrust this matter into any other hands. Put enough linen into my grip to last ten or twelve days, for I may be detained that length of time."

Julia at once prepared everything for the journey and Green took the morning train for Antwerp. When a few days had passed, a messenger came and inquired about him.

"He has not yet returned from his business trip" replied Julia "I cannot understand how your employer can inquire about my husband, since he sent him on this journey."

"That is strange" answered the messenger "it was the head of the house who sent me after Mr. Green. There can be no mistake."

And with a shrug of his shoulders the man went away.

Julia did not know what to make of this. It was clear to her that her husband had not been sent by his employer. What might be the reason of this journey, and why had he lied to her?

As soon as the messenger returned, Green's accounts were examined and found correct, so they could not account for his sudden disappearance. Meanwhile, hard days were coming for Julia. The money which her husband had left was soon expended and the grocer refused to furnish goods without payment. Julia suffered privation and was finally reduced to very straightened circumstances.

VIII.

Sister Frances felt herself rich in her poverty for she had received a hundredfold reward for the sacrifice she had made. She had but one unfulfilled wish—that which she offered herself for, which she prayed and did penance to obtain. She made no effort without offering it to God for her sister Julia; she never recited a prayer without including Julia's name. One day she was called into the parlor, to meet there a young woman, pale and emaciated. Sister Frances scarcely recognized Julia, who sobbing, threw herself into her sister's arms and exclaimed:

"He has gone! he has deserted me! I am a poor unfortunate woman."

A stream of tears prevented her from speaking further. Sister Frances quieted her and found out that Green had not returned after his trip of two weeks and that he had passed drafts on which his employer's name was forged: the same arrived for payment a few days later.

Next the sheriff had come and attached all their belongings.

"Now I am a beggar" Julia concluded "nor do I know what to do."

"How I pity you, Julia!" said Sister Frances, "and willingly I would bear your burden, could I by doing so, give you relief. But take courage! it is all for your own good. Misfortune

purifies. Many who had deserted God in times of good fortune, are brought back to Him through suffering. You too will again be able to serve God and peace will enter your heart, so that you shall come out of this trial a stronger and better woman." When Julia could not compose herself her sister continued;

"Come, let us go to Venerable Mother and ask her if you may not remain with us for a few days. In that time we shall surely find good people who can help you."

The Venerable Mother was a woman who knew the trials of life and could not only read the human heart but also pour oil on its bleeding wounds.

"Remain a few days with us, daughter" she said to Julia "till you have composed yourself. Try to see the Hand of God in the misfortune that has come to you; resign yourself to His will and the bitterness of heart will give way to peace."

Julia thankfully accepted the offer. She spent the days in prayer and quiet reflection. Here, in the Convent, she saw the peace of God dwell and happiness shine forth from the countenances of the sisters. Yes, it is a blessing for the children of the world to have the privilege of abiding for a few days behind the convent walls. The example they see there, of those who have consecrated their lives to the service of God, is a wonderful incentive. They hear the Word of God and can treasure it in their hearts without fear of losing it in the distracting duties of the world.

That was just Julia's experience, as kneeling in the little chapel before the beautifully ornamented altar of Mary — for it was the month of Our Lady — she prayed to the Refuge of Sinners and the Comfort of the Afflicted. She recognized more and more the vanity and emptiness of the world's pleasures, which she had greedily sought, and which had left nothing but bitterness of heart and a conscience laden with sin.

"If I could only offer my heart to our Lady? But my heart is not beautiful and ornamented with fragrant flowers as her altar is." Such were Julia's thoughts.

Ere long her wish was fulfilled. When she had become reconciled to God through a sincere confession, the morning came on which the penitent was to receive her Redeemer again after a lapse of years. How solemn and awe-inspiring were the moments to her, that preceded the reception of Holy Communion! And with the reception of her God, Julia also received peace and the grace of resignation to her lot.

Sister Frances wept tears of joy. She knew now that the Lord had accepted her sacrifice. When both sisters were walking in the convent garden that morning Julia was apprehensive about the future.



JULIA ON THE WAY TO THE CONVENT.

"Our Venerable Mother has provided for that" Sister Frances assured her. "A pious lady is looking for a housekeeper — one who shall be a friend rather than a servant. She wishes to see you, for the mother has spoken to her of you. You need not fear, the lady knows of your sad fate and will receive you kindly. Would you not like to go to her?"

Julia gladly said 'yes' and then in a few days moved into her new position. She lived modestly and contentedly in this home, so that all who saw her were edified. Often she went to the quiet convent chapel to receive Holy Communion with her sister, nor did she neglect her duties because of these visits. She was most punctual in her work and soon found peace of heart in its daily performance and in frequent prayer.

IX.

Two years have past. A young woman is sitting in a neat room, deeply engaged with her needle work. She is so intent on finishing, that she does not notice how the hour hand is moving close towards midnight. Traces of great suffering are visible in her countenance and yet a smile of satisfaction rests on the pale lips. The clock strikes twelve: she looks up in surprise and folds away her work.

"Thanks be to the Lord" she whispers softly "to-morrow I can hand in the last piece again. I shall soon have two hundred dollars. But it is not yet half the amount. Hugo Hugo," she sighed "had we never met, perhaps both of us would be happier. But I must not complain. I am content. My youth is gone — the best time of my life. The bitter experience does not avail much, for it cannot bring back the lost days. Could I but tell my story to the girls who like me carelessly barter away their peace and happiness. Would they believe me? Scarcely, for I did not believe those who warned me. Just as I laughed and scoffed, would they do also!"

Those words were uttered by Julia. Could her friends of old see her now, they would be edified as much as they were formerly scandalized. Her only care is to atone for the faults of her youth and to make good her husband's theft.

But how about Hugo Green? She had never heard anything of his whereabouts.

Next morning we find Julia in the private office of her husband's former employer.

"Mrs. Green," the latter said "you have now worked faithfully for two years to make good the loss I sustained through your husband's defalcation: you have paid off almost half of the sum: the balance I condone."

Julia could not speak for surprise and joy.

He continued "You have not heard from your husband?"

"No" replied Julia.

Stepping to his desk the merchant took a letter from it and handed it to her.

"Your husband wrote to me, or rather, had somebody write to me because he did not know your address. Do not be frightened" he added when he saw Julia grow pale "he has amended his ways and the unrest because of the money caused him to write to me. I answered his letter at once and notified him of your noble deed."

The merchant shook Julia's hand and she hurried home:—with trembling fingers she opened the letter.

Green lay sick in a hospital at Marseilles in France. It was his intention to take passage for India, when sickness overcame him. The attack was not dangerous but had brought him to a different frame of mind and he would like to come home. He had therefore written to his former employer. Should he get a favorable reply, then he would return as soon as his state of health should permit the journey. This letter filled Julia's heart with consolation and comfort. She lost no time answering, that all was now forgiven, and that he could come back without fear.

She waited two weeks between doubt and hope. At last news arrived in shape of the following:—

Marseilles, October 24th 18—

Joy and sadness fill my heart as I commence these lines. What shall I say first? I hope I am writing to a Christian and Catholic who sees the finger of God in every affliction. Your husband, Mr. Green, is no more. The disease which was not at all dangerous in the beginning, soon took a fatal turn. The sick man suffered with patience worthy of a Christian. During a conversation which I had with him about eight days before his death, he expressed the wish to become a Catholic. I was taken by surprise as I did not know that he was not one already. He then told me that he had been sick in Strassburg and had there received the tenderest care from the Sisters of Charity. He was deeply moved by their loving attention there and here. The real reason why he wished to become a Catholic, he said he could not give, but he felt deeply drawn towards the Catholic religion. God's decrees are unfathomable. I received your husband into the Church and he died resignedly and full of hope, especially since his last care—the thought of the money which he had stolen, was taken from him. I enclose an official death certificate." It was the chaplain of the hospital who wrote thus. That evening the two sisters knelt once more together and though depressed by the sad news, they were happy in the knowledge that the husband and brother-in-law had died a sincere penitent. From this time Julia did not worry much about

temporal affairs. What remained over and above her own modest needs from her earnings, she divided amongst the poor.

She answered many a complaint, dried many a tear, and was soon known as helper of the afflicted. Suffering had brought her back to the service of God and proved again the words: "The Lord hath done everything well. He placed my foot on the right road and led me in peace."

Dear reader: It is a simple story which I have related to you, only it has this advantage over many other tales, that it is true from beginning to end. Nor do you need to go far to see reproduced the characters. That mother whose only concern it is that her daughter shall make a good match, that careless girl who looks more to the external appearance of her prospective husband than to character or morals, and the good daughter too who takes to heart

the misfortune of her own and makes any sacrifice, no matter how great, to help them, are they not all living in your immediate neighborhood? How often do you not read of some wonderful conversion, the cause or occasion of which remains unknown. The Lord hears the silent prayer and accepts the sacrifice which is offered to Him for the soul's sake of a sinner. This will only become clear to us on the last day.

On the other hand, are not families themselves, mostly accountable for the suffering and unhappiness with which so many are now-a-days visited?

Has life not yet taught you so, then let this story show you, what we read in the book of Proverbs (10, 24.)

"That which the wicked feareth shall come upon him: to the just their desire shall be given."

✧ Little Domenica's Vision. ✧

Nearly four hundred years ago, little Domenica lived in an Italian village called Paradise, near Florence.

She was very poor, and very pious. From her babyhood, she was devoted to our Blessed Mother Mary. She denied herself some food every day of the week in honor of our Lady; and every Saturday, after giving to the poor the victuals she had saved in this way, she went into the garden, or the fields around her home, and plucked all the flowers she could find. These she placed before a statue of the Blessed Virgin with the Holy Infant in her arms, which her mother kept in their house.

When Domenica was about ten years old a very strange thing happened to her.

She sat one Sunday at the window, alone in the front room, near the little shelf where the statues stood.

Looking out, she saw a beautiful Woman in the street with a little Child at her side.

Both held up their hands to her as if to ask for alms.

The little girl ran away to get them some bread; but, to her surprise, before she could open the door to give it to them, they stood beside her, and she saw that there were deep red wounds in the hands, feet and side of the Child.

"Oh! tell me," she said to the beautiful Woman, "who has wounded this Child?"

"It was Love," answered the mother.

Domenica was puzzled at the strange words. The little Boy so charmed her with His sweet lovely face and His modest looks, that she asked Him tenderly:

"Do your wounds pain you?"

He only answered with a smile.

Near them, stood the images of Jesus and Mary on the little shelf.

The strange Woman turned to Domenica, and asked:

"Why do you crown these statues with flowers?"

"Because I love Jesus and Mary whom they represent," she replied.

"And how much do you love them?"

"I love them as much as I can," said Domenica.

"And how much can you love them?" urged the Stranger.

"As much as they will help me!" was the answer.

"Go on loving them, Domenica," said the beautiful Woman; "They will richly return your love in Paradise!"

Then young Domenica began to smell a delicious, heavenly odor; and she found that it came forth from the wounds of the little Boy.

"What is that lovely ointment you have put upon His hands and feet?" she asked the Woman. "Can I buy some of it, and what will I have to give for it?"

"That ointment," replied the Woman: "can be bought only with faith and good works!"

Domenica all at once remembered the bread she held in her hands. Her visitors were so charming that she had forgotten the food she meant to give them. She offered it to them now.

The mother looked tenderly down at her little Boy:

"My son's food is *Love*, (she said): "Tell him you love Jesus, and he will be content."

At the word *Love*, the strange Child began to smile, and give signs of the greatest joy. Turning to Domenica, He asked:

"How much do you love Jesus?"

"I love Him so much," she answered, "that, day and night, I am always thinking about Him."



HELPING THE POOR.

I wish for nothing else but to please Him as much as I can!"

"Well, love Him," he said: "and love will teach you what you must do to please Him."

The exquisite perfume from the Boy's wounds began to grow stronger and stronger, filling the poor little room with its strange sweetness.

Domenica turned faint with delight.

"Oh!" she cried out: "this odor makes me die of love! If this little Child can smell so sweet, what must be the perfumes of heaven?"

As she spoke these glad words, the whole scene changed! The shabby little place became magnificent as a palace hall. In its midst surrounded by dazzling light, stood the strange Woman dressed in a Queen's splendid robes.

Her Boy was beside her, beautiful beyond description, glorious as the unclouded sun in the splendor of the noonday sky.

With His little shining fingers, He caught up the flowers from Domenica's altar and scattered them on her head.

Then she knew, at last, who the Strangers really were.

Jesus and Mary had come in person to visit her in her humble little home, to reward her, even here for her self-denying love of Christ and His Virgin Mother.

In a few moments, the wonderful Vision had vanished; but Domenica never forgot it.

She went on, as she had begun, a simple, humble, innocent soul, loving our Blessed Lord and His Mother with all her heart and all her strength, and trying to please and serve them more and more faithfully and perfectly every day of her life.

The great St. Alphonsus Liguori tells us this simple story, and he tells us also that the holy little maiden afterwards became a nun of the Order of St. Dominic, and that, after a life spent in "faith and good works," she died the death of a saint in the year of our Lord, 1553.

E. C. DONNELLY.

❧ THE LEGEND OF TOBAR-NA-CAILINN. ❧

By Margaret M. Halvey.



wilight at the Colleens' Well — Tobar-na-Cailinn of my childhood's days, which was really lake and well combined. Never lovelier setting could poet's fancy devise or painter's brush portray than this — the opening scene of the little story I have to tell.

Not for me the credit of devising or portraying; familiar as the faces of my next and nearest was this woodland water to my childhood's gaze, and as to portrayal, even in the hold of a master no mortal pen could present to eyes that have not seen, any adequate description of its charm. It was a charm differing from, while it exceeded that of any other in the Eastern Country. True, it had not grown frequented of tourists or sightseers, but pilgrims a-plenty there were, who came on placid Sundays and happy holyday eves, to tell their worn "beads" beside those shelving banks and tie their simple tokens of remembrance to the boughs of willow or mountain ash that reached in protective fashion, half the span of its shining width.

And then there were always the children! one can never recall Tobar-na-Cailinn with-

out the accompaniment of rosy childish faces, wearing here that air of Sunday seriousness, which was usually donned, only for such occasions as Mass and Catechism Class within the chapel walls of old St. Bride's.

"Wells" and "Loughs" with stories all their own, are no rarity in any corner of the old land — stories of "white ladies" and "good people" that soon grow familiar even to baby ears.

So although in my time, there was no one adventurous enough to pluck blossoms from the whitethorn that shaded the Fairy's Pool in the big Rath, or gather rowan berries near the haunted well beside the by-road, yet "bouchals" and "girshas" came there unbidden and unfaring.

Frequently, with a fine show of daring they played "hide and seek" in the shrubbery near the Pool, and even ventured an occasional game on the Rath where their shouts of dread — half real — half simulated — rang shrilly through the summer dusk.

But never echo of such mirth disturbed the calm of Tobar-na-Cailinn! — The children came indeed — rather I might say — the girls came, for the spot seemed peculiarly theirs by right of the traditions from which it took its name.

As to the growing lads — with the exception of an embryo priest or poet, none of them appreciated this particular lake, where one broke the fourth Commandment by the casting of a single fugitive stone, and committed sacrilege (according to parental views) in but coveting a

Glossary of Irish Words used in Legend.

Tobar-na-Cailinn — Well of the Maiden.
 gossoon — young boy.
 curraich — an Irish canoe.
 girsha — a little girl.
 bouchal — a youth.
 Rath — a haunted field.
 boreen — a narrow lane.
 geug — branch of a tree.
 Cailinn — a maiden (pr. "Colleen.")

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bud of the myriad lilies that starred its stirless bosom. Of late years, some progressive ones — mostly boys they were, who had gone forth from the shadow of St. Bride's to seek their fortune in the big cities or beyond the seas, began to venture suggestions regarding the neglected possibilities of "Tobar-na-Cailinn" which they thought, should be better known.

"Sure, its thrue for you, aroon!" the old stay-at-homes would say "there's no purtier bit of wather in all Ireland, an' mebbe it would not be a bad thing if the threes wor cut, so's the blessed sunlight could luk in once in a way — but there's more than the cuttin' to be considered! Its holy groun' as every one knows and the words come down for ginerations, that only the hands of thim whose fathers planted, should touch or thrim as much as a "geug" that grows over Tobar-na-Cailinn."



"... WHERE NUALA HAD LIVED WITH THE CARROLLS, HER MOTHER'S PEOPLE, SINCE SHE WAS LEFT A WEENY ORPHAN IN THE CHLÓERA TIMES."

Then would the shanachies count the old names over, and tell you sadly of the Cavanaghs themselves, the princely chiefs of the olden days: "no stick nor stone of their fathers' houldin' was theirs — nor one of the name left, barrin' only Nuala who had lived with the Carrolls — her mother's people, since she was left a weeny orphan in the cholera times."

Which was about twenty years before the date I have chosen and Nuala Cavanagh was far from "weeny" in the days when I venture to introduce her to the readers of St. Michael's.

A tall handsome girl she had grown, slim and straight as the young ash of her native hillside, with the hue of its ruddy berries on her lips and their dimmer reflection in her smooth round cheeks.

A girl, not troubling evidently over the fallen fortunes of her family, but yet holding sacred

and dear the recollections of olden triumphs, and of losses that were more glorious yet, because they were incurred in the days when gain had come to mean dishonor.

Now their broad acres of Tobermore and the ownership of the blessed Lake as well, were claimed by men of Norman blood and name, to whose ancestors the forfeited lands of the O'Cavanaghs came, as a royal reward for loyalty to an alien King. Only the material perquisites of the holding mattered to succeeding generations of these absentee owners: the traditions and picturesqueness which brought no gold to their coffers, the natives were free to enjoy at will.

No one could tell the story of Tobar-na-Cailinn quite as well as Nuala Cavanagh did, which is easy of understanding when you remember, how closely with it was interwoven that of her own people. And so it is in her words you will hear it, as they fell from her lips that summer twilight to which we must again return. She was one of the little band, come as was their frequent custom to stroll beside the lonely lake, where all unconsciously their conversation dropped to whisperings, above which every woodland note of sighing wind, chirping bird and cawing rook sounded distinct and clear.

As did on this particular evening too, the unfamiliar thud of a horse's hoofs over the soft sods of the dim old "boreen" that led to the well, and then the pleasant voice of a strange rider who dismounted beside, uncovering his handsome head in greeting.

"I feel that I am on forbidden ground" he said, addressing the group of girls "yet I cannot say I had no warning — The boys on the high-road told me this was the Colleen' Lake and horse nor man was not welcome herel but they said nothing of the presence of other visitors and as I have often wished to see Tobar-na-Cailinn by twilight, I disregarded their caution."

"There is surely no law to hinder strangers from coming here sir!" remarked one of the girls shyly "It is only the gossoons' fun to say so. — They have no love for the place themselves, for they would not venture to play their games nor even wade for the pondlilies; so they stay away."

"I have heard something of this before and I should like so much to learn the 'whole story' as you say in Ireland."

"Then Nuala had better tell it" suggested Maureen Carroll, dropping an encircling arm from her companion's waist, and moving a step or two, so as to leave Nuala Cavanagh the central figure of the group — "She knows best, for it used to belong to her people."

"That is hundreds of years ago as this gentleman must know; for you —" and Nuala glanced inquiringly at the visitor — "you are the young master they expect at the Hall?"

"I am Moore Hovendon" the gentleman answered "and plead guilty to arriving ahead of the time set; I hate formal home comings, so chose the quieter way."

"The tenants would be glad to hear you call Tobermore your home" said Nuala gently "It is so seldom any of the family come here — But the story of the Well would not interest you as it does Maureen and the rest of us."

"And if not, why not Miss Cavanagh?" queried the heir, slipping his horse's bridle over the ivied post of stone, that showed where once a gate had hung to guard the entrance "Because I am not Irish by birth or breeding you will say?"

"Because you are not a Catholic, Mr. Hovendon. It is a story, as you must have heard, of the old Faith in the times when the new one first tried to crowd it out. Though to be sure, your people must have belonged to it then as well as mine — as ours" she corrected quickly with a glance at Maureen and Bride who had seated themselves on the low whitewashed wall beside her. "The Hovendon's holdings only joined these of the Cavanaghs and Carrolls and Dempseys in those days: they did not include them!"

"Near here on Dermot O'Cavanagh's lands, there was an Abbey Church where the Friars



"... THE SUNBEAMS HAD LEAVE TO DANCE AGAIN IN THE LILIES' UPLIFTED SNOWCUPS." (p. 37.)

of St. Dominic lived in peace for two hundred years. With the defeat of the patron, trouble came to the Abbey and the Friars received notice to leave, as the Queen of England claimed O'Cavanagh's territory.

"Short notice it was, for within one day, the foreign soldiers were burning and plundering Tobermore and by their treatment of the people, the priests might know what they must expect in turn.

"For themselves they did not fret: over the border of the Pale country there were still nobles — Saxon and Norman maybe, but Catholics yet, and it might be possible to make their way there the Friars thought — but not possible to carry with them, the treasure for which the Abbey was famous — Wonderful vessels of carven gold all

consecrated to altar service — Missals illuminated by their labor — silver bells that had no match in Elizabeth's country, and an altar stone that was the pride of the Province because on it had been cut many years before, by one of the Brothers, whom people called 'Saint' even in his lifetime, a wonderful picture.

"It was a copy of the Last Supper and there was no Judas in the group, for it was said that when the pious sculptor cut that figure in by day, he would find next morning, it had disappeared and the stone was smooth again."

So at last the Abbot told him he must leave the group as it stood, for it was meant as a sign, that in the Irish fold of St. Dominic there should never be a "Judas" to deny or betray his Master. That came all true enough when the hour arrived

for trial: now the Friars felt it was their duty to leave Tobermore, for their staying was likely to bring more trouble on their flock."

"To the women of the country side was given tardy leave to say farewell, and one evening — the last that the vesper bell should ever ring from the Abbey — weeping they came from far and near, cloaked and hooded in the fashion of their times."

"The English spies watched at a distance and heard the echo of the beautiful hymns sung for the last time before the dismantled Altar."

"Then through the dusk, the women walked in procession towards the lake that marked the limit of the Abbey grounds."

"Not all of them — but only the maidens — their slenderness and erectness disguised by the great cloaks they wore — And they walked together in twos and threes and fours, with close drawn mantles, keeping time to the music of the Blessed Mother's hymns, which they chanted on the way."

"The Lake was not then as it is now, covered from the sky, but had flowering hedges all around and outside these a broad path, worn smooth by the feet of the Friars who came to tell their rosaries here, and of all the people who were privileged to draw the water from the "Well" as they and we call the spring which supplies the Lake."

"There were a few "currachs" then — very light and small in which the brothers used to cross to the little stream yonder, and make way to the big river to catch fish for the Abbey larder."

"Into these frail boats some of the maidens stepped and pushed out as best they could to the middle of the water, while their companions still sung upon the shore."

"It was only then the English spies bethought them of coming closer and it did not take them long to reach the bank. But the delay had served the maidens' purpose and that was to sink under the waters of Tobar-na-Bhriada, the sacred reasures that the poor Friars would fain save from sacrilege."

"It was always Tobar-na-Bhriada — (the well of St. Bride) until that night, but Tobar-na-Cailinn from the hour when the missionary maidens stepped ashore, to be impaled on the cruel knives of Saxon steel extended to receive them."

"Their lifeblood and that of their waiting companions crimsoned the moonlit water, while within sound of their dying calls, the feeble mothers kept vigil in the Abbey aisles."

"One by one the fair corpses sunk to the depths of the water which was of old so clear, that the Friars could watch the lake trout in their home."

"Then the murderers with shouts and blasphemy bore the tale to the waiting priests and parents! Think of that night in Tobermore!"

"Its memory has never died, though quickly as might be, the poor Friars were driven afar and the stricken parents died of broken hearts."

"It was after the martyrdom that the strange changes came to Tobar-na-Cailinn: from the dawn that followed the slaughter, it could boast no more of waters crystal clear. They had suddenly grown as you see them now — so dark, one may not guess the depth beneath. Which was we know to shield the martyrs' bodies their own people might not claim, from the profanation of Saxon gaze, and with the bodies too, there lay the sacred treasures that no plummet of the plunderers could ever reach."

"We know what the water lilies mean: they too were strangers to the Lake until then. Now, as you see, they make it almost impassable, but notice how the separate clumps are set! Each is a monument to a Cailinn of the old race who gave her life that night for Patrick's faith: Under some of them too, the treasures lie, for sure it is they were all given into the maidens' keeping. Even the Altar stone with the wonderful carving was amongst them. Eye witnesses lived to tell, that when an aged Friar touched it that night, weeping to think that it could not be saved, it grew at once so light of weight, a pair of the cloaked maidens carried it easily between them. so it too was spared from sacrilege. — And all this darkness they tell us was but one year's growth — these grey willows and drooping elms and the thick underwood that hinders boat and swimmer."

Then the girls sighed in union, for familiar as the story was to them, there was always waked the echo of sadness through its triumph. The face of the stranger was very grave.

"Will you not tell me now" he said slowly "what are the real sentiments of the people to-day regarding this matter? If, without the touch of stranger hands, Tobar-na-Cailinn could be brought to look as it did in the Friars' time — if men of old names would do the cutting and clearing just to let the sunlight in once more — and plant the flowering hedge and set the gravelled walks — would the place not be doubly dear to its rightful owners — the old stock of Tobarmore? You love to tend the graves of those who go before you — why not then this storied grave of the bravest 'cailinns' of your race?"

And as the Irish born girls listened, they were won to the newcomer's theory, for truth to tell, there was with him much of the winning way of his own mother who had sprung herself from the O'Moores, though of a branch long under ban because of intermarriage with the aliens.

As walking beside them, Moore Hovendon led his horse through the "boreen" to the by-road, his new friends promised to tell him soon whether the old people took kindly to this plan of his restoring Colleen's Lake.

"They will say it cannot be, Nuala!" said Cathie Carroll earnestly when the heir had left them at the doorway of their home. "They all believe in the prophecy you know" —
"Never more shall sunset fire

Glow within the abbey water
Till the son of alien sire

Wins the troth of Dermot's daughter."

"And you are the only daughter of Dermot's tribe — Where is the alien to come from?"

But Nuala only laughed and made her companion promise not to jog the old folks' memory, for 'twould be a shame indeed, if a silly rhyme interfered with Mr. Moore's generous effort to expiate his father's sins.

You will not be surprised to hear that the plan succeeded — that the "boreen" gave way to a level road fenced by a handsome gateway and bordered wide with velvet sods; that the great trees were trimmed and pruned till the sunbeams had leave to dance again in the lilies' uplifted snowcups, and once more a gravelled pathway and hedges thick set with honeysuckle and hawthorn, replaced the ragged headland and tangled undergrowth.

All this with never a line of the Legend disproved, for beneath that same undergrowth, set as if by the hands of an artisan into the shelving bank, was found the altar-stone which bore no Judas on the carven surface.

Only it was of original weight as in the days when it served the Friars' needs, and taxed the strength of six strong men to lift it to its place in the little chapel yard where it was set for many a moon — as a monument and proof!

People came from far and near to see: — there were simple folks who only prayed beside it, accepting and cherishing in their faithful hearts the story of its vicissitudes, and there were learned folks who protested, yet could never explain away that which they questioned.

"It was but the verse of prophecy then that erred" you will say! Not that either my readers! One fair summer day when the hedges of Tobar-more were pink with wild rose wreaths, the white gown of a new-made wife brushed that storied stone, as leaning on her husband's arm she turned to place her "Brides Bouquet" of water-lilies at its grassy base.

And the bride was Nuala Cavanagh, the last who could truly rank as 'Dermot's Daughter' while Moore Hovendon who had won her troth, was in name indeed an alien, but ever from that hour in heart and act and aspiration, every inch a Celt.

An Altar-boy's Story of Himself.

By Rev. Henry S. Spalding, S. J.



knock at my office door, — and I was greeted by the familiar voice of Fr. Lily, our assistant pastor. I was not a little surprised to find that he had a case for me.

"Mr. Collins," he began, —

"See here! Fr. Lily," said I, "dont call me Mr. Collins: call me Dick, that's my name, you know it is."

Now Fr. Lily and myself had served many a campaign together, when we were boys. I cannot relate our experiences here, it would require a volume. Suffice it to say that for twelve years we sat together in the same class-room at the parochial school and at college. Then for six years we parted; when we met again he was a priest and I, a lawyer. I am convinced to this day that we were mixed up in our vocation. He should have been the lawyer and I, the priest, for I was very pious, (although no one thought so but myself) while he was, — well, no one ever got the better of little Ben. Lily, and I saw him in many a scrape.

"Then I'll call you Dick, — Dick and Ben, that'll recall old times," said the young priest.

"Agreed!" said I, "but let me hear your case."

"A young lawyer," he resumed, "should embrace every occasion of speaking in public."

"When there's money in it" I replied.

"Money or no money," said he, "we young priests and young lawyers must be schooled in addressing an audience."

"This depends, but what is your case? Against one of the parishioners, no doubt, who has violated the fifth commandment of the church."

"Not at all! Dick, I am not here to prosecute any one of my flock, but in the interest of a long neglected portion of the parish, — the altar-boys."

"Why they have been as regular as clock-work, since you came."

"Just so; do you know the reason?"

"No! unless it is that you handed one of the boys a little envelope, similar to the one which Fr. Rawley gave me when I was a boy."

"I promised them a supper."

"That explains matters. I suppose you need a little substantial aid," said I, opening my cash drawer.

"Since you have volunteered a contribution, I shall not refuse, it was not, however to solicit such, that I came here, — I want you to be present and amuse the boys with some pleasant stories."

This was a relief. I deliberately locked the cash-drawer and listened. Talk cost nothing, especially to a lawyer.

"Is the date fixed?" I inquired.

"Yes, next Thursday."

"Then you can count on me; but what shall I say to the boys?"

"Anything! give them some of our experiences, when we were acolytes," said he.

"Suppose I tell them about your holding the censer?"

"Do! do!" replied Fr. Lily with a laugh, "tell them, tell them all; and also about the time when half a dozen of us came through a foot of snow to serve the six o'clock Mass."

"The mere mention of this mishap caused both of us to roar with laughter, it led, too, to a whole train of recollections and a most interesting rehearsal of old times. But the best of all was that Fr. Lily forgot the contribution which I had rashly made in my unguarded moments, for I did not let him revert even once to the subject of the supper. Although he was a shrewder man than I, I fairly outwitted him for once.

"Don't disappoint me, Dick," said he as he turned to depart.

"You can always rely on a lawyer's word," I replied. "Anything I can do for your Reverence, only let me know." With this I quickly closed the door, for I feared he would return and claim the contribution. I intended to give him something, but I wanted it to be in the way of a surprise; — there was a surprise, a great surprise! one that will not be repeated, if I have a word to say.

"When I was alone, my thoughts went back to the time when I was an acolyte. There were just seventeen of us; I remember the number well, for some kind hand had inscribed our names in large, red characters on the member list, which was neatly framed, and which, together with the rules of the society, adorned one of the sacristy walls.

If there was one failing among the boys more patent than the rest, it was certainly an over eager desire to swing the censer, or to carry the silver candlesticks during a procession. I have actually known boys to come to the sacristy an hour before time, and to wait patiently, censer in hand until services began. One day Ben Lily secured the censer, held it for an hour and a half, and was then told that it would not be needed. This would be a capital joke on our assistant pastor.

At another time a lady presented a new silver-censer to the church. I knew there would be a rush for it, and determined to outwit all comers. What did I do? I hid it, hid it above an old press where flowers were kept. The next day I started off in triumph, thinking that I would have the laugh on the other boys. What was my dismay when my father met me at the door, and sent me on an errand. How I pleaded! — every server (we didn't use the word acolyte) was expected to be present! I had a special appointment! — so forth and so on, but all in vain! On the errand I went.

After services I met the boys, all talking excitedly about the missing censer. Some one had stolen it, no doubt! One little fellow was almost sure, that he saw the thief leap from the back-window of the sacristy, just as he entered the door. The story passing from mouth to mouth, at last fell into the hands of a reporter. That reporter was certainly possessed of most wonderful creative powers. He actually filled half a column, under a captious heading, which read as follows:

Church Robbed.

**The Thief Caught in the Act.
Makes off with a Silver Censer
& other Articles of Value.**

At the first favorable opportunity I returned the censer to its proper place. The secret I kept to myself. No one ever found out who stole that censer. Joke number two on Fr. Lily for I could tell this as happening to him.

I lived near the church. I remember well, that on a bright summer afternoon the shadow of the steeple-cross was distinctly printed on the green sward in front of our house, and that an old servant told me once, when I was a little fellow, how, as the sun went down, the shadow grew longer and longer until it reached all around the world, blessing everybody as it went. This fact, that I lived nearer to the church than the other boys was often brought against me as an argument that I should serve oftener than they. I did not exactly understand this argument, although I was often forced to act upon it. How often was I ousted from my warm bed on a winter morning to serve the early Mass.

One Saturday morning in January, just as I was leaving the sacristy after serving Mass, Fr. Rawley placed a small envelope in my hand, telling me that its contents were mine, but that I should not open it until after breakfast. I never understood why his Reverence subjected me to such an ordeal. How that letter burned in my pocket! How slowly the time passed! I thought that breakfast would never, never be ready! My curiosity grew as the minutes dragged along. I knew that the letter contained a coin; — a nickel, a quarter, a five-dollar gold piece; — one of the



THE YOUNG THIEF.

three I concluded, judging from the size. How I longed to break the seal and reveal the secret! still I was determined to obey Fr. Rawley's command.

As I sat in my room waiting for the breakfast bell to ring, I suddenly got a happy thought. I had often placed a nickle (I seldom carried larger change) beneath a leaf of my class book, and rubbed it until the impression was plainly visible on the other side. Why not try the experiment upon the envelope and its contents? I did try. It succeeded perfectly. At first the impression was faint, then it began to assume the form of an eagle. The young fledgling grew, rapidly its wings expanded, its head assumed the proper proportions, the curvature of its talons was plainly visible; and so it grew and grew beneath my repeated strokes until it stood out before me perfectly developed, so perfectly indeed that I imagined this little fledgling could flap its wings and fly away. Then there was no mistaking the letters below this young king of birds, — five dollars. I was a rich man. I had only to wait until after breakfast, break the seal, and take possession of my wealth.

That day, when I met boys upon the hill, where we all coasted after school and on recreation days, I gave them the history of my newly acquired fortune, and treated them royally to pea-nuts and cinnamon-balls. From that day too dated a new era in the society. The attendance roll was not only complete, but it became necessary to add a new clause to the rules to eliminate a number of the noisy crowd that thronged to the sacristy.

On the following Monday morning, I was not slow in rising when called to serve the six o'clock Mass. What was my surprise to find half a dozen boys waiting in the sacristy, every one claiming that it was his turn to serve.

"See here, Ben Lily, it isn't your turn!" said Tom Green.

"Just as much mine as it is yours," answered little wee Ben, at the same time rubbing his sleepy eyes with his coat-sleeve.

"But I was here first!" put in the third voice, "so I am ahead of both of you."

"You said you'd stopped serving."

"When!"

"Last week!"

"I heard you say it too!"

"Well I was fooling!"

"Nice time to be starting in now when you think you are going to be paid."

"That's all right, what did you come for?"

"Keep quiet, here comes Fr. Rawley!"

Fr. Rawley enjoyed the scene, a row of sleepy boys, every one trying to brace up and look wide-awake, but no one succeeding. He settled the dispute by allowing all to draw in his breviary for turns. Ben Lily was the lucky boy, and was marked down on an imaginary schedule

for the week's work. Needless to say there was no dearth of servers for months. The little golden eagle in the white cage had done its work well.

After all, the altar-boy is justified in expecting some little recompense for his services. Although he performs the office of angels, still there is so much of the human about him, that he should receive at least a part of his reward in this world. Just consider for a moment and you will see that he is called upon to make many sacrifices. Others fulfil their duty when they are in church at the beginning of Mass, but the altar-boy must be on hand long before; others may go to any Mass on Sundays, but the altar-boy must come when he is appointed; other boys can lie in bed on a cold Winter morning, but the altar-boy must be up to serve the early Mass: but the hardest of all is, that he has to check his buoyant nature, which is continually demanding to be free, to talk, to play. When he does forget himself, and talks in the sacristy; when his mischievous instincts master him, and he pours candle grease down his partner's neck, or singes his eye-brows with a lighted taper, — in all of which he perceives not the least harm, — he is abused beyond measure. Still his is an enviable position, and no doubt God blesses him and rewards him for his services.

Such were the thoughts which passed through my mind that afternoon as I sat in my office. Three stories and some sage reflections, — this was ample matter for my little speech at the acolyte supper.

The supper I shall not attempt to describe. I shall only remark that Fr. Lily was most liberal, and gave the boys such a feast as they had not enjoyed for many a day.

I can say in justice to myself that my talk to the acolytes that evening was a success. With a number of boys for an audience, hungry boys, boys seated at a table, which was laden with tempting viands, — under such appalling difficulties I gained a hearing. Not only this! The little fellows became so interested that they actually forgot to eat. That was a triumph of eloquence indeed!

My first story, about Fr. Lily's holding the censer was received with loud exclamations. Then came the episode of my hiding the new silver censer. I told it as happening to a third party, so the boys put it down as a second joke on Fr. Lily. Like a true orator I kept my best point for the last, namely, about the sleepy crowd, which Fr. Rawley found in the sacristy that Monday morning. It was received with such demonstration, that the boys appeared intoxicated; this was impossible, however, for the strongest drink on the table was colored lemonade.

On the following morning, when I went to my office, I found a letter on my desk. It was from Fr. Lily. After thanking me for attending the supper, he appended a few lines, which rather startled me; for I had by this time concluded that he had either not heard my last offer to help him, or that he had forgotten it.

Forgotten it, he had not! He repeated it verbatim in his letter, then added that he intended to hold me to my promise, which was to send

him anything he desired. In short, I was to pay for the supper, — fifty three dollars and thirty five cents.

I grew desperate! I was determined not to be outdone! I would make Fr. Lily remember this day as long as he was our assistant pastor! I took my pen, acknowledged his letter, sent him a check for the full amount, and claimed the privilege of paying for every supper which he would in future give to the acolytes.

❖❖❖ Blessed are the Merciful. ❖❖❖

A bitter winter night it was with storm winds howling around and chill sleet beating against the window.

There was a knock at the front door, and when Louise, the niece of the mistress of the house, opened it, a man asked for a night's lodging. The lady of the house just then came upon the scene, and with harsh voice told the stranger that she had no room for vagabonds; then she threw the door shut, and went away only to return instantly. The man had not gone, but was knocking again hesitatingly. The angered lady again appeared and this time she saw, since the light of the lamp fell upon his countenance, that the intruder was a tall young man, with light brown hair, large blue eyes and an ashy pale face.

"How far is it to the next house?" he asked trembling all over.

"About three miles or more" was the reply, "but it is useless for you to seek it for you can not get any drink there, since the lady yonder abominates loafers as much as I do."

"I do not ask for drink" replied the stranger "I only wish something to eat! You need not be afraid of me; I am wounded and scarcely able to walk; my clothing is thin and the night is bitter cold. I was on the road to Greenbank to my parents, where I intended to rest, till my wounds should be healed; but I was robbed three days ago, and am now without means to proceed. Only permit me to lie down near the fire and give me a crust of bread to keep me from starvation and may the good Lord reward you."

The stranger looked so beseechingly with his large soft eyes that the old lady almost pitied him. But then it came to her mind, that she had often been fooled in the same way. The war had just ended, and every beggar who came along claimed to be a soldier, wounded and robbed. One to whom a short time ago she had given assistance, limped away on his crutches till he thought he was no longer observed, then shouldered the crutches and walked briskly without them. His benefactress watching from an upper window vowed she would never again help a beggar. Therefore she replied now to the unfortunate man before her, that he no doubt

had money and only wished to murder them and rob the house. He should hurry and get away. — Then the lady's niece who was busy in the kitchen, motioned to her aunt to keep the poor stranger. But she was not to be moved, and ordered him to leave instantly. — He moaned as he slowly struggled through the hard frozen snow. Soon there was another knock this time barely audible, and when the woman again responded, the same stranger entered, supporting himself on his stick. He looked weaker and paler.

"You impudent fellow" the lady cried out.

He glanced at her imploringly and said: "Madam, I have a mother in Greenbank: I would like to preserve my life, not for my own sake, but for the sake of that mother. If I am compelled to move on in this weather, I shall never see her again."

"Yes! That is an old excuse. They all want to see their mothers" came back in harsh words the reply of the unwilling hostess who seemed to be possessed by an evil spirit of obduracy. Though she remembered that her own son, a soldier, was even now on his way home to see his mother, yet her heart did not soften towards the poor wanderer.

"I am wounded as you see" he said listlessly.

"I have no desire of seeing your wounds; one may sham much to arouse sympathy. I read the papers and have my own opinions. It is best to give through the charitable societies, whatever one has to give. Vagabonds are an abomination to me. You cannot expect of decent people, that they keep you over night, — Go!" Louise implored her aunt again, to be merciful, but was pushed back roughly.

Then the stranger, seeing that the woman was immovable, left the house, while she took her accustomed seat near the warm fire-place.

Pleasant odors penetrated to the room from the kitchen, and everything around bespoke comfort. Yet there was no rest in the heart of the mistress. She shook the fire, lighted another candle to make things more cheerful and was about to take up her knitting, when she noticed something lying on the floor.

It was a tobacco bag. She examined it more minutely and began to tremble visibly. On the outside were the letters written in indelible ink: "To R. H. from K. F." It contained a piece of tobacco, an old pipe, and a crumpled letter. When she opened the letter and saw the superscription, with the words "My dear son" the woman uttered a piercing cry. — It was her own handwriting; the tobacco bag was that of her own son and so the stranger was at least able to give some information concerning her boy. In the greatest excitement she called



SIMPLICITY.

Louise and asked with disturbed look, where the stranger might be by this time. The girl herself became excited like her aunt and replied:

"He has no doubt by this time hidden somewhere, to keep from freezing." The girl's countenance betrayed such fear and nervousness that under ordinary circumstances her aunt would have become suspicious, but now she was troubled too much to notice anything: she rushed out of the house, called and looked into the dark night, and when there came no answer to her calls and she could see not a shadow, she returned to her room and wept bitterly. A holy and sincere vow went from her heart to heaven. — Sud-

denly the joyful tingling of sleighbells were heard, and presently a sleigh stopped before the house and the next moment mother and son were in each other's embrace. Her joy was undescrivable as she beheld her own boy, returned from the war. The strenuous soldier life had left no marring trace upon him. He looked so well in his uniform that the mother did not tire feasting her eyes on his soldierly form.

Louise came in soon after and greeted her cousin heartily, but she was still excited, and it was noticeable that she had been weeping. She served the table and Charles displayed a splendid appetite. The mother could not eat however; again she heard the weary steps of the stranger on the frozen snow and his voice beseeching her for a place near the fire and a piece of bread. After the meal, Charles spoke of the war, of the long weary marches and how the men had frequently suffered hunger. Then he told them of his life having been in danger — of being pursued by the enemy and dangerously wounded and how he was saved through the bravery of a comrade, who, at the risk of his own life had carried him into camp.

"Had it not been for him" Charles continued "I should never have seen you again; to him I owe my life. We have often shared our rations, and made use of the same canteen, and the man in this world whom I love most is Robert; my own brother could not be dearer to me".

"Why did you not bring him along with you?" asked his mother "that I too might love him; no sacrifice would be too much for me for the savior of my son. Write to him to come on."

But Charles sadly shook his head.

"I do not know whether he is alive now or not. He was captured in a battle and military prisons are miserable dwellings. I would give anything if I could help him. He too has a mother, who loves him very much. She lives in Greenbank — the poor old woman."

Charles arose and stepped to the window to hide the tears which he no longer was able to repress.

The poor stranger stood so clearly before the guilty conscience of the hard hearted mother, that she scarcely thought any more of the good fortune of having her own son back, safe and well. Suddenly she heard an exclamation:

"Great Lord! how does this come here?" Charles held in his hand the tobacco bag, which had been lost by the stranger.

"How did this bag come here?" he repeated excitedly. "It is as if I saw a ghost, for I gave this bag to Robert on the very day he saved me from death. We soldiers had not much to share but Robert promised me, never to give up this token as long as he lived. How did you get this tobacco pouch mother?"

The woman shook with emotion and was near a total collapse.



REMINISCENCES.

"A vagabond dropped it here, but it could not have been your Robert: I would never have shown the door to a respectable person" she replied in mortal anguish. "Most likely this is a pouch similar to yours, or else it has been stolen from your friend." She could not say any more.

Charles looked at her with a desperate and stern glance.

"The 'vagabond' was my friend Robert. Hungry and wounded he came to you, he who saved my life and you have turned him away! Mother how could you be as cruel as that?"

"O, Charles!" the poor woman cried. "I have already repented for my crime to the unfortunate man and am suffering the pangs of hell: forgive me, my son!"

Charles took his helmet and was about to go in search of his friend, saying:

"I shall find Robert, no matter how long it takes."

When Louise stepping before him cried:

"Thanks be to the Lord that I did it" and turning to Charles' mother she said "Aunt! I have been in fear and trembling ever since, not knowing what you might think and say. But I could not see the stranger go to his certain death and so I called him into the kitchen and gave him a room. I brought him light, something to eat and a warm log of wood for the foot of his bed and bade him lie down."

"God bless you Louise!" was the answer from mother and son.

"I told him" continued Louise "that he could at least rest this one night there: I locked the door and took the key." When the girl had finished she broke into tears, for poor child, she had expected to receive a severe scolding having never before been disobedient. None was more happy however, over the turn of affairs than Louise's aunt and she thanked God with all her heart.

The joy of the friends was great when they beheld each other so unexpectedly. There is not much to be added. Robert went home to his mother, and recovered from his wounds. When he came the second time in the bloom of health to the hard hearted lady, to ask of her the hand of her niece, who had saved his life, and prevented her aunt from becoming guilty of his death, he was not refused but received with open arms, and often since was the mother of Charles heard to say:

"No man is refused at my house any more. No doubt I am now and then deceived, but my maxim is now: Rather give assistance to the unworthy than send away the deserving poor:" for I have also learned to value the words of our dear Savior: "Whatsoever you shall do to the least of my brethren, that you shall have done to Me."

—❖❖❖ *A Case of Lightning Photography.* ❖❖❖—

Father" asked my son Dave, "how can lightning be photographed? You don't know where the lightning comes from, nor does it last long enough to make a picture."

"Lightning my boy" I replied, "takes its own picture. All you need do is, to get your plate ready on a stormy night, leave your lens uncovered, and turned toward the sky. The next stroke of lightning will affect the plate."

"Is that all?" replied Dave, "how simple! we must try that at once!"—"Yes, but first we must wait for a storm. At all events keep your plates in readiness." We did not need to wait long, for the next night a fierce thunderstorm raged. It commenced at about eleven o'clock and Dave came rushing into my room, calling out: "Come quickly father, it is lightning terribly! I have everything ready. The bedroom window is the best place to expose the camera."—"I may add that our house stands back ten feet from the main road and that the bedroom window in question, faces the road and fields.

Dave had meanwhile prepared a number of plates. "I hope we shall have good success" he said.—Soon the whole fury of the raging storm broke loose. One long streak of lightning fol-

lowed the other in quick succession, and plate after plate was exposed under circumstances which filled Dave with great expectations. Just as I placed the last plate in the camera, he said "what about taking the road and fields?" Scarcely had this been done, when a magnificent flash lightened up the surroundings, and a terrific clap of thunder followed as a finale.—"I am glad it is over" said Dave as soon as his voice became audible after the frightful noise of the elements. "I would not like to stand again at the open window, in such a night as this."—"Go to bed as quickly as possible" I replied "we shall look at the plates tomorrow! Good night."

Early next morning I was aroused by the vigorous ringing of the door bell. Going down stairs in my night robe to open the door, I saw before me a policeman, evidently much terrified. "Will you kindly come with me to the field right across the road?" he stammered, "a corpse is lying there, a man, and I fear he has been murdered, for a knife is sticking in his heart."

I quickly dressed, and accompanied the officer. His report was true. There in the damp grass lay the body of John Solenski, his hair and clothing drenched from last night's rain. Solenski was the tenant of Villa Sophia, a handsome

stalwart young man, and it was whispered, a suitor of Mary Devereux, the prettiest girl of the village. While the policeman kept guard, I ran for the doctor, who after a short examination stated that the man had been dead for some hours. "Good God!" the doctor suddenly exclaimed "this is Gerald Merrilee's knife! here is his monogram" and he pointed to the letters on the hilt of the weapon.

That same afternoon Gerald Merrilee was imprisoned on the charge of murder. He also was known as a suitor of Mary Devereux. The butcher of the village testified that on the evening before the murder Merrilee had held an animated conversation with Miss Devereux, in which Solenski's name had been repeatedly mentioned, and that Merrilee had finally left the house in a very angry frame of mind uttering threats against his rival. — The identification of the knife, and the butcher's testimony given at the coroner's inquest caused the arrest of Gerald Merrilee. — Notwithstanding the strong circumstantial evidence against him, the accused man persistently denied the crime and continually affirmed his innocence. He did not question the butcher's veracity, and his lawyer explained that Merrilee had on the evening in question asked Miss Devereux to marry him, and on her refusal reproached her, for preferring Solenski to himself, when Miss Devereux acknowledged that same day having accepted Solenski. Thereupon Merrilee who was of an impetuous temper had flown into a rage, natural enough under the circumstances and had uttered the threats, which were now endued as the main evidence against him. On leaving the girl's presence however, Merrilee had gradually cooled down. In order to reach home he ran as fast as he could, until catching his foot in some brushwood he fell, striking his head on a tree root. The blow depriving him of consciousness. — When he came to, he noticed that he now lay on his back whereas he had fallen on his face, but he was too exhausted to think much about this matter, and so went home. Next morning however, his surprise was great, to find his pockets empty; his watch, pocket book, letters and knife, all being gone.

His counsel laid great stress on the facts just mentioned; he declared that the real murderer first robbed the unconscious prisoner and afterwards committed the murder with the stolen knife, leaving it in the wound in order to turn suspicion upon the innocent owner of the weapon. — The jury did not consider the defence of Merrilee a good one, and found the prisoner guilty of murder in the first degree, whereupon he was condemned to death.

Some weeks later I was alone in my room, awaiting the return of my wife and son from London on the midnight train. The wait became tiresome, so I looked about for something with which to while away the time. Then I remember-

ed our lightning photography, which had been forgotten in the excitement incident to the murder: I fetched the plates, and examined them.

The first plate was a failure; so was the second. The third plate however, showed a wonderful picture of zigzag lightning arising in the background. The next plate made a gruesome impression on me; it was the negative of a landscape and I was puzzling over its identity, when it flashed through my mind that Dave had asked me on the night of the storm to take the commons opposite us. I examined the plate closer — objects grew more distinct — till at last I could distinguish some human figures.

"God in heaven!" I cried out "this is the scene of Solenski's murder!" And so it was! The picture had been taken in the decisive moment, showing the murderer just as he was plunging the knife into the victim's bosom. The faces were clearly discernible and the murderer was not Gerald Merrilee, but a stout undersized man with a full beard. In the background lay a seemingly lifeless figure on the sod, the face turned skyward.

"Good Lord!" I exclaimed again "then Gerald Merrilee is innocent! How wonderful this print proves his innocence! I must go into the city to-morrow and show the picture in court." Suddenly I trembled! To-morrow? To-morrow he was to be executed! In five hours it would be all over! Large beads of cold perspiration stood, on my forehead, and I was moaning from mental anguish and pain, when my wife found me on her return.

Her sharp wits quickly solved the problem.

"Ride to the city on your wheel and at once, without losing any time."

I was an experienced rider, and shall pass over the details of my trip. Only he who himself rides on a pitchdark night at lightning speed over streets and roads in order to save a dear friend's life, will ever be able to imagine what I went through during that long ride. — I arrived in time to produce my wonderful and almost miraculous testimony, which saved Gerald Merrilee from death on the gallows. The details of his justification were kept a secret by the court.

The negative was enlarged and numerous copies sent to all police quarters, with the result that the real murderer was found after fifteen days' search. He confessed that he had taken the knife and other valuables from the pocket of the unconscious Gerald, and with the knife he had killed Solenski, who happened to pass a few minutes later. It was all as Merrilee's counsel had said in his defence. Merrilee was set at liberty. Nor is it strange that he and I are the best of friends. He says he owes his life to me but I know better; he owes his life to the photograph taken during the storm, or rather to the miraculous intervention of Providence in his behalf.

= The Blessed Virgin's Girlhood. =

How beautiful is the picture (the old legends tell us) of the life of our Blessed Mother in the Temple of Jerusalem!

The lovely young Virgin rose each day with the lark. Praying always, she dressed herself in her simple robes of blue and white, fixed the blue sandals on her little feet, and twisted the long, flowing veil about her head.

After she had washed her hands according to the custom of the Jews, she went with her young companions and the elder women of the Temple, to the glorious gallery where the virgins held the place of honor.

Then, followed the solemn sacrifices and the morning prayers; after which, Mary and the other maidens hastened to their daily tasks.

They hovered, like birds, around the Sidonian looms; wrought with spindles of cedar, or guided the shining needle upon the gorgeous embroideries for the use of the Temple.

The Abbé Orsini tells us, that the Blessed Virgin surpassed all the daughters of her people in these beautiful fabrications; and S. Epiphanius declares that she excelled in embroidery, and in the art of working

in wool, in byssus, and in gold. Others of the saints ascribed to her the gift of tongues and a thorough understanding of Holy Writ.

In the beautiful rooms of the Temple, she constantly wrought or studied, meditated or prayed. Simple and humble, this blessed little child was gentle as a dove, meek as a lamb: her looks, her words, and her actions full of an ineffable sweetness, purity and peace. She diffused a perfume of holiness around her, as the rose continually gives out its delicious fragrance to all about it.

She was, in fact, as Sophronius pronounces her, *a garden of pleasure to the Lord, beloved of God and man.*

An ancient legend records that, on one occasion, the high-priest having sent Mary and

her seven companions a certain quantity of silk, hyacinth, byssus (or cotton), and purple to be spun, the young virgins assembled to draw lots for the different colors.

The purple fell to Mary.

At that period, purple was the imperial color; hence, the young virgins exclaimed that purple fell to sovereigns, and they called Mary, "QUEEN OF VIRGINS!"

At these words, an angel of the Lord descended in their midst.

"What you say," said he, "is not vain; it will be the accomplishment of all the prophecies."

Day after day, the little Queen of Virgins labored diligently with her spindle, her shuttle, or her needle. She washed the linen and cleansed the sacred vases. She fasted frequently, and gave alms at the cost of much self-denial.

Before the evening sacrifice, under the direction of her mistress, she, the Vessel of Singular Devotion, prepared the perfumes offered up by the priests after sunset, as incense to Jehovah; or provided the pure oil (meet emblem of her holy name which should be "as oil poured out"), wherewith

the Levites filled the lamps, burning night and day in honor of the Most High.

And, at every spare moment, she stole silently, like a gliding moonbeam, into one of the reserved porticoes, whence she looked down into the cool, dim, spacious interior of the Temple, and, laying her fair face against the intervening lattice-work, gave voice to her yearning emotion in the psalm of her father David: "How lovely are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts! My soul longeth and fainteth for the courts of the Lord!"

This went on, day after day, for eleven or twelve years. Mary was then old enough to be given in marriage to some just man, who should be selected for her by the high-priests.



INNOCENCE.



I will extol Thee, O Lord, for Thou hast upheld me. Ps. 29, 1.

She had made a vow never to marry; but she remained silent, trusting to God to take care of her future life.

The young men gathered in the Temple, each hoping to win her for his spouse, — for she was very, very lovely, and of royal blood.

The high-priest had been given a sign from heaven by which he was to choose the one whom God intended for Mary's husband.

Some say, that each man who came, that day, to the Temple in the Holy City, received from the high-priest a rod or wand; and that after the high-priest had prayed to God, the rod that Joseph held, burst apart at its top, letting out a white dove which flew around, and settled at last upon Joseph's head.

Others say, that the rod he held was a branch of an almond tree which, after the high-priest's prayer, burst into lovely flowers, while all the rest of the men held nothing but bare rods in their hands. Be it as it may, the high-priest felt sure that Joseph was meant to be the husband of Mary; and he, therefore, gave the young, beautiful, high-born Virgin to his protecting care.

Who can say how keen a pang pierced her immaculate Heart at the thought of leaving her childhood's hallowed home? How supreme the involuntary struggle which preceded in that stainless soul, her act of complete abandonment to the will of God!

Clad in her gold-colored bridal robe embroidered with many colors, the myrtle-wreath confining on her head the long, fleecy veil that flowed to her feet, Mary turned with modest but majestic mien to the priests of the Temple and bade them an affectionate farewell.

Then, for the last time, she seeks her little oratory, the little chamber, the silent witness of so many pure and pious hours.

She gazes lovingly around its peaceful, shining precincts. All the old familiar objects are there, but she will never be permitted to look upon or touch them again.

"See her," says a pious author, "prostrating herself for the last time in the galleries, whence she can see the olive-wood flooring overlaid with gold in the Holy of Holies, and the veil of blue, of hyacinth, and of purple which conceals the Oracle. A hymn of gratitude, like perfume, exhales from her heart: 'Behold, now, bless ye, the Lord, all ye servants of the Lord, who stand in the house of the Lord, in the courts of the House of our God.'"

Then she goes to bid her mistresses goodbye.

Among those holy women who guided and taught the virgins of Zion was, doubtless, the saintly Anna, the prophetess, the widowed daughter of Phanuel, who (as the Gospel tells us), "departed not from the Temple, by fasting and prayers serving night and day;" and who was afterwards, on the Feast of the Purification, to hold in her arms the Divine Infant of Mary, and proclaim His praises to the people.

We can fancy the lovely young Virgin kneeling, in turn, at the feet of these venerable Religious of the Old Law, thanking them for all their goodness to her, begging pardon, in her sweet humility, for any unwitting failures in her duty to them, and imploring them to pray for her after she had taken her flight, like a timid white dove, from the sacred retreat of the Temple.

Turning to her beloved companions, she bids them also a tender adieu; and as she passes from their midst, disappearing in the shadows of the spacious pillared corridor, like a white lily glistening with drops of silver dew, we can believe that the mistresses and maidens of the Temple lifted up their voices and wept, crying with one accord: "Farewell, farewell! O best beloved of the daughters of Zion! Our hearts go forth with thee, 'for thy voice is sweet and thy face comely' (Cant. II, 14); 'and in thee shall all the nations of the earth be blessed.' (Gen. XII, 3).

E. C. DONNELLY.

— ST. STANISLAUS AND HIS ROSARY. —

E. C. Donnelly.

When Stanislaus, the dying saint,
Upon his couch reclined,—
In shining strands, his *rosa y quañt*
About his wrist was twined.

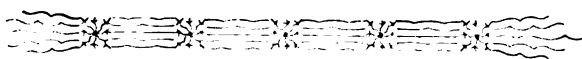
"Why wear the holy beads to-night?"
A Father asked, and smiled:
"You cannot now he praye s recite,
Why wear the beads, dear child?"

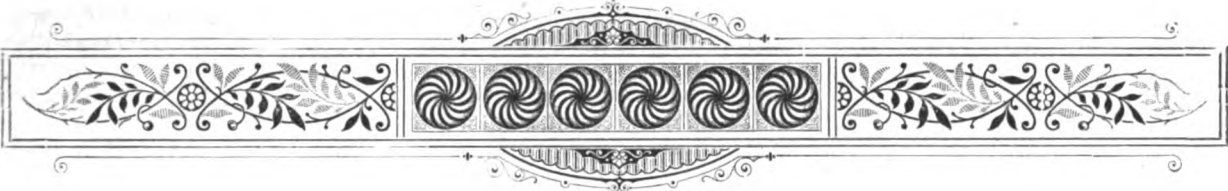
"Because I prize them for the sake
Of Mary, Mother dear,
And it conoles me,"—(soft he spake),
"To simply clasp them *here!*"

And what, O son! will be your bliss,"
(The Father said,) "when given
Her face to see, her hands to kiss,
In yonder glorious heaven!"

Forth stretching to his Mother's arms,
At those glad words of joy,
All radiant with celestial charms
Sprang up that sainted boy.

"She comes! she comes!" he, trem-
bling cried,
"My Mother and my Queen!"—
Then, sinking on his pillow,—died
In smiling peace serene.





THE ROBBER OF HEXHAM.

Taken from the "Amerikanisches Missionsblatt."

English by B. Bachur.

Intense darkness reigned in Hexham-wood, a forest situated on the Scotch frontier and feared far and wide during the fifteenth century as a veritable death trap. The thicket under its giant trees which formed an impenetrable dome overhead was rendered almost impassable by a wildly tangled undergrowth. As night settled down upon this wilderness it grew more dismal from moment to moment, a strong wind the fore-runner of a storm drove heavy clouds over the darkening firmament now driving them together into heavy banks now tearing them asunder only to make the dreary forest more dreary and terrifying with the changing light and darkness.

For miles around there was no glimmer of light or rising smoke to give sign of human habitation or hospitable hearth and shelter from the approaching storm and darkness.

Who would seek to find in Hexham forest a friendly welcome, a comfortable fireside? The wood was avoided as a place under God's curse where only the most abandoned miscreants sought shelter in almost unapproachable caves, men fleeing from the ban of the law and hunted from the company of human society. Terrible rumors of the blood-thirstiness of the sojourners of Hexham forest passed from mouth to mouth. No traveller dared traverse it on his way into Scotland without an armed guard. The soil was marshy and swampy: no wonder for only a stray ray of sunshine could penetrate the tangled dome; nowhere a hewn path everywhere a maze of thick and endless undergrowth. And yet there were some living creatures who ventured into this darkness, a man of advanced age, a woman and a child. Almost dead from exhaustion and despair the woman had sunk upon the trunk of a fallen oak pressing the child a boy of about 10 years closely to her breast.

"I can go no further Sherby" she groaned almost fainting. "I can do no more." "But we cannot possibly remain here mistress," replied the man standing reverently before her.

And whither should we go Sherby? Are we not surrounded on all sides by impenetrable wilderness and darkness? With every step we

meet renewed terrors. Death is awaiting us. I can hear them now those bandits who robbed us and from whom we escaped only by a miracle of God's grace. No further Sherby, no further. I have lost all courage.

And you have shown such splendid courage before, my dear mistress, on the battlefield, at the head of your troops in the thickest of the fight and now you tremble like a child.

Oh Sherby, every nerve in my body is trembling at the thought of the terrible danger from which we have so narrowly escaped. I see in every tree one of those gigantic robbers who threatened me or rather my child with naked sword, for what matters it if my miserable life comes to an untimely end? But his! My dear Edward's! "Look at me my poor child! You have had nothing to eat since this morning!" "Mother dear do not worry about me" replied the boy lovingly. "as long as I am with you I fear nothing."

"And I may still have hopes for the future so long as thy life is preserved my only, my beloved son, thy life is a guarantee for the happiness of thousands. Merciful God have mercy on us! Grant us deliverance from this persecution! Come to our assistance in Thy great mercy! For is it not enough that all our people are dispersed, that my husband the father of my only child is in flight and hunted, and that we do not know whether the poor sickly man lives or has died a cruel death, must my son too die here in this forest, must we perish without anybody ever learning what has become of him and me? Thus lamented and moaned the helpless woman, half conscious she held her precious child pressed to her bosom while the old retrainer had drawn his sword. "Rest then my mistress and try to sleep. I will watch over you and your son against wild animals and the wickedness of man. Who knows that when the new morn rises God will send us rescue. Your trusty followers who have escaped from the bloody battle of Hexham must be looking for you in this neighborhood and bring news....." "O God this is no imagination, this is one of those monsters, one of those blood-seekers!" suddenly shrieked the frightened mother while her little son tremblingly held to her skirts.

The moon had pierced a black cloud and with her dim and uncertain light made dimly visible the giant form of a man.

It was a man of wild uncanny appearance; he was covered with the fur of wild animals; a long grizzly beard fell over his mighty chest and his unkempt hair fluttered wildly round his massive forehead. In his hand he held a huge club which he swung around as if it were a thin cane; menacingly he approached the lost wayfarers; everything about him instilled fear and loathing and the boy who so far held out fearlessly by the side of his mother began suddenly to tremble, shut his eyes to exclude the sight of this terrible apparition and whispered anxiously, "Mother, I am so afraid; what can Sherby do against this terrible man."

But the fleeing woman regained her presence of mind the moment extreme danger approached in such hideous form; her feverish anxiety, the bitter anguish of her soul seemed all to be forgotten; she arose and stood up erect in the full loveliness of her commanding figure. Her habit was torn, her long blond tresses hung loose about her, deprived of their restraining veil like a natural mantle almost down to the ground. One arm held the clinging child in close embrace, the other was stretched forth in a majestic movement motioning the outcast to approach. "Put thy sword into the scabbard Sherby; and give free passage between me and this man a weapon of iron and steel is of no use here. God alone through my words can soften this man's heart."

Nearer and nearer approached the outcast and more imposing became the attitude of the defenseless woman.

"Come nearer, so that I may speak to you she said with her melodious voice I know what you are seeking." You want to plunder and rob. But, my friend, others have done this before you, they have taken from us all, all our jewels, even our mantles and upper garments. We stand before you bereft of everything; there is nothing left but our lives. Do you seek them?"

"What else?" he answered with a cruel smile "what else does the world want of me and my family but our lives? A price has been put upon our heads; we must not leave this forest but at the cost of our blood; nobody would have pity upon me, my wife or my children. Why should I have pity upon you? I am master, out there you may clamor for pity from your kin. Here I alone exercise justice and all who appear in my domain are menaced with death at my hands."

"I was not deceived then; my lot has become worse; I believed that I must thank God; to have escaped from those ravenous wolves, who are unworthy of the name of man; but they at least sought only for our jewels and possessions out of sheer malice and blind revenge, but not for our lives. And I forbid you, you shall not shed

my blood or that of my child you shall and must rescue us for — —." And now she penetrated his very soul with her large sparkling eyes:

"I am your Queen, and this child is the son of the King, your master."

Instinctively the wild woodman stepped back, his heart filled with involuntary reverence and terror, but the Queen sank on her knees before him and raised her hands imploringly.

"Yes, I am the Queen, the most unfortunate of Queens. Behold into what an abyss of misery and anguish I have sunk! I am Margaret of Anjou daughter and wife of royalty, our army is dispersed, my husband obliged to flee. Listen to me if you believe in God, who hears us; who suffered and died for us; I implore you by the memory of His bitter passion and death, have pity on our misery and do not add to it."

"Who has ever had pity upon us?" murmured the robber turning his head away from the unfortunate woman. "Have you no pity, no mercy; well then here I am at your feet. Kill me, life has indeed no further charm for me; but, do not defile your soul with a much greater crime, spare this child! It is your King's only child, and, if God wills it, the future master of this Kingdom, your future King Edward. It will be a famous action to have saved his life; give him a refuge in your powerful arms. Whatever crimes you may have committed in former years, this one deed will wash it all away and speak loudly for you on the day when you will have to appear before the judgment seat of the omnipotent and omniscient God. Oh my friend do not let this moment of grace which God grants you pass by unnoticed, obtain God's grace and forgiveness by helping a despairing mother, by giving back life to them, who believed themselves already under the shadow of death!" Tears streamed down her face, when sobbing she broke out in these last words. The robber let the club fall from his hands; he seemed touched and the Queen noticed his embarrassment. Quickly she took up her son and put him into the arms of the wild bandit.

"I entrust him to you," she continued "the scion of the Plantagenets rests safely in your arms, and I declare it your bounden duty, to protect this innocent royal blood against all its enemies. Take him into your arms and hide him from those who are seeking his life. Let him have a refuge in your dark cave and some day the portals of the royal palace will be open to you."

"I promise it to you in his name; some day you will be one of his own noblemen, if he should be preserved by you for the crown which is his by right of inheritance."

"Oh, exalted mistress! your words are like soothing oil which softens the hardness of my soul; you are right; entrust England's hope to my care. I shall watch over it as a precious

jewel." And now it was the turn of the repentant bandit to throw himself at the feet of Margaret, and to moisten with his tears the hem of her garment.

"Believe me" he continued, "I would rather suffer death a thousand times than to desert this noble child, much less to betray him."

"I have transgressed the law, O noble Queen, of my own free will I have banished myself from human society by my misdeeds, and now I repent from the bottom of my heart, that I cannot touch the child of our King with cleaner hands, sullied as they are with many a crime. Only if you grant me your pardon will I continue to offer you and your son my weak assistance."

His voice sounded as pitiful and as appealing as if he was kneeling before the woman sitting upon her throne and as if by a mere word she could dispense over life and death.

"Arise" she said, holding out to him her delicate white hand with that princely grace which was hers when she held out that same hand to be kissed by princes and dukes: "In the name of the King all your misdeeds are forgiven you."

The robber arose with the child in his arms and asked the queen and her retainer to follow him through the thick forest wherein he knew every hiding place; no high-born nobleman could have discharged the duties of this service of love and admiration in a more efficient manner, than this poor out-law. He led them to his secret habitation, a grotto on the bank of a small forest-stream, which is known in the neighborhood to this day as Queen Margaret's grotto.

The entrance was low and hidden amongst the bushy undergrowth. The interior was cleanly and almost comfortable and home-like; in the center a bright wood fire was burning around which were seated the woodman's wife and children; a wall, of which the remnants can be seen to this day, divided the grotto into two parts. "Wife" he said to his help-mate "I bring you here some guests whom I wish to be treated with love and respect for — —" and here he whispered a few words in her ears.

His wife raised her hands in astonishment and looked at the Queen who though almost exhausted by fatigue and mental anguish, stood there in imposing majesty and dignity as she once stood in Westminster Abbey, when clad in cloth of gold, and covered with the royal purple mantle she was solemnly crowned as queen of England and France. The woman united her efforts with those of her husband to make the unfortunate fugitive mother and child as comfortable as possible.

And soon a refreshing peaceful sleep held the eyes of the captives and let them forget for a brief time their sorrows and sufferings. In the

mean time faithful Sherby told the host and hostess by the cheerful fireside of the sad happenings which brought the Queen of England to entrust her child into the keeping of an out-cast of human society.

At that time the country was stirred to its very depth by a cruel civil war, known in history as the war of the red and white roses: the red rose was the emblem of the King's party the house of Lancaster, while his enemies, the adherents of the house of York carried as their emblem a white rose.

King Henry VI was a peace-loving man of a spotless conduct of life.

When only a few months old he was called to the throne by the early demise of his renowned father, brave Henry V, the victor of Agincourt, who with the hand of beautiful Catherine of France had joined the crown of her kingdom to his own.

After Henry's death, during the long years of the minority of his son, civil wars began to devastate the country.

In France where Joan of Arc seemed to have been sent by God to save the down trodden people, England lost one possession after another.

It needed the vigorous arm of a hero like Henry V to suppress the revolts at home and maintain the renowned fame of English arms abroad, but his successor was anything but a hero; he was a poet, a good father, a loving husband.

In quiet and peaceful times he would have made his name, but the cry of battle had naught but terror for him and the life at court had benumbed his energy.

At his side stood Margaret of Anjou, the cleverest and most beautiful princess of Christendom. When she found her husband incapable of defending his own and his son's rights, she herself seized the sword and with more courage than judgment tried to plant terror into the hearts of her enemies.

At the time of our little tale the fortunes of war had again turned against the red rose.

At the battle of Hexham the Duke of York had been victorious and dispersed the royal army into fragments. Henry VI had fled in one direction, his wife and their child in another; the two latter had been attacked by robbers and owed it only to a quarrel over the spoils that they had succeeded in escaping, all three on one horse.

All this Sherby told to the reverently listening people of the forest, while the slumbering queen may have dreamed of her past glory, the brilliant days of her honey-moon, the grand tournament, which the king of France had held in her honor, how the knights adorned with her favorite flower, whose name she wore ("daisy,"



AN EXPENSIVE BATH.

french "marguerite") defended her colors against all comers, how her father had combated with the king of France, how poets, singers, and harpists had sung of her dazzling beauty and compared her to the rosy morn which rejuvenates the earth and rejoices everybody who beholds it. Perhaps she saw in her dreams her father, the poet loving King Renier of Naples and her mother, the heroic Isabella of Loraine

from whom she had had such a sad leave taking, or of her husband, then in full vigor of youth and beauty, but now a prematurely aged, bentdown, almost senile old man.

When she awoke and beheld her beautiful boy in peaceful slumber all the dreamy visions of the night fled and gave place to a heart-felt prayer of thanks to Him who had preserved



QUEEN MARGARET AND THE ROBBER OF HEXHAM.

the life of this her greatest treasure through the hands of an unknown robber.

For three days the queen remained in hiding, but on the following morn her host met with Peter de Brege and his followers, one of the trustiest knights of Margaret, who had hastened from France to offer her his service.

They had been fortunate in avoiding the robbers, who infested the forest and had crossed and recrossed it at the peril of their lives in search of the fugitive mother and child.

The knights were led to the hiding place of the queen, who learned from them, that her husband was safe, but that two of her most influential adherents, the Dukes of Somerset and Hereford had died a cruel death. The Duke of York had them decapitated on the market place of Hexham without previous process of law.

The queen decided to depart from the grotto in the company of the knights and return to Scotland at the court of which she expected to rejoin her husband.

It was a touching scene, when Margaret took leave of the poor robber and his wife and she gave them all she had to give them the assurance of her most profound gratitude.

The noblemen, who had come to her rescue offered the wife of the outcast part of their scanty residue of money as compensation for the services rendered to the Queen, but she refused resolutely the present, which might still be of use to the Queen.

With tears in her eyes Margaret now bade farewell to these uncouth but now tender-hearted people.

"Of all I have lost, I regret nothing more than to have lost the power of making restitution for your loyalty and kindness to me," she said as she held out her hand to them, which they covered with tears and kisses.

"My child," she said to the heir of the throne "look at these people and impress their features deeply upon your memory. Some day when you will be king, you will find in them your most faithful subjects. We both owe them our lives and perhaps the crown."

Unfortunately the hopes of the queen were not fulfilled. The war lasted a long time with ever-changing fortune.

After many mishaps she finally arrived in Scotland, but she did not succeed in finding there assistance for her husband, who had fallen into the hands of his enemies and languished in cruel imprisonment. She found herself forced to cross to the continent, but poverty and adversities did not seem to discourage her. In vain she begged for help at the court of Burgundy and France. Good words and advice she got in plenty, but money and actual aid she could not obtain.

It was made impossible for her to return to England and she had to remain many years in France, while her husband was a prisoner in the Tower. To her manly mind this inactivity was hard to bear, but patient waiting was the only thing that was left to her; with suppressed indignation she heard now and then how peacefully the happy Victor Edward IV. of the house of York reigned in her domain, and heaped indignities upon indignities upon her captive husband which the latter bore with christian patience.

At last the fortunes of war changed. Once more the sun of peace smiled upon Margaret and her son, now the handsomest and most admired prince in Europe. She stepped again upon England's soil, as she had hoped, a victor. Edward had fled and Henry was again upon the throne.

But the joy of victory was of short duration. At the battle of Tewkesbury, York's forces gained the supremacy and the young lion of Plantaganet, Margaret's only son, was cruelly assassinated. Now, that her loved ones, for whom she had striven and suffered incessantly, were gone Margaret's heroic mind gave way. Tortured by ill health and blindness, she spent the rest of her days in profound retirement in a lonely castle in France. Nothing remained to her but the memory of past grandeur and glory, of vanished greatness.

But perhaps the least bitter memory of all was the remembrance of the noble outcast whose hardened heart she had softened by her entreaties, the "Robber of Hexham."

— The Martyr and his Rosary. —

THE Martyr of whom we are about to speak is the Jesuit father John Ogilvie who on the 10th of March 1615 at Glasgow, Scotland, was put to the rack and decapitated for his faith. His unpardonable crime consisted in the fact that he dared to assert that spiritual authority rested with the Pope, and not with the king. (The king then reigning was James I.) On the way to the scaffold

Ogilvie was met by an Anglican minister, who addressed him and assured him of his sympathy. "My dear Ogilvie," said the minister to him, how sorry I am that you are so stiff necked as to undergo such an ignominious death!"

The Father answered him in a trembling voice: "It does not depend upon me, whether I die or not! I cannot help myself! I have been

accused of high treason, and that is the cause of my death."

"Yes it is a question of high treason," said the minister; "but believe me, if you will only forswear the papacy and the Catholic religion, everything will be forgiven and favors will be showered upon you."

"Surely you are jesting with me," said the father.

"Decidedly not," replied the Anglican, I am in earnest, and I am authorized to do so: for the Lord Archbishop (the Protestant one of course) has commissioned me to offer you his daughter in marriage, and the best parish in the diocese as a wedding present, if I could persuade you to come over to us."

Whilst this conversation was in progress, they had reached the foot of the scaffold. The minister urged the Father to give his consent to this plan, and thus spare his life.

The Father made answer, that he would like very much to save his life, provided this could be accomplished in an honorable manner.

"Well," replied the minister, "haven't I told you: That you will have honors heaped upon you?"

"That is well," added Ogilvie, "be so kind to repeat this in the presence of all here assembled."

"I am satisfied to do so," assented the Minister. "Listen" Ogilvie now cried loud, "to what the Minister is going to tell you."

And the Minister then said in a loud voice: "I promise Mr. Ogilvie his life, the Archbishop's daughter, and a rich parish, if he will belong to us."

"Do you hear this," said the Father, "and are you ready to testify to this when it shall be demanded of you?"

"Yes, we have heard it," cried the crowd, "and we will testify to the same. Come down from the scaffold, Mr. Ogilvie, come down!"

For one moment the Catholics were in dread, and the heretics were beside themselves with joy.

"Shall I no longer have to fear prosecution for high treason?" asked Ogilvie.

"No no," was heard on all sides.

"Is my religion then the only reason why I am brought here? Is this my only crime?"

"Yes religion alone!"

"Very well" replied Ogilvie: this is better than I could have hoped: I am condemned to death for my faith alone. I would joyfully lay down my life for it a hundred times if I could however as I have only the one, you may take it and be quick about it. As far as my faith is concerned, you cannot rob me of that." At these words the Catholics raised their heads triumphantly, whilst the heretics grew very angry be-

cause they found themselves caught in their own trap. The Minister in particular was beside himself; he rudely interrupted Father Ogilvie, who desired to add a few words, and ordered the executioner to ascend the scaffold without delay.

Before the executioner began his task, he begged the Martyr's forgiveness. Ogilvie embraced him, spoke kindly to him, and told him it was not necessary to ask his forgiveness.

At that moment when they were about to tie his hands, he threw his Rosary into the crowd. A very remarkable conversion dates from this event.

The Rosary fell upon the breast of a curious onlooker amongst the crowd. He was a young Calvinistic Hungarian, Baron John von Ekkersdorf, who was then traveling through Scotland. This young Nobleman became afterwards a very celebrated person, he was governor of Treves and was also a trusted friend of the Archbishop Leopold, a brother of the Emperor Ferdinand III. In his old age he related the story to Father Boleslaus Balbinus of the Society of Jesus, in the following words:

"At that time I was traveling through England and Scotland, as was customary with the young people of the Hungarian nobility. I found myself in Glasgow on the very day that Father Ogilvie was led to the scaffold, and I cannot describe to you with what a noble, proud demeanor he went to his death. At the same time as a last farewell to the Catholics who surrounded him, he threw his Rosary amongst them from the scaffold. This Rosary thrown at random, struck me in the middle of the chest, so that I had only to grasp it to become its possessor.

But the Catholics were so determined to get it, that to avoid being crushed I had to let go my prize. At that time nothing was farther from my thought than religion, my mind was far removed therefrom, and yet from this moment I had no more peace. The Rosary had wounded my heart. I had occasion to change my position, but nowhere could I find peace. My conscience was restless and the thought: why did the Martyr's Rosary fall upon me rather than upon some other? recurred incessantly. During many years this question repeated itself within me, and followed me everywhere. At last my conscience attained the victory, I became a Catholic and abjured Calvinism. The Martyr's Rosary brought about this happy conversion and in God's gracious dispositions, that Rosary, which I would not part with for anything in the world if I only had it in my possession, and I would buy it at any price, if any one could only procure it for me."



—❖❖❖ The Most Beautiful Model for Christian Families. ❖❖❖—

The domestic life and habits of many families called Christian, frequently presents a very sad picture. The parents are wrapped up in temporal affairs, lukewarm and indifferent as regards religion, negligent in the bringing up of their children. The father is probably a frequenter of the saloon; where he spends the family income and by his drunkenness gives scandal to his children. He treats his wife like a slave, curses and blasphemes, and grumbles about God and the world, and does not mind taking an unfair advantage of his fellow men. The mother intent upon the vanities of dress, is neglectful of her household duties, inclined to be forever scolding and fault-finding, whereby she gives her husband occasion to remain in the saloon: towards her children she shows an unreasonable foolish love. The children themselves, as must be the case where education is wanting, and such bad examples prevail are morally spoiled, disobedient, impertinent to their parents and teachers, quarrelsome amongst themselves and idle. The girls are vain, dressed up dolls of bold behavior. The older sons visitors of saloons, night revellers, worldlings, pugilists! O God! what dissension, what perpetual trouble must reign in a family like this where hardly anything is heard but scolding and quarreling, cursing, blaspheming, grumbling, impure, defamatory and calumnious conversations, where they are all at war with one another, with their own conscience, and even with God.

What a hell upon earth is such an ungodly family life!

And what an Earthly Paradise on the contrary was that blessed life of the Holy Family at Nazareth.

How pious and godfearing were Mary and Joseph! how regularly they went to the Temple, how conscientiously they fulfilled the divine Commandments; how modest and humble they were, how cheerfully they bore their poverty although they were descended from a royal race, how contented and resigned to the will of God in the midst of the most severe trials as for instance when they were obliged to flee into pagan Egypt. How devoted they were to each other in reverent virginal love and fidelity! with what sacrifice did St. Joseph labor in the sweat of his brow for Jesus and Mary! with what attentive faithfulness did not Mary look after the little household, and fulfill her maternal duties! with what love and resignation were they not both subject to the Divine Child! But how Jesus deserved their love! Although He was the Lord of Heaven and earth, the King of Kings, He was so obedient and humble that He did everything to please His holy parents. "He was subject to them" — in these words the Holy Ghost Himself embraces the thirty years of his mortal life. He helped St. Joseph in his ordinary carpenter's work cheerfully, with a touching humility and a persevering industry, and when He was a little boy He assisted His mother in the care of the house. He was subject to his earthly parents with love; but He also accomplished with exactness the will of His heavenly Father and loved all mankind as His brethren, with whose redemption He was charged.

O! how very different would the outlook be in many Christian families if they looked up to this glorious model of the Holy Family at Nazareth, and strove to imitate it! What a heavenly peace would find entrance there! What con-

tentment and resignation would soon alleviate the sufferings of poverty and misfortune! What consolation would religion, the example of the Holy Family, the Savior's passion, the love of the crucified One, the hope of perfect happiness for Eternity grant to them!

Choose then, O Christian families, the Holy Family of Nazareth as your constant model, venerate it, as it is the urgent desire of our Holy Father that you should do, enroll yourselves in the Confraternity of the Holy Family and say daily with devotion the following prayer:

Daily prayer before a picture of the Holy Family.

O most amiable Jesus, who by Thy exalted virtues and Thy example in domestic life hast sanctified the families chosen by Thee upon earth, look down upon this our house. We kneel at Thy feet and implore Thy grace. Remember

that this house belongs to Thee; because it has been consecrated and offered up to Thee in an especial manner. Mercifully protect us, and save us from danger, help us in all our necessities, grant us strength to persevere unremittingly in the imitation of this Holy Family; so that by remaining ever faithful during this earthly life to Thy service and Thy love, we may one day praise Thee in heaven for all eternity. O Mary, sweetest Mother, we implore thy protection in the firm hope that thy divine Son will grant our petition.

And thou too, glorious Patriarch St. Joseph come to our aid with thy powerful protection and present our petitions to Jesus Christ through thine and Mary's hands.

Jesus, Mary, Joseph, enlighten us, help us save us!

Chinese Family Life.

By Rev. John Weig, S. V. D., Missionary in China.



AMONGST the acknowledged aims of our opening century, may fairly be mentioned that of the extension of our knowledge of China — the great country of which one of our most far-seeing scholars has recently remarked — “although long discovered it has got to be practically rediscovered.”

Interest in China has grown wonderfully during the closing decade of the nineteenth century: the study of its language and customs has taken definite form in England, France and Germany and now Columbia University announces the establishment of a Chair of Chinese history, language, customs, and manners.

Speaking of this departure, the President of the University said, that as far as present equipment for the study is concerned, there is nothing yet available, but books of travel and books and letters by missionaries. It is true that only the missionaries can speak authoritatively, for China is still to us as our own country was to Europe of the 17th century, an unknown region.

Therefore, the writer is pleased to place the information acquired during years of residence and missionary labor, before the readers of St. Michael's Almanac, being assured of the interest which must always attach to the story of one who speaks whereof he knows.

As I have been most frequently questioned regarding Chinese family life, I choose it for the title and subject of this article, although it is a delicate and difficult matter to discuss.

In reviewing it, we naturally come first to the consideration of the conjugal relations which obtain here, where the woman as in all heathen countries, is ranked as man's inferior—practically his slave.

Chinese law favors the man most flagrantly: it takes slight notice indeed of the husband's wrongdoings, while on the other hand, if the wife is considered to have sinned against the husband, no punishment is thought too severe.

For instance, should a woman die from the effects of her husband's cruelty, the murderer goes practically unpunished; should she, on the contrary, strike or injure her parents-in-law, the husband may kill her at once, with the comfortable assurance that for such righteous indignation he will merely receive one hundred blows as a public recognition of his offence.

Strangling would be the wife's portion, were she in his place.

Of all domestic relations in China however, that of wife and mother-in-law is most peculiar and most mischievous: between these, there is constant strife, and the blame therefor, in almost every instance, may be laid entirely to the unjust treatment of the young wife here permitted.

All the members of a family live together: parents, children and the wives of the grown-up sons, but there is no division of property or income until after the death of father and mother, when the sons receive, each, their portion, no provision ever being made for the daughters of the Chinese household.

One hears in the open streets of the village, loud abuse often mingled with the vilest language and apparently for most trifling cause: on investigation it will invariably be found that the disputants are mother-in-law and daughter-in-law. These affairs frequently end by the latter returning to her parents' home or running away elsewhere; there are enough wife dealers in China to afford such refuge. Sometimes she hangs herself — jumps in the river or eats opium, for she

is perfectly aware that she has no redress against her mother-in-law, and that even inattention to the older woman is considered ground for divorce.

The wife is really a slave so long as her husband's mother lives; should she and her children need clothes, she is given some cotton which she must make up herself and the remainder if any, she may sell. Usually, she has to beg from her own family and failing this resource she obtains her needs by stealing. She must carry out the slightest wish of her husband's people, do all the house work, such as cooking, sewing, making shoes, spinning cotton, weaving cloth from

early morning until far into the night, receiving in return, scanty food and many blows.

Now we come to the relation of children to their parents.

The children in China have no rights—parents may do what they will with them. The law indeed, does not directly allow the slaughter of innocents, but the punishment for child-slaying is so slight and so seldom inflicted that the crime seems to stand approved.

So-called China experts report that they have lived in the seaport cities, even making short journeys into the country, and have not



CATECHISTS RESCUING ABANDONED CHILDREN.

found the dead body of a single child—hence they absolutely deny that child murder exists in China and boldly maintain that the whole story is an invention of the missionaries, who desire to filch money from the pockets of sympathetic Catholics at home.

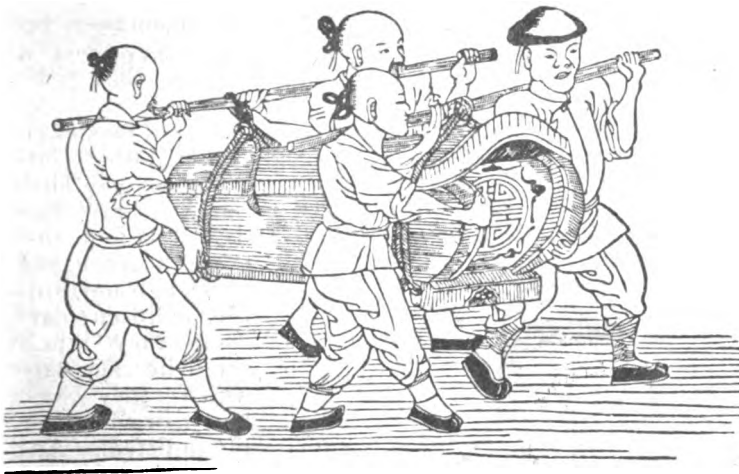
Child-killing, nevertheless, exists in China and not in portions thereof but throughout the whole land. In proof of this, we have the testimony of all missionaries, irrespective of nationality or creed.

How often during the last ten years, have I had personal experience of the sad fact!

The Chinese as a rule do not deny it: the fate of these poor innocents has touched the hearts of human heathens themselves, and they have formed societies (pao-ing-hui) for the purpose of succoring them.

I give herewith some extracts from the rules of one of these societies in the city of U-si, province of Kinguaen.

It is the custom in the villages everywhere to drown the girl infants. They are scarcely born and begin to whimper, when they are thrown into the water. It is frightful!



FUNERAL POMP OF THE POOR.

For this reason, moved by the cries of despair from millions of infants, who are born to live — we have formed a society and formulated laws.

It is customary amongst the poor to throw the new born into the water. This frightful custom has been disguised with fine words; men say: "We marry the children to the flood;" or "we let them change over into another body" (Transmigration of Souls!). finally, this wrongdoing has gone on so long and is so universally prevalent that no one protests against it. Even boys are now drowned and not alone by the poor; the wealthy are beginning to do likewise.

Thus, one rich family has drowned more than ten girls, and in the little village of N... there were more than a dozen girls thrown into the river in one year.

Horrible! What shall we think of such parents? and what are the teachers accomplishing? They look quietly on — many of them seeking to justify the evil action.

For this reason, we wish to form a society which shall furnish rice and money to the destitute, so that they may nourish their children for six months and if the parents cannot, with this help support the little ones, then we will act in their place."

This is not an announcement of Catholic missionaries, but of a heathen society. It is because of the infant murders, that in some Chinese states, foundling houses have been erected in the large cities. They are all new enterprises, heathenish copies of the Catholic foundling asylums. Their orphan asylum in Shanghai spent in one year \$1550. Yet one half of the children died. The institution in Canton can care for 300, and spent in one year \$3000. That in Ningpo shelters about 70 children. But these asylums do not accomplish their mission. The spirit of Christian love does not abide in them,

and the heathens themselves acknowledge and universally bewail this fact.

Mr. Milne is authority for the statement, that nowhere is there an abode for living beings, dirtier than the orphan asylum at Ningpo.

Beautiful in theory but sadly futile in practice are these Chinese efforts of charity: only a few children are cared for and even they are badly nourished, so that most of them die, while the survivors grow up without any education and are often sold to infamy, becoming the property of strolling players and jugglers who destine them for a lifetime of shame.

The reason for these horrible crimes is principally the great poverty of the Chinese: they cannot support many children and especially do not wish to be burdened by girls. A boy in their estimation is worth more than ten girls, for the latter leave the home circle on marriage, becoming members of another family, while the boy continues the race and guarantees that the sacrifices to the dead, so necessary in the eyes of the Chinese, will not be neglected or omitted.

In times of famine, the infant murders are frightfully increased: the children are thrown into wells and ponds, set out in the street, brought to the idolatrous priests, or occasionally to the



PLEASANT EVENING HOURS.

missionaries. How many such poor creatures whom I had been forced to give back, after I baptized them in the home, because I did not have the means to feed them, were then starved to death before my door or were killed by their desperate parents!

Another reason for this barbarous custom is the heathenish superstition, that of the transmigration of souls. Perhaps I may not be believed when I say that I have seen a heathen father torture his child to death in the most cruel manner with a hatchet. Why? He had already had several children who died soon after their birth yet he killed this one, for he thought, — "in this child there is an evil spirit carrying on a wicked sport and I will so torture him that he shall have no desire to return."

When a child is about to die, it is usually laid before the door and while yet breathing, is eaten by the dogs and pigs. It must not be allowed to die in the house, lest its spirit bring misfortune within the walls and it is not buried but left to lie on the earth or wrapped in a ragged mat placed just beneath the surface, whence it is dug up by savage animals and devoured. O, the horror of this custom against which we have so often revolted in vain!

The Chinese children as a rule do not receive any education; only those of rich parents attend school for a couple of years. The average Chinese are according to our ideas, beggars and most of them, very poor ones!

The small boy in China must work: he must watch cows, hunt for fire material, or with the manure basket over his shoulder, follow the track of the beasts of burden. He grows up like a wild being — his only home the street or field —

going where he will, and hearing and seeing the speech and actions of his heathen comrades, but nothing good. I have heard conversations amongst children of five or six years, that drove the blood to my face.

At home the children see and hear much evil. They hear the bad language which fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers make use of. They see — and children's eyes are sharp — how their elders deceive and steal. It is a sad fact that

these heathen parents laugh and think their children smart, when they repeat the vile language which they have heard, or when they lie and steal. And yet sadder are the many devious ways whereby they lead their children, to do evil, and how they teach them deceit and theft.

O the misery of these little children often cut me to the heart! They are such dear creatures, so willing and docile and intelligent! How easy are they to lead!

The unlimited power of parents is shown by the fact that they still have the custom of burying disobedient children alive and may not be punished for it. A father can obtain permission of the mandarin to flog his rebellious son before him and if the boy die under the infliction, the father has but to suffer 100



OPIUM SMOKING IN CHINA.

strokes of the rod.

A child however who strikes his parents or grandparents will be beheaded: if he kill them he will be cut to pieces alive — if he mock them he will be throttled. Throttling is a lesser evil than beheading, inasmuch as the body remains entire, whereof the Chinese, who has consideration for his parents from whom he received a whole body, is very solicitous.

On the very subject in which the children are the most interested — that of marriage, they

have absolutely nothing to say; but must obey their parents. Even in the relations of children to their parents, the viciousness of heathenism is shown.

As regards to morality, in theory there prevail very strict ideas. The old classical books lay great stress upon its cultivation. The Chinese country people maintain a somewhat higher plan of morality than those of the cities — a strong proof of which is the enormous increase of the population and the wonderful strength of the country-bred laborers. Open exhibition of immorality, such as is so evident in civilized countries is not found in China, save in the seaport towns, where foreigners encourage and support it.

This attention to outward appearance, the lack of which does so much harm in Japan, and which, even in our own land seems disappearing more and more, is an unlimited blessing.

But it would be erroneous to conclude from this, that the heathen Chinese are morally elevated and pure. The women are not any too modest in the home and enough evil things happen, particularly at festival times of harvests and new year's when the young wives visit their parents.

How should it be otherwise amongst pagans whom the fear of God does not hold in check, and to whom are lacking all sources and means of grace?

How should it be otherwise amongst people who dwell together in one house, parents, children, grandchildren — young and old — without restraint?

The children see and hear everything from childhood and possess a knowledge of evil, that with us is rare amongst adults. The many procurers — the lax custom of the male sex regarding clothing — are sufficient proof that in the Celestial Kingdom as elsewhere, loose morals exist.

What make the Chinese remarkable are the outward show of morality so carefully maintained and their unvarying sobriety. In the latter respect many civilized people could learn much from them.

Of all classes, the most to be pitied are young widows very many of whom court death by opium or hanging — drowning or starvation.

They worry and with reason, for the future holds nothing for them but trouble, need and bad treatment. They are continually threatened with ruin; possibly they may be sold by the brother of their husband to a traveling merchant; death appears to them easier, yet it is nevertheless very full of terrors. After they have killed themselves, they are spoken of as heroines. The emperor praises them, — the annals recount their heroism — triumphal arches are erected to them, to the building of which the emperor himself contributes.

It is not seldom the case that young widows, often with great solemnity and in the presence of the mandarin, being urged by their parents, and gazed upon by a great crowd, take poison or opium or throw themselves from the tops of the houses.

As there are heathen orphan asylums, so one may find in the larger cities of China, asylums for the care of widows and their children.

There are also refuges for old people. But in the first instance they are not sufficient; the very poor alone are taken. And the whole thing is only so-called heathen charity. The rules are good, — the management is very bad! Countless souls could be saved in our Catholic asylums for widows and homes for the aged, but the means are so limited that we can only listen to the pressing solicitations of a few.

If these matters were better known in America, how many could and would dry the tears of suffering and heal the wounds of the stricken. With six dollars I can nourish and clothe a child for a year. For 80 to 90 dollars I can raise it until it can take care of itself. If you will give me 25 dollars I can engage some one else to assist me in baptizing for a year and can thus open heaven to 100 dying children — Simple facts these!

Think them over and send your gift to *Rev. P. John Weig, S. V. D., St. Joseph's Technical School, Shermerville, Ill.*

~ The Prayers of the Orphans convert a Protestant and his Family. ~

A true story written by M. v. B.

NEAR the city of L. . . there lived Mr. S. . . , a wealthy Protestant farmer, with his wife and four children, two boys and two girls.

Before their marriage his wife was Catholic. Although he had promised her faithfully, that he would not interfere with her Religion and that the children, if they had any, should be brought up as Catholics! he, like so

many others have done, broke his promise. Not satisfied with that only, he also induced his wife now by flattery and persuasion, again by mockery and ridicule of our holy Religion to become lukewarm at first, and then entirely forgetful of her Faith.

So within a very short time she had grown as bitter an opponent of the Catholic Religion as he was. And few years later, one could not



IN GOOD CARE.

tell, which of the pair was the more unbelieving — Mr. S.... or his wife.

In the course of time as has been said, four children were born to them, none of whom received the holy Sacrament of Baptism. — To all appearance nevertheless, God seemed to bless this family. The children grew up healthy and strong, as well as good and obedient, and were rightly considered the pride of the parents. Mr. S.... became wealthy, he seemed to prosper with everything that he undertook; and they were, what the world considers, a happy family.

After some years he joined the Freemasons becoming still more embittered against Religion, and his wife still seemed to second him in all his views. They lived on like this; the children had grown up — the oldest girl to the age of 20 years — the boys 18 and 16 respectively and the youngest girl 10 years, having none of them heard the name of God save in mockery.

One day nearing the Christmas in 187.. Mr S.... went on business to L.... and as he walked through the streets of that city, he chanced to see a paper on the side-walk, which somebody evidently had dropped. He picked it up and saw that it was a circular, soliciting aid for an Orphan Asylum of the city, which was in great need. At first he was about to throw the paper down again, when the good thought struck him to give those poor orphans a Merry Christmas. He said to himself: "Orphans have nothing to do with my religious opinions. I always had compassion for the helpless." Before he left the city he ordered a large box of groceries, candies and toys for the children to be sent to the Asylum on Christmas Eve, which was the following day. And when he reached home he sent in addition a check for twenty-five dollars.

A few days later, a letter reached him, in which the Sister Superior of the Asylum thanked him in the name of the orphans for his welcome gift and assured him of the fervent prayers of the children, as well as of the community. Smiling, he said to himself. "They need not waste their prayers on me, for I don't believe in prayer, nor do I ever intend to believe what those Papists teach. If they only knew on whom they are wasting their prayers, they would not be so ready in offering them."

Poor man! that was all he knew of the power of prayer. Yet was the time very near, when he too would bow his head and listen with joy to the teachings of those "hated Papists."

On a few occasions subsequently he sent gifts to the Orphanage, but at the same time boasted to his friends, who were as irreligious as he, how nearly 200 orphans were daily praying for his conversion, adding that they had not converted him yet, which was surely a sign that there was no good in prayers because there was no God to hear them!

Now, in one of her grateful letters the Superioress had remarked, how pleased the orphans should be, if they could make the personal acquaintance of their kind benefactor. So the occasion of his next visit to the city he called at the Asylum "for mere curiosity's sake," as he expressed himself.

But what was it that overpowered him, when he went through the building and saw the order, the neatness and as he felt without understanding, the sanctity that prevailed there? He was greatly moved, when he noticed how those poor little children, for whom Divine Providence had provided through charity this home as a shelter against the ruthless world, clung to the Sisters, those good noble guardians, as they would have done to their own mothers. — Was there really no God?

What then induced those saintly looking nuns to leave all for the sake of the helpless little ones? Such were the thoughts passing through our infidel's mind during his tour of observation.

When he took his departure, instead of telling the Sister as he had intended, that they were wasting their prayers on him, because he could not and would not believe in Religion, he said: "Sister! keep on praying for me, for I think the prayers of the orphans have brought me here. So far you are pleading for an infidel, for I do not even believe in God. But perhaps the time may come, when I too may change and bow down before the God, whom you seem to love so much, and if I do, it is nothing else but your and the orphans' prayers that shall have wrought the change."

The Sister answered smiling: "We are not praying for an infidel any more, but for one in whom God's grace is visibly working."

Mr. S.... went away, a changed man in his religious views. He pondered long and deeply over the occurrence at the Orphan Asylum. Another year had passed, before he conquered his proud stubborn nature and made up his mind, even to examine the Catholic Faith. Then he bought books and began to study that Creed which he had once so much despised and ridiculed and soon God drew this otherwise noble character to Himself. Mr. S.... the infidel became fully convinced of the truth of our Holy Religion.

He gave up Freemasonry quietly and even commenced to talk to his wife of his intention to become a Catholic. He asked her pardon for having induced her to leave the Church and urged her return to it. But in her he found a bitter opponent; she not only refused to have anything to do with the Religion but ridiculed her husband's sincerity, and made home life very hard for them all.

Finally, he induced his boys to read the religious books he had read. They were soon

convinced with him of the truth of the Catholic Faith. So father and sons sought religious instructions of a good Priest, who also tried to induce the wife to return to her religious duties; but she remained obstinate.

A year afterwards however, she consented to accompany them to Church and see them all baptized, for the daughters had in the mean time also been instructed. So the father and his four children were baptized on the same day, while the unfortunate mother alone did not change. In fact, the once peaceful woman was now continually quarrelling and life in the home was almost unendurable for the new converts. But the father and the sons remained steadfast, although the girls were influenced a great deal by the mother. — At length after several years of patient waiting and prayer, the whole family was happily reunited in Faith and love. The mother was converted! She atoned for her past life by

a good confession and then they all received Holy Communion together. It was the first Holy Communion of the daughters' life and the mother's first for thirty years of bitter infidelity. — The orphans, whose prayers had done so much, were not forgotten on that day.

Mr. S... often said: "The Catholic Church reminds me of a beautiful colored window; from the outside you can not make out what it is like; you must go into the building to appreciate its beauty. So it is with our holy Faith; those outside its fold are not able to perceive its inner loveliness nor the consolation and succor that it imparts."

May our dear Lord grant the grace of conversion to all His children outside His holy Church is the fervent prayer of the writer of this little story, who has the happiness too of being a convert and of being also, the happy sponsor of Mr. S... and his children.

Miscellaneous.

The Wisdom of Cheerfulness.

Gladness is health-giving. It prolongs life. We all know the good of cheerfulness in the sick room. It is just as much needed in everyday life. It adds zest to work. Whistling or singing at one's task makes time pass more swiftly and less tediously. Work cheerfully done is better done. If we have troubles to bear, so do all others. Do not add to the burdens of others by going about with a gloomy face in their presence. Think of cheerful things.

Do not repine at failure. What seems such may not be so. Out of failure one may reap riches of character. There is no failure as great as failure of spirit and heart in life. If we are sincere, if our work is real, no misfortune, no lack of appreciation, no malice can ruin us. With truthfulness and earnest endeavor in us we can face the world with a smile on the lips and gladness of heart shining in our eyes.

Then whatever may come to us in life, let us seek the gladness of it. There is always a bright side, let us make the best of it. If we give each day all of the cheerfulness that we can, life will be full of blessings. It is a glorious thing to carry a fund of gladness as we go on through life.

What Mistakes Fortell.

An old proverb says: "Fools learn nothing from wise men, but wise men learn much from fools." We are all apt to make mistakes now and then, but as our success in life depends on making as few as possible it is necessary we should learn to avoid them. Milton says that "prudence is a virtue by which we discern what is

proper to be done under the various circumstances of time and place." Carelessness steals our best gifts away, making our lives drift in unprofitable directions. The prudent woman never makes those little mistakes of the tongue which kill friendship, and her manner is never rude.

There is the mistake of expecting others to exercise more reticence about our private affairs than we do ourselves. And there is the still more common mistake of making companions of such who are never fit to be such.

The woman who knows how to discriminate between what is right and what is wrong regards mistakes as awkward impediments to one's higher welfare. — Julia Teresa Butler.

Kind Words.

Kind words bring joy and happiness to all, who are in the habit of using them, whether they are used in speaking to human beings or to dumb animals. How many kind words have you ever used in speaking to your parents or friends? Can you count them? Certainly not; it would be impossible. Kind words spoken to a person who is in a fit of anger over something are sometimes better than a whipping. Kind words should be used by everybody; they will always pay.

There are a good many temptations in this world, alluring boys and young men away from a good and happy home, and from the path of righteousness. Why? Because they are either weak-minded, or don't know where they will end up. If a few kind words are used it will set them to thinking, and the chances are they will change their mind and stay home. If you do some act of kindness, no matter how small,

or speak a kind word of cheer to one who is in pain or distress, you will reap a rich reward.

If not in this world, you will surely be repaid for it in a home which is prepared to receive us all. In a land of sunshine and love, of joy and happiness; where man knows no pain nor sorrow and where some kindred are waiting to welcome you.

Be Gentle with Others.

All of us have many occasion to regret thoughtless speech. The mind prompts and the unruly tongue often gives forth utterances that cut like a two edged sword, and when once gone they can never be recalled. To avoid this, we must have love in our souls and cultivate a generous and forgiving disposition. Even justice should be tempered with mercy, and many allowances made for the frailties of human nature.

Frequently, when angry or fretted, things are said, that to the sensitive are very painful, and when repeated by others, they are enlarged upon in proportion to the number of persons through which they pass. We can not be too careful in our manner, and in the selection of words, if we would avoid wounding unnecessarily the feelings of others. Some are morbidly sensitive and are listening for disagreeable things and imagine slights where none are intended. These persons will always be in trouble, yet, if possible we should not thoughtlessly give offence even to such. Much peace and happiness is destroyed by giving attention to idle remarks dropped here and there that are not worthy of consideration.

The Formation of Small Habits.

Every man has from six to a dozen small habits of which he is only vaguely, if at all, aware.

How many men can tell, for example, whether they habitually put on their right shoe or the left shoe first when dressing? Almost all human beings have a regular order of putting on their shoes, and they never depart from that order. If a man who habitually covers his left foot first should pick up his right shoe before he had put on his left shoe, he would lay it down mechanically, and pick up the other. He would rather go to some extra expense of energy than ignore this routine.

Another curious habit into which most persons fall is that of using only one side of certain streets. Men who walk to and from business every day generally have their favorite side of the street which they traverse. They will know every hole, every loose bit of pavement, every excrescence in the sidewalk on the worth side or the south, the east side or the west; but the opposite side will be an unknown

path to them, and they would feel almost as strange over there as they would feel in the Strand, London, or the Champs Elysees, Paris.

The ordinary good housewife has many little domestic habits that have become almost as sacred as religious devotions. The sugar bowl must be placed in a certain spot on a certain shelf in the closet or the whole house seems to be out of order. The glasses must be in their right place or there can be no peace in the house. The broom must be in its corner or there will be scolding.

Habits are formed by following the line of least resistance. When a man has once put on his left shoe before he put on his right shoe it is easier, next time, for him to follow the same order. His muscles and nerves seem to have preference for a procedure with which they have previously become acquainted.

When a man has walked a few times from his home to his office on the south side of the street he crosses instinctively to that side whenever he sets out to repeat the walk. When a housekeeper has once selected a spot for her sugar bowl, it saves thought if she always places the bowl in the same spot; and thus she forms a habit.

Every habit is a limitation of the easy exercise of free will. Bad habits are chains holding us prisoners. Good habits are like a well-made harness enabling us to do our work in the world without waste of energy.

What is a Friend.

"What is a friend?" It is the fellow who will inconvenience himself for you. It is the man who will sit beside your bedside when your frame has been touched by disease. It is the man who will come to you when the clouds are black, while the muttering thunder of misfortune growls along the sky. It is the man who will say: "Don't be discouraged. I see you are in trouble, let me help you out." It is not the man who will do you kindness only when he feels he will get in return full value for services rendered. We would not give two cents for a man who would write his name in fancy letters in our friendship-album if he would not visit us when we are in trouble.

It is a Mistake.

To endeavor to mold all dispositions alike.
To look for perfection in our own actions.
To expect uniformity of opinion in the world.
To look for judgment and experience in youth.
To believe only what our finite mind can grasp.
To measure the enjoyment of others by our own.

Not to make allowance for the infirmities of others.

To consider everything impossible that we cannot perform.

To worry ourselves and others with what cannot be remedied.

To set up your own standard of right and wrong and judge people accordingly.

To expect to be able to understand everything.

The Indian Experimented.

A missionary in charge of a small church on the Indian reservation at Onondaga held evening services for his people, at which he lectured, upon subjects which were not strictly religious.

One evening, when the little building was well filled with braves and their squaws, he described the solar system, and told them that the earth revolved about the sun and also turned over once in every twenty-four hours.

Early the next morning the priest was awakened by a knock. He opened the door to find a big Indian wrapped in a blanket, standing on the porch.

"Why, Obaga!" he exclaimed. "Is anything the matter?"

"Missionary lied," grunted the Indian.

"I lied? What do you mean?"

"Missionary say world turn over every night. Injun go home, set up stick, put apple on stick. If world turn over, apple fall off. This morning apple on stick. Missionary lied. Huh!" And with this parting grunt he strode down the path, unheeding the priest's calls.

No Millionaires in Happy Japan.

Japan presents the curious anomaly for the twentieth century of a country without a millionaire.

The modern Western problem of what to do with the rich growing poorer isn't troubling the Mikado's empire. There isn't an inhabitant there, not even a nobleman, who would be considered a rich man from an American standpoint.

The Tiji Shimpō, one of the leading newspapers of the empire, has been making an investigation of the country's wealth. According to its tabulated statistics the greatest fortunes only reach the quarter million mark. There are reported to be 441 persons whose possessions aggregate 500,000 yen, which is in American money \$250,000.

That means that there is only one quarter millionaire to every 100,000 population. Compared with the United States 3,828 millionaires or one for every 20,000 population these figures make Japan look poverty-stricken.

That, however, is very far from being the fact. Japan has no paupers. While there are fabulously rich men, wealth is very generally distributed, and misery and suffering are so few that the Japanese are noted for being the happiest, lightest-hearted people of the earth.

Of the quarter millionaires found in Japan, Tokyo, the capital, possesses one third, but eight neighboring provinces have scarcely any. The other large cities ranked in proportion to



DOWN WE GO.

E. RAVEL 89.

their capitalists are Oska, Kobe, Najage, Kitto and Yokohama.

With this condition of affairs it is significant to note, that manufacturing in which so many great American fortunes have been made, is still in its infancy. Among the 4,441 of Japans moderately rich men there are more farmers and merchants than manufacturers, and sixty-six are noblemen. Of this class only about one in ten has amassed wealth in one generation. A fortune usually represents the inherited accumulation of several generations.

The Longest Day.

How long is the longest day in the year? Why, that depends. If you are visiting near the north pole, your longest day will be very different from what it was when you were at home in New York for instance. The following list is rather interesting, but do you not pity the poor children of Finland? At Stockholm, Sweden, it is eighteen and one half hours in length. At Spitzenburg the longest day is three and one half months. At London, England, the longest day is sixteen and one half hours, at Hamburg Germany, and Danzig, Prussia, the longest day has seventeen hours. At Wardburg, Norway, the longest day lasts from May 21 to July 22nd. without interruption. At St. Petersburg, Russia, and Tobolsk, Siberia, the longest day is nineteen hours and the shortest five hours. At Toanea, Finland, June 21 brings a day nearly twenty two hours long, but Christmas is less than three hours in length. At New York the longest day is about fifteen hours and at Montreal, Can. it is sixteen hours.

The Man to be Avoided.

Henry Clews, the Wall street man says the Chicago tribune, that he has the following black list throughout his entire business career, indicating to him the kind of a man to be avoided:

- He who vilifies his benefactor.
- He who unjustly accuses others of bad deeds.
- He who never has a good word for anybody.
- He who is always prating about his own virtues.
- He who when he drinks, drinks alone.
- He who boasts of the superiority of his family.
- He who talks religion down town in connection with his daily business affairs.
- He who talks recklessly against the virtue of respectable women.
- He who runs in debt with no apparant intention of paying.
- He who borrows small sums on his note or check dated ahead.
- He who won't work for an honest living.
- He who looks down on those who work.
- He who imputes bad motives to those trying to do good.
- He who betrays confidence.

He who lies.

He who is honest only for policy's sake.

He who deceives his wife and boasts of it to others.

He who gets intoxicated in public places.

He who partakes of hospitality and talks behind the entertainers back.

He who borrows money from a friend, then blackguards the lender.



A MISFIT.

Chinese Perversity.

The Chinaman shakes his own hand instead of yours.

He keeps out of step when walking with you.

He puts on his hat in salutation.

He whitens his boots instead of blacking them.

He rides with his heels in the stirrups instead of his toes.

His compass points south.

His women folks are often seen in trousers accompanied by men in gowns.

Often he throws away the fruit of the melon and eats the seeds.

He laughs on receiving bad news.
(This is to deceive evil spirits).

His left hand is the place of honor.

He says westnorth instead of northwest, and sixths-four instead of four-sixths.

His favorite present to a parent is a coffin.

He faces the bow when rowing a boat.

His mourning color is white.

He stands with his back to the teacher when reciting a lesson.

He studies at the top of his voice.

Valuable Geographical Comparison.

1. California is the second largest state.
2. Nebraska is more than twice the size of Indiana.
3. Texas is four times as large as the New England states.
4. North and South Dakota are larger than England, Scotland and Ireland together.
5. Kentucky and Portugal are about the same size.
6. California is nearly five times as large as Ireland.
7. If all the people of Canada and the United States were placed in Texas, the number of people to the square mile would be fewer than at present in China.
8. Colorado is as large as New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey together.
9. It would take ten states as large as Massachusetts to make a state as large as Kansas.
10. There are twenty-seven states and territories larger than New York.
11. Massachusetts is smaller than either New Hampshire or Vermont.
12. Minnesota is twice the size of Ohio.
13. The three states bordering on the Pacific are larger than the thirteen on the Atlantic.
14. Montana is thirty times as large as Connecticut.
15. Iowa is five times as large as Belgium, and four times as large as Denmark.
16. Maryland and Switzerland are about the same size.
17. Texas is as large as France, Holland and Belgium together.

Geographical Questions.

Which is the most religious State? Mass.

The most egotistical? Me.

Not a state for the untidy? Wash.

The most Asiatic? Ala. or Ind.

The most maidenly? Miss.

The most useful in haying time? Mo.

Best in time of flood? Ark.

Decimal state? Tenn.

State of astonishment? O.

State to cure the sick? Md.

State where there is no such word as fail? Kan.

"On the Sands of Time".

The Frenchman's foot is proverbially long and narrow, well proportioned, and the subject of not a little pride.

The Scotchman's foot, according to anthropologists, is high and thick, strong, muscular and capable of hard work.

The Russian's foot possesses one, at least, peculiarity which is worth noticing, the toes are generally "webbed" to the first joint.

The Tartar's foot is short and heavy, the foot of a certain type of savage, and the toes are the same length.

The Spaniard's foot is generally small and, thanks to the Moorish blood which flows in the veins of most Spaniards, elegantly curved.

The Englishman's foot is, in most cases, short and rather fleshy and not, as a rule, as strong as, proportionately, it should be.

The latest measurements seem to show that America is in the process of developing a race with the smallest feet among all the civilized nations.

The Teutonic and Scandinavian nations appear to have the largest feet; Swedes, Norwegians and Germans standing, in this respect at the head of the list.

The typical Irish foot is flat, rather broad and not usually long. These are the characteristics which moved one witty Irishman to speak of himself as belonging to "the square footed race."

The Arab's foot is famous for its high arch, whereby a true Arab may, indeed, always be known, the Koran saying that a stream of water can run under the foot without touching it.

The Grecian foot, at least if we are to believe the ancient sculptors, was the perfection of form, grace and proportion in Athens when that city was at the height of its development.

Roses and Figs from Blessed Rita's Garden.

Blessed Rita, the Augustinian Saint of the Impossible, (as the Spaniards call her,) was seized with her last illness in the year 1453, at her beloved monastery at Cascia. While she lay on her sickbed, sweet and patient as ever, despite her protracted suffering, a relative came to visit her. It was January, and very cold, and the ground outside was covered with snow. But the holy Rita, turning to her visitor, bade her go into the convent-garden, and bring her back a rose!

Incredulous doubtless, yet pitying what she must have deemed the delirious fancies of an invalid, the woman obeyed. But there, amid the snows, blossomed a miraculous flower, which she gathered with sentiments of awe, and conveyed to the smiling Rita. Another day, she bade her attendant bring her two figs which, she said, were

hanging on a tree in the garden. And lo! on a dry and lifeless looking tree, the astonished attendant beheld two lovely, luscious figs which she plucked and carried to the favorite of heaven, who received them and partook of them as tender mementoes of her Saviour's love.

The Emperor's Guardian Angel.

Once, in his youth when Maximilian I, Emperor of Germany, was hunting in the Tyrolean Alps, he penetrated alone to the brink of a perilous precipice whence escape was impossible. In vain did his devoted people and priests gather far beneath him in the valley of Zierlein. The Sacred Host was uplifted in its golden monstrance; but although at the sound of a warning gun the Emperor bowed his head to the Eucharistic benediction, the sun sank behind the moun-

tains leaving the lonely monarch enveloped in the chill shadows of night and seeming of death. The silent mysterious stars above his head, the deep stillness of the mountain heights filled the soul of Maximilian with new, strange and solemn thoughts. Earth and all its interests had receded from him — its creatures could no longer reach or succor him. He knelt in prayer and meekly resigned himself to his dreadful fate. Suddenly a bright light flashed upon him; and a dazzling shape beside him bade him follow him at once. Maximilian obeyed; and he whom legends call the Emperor's Guardian Angel led him from rock to rock, past waterfalls and through ravines and caverns until, vanishing, he left the glad and grateful monarch safe in Zierlein's delightful vale.



— CHILDREN'S PAGE. —

How Grandpa Boiled the Eggs.

"It is half-past eleven," said grandpa, "and the mason will not have the chimney fixed before three o'clock."

"Then I suppose we must go along with a cold lunch," said grandma.

"Well," said grandpa, after a moment, "perhaps I can boil some eggs."

"But isn't it too windy to make a fire out-of-doors?" asked grandma.

"I shall not need a fire," said grandpa.

"That sounds like a joke," said Edith. "No joke at all," said grandpa. "Come out and see. And bring the eggs," he added, "and a can with a tight cover."

When, a few moments after, grandma and Edith went out in the back yard, grandpa was putting some fresh lime into an old pail.

He took the can of eggs they brought and filled it nearly full of cold water. Then, fitting the lid on carefully, he set it in a hollow place he made in the lime. Edith watched him curiously.

"Will the lime burn," she asked. "Shall I bring the matches?"

"You forget," said grandpa, "I was not to use any fire. We'll start it with water."

"Now I know you're joking!"

"Wait a moment," said grandpa, "and you'll see."

He poured in the water, and put a board over the pail.

"Oh!" cried Edith, when in a very short time it began to bubble and steam as if a hot fire were burning under the pail. And "oh!" she cried a great deal louder, when a white, creamy mass came pouring over the top and down the sides of the pail.

It did not last long. In six minutes the bubbling had almost stopped. So grandpa took a long iron dipper and gently lifted out the can, all coated with lime.

He rinsed it off, then opened it and took the nice white eggs; and when they broke them at lunch, they found them cooked just exactly right.

Willie and the Coffee.

One day — so the story runs—some fellows were in for coffee. They gave their order and presently Willie shuffled in bearing the cups.

One of the men noticed something amiss and remarked about it. "Why Willie, you've got your finger in my coffee."

Willie looked down at the finger in question, left it where it was, and lifted the cup toward the table.

"Oh," said he blandly, "it doesn't matter, it aint' hot."

Fooled the Teacher.

A certain small boy who rejoiced in the given name of Waite, recently commenced to attend school when the teacher had quite an experience in finding out his name,

"What is your name?" she asked as Waite took his seat. "Waite," said the boy promptly.

The teacher looked rather surprised, but said nothing for a few moments then she asked again "What's your name?"

"Waite," said the boy again.

After another few minutes' silence the teacher, becoming impatient exclaimed.

"Well I've waited plenty long enough, now please tell me your name?"

Then the boys laughed and the teacher understood.

"Say, mamma," asked little five-year-old Willie, "are you goin' to give me another piece

of pie?" "Why do you ask, Willie?" said his mother. "Because," was the reply, "if you aint' I'll eat this piece real slow."

"Why, Minnie," said a mother to her four-year-old daughter, "you ought to be ashamed to have such dirty hands. You never saw my hands like that, did you?" "No, I dess not," replied the little miss, "but I bet my dwanma did."

"Willie," said the elder sister at the juvenile party, "you'll be ill if you eat any more and you won't be able to go to school to-morrow." "Well," said Willie, with a sigh, "it's worth it."

"Ma, I bought you some candy down town." "That was kind, Tommy; where is it?" "Well ma, I was so long comin' home on the cars that it didn't last till I got here."

"It seems to me, Henry," said a father to his five-year-old son who was very forgetful, that everything I say to you goes in at one ear and out at the other. "Well replied the youthful observer, "I reckon that's what I've got two ears for."

"Now, Tommy," said his mother, as she handed him an apple, "you must divide honorably with your little sister Bessie." "What's 'honorable,' mamma?" he asked. "It means that the one who divides takes the smallest piece," was the reply. "Well," said the little diplomat then I'll give it to Bessie and let her divide."

WISE WORDS.

Let us never be hard towards those who are weak in virtue; the distrust inspired by harshness would more than counterbalance the good to be expected from a severe reprimand.

One act of resignation to God's will, in all that it has ordained contrary to our desire, is more valuable than a hundred thousand sacrifices conformable to our own will and taste.

We should submit ourselves to the Church so completely that if we clearly perceived a thing to be white and she were to declare it to be black, we should, with her, declare it black. — St. Ignatius.

It is God Himself Who receives what we give through charity, and is it not an unparalleled bliss to have it in our power to give Him what is His own, and what we have received only from His goodness?

Prayer is an instruction addressed by each one to himself, to convince him of the necessity of having recourse to God, of co-operating with His grace, of eradicating vice from his heart and establishing virtue in it.

Who can tell the number of those who have been rich, powerful and honored? But their greatness and their possessions were only lent to them, and they wearied themselves to keep and to increase that which they were obliged one day to forsake.

As we take the bitterest medicines to recover or preserve the health of the body, we should cheerfully endure sufferings, no matter how repugnant to nature, and look upon them as efficacious remedies which God employs to purify the soul and conduct it to the perfection to which He has called it.

Bishop Dupanloup wished to see women, especially married women and mothers, employ themselves definitely for several hours in the day with some definite kind of mental cultivation. He emphatically urged that the intellectual culture of women was not only a right but that it was a duty, at the same time stigmatizing the prejudice against it in France as one of the worst results of the infidel eighteenth century.

The Red Man's Burden.

By M. R. THIELE.



The setting sun was shedding her last rays on a western landscape. They gilded the tops of the distant hills, blinked on the waters of the river and brightened with a last greeting the village nestling between wooded canyons. To one who had never traveled in the west of the States this village had a peculiar aspect. It consisted of a number of old style log houses which now-a-day have almost become a rarity. Our civilized and modern people are trained to the use of comfortable homes furnished with all conveniences human mind has been able to invent. Yet the inmates of the log houses, never having been accustomed to these accommodations, did not feel the absence of them. They were Indians and Owl-feather-hat-village belonged to the Rosebud Reservation situated in South Dakota.

Here and there in front of the log-houses one of these old warriors could be seen smoking an earthen pipe in solemn quietude, while playful children were romping about filling the air with the noise of their screaming and laughter.

From one of the houses ascended a curl of smoke spreading the sweet odor of pine. It was produced by a number of pine-cones which were burning in an old stove inside the cabin. Flight Foot, the former chief of the tribe, was standing by the stove stirring a mash in a tin pan over the fire. A giant of strength he must have been at one time for his frame showed proportions indicative of great physical power. But that was a number of years ago, before the tribe yielded to the power of the white people, and made peace with them. During the last outbreak of the Indians, Flight Foot had been shot by the white soldiers several times, and since then his physical strength was broken. A good priest had taken care of him, and by his gentleness and kindness had won the Indian for his faith. Since that time peace had faithfully been observed on the Reservation.

A light tread caused Flight Foot to turn around. "Good evening, father," said a young voice, and a boy probably sixteen years old, entered the cabin. Since the Indians of Owl-feather-hat-village had already adopted the garb

of civilized people, Dove Eye, the son of Flight Foot appeared little different from any white boy, except for his features and complexion.

Talkativeness has never been a characteristic of the Indian race. Flight Foot made no



REV. FLORENTIN DIGMANN, S. J.,
MISSIONARY AT THE ROSEBUD MISSION, INDIAN RESERVATION, SO. DAKOTA, AND A CIVILIZED SIOUX INDIAN.

exception to this rule. Owing to the death of his favorite squaw which happened shortly after the birth of Dove Eye, her son, and in consequence of the circumstances forcing the proud chief to yield to the rule of the white man, he was even more taciturn than the average Indian

The cheerful greeting of his son was not answered, and Flight Foot silently continued to stir the mash in the tin pan. Young Dove Eye, however, did not feel abashed at this. "Father," he said, "I am very happy. Brother Bernard told me today that he will advance me to a higher class, and, probably in a few months, I shall be well enough prepared to receive Holy Communion."

Flight Foot lifted the pan from the fire and emptied the mash into an earthen dish standing on a table, then he walked to the cupboard made of rough white boards which stood against the wall at the further end of the cabin. He took from the shelf a wooden box about the size of a bucket, and, approaching his son, held it up as if to show him the contents of it. Dove Eye looked into the box which contained only a few spoonfuls of wheat flour, and then he timidly glanced at his father's stern face. He knew without words all the latter wanted to say.

"Father, I can't do it. Please don't ask me to leave the good priests and go to the public school," he pleaded.

Flight Foot returned the box to its place "You go to the public school tomorrow," he said determinately. "No flour is in the box, no beef in the pot. Others have flour and beef and coffee and sugar. The great father in Washington will give you no rations unless you go to his school. We must starve. You go there tomorrow."

"The priest says we must obey God more than men," replied Dove Eye.

"The good priest and the brothers are good, but I am tired of their teachings. If God is what they say, why does he not make the great father of the white people keep his word? He promised to the Indian to feed him when he took his hunting-grounds away. He lets us starve. Is it the God of the priests that who is mightier or the great father at Washington? If one does not help us we have to do what the other commands."

The old Indian brought two tin spoons from the cupboard. After laying one in front of Dove Eye who had sat down by the table, he commenced with the other to eat of the mash which he had cooked. Dove Eye partook but little of the meal, now and then looking sorrowfully at his father. The young boy's features indicated an unusually gentle nature for one of his race. His face had no trace of the hard, grim lines prevalent in that of his father, and the soft expression, which he had inherited from his mother, had brought him his name.

When the last of the mash had disappeared from the dish, Dove Eye tried once more to alter his father's resolution.

"Father" he said timidly "the boys in the other school swear, they chew tobacco and drink fire water. They will make me do the same."

But the old chief's mind was set. "It is better than starving" he answered and Dove Eye crept quietly to the corner of the cabin and stretched himself on a pile of dry leaves, his resting place for the night, while the old chief took his pipe and went outside to take a smoke from the last tobacco that could be found in his tobacco pouch.

Dove Eye tossed around on his bed restlessly. With great love and readiness had his young soul received the teachings of the Catholic Church in which he had been instructed by the Jesuit fathers. He loved his teachers and felt greatly troubled and pained that he should be obliged to leave them and attend a school where he would be tempted to disregard their teachings and would thus be excluded from the grace of God. His mind was in sad conflict. "Thou shalt obey God more than man," had been taught him by his teacher, and again he had said: "Thou shalt obey thy father and mother." Which of the two rules ought he to follow now, he asked himself.

While thinking and meditating Dove Eye felt with his hand a hard object under the dry leaves. Grabbing it, he dug it up from below and, jumping to his feet, uttered a short cry. Hidden under the leaves had been a rifle which the boy now held in his hand with a feeling of terror.

To the Indians on the Rosebud Reservation it is forbidden to have fire arms in their possession. Dove Eye felt very much scared at the presence of the weapon in his father's cabin and pondered over the question where the latter got the rifle and what he intended to do with it. Many a time Dove Eye had heard the men of Owl-feather-hat-village discuss bygone days, when the red man was still the master over land and sea of this beautiful country. He had listened to their expressions of dissatisfaction and grief at the changed conditions. He had also heard them grumble at the injustice of the white man, heard them speak of broken promises, short rations and similar grievances, and once in a while, he had heard words spoken in an undertone, expressing the red man's desire to take by force what was denied him, and by rights belonged to him. Could it be, so it flashed through Dove Eye's mind, that the Indians of the Reservation planned an outbreak and that his father intended to take a part in it by aid of the rifle which he had concealed?

The step of his father who returned from outside interrupted the boy's thoughts. Quickly he returned the weapon to its place, and, stretching himself on his bed, feigned to be fast asleep. The old chief laid himself to rest in the narrow bedstead which formed a conspicuous part of the primitive furniture of his homestead, and, while the pine-cones still glistened and crackled in the stove, Flight Foot's loud and regular breath-

ing indicated that he had departed to the land of dreams where probably he wandered about enjoying his former days of glory.

Dove Eye's thoughts had gone back to his troubles caused by his father's command for him to enter the public school. His brain was busy to invent a subterfuge by way of which he could avoid to disobey his father's will and at the same time keep God's commandments. At last his simple mind hit on a plan. It appeared to the boy that if he would rid his father of the care for his needs of food and clothing there would be no necessity for him to enter the public school in order to get the rations from the government. From this reflection he evolved his plan. He would steal away, hide in the woods, and live like his forefathers had done, on roots, herbs, and game.

Several hours before the first glimmer of the rising sun brightened the horizon, Dove Eye put his resolution into practice, and, with bow and arrow in hand, he stealthily left his father's cabin and fled towards the pine woods along the banks of the Little White River.

Three days had elapsed since these occurrences. Flight Foot had apparently taken no notice of the boy's disappearance. He had not mentioned it to his neighbors, and, even on the third day, when a Brother from the Catholic Mission School came to inquire why Dove Eye had neglected to attend school, his father seemed to take no interest in his whereabouts. Still this was not the true state of his feelings. He loved the boy as a heritage left him by his squaw for which he had had as much of a tender feeling as his wild nature would permit. He also plainly discerned the reason why the boy had left him, and the circumstances served to make him revolt inwardly against the treatment of the ruling powers, who would take more and more of the liberties of the red man, and would force him not only to give up his mode of living, but also the freedom of attending to his chosen religion.

"Why should the red man keep the law if the white man breaks his word?" he muttered to himself and his hands grabbed for the rifle under the dry leaves. Hiding the weapon in the folds of the red blanket which he had put around his shoulders he walked away in the direction of the pine woods.

The woods were very quiet and the path leading toward Owl-feather-hat-village was strewn with patches of sunlight stealing through the trees. Now and then a rabbit or antelope dashed across it swiftly, and, with a rustle disappeared in the underbrush. Finally the silence was broken by a human sound. A merry whistle could be heard and a middle-aged gentleman, dressed in a light suit, knapsack over the shoulder, came along the path at a brisk walk. He might have been either a traveling salesman or a busi-

ness man on vacation, exploring the west in quest for novel sights or experiences. Once in a while the traveler tried to peep through the spaces between the trees as if anxious to see whether he was near a human settlement. Had the trees not been in his way, he might have seen Owl-feather-hat-village in the distance, yet it was destined that he should never reach it. In the woods near him sounded the report of a gun, and the stranger, uttering a loud moan, staggered and fell to the ground. A well aimed bullet had struck him in the temple and after a few convulsive movements he lay motionless. It had been the work of only a few moments, yet a man's life had been taken, a terrible crime been committed.

For some minutes there was perfect silence. It seemed as though even the birds had become too frightened to move. Then sounded a slight rustling and from behind the trees stepped Flight Foot, the old Indian. Holding the rifle still in his hand he stepped to the lifeless body and bowed over it. After waiting a short while, as if to ascertain whether life had entirely flown from his victim, he began to search the pockets of the dead man. He evidently felt himself very secure from observation. No wonder, therefore, that he delivered a yell when looking up he noticed not far from him a human face peering from behind a tree. Another yell and Flight Foot left his victim and fled into the woods.

Dove Eye had roamed around the woods trying to live on berries and roots. Several times he had killed a bird with his arrow but after securing it, felt afraid to make fire to prepare it, lest it might betray his whereabouts. As the time passed by a sensation of terrible desolation grew on him, and he began to feel very exhausted for want of his usual food. On the third afternoon it seemed to Dove Eye that he could stand his solitary life no longer. He slowly advanced toward the path leading to Owl-feather-hat-village with a dim desire that something would occur to bring him into contact with his fellowbeings. He heard the whistle of the traveler, the report of the gun, and, hidden behind a tree, witnessed the deed of his father. When he recognized him, the frightened boy fled back into the woods. He ran until he felt perfectly exhausted, and at last threw himself down under the trees. The fact that his father had committed a deed, which he had been instructed to look upon as terribly wicked, grieved him deeply, and he also felt much troubled at what would happen to his parent if the "Ate -- father" (Indian name for a sort of police-officer at the Reservation) would find out what he had done. For the rest of the day and the following night Dove Eye remained lying under the trees. When the next day arrived, curiosity and wonder what had happened to the dead body, and whether it was still lying on the foot-

path, took possession of him, and he gathered strength to return to the place of the crime. Cautiously he went near and looked around astonished. The place was empty and the body had disappeared. Had his father come back to hide it in the adjoining woods?

Investigating the surroundings Dove Eye could find no trace of the body. At last he caught sight of a black object on the bed of brown pine needles between the trees. It was a leather

portfolio, and when Dove Eye examined it his eye opened wide with surprise at seeing both side pockets filled with bills of money. Dove Eye supposed that his father had lost the portfolio while fleeing through the woods, and wondered what he should do with it, since he knew the owner to be dead. There was, however not much time left to the boy for meditation. A rough grasp on the arm and a gruff voice suddenly terrified him, and, looking around, he faced the



SIOUX INDIANS.

"Ate-father" with two of his assistants.

"Counting your prey, are you? the official said. "Well this is a clear case of guilt. Come along so we can put you where you are safe. The Indian blood always tells, but I had least expected it would break out in you. They might call you Hawk's Eye after this instead of Dove Eye." The frightened boy was roughly pushed forward on the way to the village.

There was no doubt left to poor Dove Eye that the body of the stranger had been found and that he was suspected of the murder. Knowing that his father had committed the crime

Dove Eye felt at a loss what to say, for he could prove his own innocence only by accusing his father. The narrow cell in the prison of the Rosebud Reservation witnessed a fierce struggle in the boy's heart. Oh, how difficult was it for the poor half-civilized boy to make up his mind to suffer for a deed of which he was innocent! And most of all the thought troubled him what his teachers would think of him if he assumed the crime as his own deed. Yet the love for his parent, the remembrance of the principles of a religion which teaches that it is better to suffer wrong than to do wrong, and the conviction

tion that God would know of his innocence even if all men would believe him guilty, came to aid the noble spirit of the boy, and he resolved to keep still of what he had witnessed in the woods and suffer for his father's sin.

The next day Dove Eye was put to trial before the "Ate-father" and a number of "Boss-Farmers," his assistants. The room was filled with spectators, partly Indians and some white people who happened to be in the village or the neighboring settlements. Dove Eye's teachers were also present and among the crowd could be noticed the gigantic form of Flight Foot.

Poor Dove Eye was pressed hard to plead guilty of the crime, but to all questions and accusations he kept absolute silence. At last he was confronted with the question where he left the rifle which he was supposed to have used for the shooting. At this question Dove Eye became apprehensive lest the rifle be found in his father's cabin, a discovery which might direct suspicion toward his parent. This idea excited him visibly. He felt that he wanted to save his father by all means, and the fervor of this desire confused Dove Eye's distinction between right and wrong so that he told a falsehood.

"After I committed the crime," he answered the question of the "Ate-father," "I went to the river and threw the rifle into the water." There was a stir amongst the assembled people when the boy said this. Those nearest to the front were pushed aside and Flight Foot, the old chief, stepped forward. Rarely during his life had the features of the Indian shown the softened expression now visible on his face when he looked at his son.

"You shall not suffer for me, my son," he said. "Ate-father" and all you men, it was I who killed the strange white man. The rifle which I used is hidden under a bed of dry leaves in my log house. I found it one day in the woods and took it home and hid it, not because I wanted to do harm with it, but because I felt

pleased to have it and keep it. But the great father in Washington is doing wrong to the red man. He promised to give us food and now he lets us starve if our children do not go to his school. The great father does not keep his word to the red man. That's why I killed the man in the woods. My boy loves to go to the white father's school. He learns nothing there that is against the law of the great father. He has a right to go there. Can you tell me, 'Ate-father', why it is right for one person to do what is wrong, and wrong for the other to do what is right?"

This complicated problem of the Indian received no answer. Flight Foot had become excited during his speech. His big frame had become erect again, his head was held up high, and his right arm stretched out as if in accusation. It seemed that the fire of his youth had come back to him, and his hearers felt awed. After a moment's silence, however, the Indians commenced to yell their approval of the words of their former chief. The officials crowded together fearing an outbreak of violence and a general confusion took possession of the assembly.

The appearance of a sheriff and his assistants, who, by a happy coincidence, arrived at this moment from the county-seat, brought a change to the scene. The Indians were quieted, and, after a touching farewell between father and son, Flight Foot was taken away to the state's prison. He was not deprived of his liberty very long however. His tottering health and strength were soon completely broken down by the close confinement in prison, and he died a few weeks afterwards, comforted by the consolations of a religion the grandeur of whose teachings had been shown to him by the noble act of his own son.

Dove Eye was taken care of by the Jesuit fathers who took him into the Catholic Mission Boarding School for Indian boys on the Rosebud Reservation. He gives promise of becoming a clever scholar and an able mechanic.

Through the Gate of Dolors.

By E. R.

CHAPTER I.

Bertha! Bertha! where are you? Well, I declare you must indeed have found your book interesting, that you spend this delightful morning on the veranda. I've been all over the city shopping and hastened home, expecting to find you at tennis with the others, and to play one game at least before luncheon. Tell me the name of your book, please?"

At this request the young girl, who was seated in a rattan rocker, looked up with a smile and

for answer handed the volume over to her friend and hostess, Edith Wharton.

"You'll laugh of course Edith, and I'll admit that at first I scarcely cared to read it, but Sister Victoria gave it to me and I picked it up yesterday, little knowing how interested I should be. Have you ever read any of Father Faber's writings? This one "At The Foot of The Cross" is full of wonderful pathos and soundest reasoning — but there, I'm tiring you — come show me the new hat, or didn't you select one."

While the two girls are discussing the beau-



A CHILD'S GREETING TO MARY.

ties of the new hat, it may be well to describe them further to the reader.

Bertha Norris and Edith Wharton had together taken the post graduate course at the Notre Dame Convent, finishing in this year when we introduce them — still together, for Edith's parents insisted on Bertha's remaining at their pleasant home for the Summer vacation.

When Richard Norris died, ten years before this story opens, his friend Mr. Wharton was appointed guardian of both Bertha and her brother Frank. Hence the Wharton residence was like home to the young girl who had lost her mother also when she, Bertha, was only eight years old. A solid Catholic education was given both children, and Frank, early completing his college course, secured a position in one of Cincinnati's leading banks. Every one agreed that there was a brilliant future ahead for the talented youth. But during these few months past, though he was prompt and steady at business as heretofore, evenings found him at the fatal card table and in the triumph of his first success there, Frank was quickly losing the wholesome recollection of his parents and the good instructors of his boyhood.

At first Bertha wondered because his letters ceased to reach her regularly, but when she returned to spend the Christmas vacation at her aunt's home in Cincinnati, she was obliged to notice the sad change in that brother who had always seemed the kindest, noblest boy alive. All remonstrance proved useless, though he was attentive as ever and strove to make his sister's visit thoroughly enjoyable.

Knowledge of Frank's errors changed the gay unthinking Bertha into a serious young woman, so that her friends wondered and finally ascribed her manner to over application through the school year. That her brother, who had been the pride of his professors and the very ideal of manly virtues, should throw away these splendid talents that secured him the first place amongst his schoolfellows, was a cruel disappointment.

Still, Bertha had an unbounded faith in prayer, remembering how it had sustained her through the hard months preceding "Commencement."

And now, as if direct from the hand of Providence, she was given the beautiful story of Mary's Dolors — something new to her, pathetic and yet consoling. New — because like many another, she seemed scarcely to understand that Mary the blessed mother of Jesus, suffered one continual martyrdom from the day of Simeon's prophecy to that last dolor of awful desolation at the tomb of her Divine Son. How wonderfully clear appeared now, when her mind really dwelt on the subject, the holy Mother's dreadful mental anguish, and how beautifully showed forth her sublime tranquility!

All this was a needed lesson to Bertha; her veneration increased as she read and meditated.

Dwelling in thought upon Mary's sorrows, her resolution was taken. She would make a novena for her brother Frank, a novena to that compassionate Mother, beseeching her special care for the orphan boy entrusted anew to her clemency.

That very day Bertha contrived to pay a visit to the nearest church and offered there the initial prayer of her novena. If on her return she seemed more cheerful none guessed the real reason, but all declared that the out door air and rest from study, were bringing back her former self.

So passed the days and weeks as well. She wrote as before to Frank but no answer came. From her aunt's letters she learned that he did not even attend Mass on Sundays now, and that all admonition but made him more obstinate. With unfaltering trust Bertha began and finished one novena after the other, until August too was almost past, and yet did Heaven seem deaf to her entreaties.

In September, the position of teacher in English Literature was offered her at her Alma Mater and she gratefully accepted, taking up the work with an interest that argued well for her success.

CHAPTER II.

It was on a hot day of that same September and near its close, that Frank Norris left the bank at luncheon hour, telling the President and Cashier he would very probably not be back that afternoon, unless indeed, they thought his return absolutely necessary.

Of course permission for absence was readily granted, Frank having taken no regular Summer vacation.

But when the afternoon came, the usual balance could not be struck and, though the worried clerks worked for several extra hours, there still remained a deficit of one thousand dollars. The next day brought no explanation of the error and what was even more annoying, the teller, Frank Norris did not appear. All answers to 'phone messages were the same. He had not been home since yesterday; no word was left, and so the mystery deepened.

That evening when the deficit still remained as before, the directors employed a detective and it was no longer a secret that suspicion rested upon the missing Frank.

The real facts were, that on Thursday afternoon Frank had arranged to attend a horse race and that evening a friend insisted in his going to the country for an old time hunt the next day; accepting which offer, Frank wrote a brief note to the cashier, intending to mail it on his way.

The day in the woods was exhilarating; the city clerk was a boy again in his enjoyment, little guessing of the dark cloud that hung over him. At six o'clock he returned to the little station,

just in time for the train which was to bring him back to his city home.

Suddenly a strange man, hitherto unnoticed, quietly stepped up to him, and introduced himself as an officer of the law, briefly stated his mission. After the first exclamation of surprise, Frank silently accompanied him, disdaining even to ask questions. When at length upon their arrival in the city, everything was made clear to him, he could only declare his innocence and though the Bank President freely gave the required bond, Frank saw how deep the mistrust was. In the midst of their conversation a thought struck him and he drew from his coat the letter he had forgotten to mail, only now remembered, but even this evidence of his good intention scarcely cleared him in the directors' minds.

"Gentlemen!" he said at length, "I see why you mistrust me; it is true, I have recklessly spent money during the past months but I thank God that my folly has not led me to become a thief. Trust me if you can, for I declare to you I am innocent! surely some mistake has occurred in the accounting."

There was little sleep for Frank that night. This blow, the cruel blight upon the honest family name, brought relentless remorse to his soul. Yes, he had deserved all this and more, he reasoned. What if death should come to-night? Dare he meet his Judge thus unprepared?

Morning came, and with it, the needed calm to Frank's perturbed mind. He would go to church and make a good confession. He forgot the arrest and remembered only how far he had abandoned his religion and his God. Memories of college days, of his zeal in the sodality, rose before him and he knelt down for the first time in months to a repentant prayer. Just as he was leaving for church, a carriage drove up and the Bank President alighted.

"I have come to ask your pardon." He said, as they together entered the house. "The money is found and we want to make you reparation."

Then he explained how, in a state of absent-mindedness, he himself had placed two packages of five hundred dollars each in a small desk sel-

dom used, which contained some records of the bank. The desk was adjoining the safe in the vault and it chanced to be open when, after closing a certain transaction, he carried the money himself towards the vault and, without thinking, put it amongst the papers in the desk. At the conclusion of his explanation, the president asked Frank to dine with the directors and bank officials that evening, so that a public explanation could be made.

"I am very glad," Frank answered smiling, "and I thank you, for considering my late conduct, it was but natural for you to mistrust me. I beg you however, to excuse me from dinner tonight. Mr.— you are a Catholic and will understand! I am going to confession — it is a long time since I last did so, but all this has made me see the error of my ways and I hope it is not too late to change."

Some days later Bertha received a long letter from her brother. After explaining all, he continued thus:

"I do believe Bertha you must have prayed very much for me! Often during the past few weeks, remorse would come and old half forgotten memories of mother — can you still recall her Bertha? The prayers she taught me would recur in spite of my feverish endeavors to forget! Heaven has indeed been good to me and I now await a letter with your congratulations.

Most Gratefully,

Your Brother,

Frank."

At last her prayers were answered and how remarkably too! The previous day which was the feast of the Seven Dolors of Mary marked the completion of another novena, but she little thought that even then, Frank was offering up repentant prayers.

With shining eyes she carried the letter to Sister Victoria, who was still her confidante.

"Read this Sister, and rejoice with me! O, surely through the Dolors of the Mother, joy and benediction continue to descend upon her children."

❧ In the Heart of the Ozark Hills. ❧

Song by Rev. John E. Rothensteiner.

I am dreaming of home, and my spirit sings:
I am dreaming, dreaming of home:

As the south wind sweeps on fluttering wings
O'er murmurous miles of foam.

The earth is drear by the northern sea,
And the sky is chill and dun:

I know where the hillside dreams of me
In the miling land of the sun.

I know where the mocking-bird's falling-song
The orchard with rapture fills;

Where the peach-trees bloom the rail-fence along
In the heart of the Ozark hills.

I know what the children sing in the dell,
As they gather the violets blue:

I listen afar to the Angelus-bell,
And my eyes grow dim as with dew.

I am dreaming of home, where heaven's blue deep
A soft golden splendor tills:

I am dreaming of home, and my spirit will sleep
In the heart of the Ozark hills.

GOD'S MERCY LASTS FOREVER.

::: FROM THE GERMAN BY REV. L. A. REUDTER. :::



French watering place, situated where the heights of the Pyrenees abruptly descend to the Atlantic Ocean, is the scene of our narrative. From early spring till late autumn the strand is frequented by all classes of men and women, who tired of city life, revel here in 'dolce far niente,' the main occupation of all health seekers.

They admire the sea of azure hue, like the cloudless sky above, and gazing in wonder at the mountain chain before them, generally ask:

"What buildings are those on yonder mountain peak?"

Invariably the answer is "Oh! that is a Jesuit College."

"Indeed!" remarked the well dressed ladies and gentlemen carelessly as they pass on, discussing with each other the news of the day. For they are not interested in Jesuits or their institutions.

Now and then a curious tourist ascends the mountain road that leads to the college and on his return, tells the guests of the watering place, who are just as curious as he, only much more lazy.

"There is nothing to be seen up there, positively nothing! In the parlor, hang large black shields, on which are written in letters of gold the names of the pupils who received their education in the Jesuit College." And always the ending would be guess what name I saw there?

Of course the ladies and gentlemen pause to make all sorts of guesses — for time does not press — till they receive the information: "Louis Guilbert."

The most of them shake their heads incredulously and reply:

"Impossible! that he the infidel, who has displayed in his writings, such burning hatred against the Church and her priests, should have been educated by the Jesuits?" The ladies join in a silvery laugh and the men consider the information a piece of raillery. Louis Guilbert was a famous writer, unfortunately however, one of those who taught evil instead of good — in whose writings the name of God was never mentioned, save with blasphemy. Nevertheless it is true that Louis Guilbert's name appears in golden letters on one of the black shields in the Jesuit College parlor, where all the visitors wondered to read and some of them would say sternly:

"He is a seducer of the people and is accountable for the ruin of many. He will come to a bad end!"

Now strangest of all it was, that the "fathers" would not take this view.

"Louis Guilbert was amongst our best scholars: He was industrious, lively and upright" they would reply, whenever those harsh remarks were passed in their hearing "and then God's mercy is wonderful! we pray for him every day."

One there was who championed the cause of the ex-student in an especial manner, a very old "father," deaf from age, who could no longer assist in college work, but spent the greater part of the day in prayer within his cell, that looked down on the beautiful valley and the restless waves of the sea. He was mostly quiet, but when harsh words fell on his ears concerning Louis Guilbert, then a slight flush would show on the features of the old priest, and presently he would say:—

"I know him well, for I instructed him for his first holy Communion. That was a blessed time for the boy. I shall never forget how he used to kneel before the Blessed Sacrament at night when there was no one near, or how cheerfully he would give his spending money to some poor boy. And that day of his First Holy Communion — why I thought that I was gazing on the face of an angel, so pious and happy he looked. No! Louis will not meet a bad end! The world has seduced him, but our dear Lord will surely bring him back." Thus thought and spoke the old Jesuit and continued faithfully to pray for his beloved pupil, whom so many counted amongst the lost.

It was June once more! — the roses were blooming in the cloister garden and below on the strand, the summer visitors whispered to each other that Louis Guilbert had arrived. Yes, he had really come! ordered thither by the doctors to take the sea baths and try to build up his system, shattered by overwork and excesses.

All were anxious to get a glimpse of the famous author but he moved at once into a little house at the extreme end of the settlement, nor did he apparently wish to associate with any one.

Louis Guilbert knew that his end was near. A few weeks before, he had had a severe hemorrhage and another such, as he understood, would mean sure death.

Without friends or relatives near, the invalid lingered amongst the fashionable surroundings. Of God he did not wish to think or hear, and man, alas! could not help him. This certainty made him sullen and sad, and longingly his eyes often sought the old college, where he had spent the happy days of his youth. But he dared not venture there, for he was afraid of the 'fathers' and especially so of one, whose fac-



A CHILD'S MORNING PRAYER.

orite pupil he had been and who had given him his first holy Communion.

He had sworn an oath then to God and had since broken it; therefore he was ashamed to face his former instructors. But one day this craving of his was no longer to be restrained.

"I shall not make myself known to them,"

but as a stranger wander once more through the scenes of my college life" he thought, and had himself carried up the mountain in a litter, for he was much too weak to walk.

There was a happy stir in the college.

"We celebrate the feast of St. Aloysius to-day and on this festival the boys make their

first holy Communion" the brother explained to the visiting stranger.

Louis Guilbert was about to retrace his way but felt suddenly so faint that he could not refuse the brother's kind invitation to refresh and rest himself.

Wearily, he sank into a chair of the college parlor, and when he saw his name once more in golden letters, tears filled his eyes as he thought "The good Fathers have not yet expunged my name, though they must have heard of my shortcomings."

Then there came to his ears the sound of the organ from the Chapel and again yearnings rose within his breast, remembering that he too, had made his first holy Communion on the feast of St. Aloysius. An indescribable longing seized him, to see again the Chapel and the high altar, at the steps of which he had tasted the greatest happiness of his life. Suddenly it had become clear as daylight to the scoffer, that never again in his career had he partaken of happiness equal to that of St. Aloysius' day, so many years ago! Breathing heavily, the invalid reached one of the rear pews, while yet the clear boyish voices were reciting the confession of faith.

He saw the happy faces and felt very miserable.

If only he might wipe out his past—that he could once more kneel at the foot of the altar, a faithful believer even as those boys! alas! that was impossible! From his youth onward he had insulted God and religion and now the Just One would cast him off as he deserved. An involuntary groan escaped his lips and sympathetic neighbors were about to offer assistance, when the attention of all was attracted to the priest who slowly and laboriously ascended the pulpit. It was old Father Martin—the same who had prepared Louis Guilbert for his first holy Communion.

The work of preparation he now yielded unto younger hands than his, but he delivered as of old, the sermon to the pupils on their feast day. He admonished them in earnest and penetrating words to keep the oath which they had to-day sworn to God and never to desert Him and His holy Church.

"But should you fall nevertheless" — and the voice of the old priest rang through the

Chapel in prophetic tones — "should you have the misfortune to separate yourselves from God and His Church, then do not despair of His mercy! Return! return to the arms of your Father: He cannot cast you off! Was your first holy Communion a worthy one, then your last holy Communion will be a worthy one too. This word of hope I offer you to-day and you shall treasure it to your very death."

The Father paused a moment to continue with renewed force.

"Supposed you had gone into a strange land and some one had taken you in and offered you hospitality, festooned his house in your honor shared his table and home with you. You would certainly be thankful to him. Suppose, later on he became your enemy—inflicted on you insult and injury and later again, if having lost every thing, he presented himself a beggar at your door, would you send him away?" 'I was once his guest', would come to your mind and you would receive him into your house! How then should God the infinitely good and merciful, ever be able to forget the human heart that once received Him hospitably, even though this heart had later strayed from the environment of His loving care?"

The preacher ceased, for a commotion was started among his hearers. A strange gentleman had fainted and been carried by kind hands into the parlor. No one but old Father Martin who had hastened to the side of the stranger, recognized in him, Louis Guilbert the infidel.

"I knew you would return" he said in joyous simplicity to the sick man.

"Your first holy Communion was good and worthy and our dear Savior does not forget one who has received him hospitably."

Louis Guilbert was indeed changed. He made his confession and then, because the dreaded hemorrhage had come and his life was in danger, he received that very day his last holy Communion from the hands of his old teacher. It was good and worthy as his first one had been, notwithstanding all the sinful years that intervened.

A few days later he died, and the good Jesuits buried him in their own grave yard, placing on his tombstone this beautiful inscription:

"GOD'S MERCY LASTS FOREVER."

SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN OF P. KREITEN. BY REV. J. ROTHENSTEINER.

Faith and Hope and Love,
Ah, beauteous sisters three!
But of the heavenly sisters
The greatest is Love to me.
Heavenly gold is love,
The crown of the soul is truth;



But when the crown is shattered,
Comes unavailing ruth.
And asks a heart for love,
Dear heart, deny it not:
Almighty power and glory,
They are with none but God.

Missionary Work of Catholic Germany.

Twenty five years ago the activity of German Catholics in foreign missions was exceedingly small; since then, however, Germany acquired foreign territory and Catholics felt it their duty to make known their faith to the heathen population in these countries. And such has been their success that at the end of 1903 there were in the countries under German protectorate 135 principal stations, divided as follows:

I. German East Africa:

1. The Apostolic Vicariate North Zanzibar has 11 principal stations with 18 Fathers of the H. Ghost, 14 Brothers and 15 Sisters. At the Mission hospital at Bagamoyo 2340 patients were taken care of during the past year. Since 1897 also German Trappists have been at work in the Vicariate.

2. The Apostolic Vicariate of South Zanzibar has 13 Fathers, 17 Brothers, 23 Sisters and 31 native catechists in 11 principal stations. 40 schools are well attended and promise a rich harvest.

3. The Apostolic Vicariate Tanganika, under the direction of the White Fathers, counts in 9 principal stations 21 Fathers, 12 Brothers, 11 Sisters, and 55 native catechists. Its 50 schools are frequented by 1937 boys and 1715 girls. The number of its catechumens exceeds 10000.

4. The Apostolic Vicariate Unyanjembe. White Fathers. This flourishing mission counts already 7 principal stations with 19 Fathers, 7 Brothers, and 18 Sisters. Catechumens 3000.

5. The Apostolic Vicariate South Nyanza. White Fathers. This so often and so severely tried Vicariate has 11 stations with 21 Fathers, 7 Brothers, 14 Sisters and numerous native catechists. The number of catechumens was 8000; pupils in its 23 schools 1106.

II. Cameroon. An Apostolic Prefecture. Palatine Fathers. When the missionaries arrived there first, they found 7 Catholics, now their number is 3580. 766 catechumens and 1219 pupils in the mission schools. There are 7 main stations with 12 Fathers, 24 Brothers and 20 Sisters. Through the unhealthy climate 11 members of the missionary body have died since 1890.

III. Togo. Apostolic Prefecture. Missionaries of the Society of the Divine Word, from Steyl, Holland. It has at work on its 5 main and 34 roadside stations 16 Fathers, 10 Brothers, 8 Sisters and numerous catechists. Its 39 schools are frequented by 1601 pupils. It keeps up also an itinerant school for teaching the trades of tailor, shoemaker, joiner, and locksmith.

IV. German Southwest Africa. Apostolic Prefecture. Under the Oblates of Mary, whose motherhouse is in Huenfeld, it numbers on 6 main stations 12 Fathers, and 17 Brothers. For 1904 Franciscan Sisters from Nonnenwerth are expected to open a boardingschool for white girls at Windhoek.

V. New Guinea. Apostolic Prefecture. Missionaries from Steyl. In 5 stations we find 12 Fathers, 12 Brothers and 8 Sisters. The mission has to fight against great difficulties.

VI. New Pommerania. Apostolic Vicariate. Missionaries of the S. Heart. The flourishing vicariate has already 26 main and 39 roadside stations with about 11000 Catholics. There are one Bishop, 28 Fathers, 34 Brothers, 24 Sisters and 33 native catechists. The mission entertains one seminary for catechists (42), a boardingschool for white or halfbreed children (28), 12 orphan asylums with 311 inmates, 54 schools with 2325 pupils. There are besides in the mission on the Marshall Islands 4 Fathers, 3 Brothers and 5 Sisters; 2 schools with 50 pupils.

VII. Samoa Islands. Apostolic Vicariate. Marist Fathers. On the German part of the Islands there are 13 stations, on the American island Tutuila 3, on the English island Toelau 1 station. Working in the mission are 1 Bishop, 20 European and 3 native Fathers, 7 Brothers, 95 native catechists, 12 European and 18 native Sisters. In 96 schools are 1152 pupils. The number of Catholics is 6687.

VIII. The Caroline and Pelew (Palau) islands since 1886 have been in the care of Spanish Capuchin Fathers, but since last year also 2 German Capuchin Fathers have been at work there.

IX. South Shantung in China, Apostolic Vicariate. Missionaries of the Society of the Divine Word from Steyl, Holland. At present there are 1 Bishop, 46 Fathers, (35 European and 11 native,) 11 Lay-brothers and 7 Sisters, and numerous Catechists. Kiautschou in China belongs to the Apostolic Vicariate of South Shantung and is in charge of the Fathers and Brothers of this Mission.

Not only does Catholic Germany send out its sons and daughters to convert these pagan countries but by its divers missionary societies assists them efficaciously with money and other necessities. Whilst Catholic France drives out its religious congregations and thus hinders the proper development of its missions, the Protestant government of Germany is very favorable to its Catholic missions. Man proposes, God disposes.

J. F. MEIFUSS.





CHRIST TEACHING IN THE TEMPLE.

RADIUM.

Radium is one of the latest discoveries of science which in itself contains cause enough to upset a great deal, if not all of what hitherto passed as science. In an interview which Professor d'Arsonval gave to the *Paris Matin* (quoted by *La Vérité française* no. 3780) the doctor is reported as follows: "In 1895 Professor Roentgen discovered the X rays which enables man to look through dark objects and to analyse the mysterious functions of the organs inside of a living being.

Once more experimental science has made out of most fantastic dreams a palpable reality.

Some months later the discovery of the X rays brought about another, still more astonishing invention. Professor Hy. Becquerel, of the Institute, announced to the world that uranium sends forth an invisible radiation similar to that of the X rays, but different in as much as the X rays required an outward source for their energy, uranium had an inexhaustible supply of its activity in itself.

As in science all is linked together, three years later Mr. and Mrs. Curie found in the residue, from which uranium had been extracted, a new body, the radium, which produces the same and still more astounding phenomena, with an intensity 2,000 000 times greater than that of uranium. Radium is a strange element and infinitely rare since it requires the treatment of ten tons of mineral to extract one gramme ($\frac{1}{500}$ lb.) which at present is worth about \$30 000*.

Radium is obtained in the form of salt, chloride or bromide. The radium salts are spontaneously luminous. They affect photographic plates through any kind of body. No body is known as completely opaque to radium rays, although some let them pass quicker than others.

The radiation of radium is equal at all temperatures from the freezing point of hydrogen, 252° centigrade below zero, to that of boiling water, 100° above.

Another singular quality of radium is this that it will render all such bodies conductors of electricity as heretofore were known as isolators, such as air, coal oil, benzine etc. Where in a certain vessel radium has been handled for some time it is impossible to isolate any electrical apparatus.

Alike to X rays, the rays of radium have neither reflection nor refraction; they traverse mirrors and prisms in a straight line. Yet they may

be decomposed by a magnet that divides them in three distinct and unequally deviated fascicles, charged with positive and negative electricity.

The negative rays resemble true projectiles animated with the velocity of light, 300 000 kilometers in a second, and whose mass is a thousand times smaller than the smallest atom known, that of hydrogen.

Radium is a perpetual, indefinite and, as far as we now know, spontaneous source of electricity. A sealed glass bottle containing radium salt becomes charged with electricity as a Leyden jar. Draw a line on the bottle with a file; the cover is pierced and a spark ensues — the operator receives a shock.

Radium is also a perpetual and indefinite source of warmth. And in contradiction with all the known laws of nature this element realizes the perpetuum mobile whose very conception seemed absurd to scientists and philosophers. If you place an isolated thermometer at the side of a bottle containing radium, you will notice that its temperature is from 3 to 4 degrees higher than the surrounding air.

Another still more extraordinary phenomenon is, that radium in solution will communicate at once all its own qualities to bodies enclosed with it in the same vessel.

Hence, it seems that radium sends forth a material emanation which fixes itself on solid bodies and diffuses among gasses after the manner of an infinitely subtle vapor. But this emanation, contrary to the rays of radium, does not traverse the bodies. It remains confined to the vessel that encloses it. The smallest hindrance stops it, yet it may be transfused even by a capillary tube into another vessel. By distilling this emanation it may be encompassed in a very small space provided that space is sufficiently cooled off by plunging it in liquid air.

The emanation of radium, separated from its source, will lose itself spontaneously even in an hermetically sealed vessel. But half of it is left after four days.

In short, all in this element is astonishing and mysterious. I have kept for my conclusion its most suggestive action, that which it exercises on living objects. If one approaches to his closed eyelids an opaque vessel containing radium it provokes a vivid sensation of light. All the parts of the eye become phosphorescent. The eye itself furnishes the light to the retina.

When the skin is brought in contact with a phial containing radium, it feels nothing whatever. But if this contact is kept up for several days the tissues decay, an ulcer is formed which

*The Scientific American (vol. LXXXIX. no. 26) gives the price as \$2 000 for 1 gramme and states that even at this exorbitant price factories in France and Germany are kept busy with ever increasing new orders.

it takes months to heal. This quality of the radium physician try to utilize in the treatment of cancer and lupus*)

"I have said enough to show that the discovery of this body opens up an admirable field for our investigations and hopes.

The properties of radium upset our ideas of force and matter. Radium constantly issues light, heat and electricity, and a subtle imponderable matter. It loses continuously a quantity of considerable energy and yet remains in the same state and of the same weight. Is it the effect of

active electricity, is equal to that of light — 300 000 kilometers a second. Suppose we reduce it to one third, the energy of a single gramme of radium is still equal to several milliards of horsepower.

In the form of heat, radium sends forth enough to raise its own weight 34 kilometers in height within one hour. Add to this caloric energy that of electricity and its other radiations and you will see what indefinite power it contains. Radium constitutes the most troublesome riddle of the century, already over rich in riddles."

Professor d'Arsonval,
Member of the Institute.

Now, dear reader read this over. A Mr. and Mrs. Curie, have had 10 Tons of mineral completely worked up and have as result of there labors one gramme of radium. This gramme of radium, according to the learned man from the French Institute of Science has more energy than all the steam-engines in the world. "Considered as light," says the Professor "it is equal to several milliards of horsepower, considered as heat it develops energy enough to raise its own weight 34 kilometers high in one hour i. e. higher than the height obtained by piling the five highest of all mountains one on top of the other." Do you believe it? Your religion does not forbid it. It sounds incredible, much more incredible than the story of Jonas which by these very men of science is ridiculed so often. Yet for the truth of the story of Jonas we have the infallible word of the Church, and for this story of radium? Only the word of fallible men. Indeed very fallible men. For these very men and thousand others before them had worked out a "science" of heat, of light, of electricity that up to the invention of that trifle of radium by Mr. and Mrs. Curie was claimed to be infallible, was bragged upon as the crowning success of the 19th century and here comes the learned Professor of the Institute and tells you:

"The properties of radium upset our ideas of force and matter." So they have built a house which a grain of radium upsets. The boasted science of the 19th century is no more, all is to be done over. Now we can understand that sorrowful finale of the Professor: "Radium constitutes the most troublesome riddle of the century."

Thus the boasted science of the infidel world is shaken, but the religion, which it tried to upset, stands as solid as on the day on which Christ said to Peter: "Thou art Peter and upon this rock will I build my Church and the gates of Hel, shall not prevail against it." It is, and will ever be "the pillar and groundwork of truth."

J. F. Meiffuss.



THE YOUNG INVENTOR. *

a continuous atomic transformation? Is it the transformation of a sensible radiation from space that is still inaccessible to our senses? And finally what is the measure of this energy?

We have said that the velocity of those particles sent forth by the rays, charged with neg-

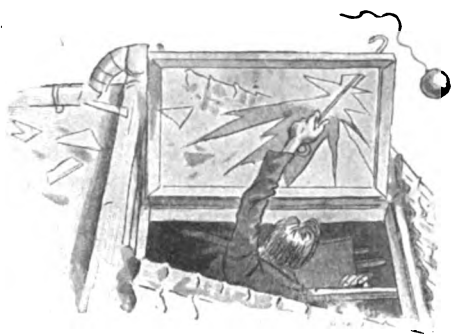
*) That is the reason why there is such a demand for radium. According to the Scientific American (l. c.) radium possesses all the important qualities of the Roentgen rays in addition to the invaluable property of being ready for use at any time without any apparatus. It has been found that a thousandth part of a gramme of radium is as effective in the treatment of cancer as an expensive and complicated apparatus furnishing the Roentgen ray.



THE TOY BALLOON, OR: THE STORY OF A BOOM.



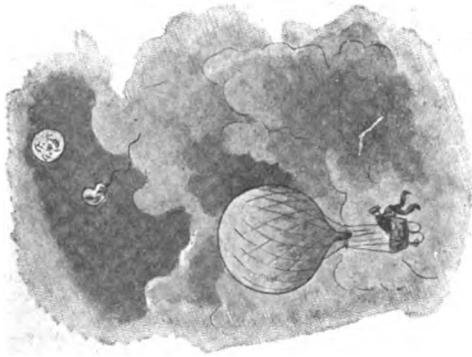
It was on a May day afternoon, The happy boy ran with delight, "There's many a slip, twist, and flip The festive balloon now had its lining!" It frightened the horse that never knew fear,
Tiptoe gave his boy a red toyballoon, Letting it dance, now left, now And so the boy let the laudable slip. It sent the professor hat a-splashing, And sent it down hill in mad career.



The passengers on the bus's top High in his garret the artist in vain Made a grab for it, breaking his window-pane. Two who were getting things endeavored to snatch it. They snatched and snatched, but it they could not catch it. The gentle star gazer saw the balloon, And thought he saw the red nose on the moon.



The aeronaut made a rash endeavor,
And almost falling, said: "Did you ever?"



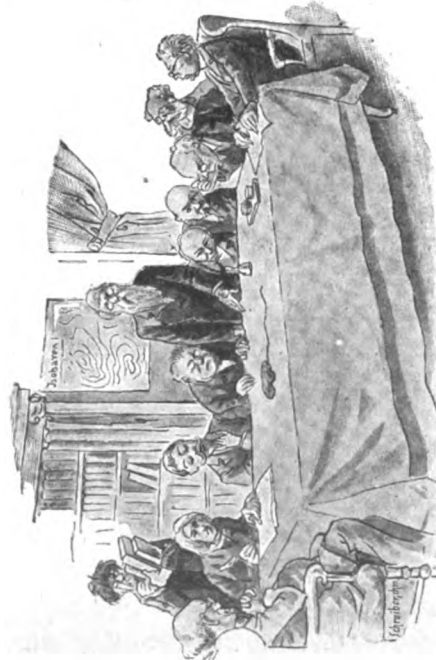
But higher and higher soared the balloon,
Till the gas escaped within sight of the moon.



And sinking 'twas caught among the brambles,
And found by a shepherd lad on his rambles.



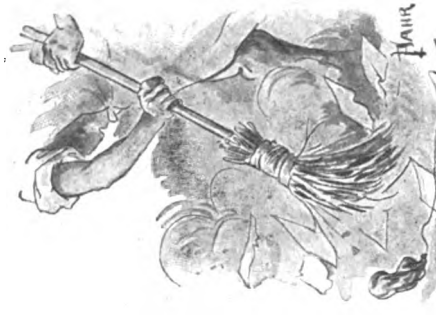
Forthwith to the village professor he brought it.
"Strange, strange," said the wise man, "who
would have thought it!"



And he sent it to the meteorological convention,
Where it soon attracted profound attention,



And the learned discussed it most learnedly
"Tis this, no 'tis that, no, no, can't you see?"



But lastly the janitor came with his broom:
This is the story of many a broom.

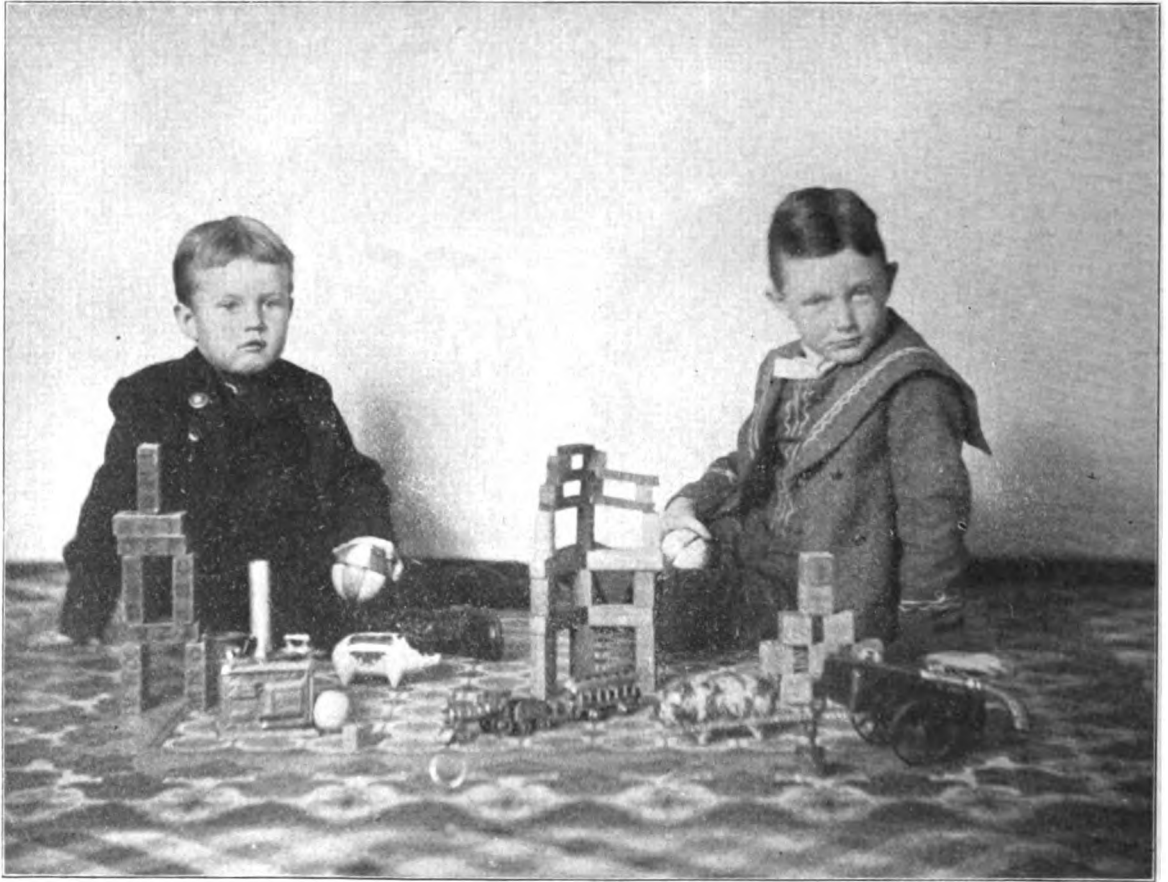
✻ St. Vincent de Paul and Jean Jacques Rousseau. ✻

Taken from "Leurs Saints et les Nôtres" in L'Union No. 227.

There have been, there are, and there will be two hostile camps in this world, that of Christ and that of Satan. Each has its standardbearers around which the followers group and whose lead they follow. Such a standard bearer in the camp of Christ was, and still is, St. Vincent of Paul, in the camp of Satan was and still is Jean Jacques

Rousseau. A comparison of the two is of keenest interest and cannot fail to show the reader whom of the two to follow.

Jean Jacques Rousseau was born June 28, 1712 at Geneva in Switzerland. His father was a watchmaker. St. Vincent de Paul was born April 24, 1576 at Pouy, France, of poor parents who had six children. Both passed through a hard child-



AFTER CHRISTMAS.

hood. The former lost his mother at birth, grew up without proper guidance, read novels that excited his passions and twisted his intellect; the other had to do hard work on the farm.

Jean Jacques was given in board to a protestant minister when his father had to flee from Geneva. There he learned a little Latin but also much viciousness as he says himself in his "Confessions:" "I became a blackguard (polisson)."

Our little farmer at Pouy, showing great brightness was placed at the age of 12 with the

Gray Friars at Dax where he worked assiduously and made great progress in learning and virtue.

Despite his youth, Jean Jacques had to earn his living. "Clerk in the sheriff's office," he says again: "I was driven ignominiously from the office, on account of my laziness." An engraver accepted him as apprentice. But his laziness, lying and pilfering brought down many a flogging on him that made him senseless to better feelings. He then became a lackey, which position he lost twice by theft and insolence. "I learned," he continues to say of himself, "that stealing

was not so bad as I had thought, and by my knowledge I soon profited so much that nothing I coveted was safe any more.

At the age of 16, he was a perfect good-for-nothing, delighting in lies and slanders, burning with passions, dissatisfied with himself, and loathed by others, he lead the life of a vagabond.

Vincent was not rich either. Soon the small funds of his family were exhausted and, in order

to pay his board and tuition, he had to give lessons. A lawyer of that place M. de Commet, engaged him for his smaller children. Vincent instructed them with such success that soon others asked to join his class. He thus had a school of his own.

Struck by his virtues, M. de Commet exhorted him to receive holy orders. His own inclinations as well as his fitness advised him the same. 23 years old full of virtues and science, Vincent



WATCH IT BREAK.

was ordained a priest. All that knew him predicted a great future to the young priest whom St. Francis de Sales later on called the holiest priest of the century.

Jean Jacques, on the contrary, became more and more wicked. A Catholic priest had procured him a home and sought to correct his morals. From interest he became a Catholic, but soon turned a Protestant again. He had heard of Paris and its splendors and resolved to go there. A Jesuit Father received him at his arrival and tried to keep him straight but in vain. At Paris Jean Jacques at first showed a passion for music

then for chessplaying and finally for algebra and geometry. To make a living he changed about between copying and teaching, but could stay nowhere for any length of time. His passions grew with his age. He became a real libertine. No matter how often he had been helped to a position by compassionate souls, he lost them all, even that of secretary at the French embassy in Vienna.

Vincent de Paul, on account of his poverty had also his ups and downs. At one time he was a slave among the Turks. When set free he also directed his steps to Paris. But if the

arrival of Jean Jacques at Paris was a curse for all France, that of St. Vincent was a blessing. He began at once a movement of charity that was to live through centuries and spread all over the world, whilst Jean Jacques began a movement of hatred and revolt and impiety that had to end in the French Revolution and is still shaking the foundation of Christian societies.

Vincent was first appointed pastor of Clichy, next of Chatillon-les-Dombes, then he became instructor of the children of Gondi. But everywhere he left the remembrance of his good deeds, 50 years later some survivors of the parish of Chatillon stated "that it was impossible to relate all the good he had done in five months and they could scarcely believe it themselves, had they not seen it; in their opinion that alone would be sufficient to canonize him."

What would they have said had they seen all the heroic labors among the galley-slaves and the works founded for their benefits, his admirable zeal in preaching missions in the country, the ardor of his charity for the poor and needy and especially for abandoned children?

St. Vincent is usually represented as holding in his arms the babies he had found in the streets ready to bring them to his asylums. In fact the work of the foundling asylums is one of the most touching of St. Vincent de Paul's.

Abandoning infants in the streets or under the porches of the churches was one of the most

hideous sores of society at the time of St. Vincent. What became of them? Many died from starvation, others were taken in, their limbs crippled to serve later on as objects of charity. All Paris had but one house for such foundlings, kept by a widow and two servant girls, a force totally

unable to take care of the 2 to 300 infants usually found there. Many of them went into eternity without baptism.

St. Vincent went to work and made himself the father of all these abandoned children. He succeeded finally also to interest a number of ladies from the better classes to take interest in them. During the first four years of his apostolate he gathered and raised 4000 of these unhappy babes. The number kept on increasing and the expenses too. It required 40,000 francs to feed the little ones. The ladies got tired of the work and wanted to give up. It was at that moment that St. Vincent with tears in his eyes addressed them with these for ever memorable words:

"You know, ladies, compassion and charity has made you adopt these little ones as your own. Since their mothers according to the flesh have abandoned them you have become their mothers according to grace. See now whether you, too, wish to abandon them.

"Quit then to be their mothers to become their judges for a moment; their life and death is in your hands. Let us vote on the question. It is time to pronounce the sentence and to



ST. VINCENT DE PAUL.

know whether you will have no longer any mercy for them.

"They will live if you continue your charitable care, they will die, perish infallibly, if you abandon them, past experience allows no doubt."

None dared to refuse.

Now place in front of St. Vincent, poor himself, holding in his arms the little foundlings the "modern" saint, Jean Jacques Rousseau! who to get rid of his parental duty sent all five of his children to a foundlings' asylum, never even inquiring any more for them.

Can any one imagine that an immoral father as he was, would offer to the public a treatise on the "Education of Children?" And yet J. J. Rousseau did so in his "Emile," and what is still more surprising, his contemporaries, instead of condemning the work, admired it and applauded its author. So did they applaud his discourse on the inequality of "Social Contract" that constituted nothing but the overthrow of all divine and natural order. In them is contained more than a germ of all modern religious and social errors. They preach hatred, rebellion, jealousy, pride, disorder and folly.

For him the social order rests only on conventions. Man is born free, but pretending to see him everywhere in chains, he wants to have all present society destroyed and have man brought back to the state of savageness, which he declares the most perfect. As to morality and virtue he has his own: "We are sovereigns, whatever we do is well done. All our actions, whatever they be are virtue and wisdom."

His book "La Nouvelle Heloise" is but a tissue of immoral pages, and his "Confessions" a monument erected by folly to pride and sensuality.

It can be understood why infidels and Freemasons praise and extol such a man and such books, but it is impossible to understand how even Catholics can be found among his admirers. Rousseau himself has but mockery for them; for he writes of his own works: "I cannot look at any of my books without shuddering; instead of instructing I corrupt, instead of nourishing I poison, but passion leads me astray and with all my nice discourses I am but a criminal."

St. Vincent de Paul can look at all his works without a shudder, for they have been for his contemporaries, what they are for the present generation: medicine, food, light. He did not write his works by means of the pen, but they are written with his sweat and blood. They are

called the Work of the Galley-slaves, the Work of the Country Missions, the Work of the Foundlings, the Establishment of Hospitals. The Work of Redeeming Slaves; Retreats, Seminaries, Schools. How much spiritual and corporal misery has been eased by them?

But his greatest merit is the organization of charity in what now is called the conferences of St. Vincent de Paul, a world wide organization in which the better class of society joins hands in the relief of all human misery.

The influence of Jean Jacques Rousseau has not been less worldwide, but it was disastrous, followed by upheavals and ruins. The French Revolution with all its horrors of bloodshed, pillage and arson was the natural sequel of his principles. His books were read in the assemblies of the revolutionists and inspired them with new horrors. In his follies as well as in his immorality Jean Jacques Rousseau was the revolution incarnate. He died in one of his scandalous excesses July 3, 1778 at Ermenouville. He died as he lived. He either was poisoned or died by his own hand.

Vincent also died as he lived. Feeling his end approach he concentrated all his energy to finish the two great institutions he had founded, the Priests of the Mission and the Sisters of Charity.

Sept. 22, 1660 this hero of charity, this friend of the little ones gave back his noble soul into the hands of his Maker, surrounded by his spiritual family. His parting word was "confido, I have confidence."

In the opinion of all, a saint had left this earth. But what was the opinion of the contemporaries of Rousseau about their hero? Diderot called him a "mad man," and Voltaire styled him a "mischievous blackguard," "an energumen deserving the pillory."

To conclude our parallel, the one relieved all miseries, the other was for ever increasing them, the one renewed and extended through the centuries the reign of love, the other inoculated society with the poison of hatred; the one prepared the armies of charity for the future, the other excited to pillage and massacres; the one came from heaven, the other rose out of hell. Our enemies have made of that infernal fiend one of their saints, ours is St. Vincent of Paul. The division is just, to each his due.

I F. MEIFUSS.



—❖— Mgr. H. Muehlsiepen, ❖—

: : Vicar General of St. Louis. By Rev. E. Prunte. : :

One day after the demise of our illustrious Pontiff Leo XIII. the Archdiocese of St. Louis had to mourn the loss of its venerable Vicar General, Mgr. H. Muehlsiepen. It is true after a lingering illness of several months, the news of his departure from life came not quite unexpectedly. Yet to our natural feeling the death of those whom we honor and love always deals a severe blow. And truly honored and loved was the deceased prelate by all that knew him, especially by the German Catholics of the Archdiocese who owe so much to his paternal solicitude and indefatigable zeal. His death occurred in St. Louis on Tuesday the 21. of July, 1903. The deceased was born of pious parents on September 4, 1834, in a village near Mintard in the Rhine Province.

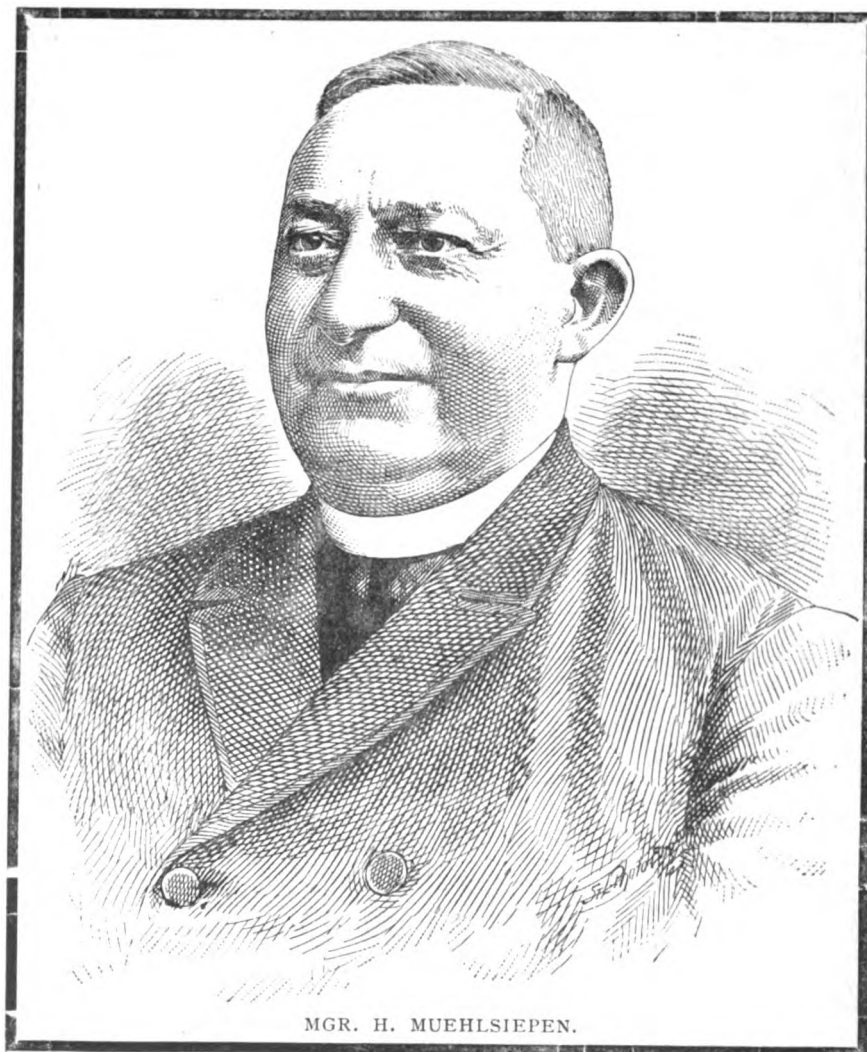
In early youth he felt a strong desire to enter the ecclesiastical state. His parents gladly yielded to his earnest request, and the Vicar of Mintard was kind enough to give him for some time instructions preparatory for the entrance into the Gymnasium of Essen. After having studied there for several years, he was told one day during vacation that an American priest from the diocese of St. Louis had come to the episcopal city of Paderborn to solicit priests and students for his diocese. This priest was Very Rev. Joseph Melcher, then Vicar General of St. Louis.

The young student perceived in this incident a call from heaven and determined to obey it. He therefore, visited Father Melcher and was received with welcome. Six other young men, likewise, sought and obtained admission into the Archdiocese of St. Louis. These were: Rev. A.

Schweihoff, who was already a priest and afterwards founded the parish of St. Liborius in St. Louis, the theological students: F. Goller, for many years Rector of Sts. Peter and Paul's Church of St. Louis, Chr. Wapelhorst, who later on became Rector of St. Francis' Seminary near Milwaukee and died as a member of the Franciscan Order, Caspar Doebbenner who died as Rector of St. Nicolas' Church in St. Louis, J. M. Boetzkes and Conrad Tintrop, at present Rector emeritus in Arcadia, Mo.

The company embarked at Havre in a sailing vessel on the 22. of September, 1855, and after a voyage of forty four days, arrived safely at New York. Thence they proceeded, without delay to St. Louis.

H. Muehlsiepen pursued his philosophical and theological studies in the diocesan seminary at Carondelet and was raised to the priesthood by Archbishop P. R. Kenrick on December 8, 1857. His first charge was as assistant to Father J. Melcher, Rector of St. Mary's Church, the first German Catholic Church of St. Louis. At the



MGR. H. MUEHLSIEPEN.

urgent advice of his physicians he made a trip to Germany in June 1862 and remained there over a year. When he returned he was in good health and remained so until a year before his death.

In the beginning of the year 1868, Father Melcher was elected Bishop of Green Bay in Wisconsin, and Rev. H. Muehlsiepen became his successor as Rector of St. Mary's Church. Only a few months later, on June 25, of the same year, Archbishop Kenrick appointed him Vicar General for the German, Bohemian and Polish Catholics of the Archdiocese. Twenty five years later, in 1893 after the death of Very Rev. Ph. Brady, he was made Vicar General for the whole Archdiocese.

Soon after his appointment as Vicar General, he resigned the rectorship of St. Mary's Church in order to devote himself entirely to the manifold duties of his new office. He was an indefatigable worker and always ready to undergo any hardships for the cause of religion. When priests were taken with sickness, he frequently supplied their place on Sundays and Holydays. Prudence and discretion harmoniously combined in him with kindness and generosity. In his official capacity, especially, his words were few and so well weighed that they would neither compromise the interests of the diocese nor injure the feelings of priests present or absent. Circumstances demanding or advising, he found it easy to observe profound silence. The appointments made by him with the consent of the Ordinary may sometimes not have met the anticipations of a priest. Still, his integrity of purpose and purity of motives were above suspicion.

The Catholic press and Catholic societies found in him a true friend and ardent promotor. He was Vice-president of the Catholic Publishing Co., a Director of the "Daily and Weekly America" and the "Herold des Glaubens," Director of the Societies of the "Holy Childhood" and the "Propagation of the Faith."

Solicitous for the care of Immigrants he furthered the work of the Society of St. Raphael and the erection of the Leo House at New York. His whole life was devoted unsparingly to the Church and school. Work was his stimulant. He was prominently active in the founding of more than thirty parishes in city and country. The parish now in charge of the present writer was the first one. Whenever there were a few Catholics in need of spiritual attendance he did the best he could for them, visiting them at certain intervals, until they were able to provide for the support of a priest. In his visits to remote places of the diocese, he frequently had to contend against inclemency of the weather and roughness of long roads, but he bore it all with good humor and uttered no complaints. He advanced considerable amounts of money to many poor struggling congregations with

no other assurance than trust in Divine Providence and the good will of the people. Firm confidence in God was a remarkable feature of his noble character and failed him not even in the most trying circumstances. He never sought personal gain or honor. Many of his charities none will ever exactly know, for they were secret.

Whenever a congregation was to be founded, the Vicar General unconditionally insisted that a parochial school should be an integral part of its existence. Frequently the school was built before the church was erected. With suavity and prudence he adjusted differences in parishes, always careful of the rights and feelings of those interested in the affair. Several times during the absence of the Archbishop he was intrusted, with the administration of the whole diocese, and each time he performed the more responsible duties, then incumbent upon him to the greatest satisfaction of both the Ordinary and the priests.

In the year 1882, Father Muehlsiepen celebrated the silver jubilee of his ordination to the priesthood and in 1893 that as Vicar General. On both occasions he received many evidences of the great esteem and love in which he was held by the clergy and laity. The Holy Father honored the worthy priest by sending him the Apostolic Benediction.

The honors bestowed upon the jubilarian brought sincere joy to his heart, but did not in the least affect his innate and amiable modesty. The same was the case when, in the year 1896, he was elevated to the dignity of a domestic prelate to His Holiness. While he bore the dignity of the position most becomingly, it in no wise changed his genial disposition. Quietly and unassumingly he went his way — the same meek and kind Vicar General. To know him was to love him. His gentle and sweet influence will long be felt in the diocese.

He had a constitution which seemed capable of enduring the most rigorous hardships, but at last it succumbed to the exertions of many years. In the fall of 1902, he went to Dallas, Texas, to assist in the name of the Most Rev. Archbishop J. Kain, at the consecration of the Cathedral. On his return, he was stricken with apoplexy. After suffering with truly edifying patience for about six months, he died calmly in our Lord in the Convent of the Ursuline Sisters whose superior he was. A few months later, October 13, the zealous Ordinary of the Archdiocese of St. Louis followed him to the grave.

After the solemn funeral services had been held in the city of St. Louis, the remains of the deceased Vicar General were, in accordance with his wish, conveyed to Arcadia, Mo. where they rest in the cemetery close to the Convent of the Ursuline Sisters —

May his soul rest in peace!

➤ The Eclipses of 1905. ➤

Of the two solar and two lunar eclipses occurring in the course of the year 1905, one of each class will be more or less visible in the United States.

The first will be a partial eclipse of the moon and will occur on August 14. The accompanying drawing, Fig. 1, shows the appearance of the moon at the middle of the eclipse, at 9:41 P. M. Central time, when 30 per cent of its diameter are immersed in the earth's shadow. This eclipse is of no importance.

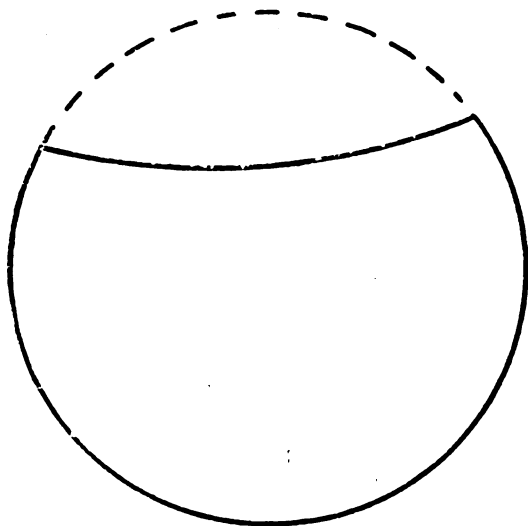


Fig. 1.

PARTIAL ECLIPSE OF THE MOON, AUG. 14, 1905.
APPEARANCE OF THE MOON AT THE MIDDLE OF
THE ECLIPSE.

Moon enters Penumbra.....	7:08.	P. M.
Moon enters Shadow.....	8:39.	P. M.
Middle of the Eclipse.....	9:41.	P. M.
Moon leaves Shadow.....	10:43.	P. M.
Moon leaves Penumbra.....	12:14.	P. M.

The second eclipse will be a total eclipse of the sun and will occur on August 30. It will be visible as a total eclipse on a line beginning just north but completely outside of the state of Minnesota, and running across Canada and the Atlantic Ocean, over Spain, the Mediterranean and Red Seas, and terminating on the south coast of Arabia. The greatest duration of the total phase will be 3 minutes and 45 seconds, fully twice as long as the duration of the eclipse of May. 28, 1900 in the southern states. The total phase will this time however not occur anywhere within the United States, so that our astronomers like those of most European nations, will go to Spain to observe the eclipse, and not to Canada, because in Canada the sun will be very low in the sky, while in Spain it will be very high and the eclipse will last longer.

But the readers of these pages will probably remain at home and will therefore be interested to know how the eclipse will appear in the United States. Here the eclipse will only be partial and will occur near the time of sunrise. The accompanying map, Fig. 2, will give all the necessary information. The first glance at it will show three important curves. The one to the right is marked "Eclipse begins at Sunrise," and signifies that all those places through which this line runs will see the eclipse beginning at the moment the sun rises. For all those places that are to the right of this line, the eclipse begins after sunrise, and for all those, to the left before sunrise, that is, all these latter places will not see the whole of the eclipse, but will miss a part of it owing to the fact that the eclipse will have begun already before the sun rises for them, the sun therefore rising already partially eclipsed.

Along the middle line marked "Middle of Eclipse at Sunrise," the sun will rise with the maximum obscuration it is to have for those places. This maximum obscuration is indicated by the numbers and is expressed in tenths of the sun's diameter obscured, intermediate distances being in proportion. For example, at Cairo, Ills. the sun will rise with an obscuration of 0.63.

The exact appearances of the sun when various tenths of its diameter are obscured are represented in Fig. 3. The first circle is the sun with the moon placed before it in such a way as to hide 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 tenths of its diameter, the separate appearances of the sun thus eclipsed being shown in the other figures.

The line to the left marked "Eclipse ends at Sunrise," connects all those places for which the eclipse will end at the moment of sunrise, and which will therefore just miss the eclipse completely. To the left or west of this line the eclipse will not be visible at all.

Between the lines "Eclipse begins at Sunrise" and "Middle of Eclipse at Sunrise," the sun will rise eclipsed to the extent which may be found by reference to the curved lines marked 0, 2, 4, 6, 8, which show the even tenths of obscuration. The eclipse will increase until it reaches the magnitude shown by the other set of lines which start from the "Middle of the Eclipse" line, run eastward and are marked to single tenths of obscuration. An example will make this clear. At Columbus, Ohio, the sun will rise somewhat less than 4 tenths (0.38) eclipsed, and the obscuration will increase to nearly 7 tenths (0.69), and, of course, after that diminish to nothing.

Between the lines "Middle of Eclipse at Sunrise" and "Eclipse ends at Sunrise," the

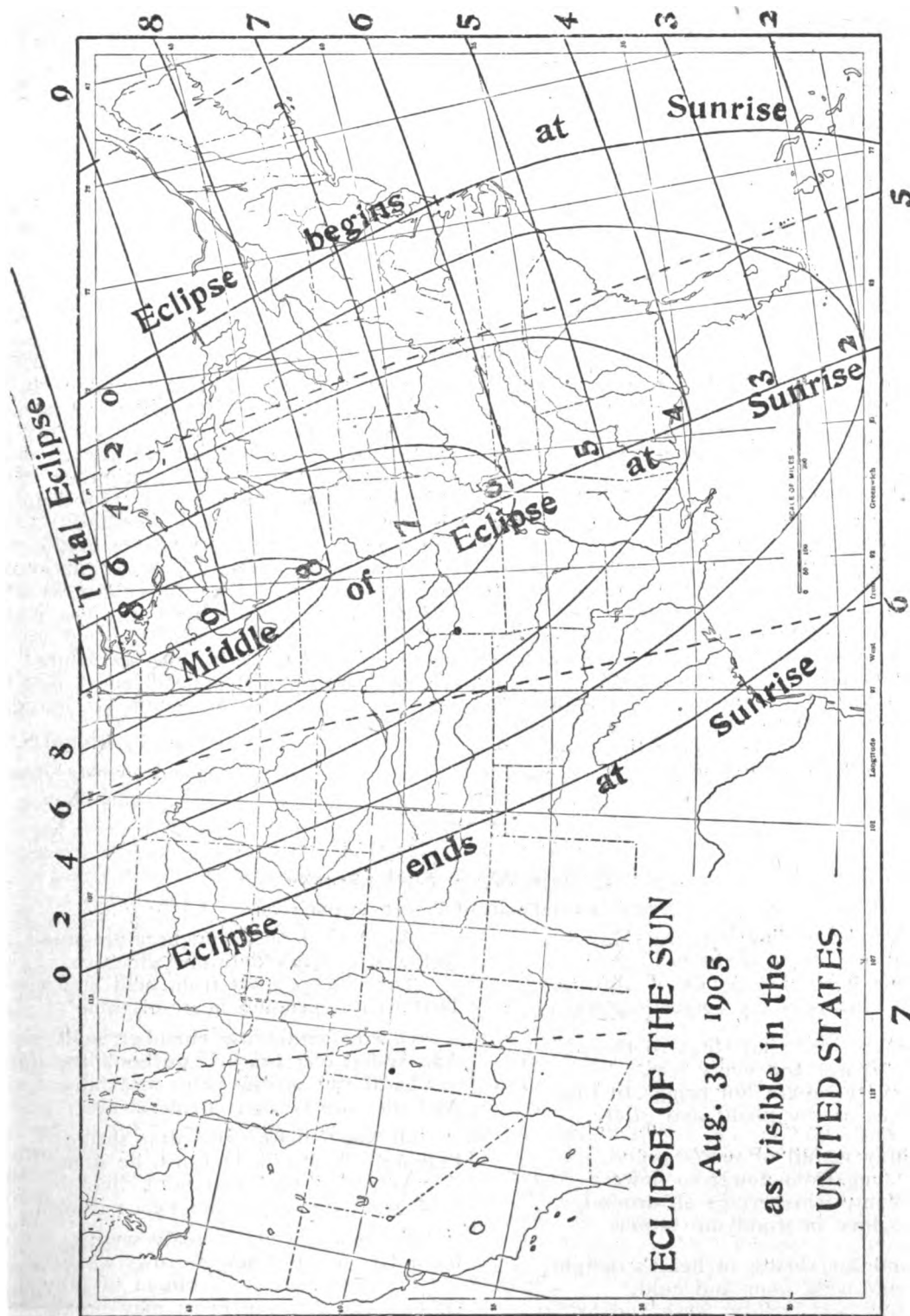


Fig. 2

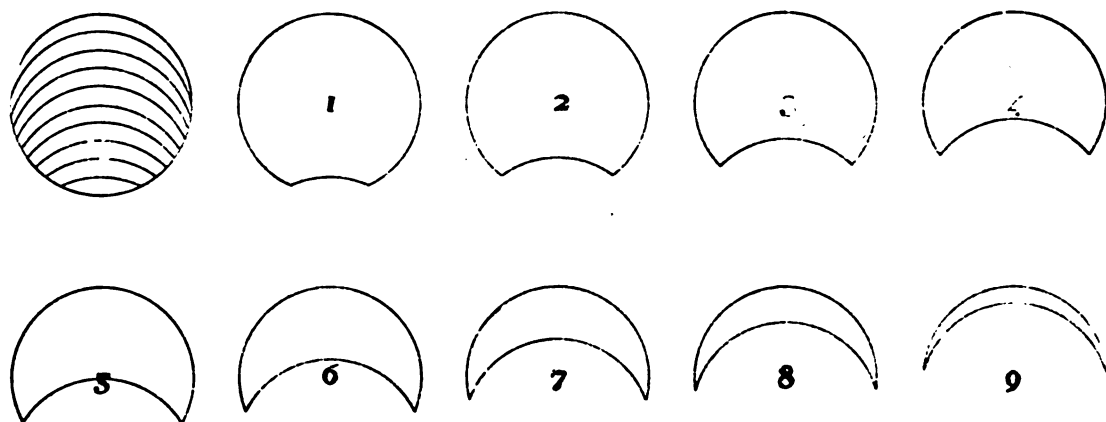


Fig. 8.

sun will rise obscured to the extent indicated by the curves which show the even tenths of obscuration, and this obscuration will be on the decrease. For example, at Omaha, Neb. the sun will rise 0.56 eclipsed.

The dotted lines marked 5.6.7. at the bottom of the map connect those places at which the sun will rise at 5.6.7. o'clock Central time. If Eastern time is used, one hour must be added to the time indicated, and if Mountain or Pacific times, one and two hours respectively subtracted.

The mark upon the line where the "Eclipse begins at Sunrise", near Cape Charles at the mouth of Chesapeake Bay, shows the place of "First Contact," that is the place which is the very first on earth to see this eclipse begin.

It is a pity that the path of the total eclipse should come so near to the United States and

not enter them at all. But of course, the reader need not be told that astronomers are as helpless in directing the course of the heavenly bodies as the weather forecasters are in regard to meteorological affairs. All that either class can do is to predict, the weather man claiming for his prediction only great probability, but the astronomers, at the present state of the science, admitting an error of only a few seconds in eclipses. We must therefore take the eclipse as we shall find it, and the map whose use has just been explained, will tell us exactly what to expect wherever we may be within the United States. We must wait patiently until June 8, 1918 for the next total eclipse visible within our borders.

Wm. F. Rigge, S. J.

Creighton University Observatory,
Omaha, Neb.

SORROW'S BALM.

From the German of F. von Brackel.

O leave the smiling paths of May
After a bitter parting hour:
O never heed the sounds of May
When still enthralled by sorrow's power.

For every bird that sings to thee,
And every flower and every leaf,
And every breath but brings to thee
Fond echoes of thy plaint and grief.

For May is full of secret sound,
Of joyful song from flower to flower;
Of dreamy whisperings all around,
Of love to love in woodland bower.

A wondrous wealth of heart's delight,
As if no one were poor and cold;
Of youth and beauty, fresh and bright,
As if no life were drear and old;

As if each bush and bramble stood
Aglow with life's delirious wine: —
Then, keep apart from field and wood
That weary bleeding heart of thine!

O stay within thy chamber walls,
And spend o'er brightsome book the day,
Until thy sorrow fades and falls,
And like the twilight steals away.

Or kneel before the altar shrine
Praying: "Thy will, O Lord, be done!"
And lo, a gleam of light divine!
And grace descends, and peace is won.

No solace waits in leafy way;
Its mirth and joy new sorrows wake:
O shun the riotous bloom of May,
Or else thy grieving heart may break.

JOHN ROTHENSTEINER.



Catholic Happenings — of — American Interest.

From June 1903 to June 1904.



If one would distinctly realize how swiftly years roll round, he or she should undertake just such task as this, chronicling the happenings of twelve successive months. It seems that the June roses of 1903 can scarcely have faded ere those of 1904 expand to replace them; before one's mental vision the picture of the graduating classes of '03 still lingers when lo, their places are claimed by those, who a little year ago dwelt in the comparative obscurity of the subgraduating divisions.

If we omit here the Catholic educational record of last June it is for the welcome reason that now, as heretofore, it would be an unvaried story of excellence, reading therefore as a repetition.

Here is an item that may be considered representative; in *New York City one thousand graduates* from the public, private and Catholic schools took the 1903 examinations for admission to the Normal College of that City. Twenty-five public schools and thirteen Catholic schools competed and while the former, twenty-five in number, gave eight honor students to the roll (meaning students receiving an average of eighty per cent or over) the Catholic schools numbering but thirteen gave six honor students, so that it is easily evident which system shows best results. This too notwithstanding the 'drawbacks' so often quoted by the champions of secular education, that time has been taken from the regular class hours of the Catholic pupils for their religious training.

From *France* ill news still poured in apace; the *expulsion of monks and sisters* continued a daily occurrence and from *Rheims* in this month of the Sacred Heart came a peculiarly pathetic story of the persecution to which a band of Catholic children were subjected on the day of their First Communion when in the streets of that city creatures, misnamed men, spat in the childish faces and tortured the childish hearts by spoken insults to the Living Lord Who had so recently honored His little ones.

St. Michael's Almanac 1905.

7

Official German statistics published at this time show that there are now 20,321,441 Catholics in the German Empire and says the *New York Freeman* editorially, "They are Catholics of the right sort who will not allow their priests and nuns to be driven from home and country."

Two important announcements that reached us from Rome were of the erection of a new diocese at Baker City, Oregon with *Rev. Chas. J. O'Reily* at its head and the selection of *Rev. Jeremiah J. Harty* of St. Louis as Archbishop of Manila. In the same week the English Hierarchy was called on to mourn its distinguished leader. His Eminence, *Herbert Vaughan, Abp.* of Westminster who died on June 20, age 71 years.

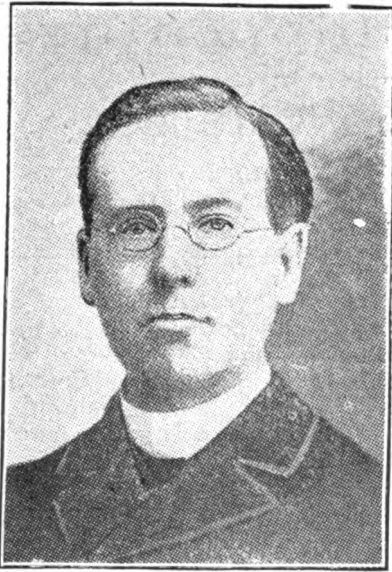
A celebration of peculiarly American interest was the Golden Jubilee of the introduction of the *Forty Hours' Devotion* in America. In Philadelphia Rt. Rev. Mgr. J. J. Loughlin was the speaker of the solemn occasion who recounted eloquently the story of St. Philip Neri's beautiful homage and his copartnership with St. Charles Borromeo in the foundation of the great devotion now four centuries old.

A study of some ecclesiastical statistics which came opportunely to hand in June give the best idea of America's Catholic gain during the fifty years recalled by the *Forty Hours' Jubilee*.

In 1850, the population of the United States was 23,000,000 of which one and a half millions were Catholics and seven millions Protestants. In 1900 the population had grown to 76,000,000 with ten millions of Catholics to eighteen millions Protestants. In the Eastern States it is calculated, Catholics will soon own a majority at the present rate of gain, for here three causes help on such result—greater natural increase, immigration and conversions, the *last not least*.

Sadly in contrast with this story of religious advancement is the powerful letter of *Rev. William O'Brien Pardon, S.J.* published in a June issue of the *New York World* and having for its subject the dreadful modern evil of divorce. 500,000 divorces in twenty years being the record of the United States. Except as an appeal that should be heeded for help to stay the vile torrent,

Thanks are due to "Catholic Standard and Times," "Philadelphia Record" and "Holy Family Magazine" of Philadelphia — to "Catholic World Magazine" of New York and to "Rosary Magazine" of Somerset, O. for cuts loaned to illustrate this article.



MOST REV. JEREMIAH J. HARTY,
Archbp. of Manila.



REV. ALBERT NEGAHNQUET.
(The boy at the left hand of the priest is Fr. Negahnquet.)



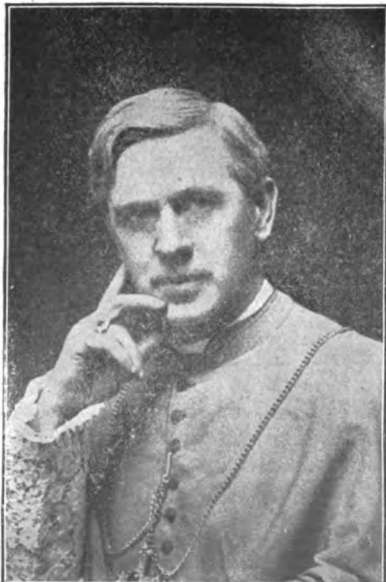
RT. REV. JOHN O'GORMAN, C.S.P.
Bishop of Sierra Leone.

this letter can be scarcely said to concern Catholics very intimately. There are with us occasional cases and speaking of one such Father Pardow emphasizes the position of the children of the Church towards all.

"We had" he says "an estimable lady on the alumnae rolls of one of our best schools. She married and afterward divorced herself. Then she remarried. At once her name was erased from the rolls, and those who were once her friends indicated their desire to cut her off from

social equality. She was plainly ostracized."

The earliest July cablegrams conveyed many items of American interest—full reports of the "Philippine Consecrations" as those *Mgr. Rooker* formerly of Washington to the Sea of Jaro, P.I. and of *Mgr. Dougherty* formerly of Philadelphia to that of Neuva Segovia, were called the consequent festivities at the American College in Rome—the appointment of *Rev. Father Hendrick* of Rochester, N. Y. to yet another Philippine see, p



RT. REV. CHARLES H. COLTON,
Bishop of Buffalo.



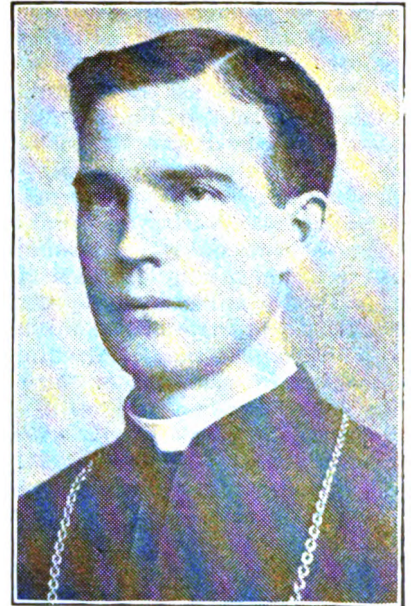
MOST REV. P. L. CHAPPELLE,
Archbp. of Cuba.



MOST REV. JOHN JOSEPH KAIN,
the late Archbishop of St. Louis.



RT. REV. JOHN BAPT. BRONDEL,
the late Bishop of Helena.



MOST REV. JOHN JOSEPH GLENNON,
Archbishop of St. Louis.

that of Cebu, and the consecration of *Mgr. Seton* as titular Archbishop of Heliopolis.

At the beginning of July, came the first warning of that event through the occurrence of which, the month of July 1903 shall live forever in history. For nineteen days of suspense the eyes of the universal world turned towards Rome; for nineteen days, not alone Catholicity but all Christendom echoed the prayer of Germany's non-Catholic Emperor—"Because the world needs

great and good, men may the Almighty grant the Holy Father some more years amongst us!" But such was not God's will, and on Monday, July 20th. the grand soul of *Leo XIII.*, released from its trail earthly tenement, sought its glorious compeers in the Kingdom of everlasting rest.

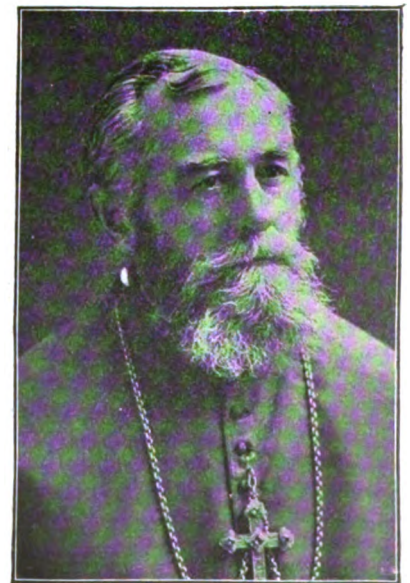
Of the world's grief and the world's expressed homage it were useless to speak here: their echoes, with the accounts of the wonderful obse-



HIS. EMINENCE J. CARDINAL GIBBONS.



VERY REV. GEO. DESHONG, C.S.P.



MOST REV. SEBASTIAN G. MESSMER,
Archbp. of Milwaukee.

quies at Rome and the magnificent services throughout the earth monopolize for the entire month, every page devoted to Catholic tidings America's most notable Requiem celebration was that at which Mgr. Falconio officiated within the historic walls of the Baltimore Cathedral.

Meanwhile on this side the Atlantic, death had not been idle; *Archbishop Katzer of Milwaukee*, a prelate of Austrian parentage and American achievement, died at Fon du lac, Wis. on July the 20 after a long and painful illness. His funeral at Milwaukee was one of the most elaborate public demonstrations in the history of the city.

In August public attention was still fully occupied by accounts of the pageants attending the obsequies of one Pontiff and the election of another, the *Conclave of Cardinals* convening on Friday July thirty first for this, the first Conclave of the twentieth century.

On August fourth, Cardinal Guiseppe Sarto Patriarch of Venice was chosen Pope on the seventh ballot and the election was announced to the assembled thousands before St. Peter's by Cardinal Macchi, who also added the information, that the new Pope had taken the name of *Pius X.* "It is a cross that I receive from you." were the characteristic words whereby Pope Pius signified to the Sacred College his acceptance of the most wonderful responsibility that mortal man may bear, but the Church of Christ rejoiced in this fresh proof that the Holy Spirit abided as of old with those whom Christ had chosen to lead His fold. The Pope's Coronation took place on August ninth before 70,000 people. A band of American pilgrims it was, who through the good offices of Cardinal Gibbons, were the first body of the kind received by the new Pontiff. Once more then, events nearer home commenced to receive some of the consideration (and journalistic space) usually allotted them.

On August twelfth, *Archbishop Farley of New York* was with much ceremony invested with the Pallium in the magnificent Cathedral of that City, 800 priests participating in the celebration. We also find His Grace officiating at the dedication of St. Clare's Academy for boys and girls under the care of St. Francis' Sisters at Mount Hope, N. Y.

In San Francisco, *Rt. Rev. Bishop Boeymaens* the new Vicar-Apostolic of Hawaii was consecrated by Archbishop Montgomery; in St. Joseph's Church, Oklahoma City (O. T.) High Mass was said by the first full blooded Indian priest, recently ordained by *Rt. Rev. Dr. Meerchaert*, Bishop of the Indian Territory. *Father Albert Negahnquet* is a protege of Mother Katherine Drexel who maintains many Indian Missions in Oklahoma Territory and his work will be among the people of his own race. As a small boy, Father Negahnquet was a pupil of Father Ketcham the present director of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions; his later education was obtained at

Sac. Heart Mission Oklahoma and lastly in Rome.

As a result of the visit of *Mgr. Le Roy*, Superior General of the Holy Ghost Order, to which we alluded in last year's letter, several changes were made in the order throughout the States.

Rev. D. J. Fitzgibbon, for thirteen years Director of St. Joseph's House for Homeless Boys, one of Philadelphia's most famous institutions, was named Director of the Missions for the negro race in the United States, *Father L. R. Farrel* formerly vice-director succeeding at St. Joseph's. Within a few days of the Superior General's departure also, notification was received that *Rev. John O'Gorman*, C. S. Sp. professor of dogmatic theology at the novitiate of the Holy Ghost order at Cornwells, Pa. had been appointed titular Bishop and Prefect Apostolic of Sierra Leone, West Africa, a section of the Dark Continent known to Europeans as "the white man's grave". It would need more than this gruesome reputation however and the implied probability of early death to intimidate the Catholic Missionary, and such by birthright and training is Sierra Leone's new Bishop, born on the Irish soil prolific of martyrs and educated under the auspices of this order of the Holy Ghost, to the members of which, martyrdom is never a remote possibility.

On August 25th. *Rev. Chas. H. Colton*, for twenty-seven years attached to St. Stephen's Church of New York City was consecrated Bishop of Buffalo by Archbishop Farley in St. Patrick's Cathedral of New York.

Another event of general interest at which Abp. Farley officiated was the formal opening in September of *Cathedral College of New York City*, an institution where students for the priesthood can pursue the studies preliminary to their entering the Archdiocesan Seminary at Dunwoodie.

From this diocese about the same time, two Franciscan Sisters departed, with their Archbishop's permission, to make their home with the leper colony in the Sandwich Islands.

In the first week of September the Golden Jubilee of the priesthood of *Abp. Ryan of Philadelphia* was celebrated in that City whose people glory in the triumphs of their glorious leader in Christ. So far as the Church was concerned, the event was not considered of Philadelphian nor even of national, but of international interest. From his clergy and people, the venerable jubilarian received as tangible tribute a purse of 200,000 dollars which in its entirety he devoted to the purposes of a great charitable foundation, St. Vincent's Home for Orphans.

Well may the world echo Philadelphia's prayer—"Ad Multos Annos."

Archbishop Chappelle returning to his diocese from a lengthy tour of the ecclesiastical provinces of Cuba reported Cuba peaceful and the affairs of the Church there in a satisfactory con-

dition, pending the installation of three new Bishops which had been somewhat postponed.

A movement of historical value was the arrangement for a *Jesuit Exhibit at the St. Louis Exposition*, to which all the Jesuit provinces in the United States will contribute. Part of this exhibit will be the gallery of famous poets, scholars and leaders who were students of the Jesuit order. In the Catholic section of the St. Louis Fair shall be also shown the jewels pictures and writings of Leo XIII and the Zuchetto (skull-cap) worn by Pope Pius X on the first day of his Pontificate, and presented by him to some American Pilgrims.

A notable September gathering was the Convention of the Catholic *Young Men's National Union* held in Boston, Mass. and attended by delegates from every state "north of the Potomac and east of the Mississippi." Just then also, *Boston* celebrated the centenary of the dedication of her first Catholic church by Bishop Carroll of Baltimore and incidentally the announcement was made that in Boston the Catholics number now over half a million, where in 1800 there were but one hundred communicants.

In Pittsburg, Pa. was laid the cornerstone of a new Cathedral of St. Paul which is destined to be one of America's grandest edifices, costing \$800,000, exclusive of the interior.

In Mandalay, India, *Father Wehinger* the founder and head of St. John's Leper Asylum died; his indefatigable labors on behalf of the lepers had made his name familiar far beyond the limits of his native Austria or the country of his adoption.

At St. Agnes' Sanitarium Baltimore, on October 13, *Archbishop John Joseph Kain of St. Louis* passed to his reward after an illness of almost six months. Physically as well as intellectually Archbishop Kain was one of the notable men of the American Hierarchy, standing over six feet high, with broad shoulders and finely chiseled face. His funeral in St. Louis on Oct. 21, was most imposing; Cardinal Gibbons officiated at the Pontifical Requiem Mass sung by one hundred seminarians.

By the lamented death of Archbishop Kain, his coadjutor *Abp. Glennon* becomes the youngest Archbishop in America.

In *Havana* on October 28, the postponed consecration of the three Cuban Bishops now took place in the old Cathedral, His Excellency Most Rev. P. L. Chappelle Apostolic Delegate to Cuba being consecrator; Rev. Dr. Broderick was appointed auxiliary Bishop of Havana thus attaining the distinction of being the youngest American wearing a mitre. On this same date Bishop O'Gorman of Sierra Leona was consecrated in Philadelphia by Archbishop Ryan.

The last days of October witnessed the Golden Jubilees of the inception of two great Dioces-

es — these of *Blooklyn, N. Y.* and *Newark N. J.* Mgr. Falconio attending both celebrations.

Among the nominations at Rome that of *Mgr. Merry del Val* as Papal Secretary was most generally discussed in America for many reasons. The new Secretary of State, besides being the first non-Italian ever called to this important position, is remarkable cosmopolitan in his connections and experiences. His father is Spanish — his mother English, while his ancestors on both the paternal and maternal side were Irish; he has lived in Spain, Italy England and Austria, represented the Holy See in Canada and Germany and speaks seven languages (including English of course) with equal fluency. Of all the written facts concerning him this deserves best to be remembered; — when he was consecrated Archbishop a few years ago, being a very young Archbishop indeed, instead of the elaborate feast usually tendered to personal friends in honor of the happy occasion, Mgr. del Val invited one thousand poor persons as his guests to a substantial dinner.

Again a golden jubilee marked the opening of a month — that of the erection of the Archiepiscopal See at the Golden Gate, celebrated in November throughout the *Archdiocese of San Francisco*. The Catholic population of this Archdiocese is now 250,000; there are 443 priests, 3 Bishops and 2 Archbishops.

On November 3, *Rt. Rev. John Baptist Brondel*, Bishop of Helena, Montana died: the Bishop was a native of Belgium and had been particularly successful in his conduct of the Indian Missions under his charge, so that not only the Church but the United States Government found his popularity with the Indians most helpful and beneficial.

The memory of another prelate long since gone to his reward, the pioneer *Bishop Frederick Baraga* was honored on November first by the Catholics of Northern Michigan when on the 50th. anniversary of his consecration, the cornerstone was laid of a new school called the "Baraga" Parochial School. He too, as Bishop Brondel in later years, labored among the Indians, mastered their language and loved them best of all his flock, because so few there were who loved or understood them.

A coincidence noted in connection with the death of Bp. Brondel, was that contemporaneously with the news of the sad event. There was received also in Rome, a request for the division of his diocese as there had been for those of Dubuque and Providence so that the probable foundation of three new American dioceses was at this time much discussed.

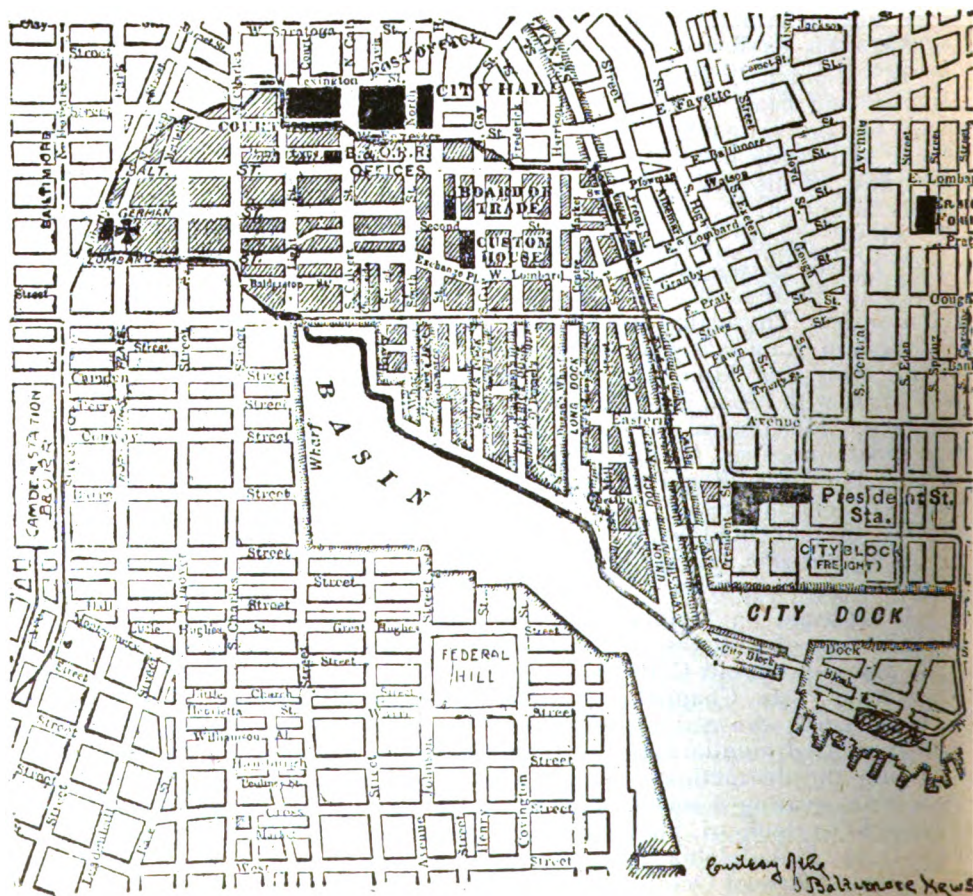
The appointment was announced of *Bishop Messmer* of Green Bay, Wis. as successor to the late Abp. Katzer of Milwaukee. *Archbishop Messmer* was born in Switzerland but few names are more familiar than his on our Western Continent

because of the many American charges with which he has been identified — Professor of theology at Seton Hall College, N. J. Pastor of St. Peter's German Church at Newark and St. Leo's at Irvington, N. J. — Chaplain of St. Mary's Orphan Asylum (Newark) — Professor of canon law in the Washington University — Secretary of the Baltimore Council of '84 — first President of the Catholic Summer School at Madison, Wis. — Associate of Bishop McFaul in the inception and support of the American Federation of Catholic Societies and Bishop of Green Bay — these are some of the many positions and duties of Dr. Messmer during his thirty odd years of residence in America.

The death roll of December is regrettably long: it includes *Bishop Bradley of Manchester, N. H.* a prelate of rare executive ability — Mgr. D. J. Quigley, Vicar General of Charleston, N. C. — Father D. Walsh of Butler, Pa. who sacrificed his life in the performance of his priestly duties during a dreadful epidemic of typhoid among his people — and *Very Rev. George Deshon Su-*



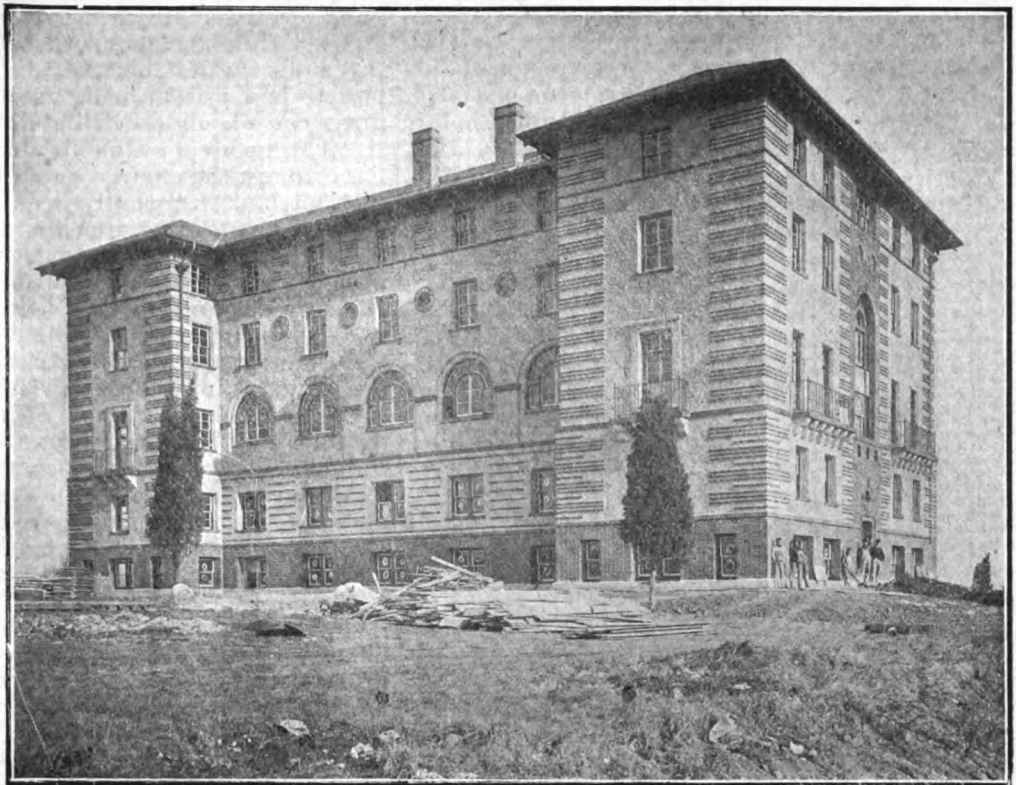
THE BALTIMORE FIRE.
(View looking west from the Continental Trust Building.)



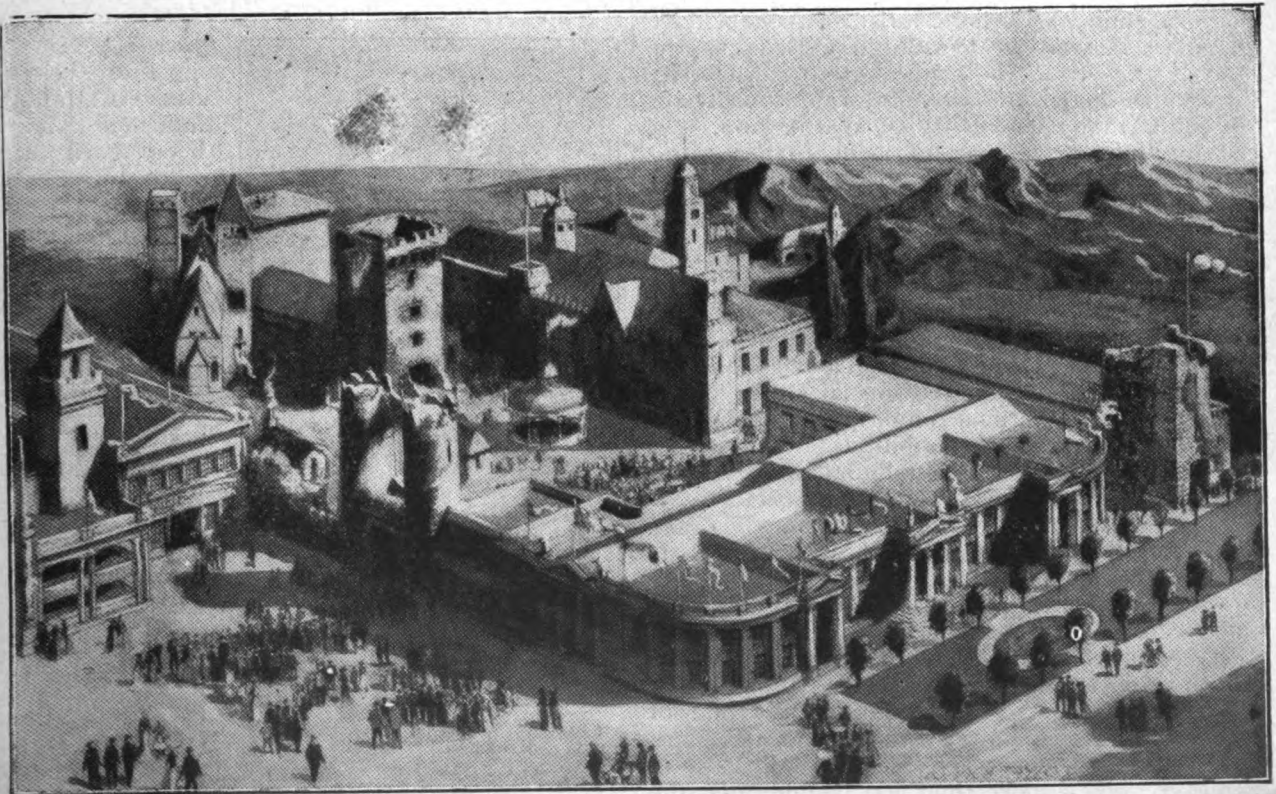
MAP OUTLINING THE DISTRICT DESOLATED BY THE GREAT FIRE AT BALTIMORE.

perior General of the Paulist Fathers, who in 1855, on his conversion to Catholicity, stepped from the army of his country where he was known as Captain Deshon into the ranks of the Soldiers of Christ, pledged to do battle with the world, the flesh, and the devil.

Three religious Communities of women lost too their superiors who had been pioneers and founders of their great work — *Mother Walburga* of the Holy Child Order at



APOSTOLIC MISSION HOUSE AT WASHINGTON.



THE IRISH INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION, ST. LOUIS.

Sharon Hill, Pa. — *Mother de Chantal* of the Immaculate Heart Sisterhood at Westchester, Pa. — and *Mother Agatha* Superior General of the Sisters of St. Joseph in the West and parts of the East who died at the famous Mother house of her Order in South St. Louis.



REV. A. P. DOYLE, C. S. P.

An eminent Catholic Jurist *Frederick R. Conder* passed away in Washington, D. C. at the age of 71 years. And at the Catholic University of Munich died *Mgr. Schroeder* formerly professor at our Catholic University of Washington.

From Rome we heard of the death there of *Bishop Von Anzer* one of the most interesting ecclesiastical figures of the day. He was for a quarter of a century Missionary in China where in 1893 the Emperor created him a Mandarin of the second class and later conferred on him "the button of the first rank." Nor were these all the secular honors in the gift of this Missionary member of the Society of the Divine Word, for in 1890, he was appointed special envoy to the Pope from the German Emperor who also raised him to the rank of the nobility.

Mgr. Von Anzer visited Philadelphia in 1898 as the guest of Rev. Father Hammeke.

On Dec. 2nd, the fine *Canadian University of Ottawa* was destroyed by fire; the students numbering about 350 and almost all from the United States escaped unhurt but three clergymen were amongst the injured. The financial loss was estimated at about \$250,000 which included the magnificent library of 30,000 volumes.

The closing day of December saw one of those dreadful calamities which frequently mark this particular season the dreadful holocaust in Chicago when more than 600 people met the

bitter death of fire in the *Iroquois Theater*. Even through this fearful record echoed a tribute to the bravery of Chicago's Catholic clergymen prelate and priests being amongst the first upon the scene of anguished desolation.

The incident of that "general absolution" uttered above the charred and shattered remnants of what had so recently been a vigorous, pleasure seeking throng appealed to the world irrespective of creed or Nationality as a story ever new though never unusual in Catholic annual. But a week previous in New York City when two brave firemen were killed by a falling wall, the Chaplain of the fire department tried to force his way to the side of the victims, only replying to the frenzied warnings of those who would detain him, "It is my duty; I must go to them."

In several Catholic journals at the opening of the new year were copied some remarkable figures from the annual report of *Chancellor Barry of Chicago Archdiocese* which now covers an area of 10,379 square miles and claims one million communicants

Abp. Quigley is assisted in his wonderful charge by two Bishops and 619 priests while 94,000 children are being educated in the Catholic Faith in schools, colleges and institutions supported by Catholic finances.

On February 1st. Congress took favorable action in the matter of the formal acceptance of *Father Marquette's Statue* which was presented to the National Government by the State of Wisconsin many

years ago. During these years Anti-Catholic influence has been hard at work to effect the rejection of Wisconsin's gift

All February items must appear of inferior interest beside that contributed on February 8th when the heart wrung wail of stricken *Baltimore* and the answering peal of National sympathy resounded

through the length and breadth of the land. In the short space of forty hours the



HIS EXCELLENCY
MOST REV. DIOMEDE FALCONIO,
Apostolic Delegate.

Monumental city saw one hundred and fifty acres of buildings in the business section go up in flame and smoke. And the loss as expressed in dollars was conservatively estimated at one hundred millions! So Baltimore fire is fourth on the list of great American conflagrations is second in point of financial importance, Chicago leading in 1871 with one hundred and six millions. Most remarkable however in the Baltimore disaster is the lack of fatal accidents: no great fire can show so small a list of injured, and for many days, until the recovery of one unidentified body from the river, it was believed that not a single human life had been lost. Then too, Catholics everywhere rejoiced in the assurance that the old Cathedral and its historic surroundings were entirely unscathed and that the city known as the seat of the Catholic Church in America displayed in the hour of her fiery trial such magnificent courage and optimism as made the whole country feel proud of Baltimore.

During this same eventful week came the outbreak of the *Japanese Russian war*, which shall doubtless bring in its course as all such conflicts have heretofore done, opportunities for the exercise of that Christian charity which offers as its highest type our own Sisterhoods, the dedicated Angels of the Battlefield.

At the close of February *Rt. Rev. J. J. Hartley* was consecrated fourth Bishop of Columbus in the beautiful church at Steubenville, O. which was erected by his efforts.

The new Bishop's outfit was presented by his people. Among whom he had labored for twenty-two years, and the superb episcopal ring was the gift of Archbishop Moeller of Cincinnati the consecrating prelate.

In New York City a new Auxiliary Bishop was appointed whose selection was matter of much comment and more congratulation. *Father Thomas F. Cusack* was practically a stranger to the million and quarter Catholics who come under his jurisdiction as Bishop. His chosen field has been that of a Missionary worker among non-Catholics and the poorer classes; he is a native of New York and now permanent rector of St. Stephen's Church there, which has been called the post graduate school of great men.

Right upon these welcome items followed news of the deaths of *Rt. Rev. A. Durier*, Bp. of Natchitoches, La. who was raised to the episcopacy in 1885 and a week or two later of his Vicar General *Rev. Father Andre* who had been stationed at Natchitoches since 1878.

In the opening week of March appeared in our Journals *Encyclical of His Holiness Pope Pius X* dealing with the Jubilee Indulgence granted in commemoration of his advent to the Papal Throne and the fiftieth anniversary of the Proclamation of the *Dogma of the Immaculate Conception*. His Holiness expresses his hope that under the auspices of the Blessed Virgin His Jubilee may be the

means of bringing back to Christ many separated souls.

Ranking next in interest to this was the news that the Prussian Bundesrath, (Federal Council) had assented to the Bill passed by the German Reichstag repealing the *Anti Jesuit law* of 1872 which prohibited Jesuits from settling in Germany. Thus vanishes the last reminder of Bismarck's war upon the Catholic clergy who now occupy before the law, an equal position with the Protestant.

Progress of *Catholic Mission work* among the Indian and colored races is followed with growing interest and the report for 1903—4 issued in March by Father Ketcham, the energetic director of Indian Missions, contained much gratifying information.

The statement is made that on Jan. 1, 1903 the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions was able to pay its indebtedness to the schools; again, that the Indian Appropriation Bill having passed the Senate, children attending our Mission Schools can no longer be discriminated against in the distribution of government rations. A drawback to general congratulations however is the admitted fact that the united contributions of all Catholics in the United States to the Indian Mission fund does not amount annually to \$75,000 so that their main support is still the generosity of one Catholic woman, *Mother Katherine Drexel*, foundress of the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament.

Under the circumstances, the pretty title which we like to give our Indian brethren in print, of "the nation's wards" seems rather a Misnomer.

Rev. John Bernard Delany of Manchester, N. H. former chancellor of the diocese and secretary to the late Bishop Denis M. Bradley was elevated to the see made vacant by the death of the last named prelate. This appointment was received with great satisfaction the new Bishop having already won distinction and popularity.

Washington was the scene in April of two significant gatherings destined for lasting record in the annals of the Church of America.

One was the opening of the *Apostolic Mission House* which on April 14, was dedicated by Cardinal Gibbons in the presence of many Archbishops, over two hundred ecclesiastics and an immense concourse of laity. This institution has for its special purpose the training of diocesan Missionaries who will give Missions in towns and country places where the need is urgent and preach Catholic Doctrine to non Catholics anxious for knowledge.

The directors of the Catholic Missionary union are:

Most Rev. J. M. Farley, D.D. Archbishop of New York, President. — Most Rev. Patrick J. Ryan, D.D. Archbishop of Philadelphia. — Very Rev. E. R. Dyer S.S., President St. Mary's Sem-

inary, Baltimore. — Rev. M. A. Taylor. — Rev. Walter Elliot and the tireless Secretary in whose able care are placed the financial interests of the movement is Rev. A. P. Doyle, C. S. P. editor of the Catholic World Magazine.

The other notable event alluded to was the presentation by the *Knights of Columbus* of a fund of \$50,000 to endow a chair of secular American History the gift of their powerful order to the Catholic University of America.

Mgr. O'Connell presided on the occasion, Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia opened the ceremonies with prayer Edward L. Hearn supreme Knight of the order made the presentation address and his Eminence Card. Gibbons the speech of acceptance, concluding with the memorable words: "May the Knights of Columbus deserve in the future as they have merited in the past the confidence of the Church."

On April 24 an interesting band of tourists reached New York on the S.S. Etruria.

This was the Irish Delegation to the *St. Louis Exposition* more than one hundred and fifty young people of both sexes who expect to display before the visitors to the great fair their efficiency in the weaving of linnens and rugs the fashioning of pottery and that most graceful art of all, the manufacture of the exquisite Irish laces, that are the delight of all artistic souls.

On the death roll of April are some noted names — *Brother Leontine* who for a quarter of a century was director of New York's great Catholic Protectorate at Westchester — *Mother Mary Loyola* Mother Prioress of the Third Order of St. Dominic who died at the Mother House in Albany, N. Y. and *Mother Dominic* of the Sisters of St. Joseph, for thirty-eight years in charge of the Cathedral School of Philadelphia.

On the first day of May, *Rev. William Stang*, D.D. was consecrated Bishop of the Fall River diocese at the Cathedral of St. Peter and Paul of Providence. The new diocese is unique in one respect it can already boast of twenty thousand subjects.

A confirmation of general interest was that of May 2 in the colored *Church of St. Benedict the Moor in New York*, where Archbishop Farley conferred the Sacrament on the largest number of converts ever confirmed at one service in the City. Of the ninety colored candidates, sixty one were converts. The service closed with the Papal Benediction which Pope Pius had sent to the negroes of New York.

Pittsburg contributed a notable item to the record of the month, her celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the ordination to the priesthood of *Rt. Rev. Richard Phelan* the beloved Bishop of the diocese.

Another golden Jubilee celebration occurring in the same week was that of *McSherrystown Convent of St. Joseph* (Adams Co, Pa) famous as a

pioneer post of Catholic education in the Keystone State. Bishop Shanahan of Harrisburg was the celebrant of Pontifical High Mass which opened the day's celebration. In the sanctuary were numbers of priests from the parishes of that far-famed Conewago Valley which may well be regarded as the cradle of Catholicity in the East.

In Rome, *Rt. Rev. Mgr. Kenedy* Rector of the American College there, was made Prothonotary Apostolic.

A significant ceremony took place in the *Church of the Augustinian Fathers at Manila* when the remains of the Spanish soldiers who fell fighting for the flag of their country were about to be sent for keeping to their beloved Spain.

A former American priest, now Archbishop Harty of Manila, presided: the celebrant of the solemn Mass of Requiem was the Spanish Dean Tunon; of the assistant clergymen, one was a Filipino, the other a Spaniard and among the attendants were the Hon. Luke. E. Wright, Governor, and Commissioner Ide, Vice Governor of the Islands.

From France we heard alternately of the progress of the *dechristianizing movement* by the infidel government and the pathetically beautiful Acts of Reparation performed by the outraged citizens. Up to the present time it is computed that fifty thousand teaching sisters and thirty thousand male religious teachers have been driven from France, and their property confiscated.

In the obituary notices of May, we read the name of *Rev. Joseph Putzer, C.S.S.R.* who has filled since 1887 the chair of moral theology, canon law and church history at the Redemptorist House of Studies, Ilchester, Md. and was widely known to the clergy through his valuable writings on ecclesiastical subjects.

Another, whose versatile pen was always at the command of the Church he loved, was *Hon. Thomas J. Cumins*, United States Consul, in Puerto Cabello, Venezuela who died at his post of duty, on May 10, suddenly but not unpreparedly. To his remains was accorded the unusual honor of being allowed to lie in state for twenty four hours in the Church of St. Joseph, at Puerto Cabello, before the departure for New York. Well might his Mother Church honor in death the son whose loyalty to her interests and obedience to her laws made his public and private life one long course of testimony to her blessed influence.

And so with the prayer of Requiem on our lips we come to the closing paragraph of our letter for 1904, while in our ears is the echo of preparation for the National Memorial Day, and in our hearts the hope, that the brethren who have been called from the ranks of the Church Militant, may still by their prayers assist the efforts of those, who are left to endure a little longer, the heat and burden of the toilers' allotted day.

MARGARET M. HALVEY.

➤ From the Home of St. Michael's Almanac. ➤

Again the finger on the clock of time has marked off another year, another year has sunk into the sea of oblivion, a year full of joys and sorrows, full of facts and occurrences in the life of individuals as well as in the life of nations, a year full of zealous work and heavy burden joyfully undertaken and carried by the Brothers, Priests, and Sisters of our two young Institutions. Our Editor dear reader does not really care much to tell tales out of school, because they might come dangerously near to that self-praise which is so foolish and objectionable but he feels that you should be told something about our cosy home-life and our family arrangements, which greet him so affectionately, whenever he returns from one of his missionary travels.

St. Joseph's Technical School.

There is very little change observable in the outward appearance of this School since July 1903, although the flower-beds before its doors seem to offer you a heartier greeting in their attire and the fishes in the pond round dear St. Joseph seem to gambol more than ever as if to give as much pleasure as possible to our beloved Patron Saint.

From the play grounds in the rear joyous shouts resound, where our little folks are enjoying their young lives in strenuous activity. It is here that the progress of our Institution may be noticed. The number of our boys has since our report of last year increased to 140, all young healthy hopeful boys.

Yes the number of our dear little ones has increased and with it has come the inevitable increase of care for the household, where to get enough meat, potatoes and bread to satisfy the healthy appetites of these young insatiates especially those who work hard; they all expect an extra help or two at meal time. Our good Sisters in the kitchen often have the greatest trouble to maintain the sunshine upon the faces of our dear little workmen and good St. Joseph must be pretty busy touching the hearts of the faithful to remember in a proper and effective manner his own boys and their home.

Has our beloved Saint called also upon you, dear reader? Have you listened to him, or have you turned coldly away from him? However this may be, you will surely not fail now to send us the wherewithal for a piece of bread or a brick.

But the food is only one of the items. Another equally important is clothing and bed linen. Our large dormitory on the fourth floor is now occupied by 150 beds, which nearly fills the great space. Of course sufficient beds and bedding had to be provided so that the young

people could comfortably rest their weary limbs after their days of arduous toil and equally fatiguing recreation. What it means to provide bedding and clothing for so many young folks and to keep what we have in good repair, every careful mother will appreciate. At the admission of our children we made it a condition that their parents or guardians should provide the clothing but that is soon forgotten and of course we have to attend to the mending, and consequently a great deal of care for clothing our boys rests upon our shoulders.

The next item of importance is the school education. We have now 5 class rooms completely fitted up.

The boys are at school every forenoon and the smaller ones also part of the afternoon. At the Commencement Exercises in June 1904 ten boys graduated, others were recompensed with gifts for good behavior and high percentage.

The afternoons are spent in the various workshops. In the mechanic shop with its different departments such as locksmith, blacksmith, mashinery and plumbers the tools had to be largely added to. 24 boys are at present employed in these departments.

There is equal activity in the carpenter-shop. One level, one block and quadrilateral plane, one circle and one buzz saw, one cross-cut saw, a lathe and a number of joiners benches with their necessary tools are in use here, with a special department for the manufacture of church furniture. There are 22 boys engaged in this department.

The paint shop and glazery is also making good progress, with a special department for decorative and color work to develop the taste and artistic feeling of the 12 young hopefuls at work here.

The printing establishment has developed in comparison with the other departments and the spacious room for the compositors is almost filled. To stereotyping during the last year electrotyping was added which necessitated the purchase of a great deal of new machinery. In the press room there are 2 large and 2 small flat presses which work admirably well. If you, dear reader, could see the great heaps of finished and unfinished books and pamphlets in the book binding room you would be surprised to see what an amazing amount of work is being done here.

The printing and binding departments number in all 27 boys, which are divided thus, compositing room 12, stereotyping and electrotyping 3, pressroom 5 and bindry 7.

There are 7 boys in the tailor shop and 7 in the shoe shop. New tools had to be provided for both. The greenhouse was largely increased and is now 100 feet long. Our apiary



ST. ANN'S HOME FOR THE AGED AT SIERMERVILLE, ILL.



THE YOUNG MECHANICS.

continues to be very productive. Many other industrial branches have been established but cannot be mentioned here on account of want of space.

In the course of the year new help of Priests, Brothers, and Sisters arrived from the Mother House in Steyl, Holland.

On December 8, 1903 the Ven. Brothers Theodore and Homobonus made their perpetual vows and on March 19, 1904. Brother Peter, Laurentius, Aloysius and Alphonsus took their initiative vows. Both celebrations were surrounded with the usual pomps.

St. Ann's Home for the Aged.

St. Ann's Home for the Aged, the picture of which is presented to you in this issue of St. Michael's Almanac was completed in October 1903. Its spacious and comfortable rooms were filled up all too quickly. We are now housing 40 of the dear old people and there is hardly room left for any more. Everything is nice and clean and comfortable just as the old folks would like to have it in their own home. Our good Sisters do their very best to make the evening of the

lives of the aged as pleasant and as comfortable as possible.

In St. Ann's Home is Mass every day in the week and twice on Sundays and Holidays. On these days there is also Benediction in the afternoon.

On May 10, 1901 the first of our Sisters, who are called 'Servants of the Holy Ghost,' arrived in Shermerville, more were sent to us at subsequent date until we now have the good help of 28, who are vying with one another to give us all assistance possible in the kitchen of the Technical School, naturally they have also a great deal to do in the sewing and mending room.

Both Institutions are in their infancy and require liberal contributions. The Editor therefore feels it incumbent upon himself to urge the readers of St. Michael's Almanac to induce as many of their friends as possible to become subscribers to our Magazine *Amerikanisches Missionsblatt* a popular English and German Monthly price \$1.00 per year and when possible to get donations for our system of free scholarship. We pray diligently every day in our Home at Shermerville for our Benefactors.

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The pupils are trained with equal care to be good Catholics and skilled artisans: diligence, order and economy are inculcated as virtues that lead up to, and form part of the fulfilment of religious obligations.

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The means of help are, voluntary contributions to the funds of our Institution and the purchase, introduction and spread of our books and periodicals which now include "AMERIKANISCHES MISSIONSBLATT," English and German Monthly, \$1.00 per year; "STADT GO. ES," German Monthly, \$1.20 per year; "ST. MICHAEL'S ALMANAC," issued in English, German and Dutch.

For particulars write to

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St. Michael's Almanac.



For the Year of Our Lord

1906

For the Benefit of
St. Joseph's Technical School,
Shermerville, Ills.

Printed and Published by the
Society of the Divine Word, Shermerville, Ill.

Chronological Cycles.

Epact 6, Golden Number 7, Solar Cycle 11, Roman Indiction 4, Dominical Letter G.

Eclipses 1906.

In the year of 1906 there will be five eclipses, three of the Sun and two of the Moon.

I. — A Total Eclipse of the Moon, February 9, visible generally in North and South America.

Total Eclipse begins Feb. 9, 12 58 A. M.	} Central Standard Time.
Middle of the Eclipse, 1 47 "	
Total Eclipse ends, 2 36 "	

The magnitude of the Eclipse equals 1.03 the Moon's diameter.

II. — A Partial Eclipse of the Sun, February 23, visible in Southern Australia and the South Polar regions. Magnitude of greatest eclipse equals 0.54 of the Sun's diameter.

III. — A Partial Eclipse of the Sun, July 21, invisible in the United States; visible generally in the southern hemisphere. Magnitude of greatest eclipse equals 0.33 of Sun's diameter.

IV. — A Total Eclipse of the Moon, August 4, the beginning visible generally throughout the western portions of North America. Magnitude of the eclipse equals 1.79 times the Moon's diameter.

V. — A Partial Eclipse of the Sun, August 19; visible generally in the northwestern portion of North America and the North Polar regions. Magnitude of the greatest eclipse equals 0.31 of the Sun's diameter.

Signs of the Zodiac.

Aries ♈	Cancer ♋	Libra ♎	Capricorn ♐
Taurus ♉	Leo ♌	Scorpio ♏	Aquarius ♒
Gemini ♊	Virgo ♍	Sagittarius ♐	Pisces ♓

Planets.

Mercury ☿	Venus ♀	Earth ♁	Mars ♂
Jupiter ♃	Saturn ♄	Uranus ♅	Neptune ♆
	Sun ☼	Moon ☾	

Movable Feasts.

Septuagesima . . . Feb. 11	Pentecost . . . June 3
Shrove Tuesday . . Feb. 27	Holy Trinity . . June 10
Ash Wednesday . . Feb. 28	Corpus Christi . . June 14
Palm Sunday . . . Apr. 8	Sacred Heart . . June 22
Good Friday . . . Apr. 13	1st Sun. of Advent Dec. 2
Easter Sunday . . Apr. 15	
Low Sunday . . . Apr. 22	5 Sundays after Epiphany.
Ascension Day . . May 24	25 Sundays after Pentecost.

Holy Days of Obligation.

On which Mass is of Precept.

Every Sunday throughout the year.

1. New Year's Day, Monday, January 1.
2. Ascension Day, Thursday, May 24.
3. Assumption B. V., Wednesday, August 15.
4. All Saints, Thursday, November 1.
5. Immac. Conception B.V., Saturday, December 8.
6. Christmas, Tuesday, December 25.

Days of Fast.

Upon which only one full meal is allowed.

1. The 40 days of Lent.
2. Wednesday, Friday and Saturday in the four Ember weeks.
3. The vigils of Christmas, Easter, Pentecost. Assumption B. V. M., All Saints.
4. In some dioceses the Fridays of Advent.

Ember Days.

First week of Lent, March 7, 9, 10.

Pentecost week, June 6, 8, 9.

Third week in September, Sept. 19, 21, 22.

Third week in December, Dec. 19, 21, 22.

Days of Abstinence.

Upon which flesh meat is not allowed.

1. Every Friday in the year.
2. Every fast day in the year, except Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday (except the second and last Saturday) in Lent, upon which flesh-meat may be eaten once.

Exceptions to Fast and Abstinence.

1. Sunday is never a day of fast or abstinence.
2. Working people are allowed to eat meat on all days of the year except all Fridays, Ash Wednesday, Wednesday and Saturday of Holy Week, and the vigil of Christmas. When any member of such a family lawfully uses this privilege, all the other members may avail themselves of the same privilege, but those who are bound to fast cannot eat meat more than once a day.
3. United States soldiers in field or in garrison may eat meat every day of the year, except Ash Wednesday, Good Friday, Holy Saturday and the vigils of Assumption B. V. and Christmas.

4. Persons under 21 or over 60 years of age are not obliged to fast. All those that perform severe and exhausting labor, the sick, nursing women, and, all those whose health would be injured thereby, are exempt from fasting.

5. Fish and flesh are never allowed at the same meal on days of fast throughout the year, nor on Sundays in Lent. They are allowed on days of abstinence, such as Fridays, to those who are not bound to abstain. This rule does not apply to the sick.

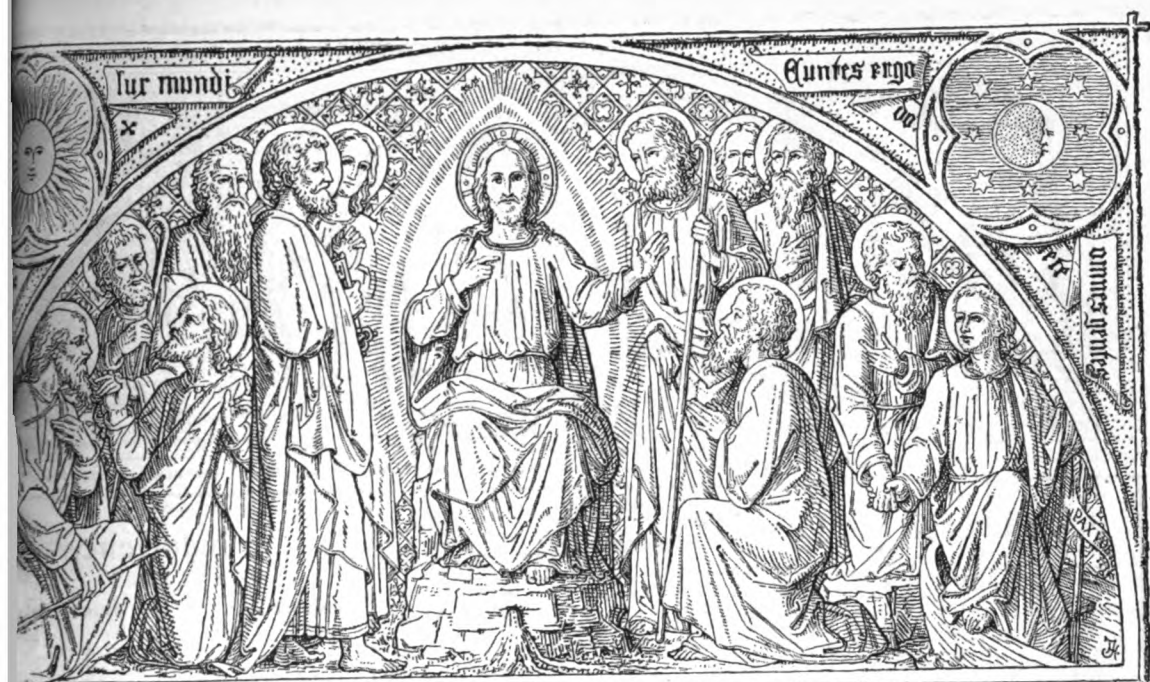
Phases of the Moon 1906.

New Moon.			Full Moon.		
January	24	11 09 A. M.	January	10	10 36 A. M.
February	23	1 57 A. M.	February	9	1 45 A. M.
March	24	5 51 P. M.	March	10	2 17 P. M.
April	23	10 06 A. M.	April	9	12 12 A. M.
May	23	2 00 A. M.	May	8	8 9 A. M.
June	21	5 05 P. M.	June	6	3 11 P. M.
July	21	6 59 A. M.	July	5	10 27 P. M.
August	19	7 27 P. M.	August	4	6 59 A. M.
September	18	6 33 A. M.	September	2	5 36 P. M.
October	17	4 42 P. M.	October	2	6 48 A. M.
November	16	2 36 A. M.	October	31	10 45 P. M.
December	15	12 54 P. M.	November	30	5 7 P. M.
First Quarter.			Last Quarter.		
January	2	8 52 A. M.	January	17	2 48 P. M.
February	1	6 30 A. M.	February	15	10 22 P. M.
March	3	3 28 A. M.	March	17	5 57 A. M.
April	1	10 02 P. M.	April	15	2 36 P. M.
May	1	1 06 P. M.	May	15	1 2 A. M.
May	31	12 23 A. M.	May	15	1 2 A. M.
June	29	8 18 A. M.	June	13	1 34 P. M.
July	28	1 56 P. M.	July	13	4 12 A. M.
August	26	6 42 P. M.	August	11	8 47 P. M.
September	25	12 11 A. M.	September	10	2 53 P. M.
October	24	7 49 A. M.	October	10	9 39 A. M.
November	22	6 39 P. M.	November	9	3 44 A. M.
December	22	9 03 A. M.	December	8	7 45 P. M.



SANCTA FAMILIA

MISSIONS DRUCKEREI IN STEYL



St. Michael's Almanac

For the Year of Our Lord

1906

For the Benefit of St. Joseph's Technical
School, ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ Shermerville, Illinois

Eighth Year

Printed & Published by the Society of the Divine Word, Shermerville, Ill.



Michael
pro nobis.



St. Michael
pro nobis.



January, 1906.

		Moon's		Moon	
		A.	C.	Rises	Sets
1 M	Circumcision of Our Lord. Magnus.	8	☾	11 35	11 46
2 T	Macarius, Ab. Martinian, Bp. ☉	9	☾	12 3	Midn.
3 W	Genevieve, V. M. Florentius, B. M.	10	☾	12 32	12 42
4 T	Rigobert. Eugene. Tryphon. Priscus.	11	☿	1 3	1 37
5 F	Telesphorus, P. Simeon Stylites.	12	☿	1 35	2 32
6 S	Epiphany of Our Lord. Melania.	13	☿	2 10	3 28

1. Sunday, 1. Sunday after Epiphany.

G. The Child Jesus in the Temple, Luke 2.

Sun R. 718 Sun S. 454

7 S	Lucian, M. Clerus, M. Crispin, B.	14	☿	2 50	4 24
8 M	Severin, A. Patiens, B. Eugenian.	15	☿	3 33	5 19
9 T	Julian and Basilissa. Marciana.	16	☿	4 22	6 12
10 W	Agatho, P. John the Good, B. ☼	17	☿	5 16	7 3
11 T	Hyginus. Honorata. Theodosius.	18	☿	6 16	7 50
12 F	Tatiana, M. Satyrus. Arcadius.	19	☿	7 18	8 33
13 S	Potitus, M. Agritius, B. Veronica.	20	☿	8 22	9 14

2. Sunday, 2. Sunday after Epiphany.

G. The Wedding Feast at Cana, John 2.

S. R. 717 S. S. 51

14 S	Holy Name of Jesus. Hilary, B. D.	21	☿	9 28	9 52
15 M	Paul, Hermit. Maurus. Habacuc.	22	☿	10 33	10 28
16 T	Marcellus Berard. Priscilla. Otho.	23	☿	11 40	11 2
17 W	Anthony, A. Sulpicius. Leonilla. ☼	24	☿	Midn.	11 38
18 T	Peter's Chair at Rome. Prisca.	25	☿	12 46	12 14
19 F	Canutus. Januarius, M. Julius.	26	☿	1 55	12 55
20 S	Fabian & Sebastian., M. Neophyte.	27	☿	3 2	1 39

3. Sunday, 3. Sunday after Epiphany.

G. Jesus Heals a Leper, Matth. 8.

S. R. 714 S. S. 58

21 S	Holy Family. Agnes, V. M. Meinrad,	28	☿	4 9	2 30
22 M	Vincent & Anastasius. Gaudentius.	29	☿	5 12	3 25
23 T	Espousals B. V. M. Emerentiana.	30	☿	6 10	4 25
24 W	Timothy, B. M. Felician. Suranus. ☼	1	☿	7 3	5 28
25 T	Conversion of St. Paul. Ananias.	2	☿	7 48	6 32
26 F	Polycarp, B. M. Paula. Theogene,	3	☿	8 27	7 33
27 S	John Chrysostom, B. D. Vitalian, P.	4	☿	9 3	8 34

4. Sunday, 4. Sunday after Epiphany.

G. Storm at Sea, Matth. 8.

S. R. 710 S. S. 516

28 S	Flavian. Valerius. James, Hermit.	5	☿	9 34	9 33
29 M	Francis de Sales, B. D. Aquilinus.	6	☿	10 4	10 29
30 T	Martina. Hyacintha Marisc., V.	7	☿	10 33	11 26
31 W	Peter Nolasco. Louisa Albertonia.	8	☿	11 4	Midn.

Indulgences

of the

Confraternity of the Most Holy Rosary.

Part I.

Indulgences which may be gained by members of the Confraternity.

I. On Entering the Confraternity.

1. All the faithful who enter the Confraternity of the Most Holy Rosary, after going to Confession and Communion gain a plenary indulgence on the day of their reception. (Gregory XIII, *Gloriosi*, July 15, 1579.)

2. Members who receive the sacraments of Penance and Communion in a church or chapel of the Confraternity gain a plenary indulgence, provided they recite the third part of the Rosary (five decades,) and pray according to the intention of the Pope. (S. Pius V, *Consueverunt*, Sept. 17, 1569.)

II. For Saying the Rosary.

A. AT ANY TIME.

3. A plenary indulgence, once in life may be gained by all who recite the Rosary during one week according to the statutes of the Confraternity. (Innocent VIII, Oct. 15, 1484.)

4. Those who say the whole Rosary gain all the indulgences which in Spain were granted to persons who pray the crown (the third part of the Rosary) of the Blessed Virgin. (Clement IX, *Exponi nobis*, Feb. 22, 1668.)

5. An indulgence of fifty years, once a day, on condition of saying the third part of the Rosary in a chapel of the Most Holy Rosary, or at least within sight of the altar of such a chapel; a person living in a locality where the Confraternity is not yet established may say the Rosary in any church or public oratory. (Adrian VI, *Illius qui*, Apr. 1, 1523.)

6. An indulgence of ten years and as many quarantines for reciting the Rosary three times a week. The indul-

— Handsome booklets, containing all indulgences of the Holy Rosary are published by the Society of the Divine Word, Shermerville, Ill. Price 5 c. — 100 \$4.00. — 1000 \$30.00.



February, 1906.

		Moon's		Moon	
		A.	C.	Rises	Sets
1 T	Ignatius, B.M. Bridget, Ephraim. ☉	9	♂	11 34	12 21
2 F	☿ Candlemas. Cornelius. Flosce.	10	♂	12 7	1 17
3 S	Blase, B. M. Anschar. Celerinus.	11	♂	12 45	2 13

5. Sunday, 5. Sunday after Epiphany.
G. The Wheat and the Cockle, Matth. 13.

S. R. 7 4 S. S. 5 24

4 S	Andrew Cors. Joseph a Leonissa.	12	♂	1 26	3 7
5 M	Agatha. Phil. of Jes. 26 Jap. Mart.	13	♂	2 12	4 2
6 T	Titus, B. Dorothy, V.M. Theophilus.	14	☿	3 4	4 54
7 W	Romuald, Ab. Richard. Theodore.	15	☿	4 3	5 42
8 T	John of Matha. Cointha. Denis.	16	♂	5 4	6 27
9 F	☿ Cyril of Alex. Apoll. Raynald. ☼	17	♂	6 10	7 11
10 S	Scholastica, V. William. Irenæus.	18	♂	7 16	7 50

6. Sunday, Septuagesima Sunday.
G. The Laborers in the Vineyard, Matth. 20.

S. R. 6 57 S. S. 5 32

11 S	Mary of Lourdes. 7 Servites. Lazar.	19	♂	8 24	8 27
12 M	Eulalia. Modestus. Gaudentius, B.	20	♂	9 31	9 4
13 T	Prayer of Christ. Catherine of Ricci.	21	♂	10 39	9 39
14 W	Valentine. Auxentius. Dionysius.	22	♂	11 47	10 16
15 T	Faustin. Jovita. Georgia. Magnus. ☉	23	♂	Midn.	10 55
16 F	☿ Juliana. Onesimus. Porphyrius.	24	♂	12 54	11 38
17 S	Fintan. Silvin. Theodul. Faustinus.	25	♂	1 59	12 25

7. Sunday, Sexagesima Sunday.
G. A Sower Went out to Sow, Luke. 8.

S. R. 6 48 S. S. 5 40

18 S	Simeon, B. M. Helladius, B. Flavian.	26	♂	3 3	1 18
19 M	Conrad of Placentia. Mansuetus.	27	♂	4 2	2 15
20 T	The Passion of Christ. Eleutherius.	28	♂	4 55	3 16
21 W	Maximian. Felix. Severianus, B. M.	29	♂	5 42	4 18
22 T	Peter's Chair at Ant. Paschasius.	30	♂	6 23	5 19
23 F	☿ Pet. Damian. Milburge. Flor. ☼	1	♂	6 59	6 20
24 S	Mathias, Ap. Edilbert. Sergius.	2	♂	7 32	7 19

8. Sunday, Quinquagesima Sunday.
G. Jesus Cures a Blind Man, Luke 18.

S. R. 6 39 S. S. 5 47

25 S	Tharasius, B. Victor, M. Serapion.	3	♂	8 1	8 17
26 M	Margaret of Cortona. Nestor, B.	4	♂	8 33	9 14
27 T	Leander, B. Baldomer. Bessa, M.	5	♂	9 3	10 10
28 W	☿ Ash Wednesday. Theophilus.	6	♂	9 33	11 6

☿ denotes day of abstinence. The time of rising and setting of the Sun is given for Sundays only. For the other days, it may easily be found.

gence is gained each time. (Leo X, *Pastoris æterni*, Oct. 6, 1520.)

7. An indulgence of seven years and as many quarantines for reciting the entire Rosary once a week. (S. Pius V, *Consueverunt*, Sept. 17, 1569.)

8. An indulgence of five years and as many quarantines, if, when saying the Rosary, they pronounce the name of Jesus with devotion in the angelic salutation. (Pius IX, Decr. S. C. Indulg., Apr. 14, 1856.)

9. Persons who recite the third part of the Rosary on any three days in a manner that they say the whole Rosary in the same week gain an indulgence of two years each day. (Clement VII, *Etsi temporalium*, May 8, 1534.)

10. An indulgence of three hundred days for saying the chaplet or third part of the Rosary. (Leo XIII, Aug. 29, 1899.)

11. An indulgence of hundred days as often as a person induces others to say the third part of the Rosary. (Leo XIII, Aug. 29, 1899.)

12. An indulgence of three hundred days, once a day for persons, who on a Sunday or festival day assist at the Rosary-Procession which is held in the churches of the Dominicans, during which the decades of the Rosary are recited or sung before a picture which expresses the mystery. (S. C. Ind. May 21, 1892.)

B. ON CERTAIN DAYS AND FEASTS.

13. A plenary indulgence for people, who having confessed and communicated on the feast of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin, recite the Rosary. (S. Pius V, *Injunctum nobis*, June 14, 1566.)

14. An indulgence of ten years and as many quarantines for reciting the Rosary on the feasts of Purification, Assumption and Nativity of the Blessed Virgin. (S. Pius V, loc. cit.)

15. An indulgence of ten years and as many quarantines on the feasts of Easter, Annunciation and Assumption of the Blessed Virgin on condition of reciting a third part of the Rosary. (S. Pius V, *Consueverunt*, Sept. 17, 1569.)

16. An indulgence of seven years on the other feasts of our Lord and the Blessed Virgin, on which is celebrated one of the mysteries of the Rosary. These are the



March, 1906.

			Moon's		Moon		
			A.	C.	Rises	Sets	
1 T	Albinus.	Swidbert, B. Anthonina.	7	♂	10 5	Midn.	
2 F	☞	The Crown of Thorns. Simplicius.	8	♂	10 40	12 1	
3 S		Cunigund, V. Marinus. Asterius. ☉	9	♂	11 19	12 56	

9. Sunday, 1. Sunday in Lent.

G. The Temptation in the Desert, Matth. 4.

S. R. 6 29 S. S. 5 55

4 S	Casimir, K. Cajus, M. Nestor.	10	♂	12 2	1 50	
5 M	John Jos. of the Cross. Frederick.	11	☾	12 51	2 42	
6 T	Fridolin. Coleta. Conon. Victorin.	12	☾	1 45	3 32	
7 W	☞ Ember day. Thomas Aquinas.	13	☾	2 46	4 18	
8 T	John of God. Felix. Rogatus. Beata.	14	☾	3 50	5 2	
9 F	☞ Ember day. Lance and Nails.	15	♂	4 56	5 43	
10 S	☞ Ember day. 40 Mart. of Seb. ☉	16	♂	6 6	6 21	

10. Sunday, 2. Sunday in Lent.

G. Transfiguration of Our Lord, Matth. 17.

S. R. 6 19 S. S. 6 2

11 S	Sophronius, B. Eulogius. Firmus.	17	♂	7 15	6 59	
12 M	Greg. the Great, P. D. Egdunus, M.	18	♂	8 25	7 36	
13 T	Nicephor. Roderick. Euphrasia.	19	♂	9 35	8 13	
14 W	☞ Mathilda. Aphrodisius. Roger.	20	♂	10 44	8 53	
15 T	Longinus, S. Clement Hofbauer.	21	♂	11 53	9 36	
16 F	☞ The Holy Shroud. Heribert, B.	22	♂	Midn.	10 22	
17 S	Patrick, Ap. of Ireland. Gertrude. ☉	23	♂	12 58	11 14	

11. Sunday, 3. Sunday in Lent.

G. Jesus Casts out a Devil, Luke II.

S. R. 6 8 S. S. 6 9

18 S	Gabriel, Archangel. Alexander, B.	24	♂	1 58	12 11	
19 M	St. Joseph. Sp. V. B. M. Amantius.	25	♂	2 51	1 10	
20 T	Cyril of Jerus. Wolfram. Cuthbert.	26	♂	3 39	2 9	
21 W	☞ Bened. Ab. Philemon. Serapion.	27	♂	4 22	3 10	
22 T	Catherine of Sweden. Deogratias.	28	♂	4 59	4 10	
23 F	☞ The h. 5 Wounds. Victorian, M.	29	♂	5 33	5 10	
24 S	Child Simeon. Latinus Seleucus. ☉	1	♂	6 4	6 7	

12. Sunday, 4. Sunday in Lent.

G. The Multiplication of Loaves, John 6.

S. R. 5 57 S. S. 6 16

25 S	Annunciation B. V. M. Desiderius.	2	♂	6 34	7 5	
26 M	Ludger, B. Braulius. Theodosius.	3	♂	7 4	8 1	
27 T	John Dam., D. Rupert. Lazarus.	4	♂	7 33	8 58	
28 W	☞ John of Capistran. Dorotheus.	5	♂	8 4	9 52	
29 T	Eustasius. Berthold. Pastor. Cyril.	6	♂	8 38	10 48	
30 F	☞ Most Prec. Blood. John Climac.	7	♂	9 15	11 42	
31 S	Balbina, V. Amos, Pr. Benjamin.	8	♂	9 57	Midn.	

feasts of the Visitation, Purification, and the Sorrows of the Blessed Virgin. (Friday after Passion Sunday.) Also the feasts of Christmas, Ascension of our Lord, Pentecost, and all Saints. It is required to say at least a third part of the Rosary (St. Pius V, loc. cit.)

17. An indulgence of seven years and as many quarantines on the feasts of the Nativity, Annunciation, and Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, provided they recite the entire Rosary in the course of a week, as prescribed by the statutes of the Confraternity. (Sixtus IV, *Pastoris aeterni*, May 30, 1478. Leo X, *Pastoris aeterni*, Oct. 6, 1520.)

18. An indulgence of hundred days on the feasts of Purification, Annunciation, Visitation, Assumption and Nativity of the Blessed Virgin. (Leo X, loc. cit.)

III. For taking Part in the Procession of the Most Holy Rosary.

19. A plenary indulgence for persons who accompany a procession of the Holy Rosary. It is required that they be present at the procession which is held on the first Sunday of the month and also pray according to the intention of the Pope. A visit to a chapel of the confraternity is also enjoined. (Gregory XIII, *Ad augendum*, Oct. 24, 1577.)

REM. Members of the Confraternity who are serving as soldiers or in some other capacity, also travelers on land or sea can gain this indulgence on condition that they recite the entire Rosary (fifteen decades.) The infirm and persons who are otherwise lawfully excused can gain this indulgence by saying the third part (five decades) of the rosary. (Gregory XIII, *Cupientes*, Dec. 24, 1583.)

20. A plenary indulgence for persons who assist at the Rosary Procession on the feasts of Purification, Annunciation, Visitation, Assumption, Nativity, Presentation, and Immaculate Conception. (Pius IV, *Dum praeclara*, Feb. 28, 1561,) or on any day within the octaves of these feasts. (S. C. Ind. Feb. 25, 1848.)

21. An indulgence of five years to be gained when brides are presented with a dowry out of the alms of the Confraternity on condition that they attend the procession. (Gregory XIII, *Desiderantes*, March 22, 1580.)



April, 1906.

Moon's
A. C. Moon
Rises Sets

13. Sunday, Passion Sunday.

G. The Testimony of Christ, John 8.

S. R. 5 46 S. S. 6 22

1 S	Hugh. Theodora, M. Valericus. ☾	9 ☾	10 41	12 35
2 M	Francis of Paula. Nicetus. Abundus.	10 ☾	11 32	1 25
3 T	Richard, B. Benignus. Pancratius.	11 ☾	12 28	2 11
4 W	☿ Isidore, B. D. Plato. Zosimus.	12 ☾	1 29	2 54
5 T	Vincent Fer. Juliane. Irene. Zeno.	13 ☾	2 33	3 36
6 F	☿ Seven Dolours B.V.M. Coelestine.	14 ☾	3 42	4 14
7 S	Herman Joseph. Calliopius. Cyriac.	15 ☾	4 51	4 52

14. Sunday, Palm Sunday.

G. Triumphal Entry into Jerusalem, Matth. 21.

S. R. 5 35 S. S. 6 29

8 S	Albert. Redemptus. Perpetuus.	16 ☾	6 2	5 28
9 M	Mary of Egypt, Penit. Acatus. ☼	17 ☾	7 15	6 6
10 T	Apollonius. Ezech. Michael de S.	18 ☾	8 27	6 46
11 W	☿ Leo. I, P. D. Isaac. Antipas.	19 ☾	9 38	7 28
12 T	Holy Thursday. Julius. Constantine.	20 ☾	10 47	8 15
13 F	☿ Good Friday. Hermenegild. Ida.	21 ☾	11 51	9 6
14 S	☿ Holy Saturday. Justin. Valer.	22 ☾	Midn.	10 2

15. Sunday, Easter.

G. Resurrection of Our Lord, Mark 16.

S. R. 5 25 S. S. 6 35

15 S	Easter Sunday. Cresc. Basilissa, ☾	23 ☾	12 49	11 2
16 M	Easter Monday. Benedict J. Labre.	24 ☾	1 40	12 3
17 T	Anicetus, P. M. Robert. Innocent.	25 ☾	2 23	1 4
18 W	Amidaeus. Apollonius. Eleutherius.	26 ☾	3 2	2 5
19 T	Timon, M. Elphege. Hermogene.	27 ☾	3 36	3 3
20 F	☿ Theotimus. Agnes. V. Sulpicius.	28 ☾	4 7	4 1
21 S	Anselm, B. D. Arator. Simeon.	29 ☾	4 37	4 59

16. Sunday, 1. Sunday after Easter.

G. Jesus Appears to His Apostles, John 20.

S. R. 5 15 S. S. 6 42

22 S	Soter and Caius, P. Leonides, M.	30 ☾	5 5	5 54
23 M	George, M. Adalbert, B. M. Gerad. ☼	1 ☾	5 35	6 50
24 T	Fidelis, M. Egbert. Mellitus, B.	2 ☾	6 5	7 46
25 W	Mark, Evang. The Great Litanies.	3 ☾	6 38	8 42
26 T	Mary of Good Counsel. Cletus.	4 ☾	7 13	9 36
27 F	☿ Thuribius. Pet. Can. Theoph. B.	5 ☾	7 52	10 30
28 S	Paul of the Cross. Vitalis. Valeria.	6 ☾	8 36	11 20

17. Sunday, 2. Sunday after Easter.

G. I am the Good Shepherd, John 10.

S. R. 5 6 S. S. 6 49

29 S	Pet. of Verona. Paulinus. Robert.	7 ☾	9 24	Midn.
30 M	Catherine of Siena, V. Sophia, V. M.	8 ☾	10 18	12 7

22. An indulgence of hundred days if people accompany a procession which is held on the days prescribed. (Gregory XIII, *Cum s. cut.*, Jan. 3, 1579.)

23. An indulgence of sixty days if they accompany the regular processions of the Confraternity, or any other conducted with the permission of the ordinary. To gain this indulgence it is also sufficient to accompany the priest who carries the Viaticum to a sick person. (Gregory XIII, *Gloriosi*, July 15, 1579.)

IV. For Visiting a Chapel or Church of the Confraternity.

24. A plenary indulgence for persons who visit a chapel or church of the Confraternity on the first Sunday of any month and having confessed and communicated, pray according to the intention of the Pope. (Gregory XIII, *Ad augendam*, March 12, 1577.)

REM. The infirm and others who are unable to visit a church may gain this indulgence, if after Confession and Communion, they pray the third part of the Rosary before a holy picture, which they may have in their homes. (S. C. Ind. Feb. 25, 1877 ad 6.) The may also say the seven penitential psalms. (Gregory XIII, *Ad augendam*, Nov. 8, 1578.)

25. A plenary indulgence on the first Sunday of any month, if after receiving the sacraments of Penance and Communion, they remain for some time before the Blessed Sacrament, which is exposed in the church of the Confraternity with the permission of the bishop, and there pray according to the intention of the Pope. (Gregory XVI, *Ad augendam*, Dec. 17, 1833.)

26. A plenary indulgence if, after Confession and Communion, they pray according to the intention of the Pope in a chapel of the Confraternity. This indulgence begins at First Vespers and ends with sunset on the feast of Christmas, Epiphany, Easter, Ascension, and Pentecost. The same may be gained on any two Fridays in Lent; also on the feast of All Saints and once within the octave of All Souls day. (Gregory XIII, *Pastoris aeterni*, May 5, 1582. Gregory XVI, *Ad augendam*, Dec. 17, 1833. S. C. Ind. May 12, 1851.)



May, 1906.

		Moon's A. C.	Moon Rises Sets	
T	Philip and James, Ap. Walburga. ☉	9 ☉	11 15	12 51
W	Athanasius, B. D. Vindemial, B.	10 ☉	12 16	1 32
T	Finding of the H. Cross. Alexander.	11 ☿	1 21	2 10
F	Monica. Antonia, M. Florian.	12 ☿	2 27	2 47
S	Pius V, P. Angelus, M. Nicetus.	13 ☿	3 37	3 23

S. Sunday, 3. Sunday after Easter.
G. In a Little While, John 16.

S. R. 4 58 S. S. 6 55

S	Patronage of St. Joseph. John L.G.	14 ☿	4 48	3 59
M	Stanislaus. Flavia. Domitilla, V. M.	15 ☿	6 1	4 36
T	Apparition of Mich. Arch. Wiro. ☼	16 ☿	7 14	5 16
W	Gregory of Nazianzen. Hermas.	17 ☿	8 28	6 2
T	Antoninus. Gordian. Epimach, M.	18 ☿	9 37	6 52
F	Francis de Hieron. Florentius.	19 ☿	10 40	7 48
S	Nereus and Achilleus. Domitilla.	20 ☿	11 34	8 49

S. Sunday, 4. Sunday after Easter.
G. Christ Goeth to the Father, John 16.

S. R. 4 51 S. S. 7 2

S	Peter Regalati. Servat., B. Lucius.	21 ☿	Midn.	9 52
M	Boniface. Pachomius. Justina, M.	22 ☿	12 22	10 55
T	John Bapt. de la Salle. Isidore. ☼	23 ☿	1 3	11 57
W	John Nepomucen, M. Ubaldus, B.	24 ☿	1 39	12 57
T	Paschal Baylon. Bruno. Aquilinus.	25 ☿	2 11	1 55
F	Venantius, M. Erick. Claudia.	26 ☿	2 40	2 53
S	Pet. Celestine. Pudentiana. Cyriaca.	27 ☿	3 10	3 49

S. Sunday, 5. Sunday after Easter.
G. Ask in My Name, John 16.

S. R. 4 45 S. S. 7 8

S	Bernardin of Siena. Plautilla.	28 ☿	3 38	4 45
M	Felix of Cantalicio. Timothy.	29 ☿	4 8	5 41
T	Julia. Rita. Aemilius. Helen.	30 ☿	4 40	6 36
W	John B. de Rossi. Michael. ☼	1 ☿	5 14	7 32
T	Ascens. of Our Lord. Mary H. Chr.	2 ☿	5 52	8 26
F	Gregory. Urbanus. Aldelmus.	3 ☿	6 33	9 17
S	Philip Neri. Eleutherius, P. M.	4 ☿	7 20	10 5

S. Sunday, 6. Sunday after Easter.
G. When the Paraclete Shall Come, John 15.

S. R. 4 40 S. S. 7 14

S	Bede the Venerable, D. John, P.	5 ☿	8 11	10 50
M	Augustin, B. Podius. Germanus, B.	6 ☿	9 8	11 32
T	Mary Magdalen. of Paz. Alexander.	7 ☿	10 6	Midn.
W	Ferdinand. Emmelia. Felix. Gabin.	8 ☿	11 7	12 11
T	Angela. Petronilla. Crescentian. ☼	9 ☿	12 12	12 47

27. A plenary indulgence on the conditions just enumerated from First Vespers till sundown on the following feasts of the Blessed Virgin, Immaculate Conception, Nativity, Presentation, Assumption, and Seven Dolours, (Friday after Passion Sunday.) (Gregory XIII, loc. cit. Clement VIII, *De salute*, Jan. 18, 1593. Gregory XVI, loc. cit.)

28. A plenary indulgence upon the same conditions on the Sunday within the octave of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin. (Clement VIII, *Ineffabilia*, Feb. 12, 1598.)

29. A plenary indulgence upon the same conditions on the third Sunday in April, beginning with First Vespers and ending with sundown. (Gregory XIII, *Cum sicut*, Jan. 3, 1579.)

30. An indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines, if after receiving the Sacrament of Penance and Holy Communion, they visit a chapel or altar of the Confraternity, and there pray according to the intention of the Pope, on the feasts of Christmas, Easter, Pentecost, Immaculate Conception, Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, Annunciation, Visitation, and Assumption, as well as the feast of All Saints. (Clement VIII, *Salvatoris*, Jan. 13, 1593. Idem, *De salute*, Jan. 18, 1593.)

31. An indulgence of hundred days for visiting a chapel or altar of the Holy Rosary and there praying according to the intention of the Pope. (Gregory XIII, *Cum sicut*, Jan. 3, 1579.)

V. For Visiting Five Altars.

32. The indulgences granted to pilgrims who visit the stations at Rome, may be gained by any member who visits five altars of any church or public oratory. When there are no five altars five visits to one or two altars are required. (Leo X, May 22, 1518.)

VI. For Saying or Hearing a Votive Mass of the Holy Rosary.

33. The indulgence granted to persons who recite the entire Rosary may be gained by the clerical members of the Confraternity, if they say a votive mass according to the Roman missal, *pro diversitate temporis* at the altar of the Rosary. (This votive mass may be said



June, 1906.

Moon's
A. C. Rises Sets

1 F	Juventius. Procul. Firmus. Capras.	10	☾	1 17	1 22
2 S	Marcell. Eugene. Blandina. <i>Vigil.</i>	11	☾	2 25	1 55

22. Sunday, Pentecost.

G. The Paraclete Will Teach You all Things, John 14.

S. R. 4 37 S. S. 7 19

3 S	Pentecost Sunday. Clotilda. Oliva.	12	☾	3 36	2 31
4 M	Pentecost Monday. Fr. Caracciolo.	13	☾	4 48	3 9
5 T	Boniface. Dorotheus. Florentius.	14	☾	6 0	3 50
6 W	Ember day. Norbert. Paulina.	15	☾	7 13	4 37
7 T	Robert. Jeremias. Sabianus. Paul.	16	☾	8 21	5 30
8 F	Ember day. Medard. Gildard.	17	☾	9 22	6 29
9 S	Ember day. Primus & Felician.	18	☾	10 16	7 34

23. Sunday, 1. Sunday after Pentecost.

G. Go Teach all Nations, Matth. 28.

S. R. 4 35 S. S. 7 23

10 S	Trinity Sunday. Margaret. Maurin.	19	☾	11 0	8 39
11 M	Barnabas. Ap. Felix. Fortunatus.	20	☾	11 39	9 43
12 T	John of St. Facundus. Nazarius.	21	☾	Midn.	10 47
13 W	Antony of Padua. Felicula. V. M. C.	22	☾	12 13	11 47
14 T	Corpus Christi. Basil. B.D. Digna.	23	☾	12 44	12 45
15 F	Vitus. Modestus. Crescentia. M.	24	☾	1 13	1 42
16 S	John Francis Regis. Benno. B.	25	☾	1 42	2 39

24. Sunday, 2. Sunday after Pentecost.

G. The Great Supper, Luke 14.

S. R. 4 35 S. S. 7 26

17 S	Adolph. B. Rainer. Gundulphus.	26	☾	2 11	3 34
18 M	Mark and Marcellian. Leontius.	27	☾	2 42	4 31
19 T	Juliana Falconieri. Gerv. & Protas.	28	☾	3 14	5 26
20 W	Silverius. P. M. Florentina. V.	29	☾	3 52	6 21
21 T	Aloys. Gonz. Demetria. Leutfried.	1	☾	4 32	7 13
22 F	S. Heart of Jesus. Paulinus. B.	2	☾	5 17	8 4
23 S	Agrippina. V. M. Zeno. Ediltrude.	3	☾	6 7	8 51

25. Sunday, 3. Sunday after Pentecost.

G. The Lost Sheep. Luke 15.

S. R. 4 36 S. S. 7 28

24 S	John the B. Faustus. Theodulph.	4	☾	7 2	9 33
25 M	William. Ab. Lucy. Adalbert. B.	5	☾	8 0	10 13
26 T	John and Paul. M. Vigilius. B.	6	☾	9 1	10 50
27 W	Ladislaus. K. Sampson. Crescens.	7	☾	10 3	11 25
28 T	Leon. Benignus. Plutarch. Papius.	8	☾	11 7	11 57
29 F	Peter and Paul, Ap. Bened. ☾	9	☾	12 11	Midn.
30 S	Comm. of St. Paul. Ostian. Lucina.	10	☾	1 18	12 30

twice a week.) Lay members may gain this indulgence if they assist at this mass and offer their prayers to God. (Leo XIII, *Ubi primum*, Oct. 2, 1898.)

34. All the indulgences granted to persons that take part in the procession which is held on the first Sunday of the month, may be gained by people who made it their custom to celebrate or hear this mass. It may be gained once a month, on the day on which they receive the Sacraments of Penance and Communion. (Clement X, *Coelestium munus*, Feb. 16, 1671.)

35. The indulgence of one year for persons who attend mass on a Saturday in Lent, and on the same occasion listen to a sermon on the Blessed Virgin and join in the recitation of the antiphon "Salve Regina." (Gregory XIII, *Desiderantes*, March 22, 1580.)

VII. For Practicing the Devotion of the Fifteen Saturdays of the Most Holy Rosary.

36. A plenary indulgence on any three of the fifteen consecutive Saturdays, which precede the feast of the Holy Rosary, or of any fifteen consecutive Saturdays of the year, if after receiving the sacraments of Penance and Communion, they pray according to the intention of the Pope. (S. C. Indulg. Dec. 12, 1849.)

37. An indulgence of seven years and as many quarantines on twelve Saturdays not included in the fifteen mentioned in No 36. (S. C. Indulg. Dec. 12, 1849.)

VIII. For the Practice of Certain Devotions During the Month of the Holy Rosary.

38. A plenary indulgence for persons who attend the exercise usually held in the churches of the Dominican Fathers. They must attend at least ten times, and on a day of their own choice receive the sacraments and pray according to the intention of the Pope. (S. C. Ind. Aug. 31, 1885.)

39. An indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines as often as persons assist at the October devotions, which are held in the churches of the Dominicans. (S. C. Indulg. Aug. 31, 1885.)

IX. For Assisting at the Chanting of the Antiphon "Salve Regina."

40. An indulgence of three years and as many quarantines for persons who are



July, 1906.

26. Sunday, 4. Sunday after Pentecost.
G. The Miraculous Draught of Fishes, Luke 5. S. R. 4 38 S. S. 7 28

			Moon's A. C.	Moon Rises	Sets
1 S	Most Precious Blood. Theobald.	11	m	2 28	1 6
2 M	Visitation B.V. M. Process. & Mart.	12	m	3 38	1 43
3 T	Hyacinthus. Anatolius. Eulogius.	13	7	4 49	2 26
4 W	Osec. Aggaeus, Pr. Theodore, B.	14	7	5 59	3 15
5 T	Antony Mary Zaccaria. Cyrilla.	15	7	7 4	4 10
6 F	Goar. Isaias, Pr. Tranquilinus.	16	7	8 2	5 12
7 S	Cyril and Method., B. Willibald, B.	17	7	8 51	6 18

27. Sunday, 5. Sunday after Pentecost.
G. True Justice, Matth. 5. S. R. 4 42 S. S. 7 27

8 S	Elizabeth of Portugal. Kilian, B.	18	7	9 34	7 24
9 M	Martyrs of Gorcom. Veronica. Jul.	19	7	10 12	8 30
10 T	Seven Brothers, M. Rufina, M.	20	7	10 45	9 33
11 W	Pius I. Abund. Savinus. Godfrey.	21	7	11 15	10 34
12 T	John Gualbert, Ab. Nabor & Felix.	22	7	11 45	11 32
13 F	Anacletus, P. M. Silas. Turian.	23	7	Midn.	12 50
14 S	Bonaventure, B. D. Optatian. Justus.	24	7	12 13	1 26

28. Sunday, 6. Sunday after Pentecost.
G. The Multiplication of Loaves, Mark 8. S. R. 4 47 S. S. 7 24

15 S	Most H. Redeemer. Henry II., Emp.	25	7	12 44	2 23
16 M	Mary of Mount Carmel. Faustus, M.	26	7	1 16	3 18
17 T	Alexius. Generosus, M. Leon, P.	27	7	1 50	4 13
18 W	Camill. of Lell. Arnold. Frederick.	28	7	2 30	5 8
19 T	Vincent de Paul. Macrina. Elias.	29	7	3 13	5 59
20 F	Jerome Emiliani. Margaret, V. M.	30	7	4 2	6 47
21 S	Praxedes, V. Daniel, Pr. Arbogast.	1	7	4 55	7 32

29. Sunday, 7. Sunday after Pentecost.
G. Beware of False Prophets, Matth. 7. S. R. 4 52 S. S. 7 20

22 S	Mary Magdalen. Meneleus, Ab.	2	7	5 53	8 13
23 M	Apollinaris, B. M. Liborius, B.	3	7	6 53	8 51
24 T	Christina. Francis Sol. Vincent.	4	7	7 57	9 27
25 W	James the Greater, Ap. Christopher.	5	7	9 0	10 0
26 T	Ann, Mother B. V. M. Theodule.	6	7	10 4	10 33
27 F	Pantaleon. Natalia, M. Lilia, M.	7	7	11 10	11 8
28 S	Nazarius and Celsus, M. Victor.	8	7	12 17	11 44

30. Sunday, 8. Sunday after Pentecost.
G. The Unjust Steward, Luke 16. S. R. 4 58 S. S. 7 15

29 S	Martha. Flora. Beatrice. Simplic.	9	7	1 25	Midn.
30 M	Abdon and Sennen, M. Ursus B.	10	7	2 34	12 23
31 T	Ignatius of Loyola. John Columb.	11	7	3 41	1 8

present in a church of the Confraternity, where the "Salve Regina," is according to custom sung on the feasts of the Blessed Virgin, which are celebrated throughout the Church. (In certain places it is the custom to light a candle; at others, to add an "Ave Maria." (S. C. Indulg. Sept. 18, 1862 ad 4.) Also on the feast of the Apostles and on the saints of the Dominican order. (Clement VIII, *Ineffabilia*, Feb. 12, 1598.)

41. An indulgence of a hundred days on any day of the year for assisting at the recitation of this antiphon, which follows the Compline. (Clement VIII, loc. cit.)

42. An indulgence of forty days on all Saturdays and feasts of the year. (Leo X, *Pastoris aeterni*, Oct. 6, 1520.)

Rem. The indulgences in No. 40 and 41 may also be gained by persons who cannot assist at the chanting of this Antiphon, provided they recite it with bended knees before an altar or image of the Blessed Virgin. (Clement VIII, *Ineffabilia*, Feb. 12, 1598.)

X. For Persons Who Devote Themselves to Mental Prayer or Other Spiritual Exercises.

43. A plenary Indulgence, once a month for spending half an hour or at least a quarter of an hour in mental prayer each day of a month. On any day of their choice they must receive the sacraments of Penance and Communion. (Clement X, *Ad ea*, Jan. 28, 1671.)

44. A plenary indulgence, if they exercise themselves for forty days in prayer, mortification and other pious works in memory of the forty days which Jesus spent in the desert. This indulgence may be gained once a year on any day of one's choice. (Pius VII, *Ad augendam*, Feb. 16, 1808.)

45. An indulgence of seven years and as many quarantines as often as they devote half an hour to mental prayer. (Clement X, *Ad ea*, Jan. 28, 1671.)

46. An indulgence of a hundred days for devoting a quarter of an hour to meditation. (Clement X, loc. cit.)

XI. For Visiting Infirm Members.

47. An indulgence of three years and as many quarantines as often as they



August, 1906.

		Moon's		Moon	
		A.	C.	Rises	Sets
1 W	St. Peter's Chains. Machabees Br.	12	♂	4 47	1 58
2 T	Indulgence of Portiuncula. Alphons.	13	♂	5 47	2 55
3 F	Find.R. of St. Stephen. Nicodem.	14	♂	6 41	3 58
4 S	Dominic. Aristarchus. Euphron. ☉	15	☿	7 26	5 4

31. Sunday, 9. Sunday after Pentecost.
G. The Destruction of Jerusalem, Luke 19.

S. R. 5 4 S. S. 7 8

5 S	Our Lady of the Snow. Oswald, K.	16	☿	8 6	6 9
6 M	Transfigurat. of Our Lord. Xystus.	17	♂	8 42	7 14
7 T	Cajetan. Donatus, B. M. Albert.	18	♂	9 14	8 18
8 W	Cyriacus. Largus. Smaragdus, M.	19	♂	9 45	9 19
9 T	Romanus, M. Domitian. Rusticus.	20	♂	10 13	10 18
10 F	Lawrence, M. Deusedit. Paula.	21	♂	10 42	11 16
11 S	Philomena. Tiburtius, M. Susanna. ☾	22	♂	11 14	12 13

32. Sunday, 10. Sunday after Pentecost.
G. The Pharisee and the Publican, Luke 18

S. R. 5 10 S. S. 7 0

12 S	Clare, V. Herculanus, B. Euplius.	23	♂	11 48	1 8
13 M	John Berchmans. Wigbert. Hippolyt.	24	♂	Midn.	2 3
14 T	Euseb. Ursicius. Athanasia. Vigil.	25	♂	12 26	2 58
15 W	Assumption B. V. M. Tharsicius.	26	♂	1 7	3 51
16 T	Hyac. Rochus. Serena. Eleutherius.	27	♂	1 54	4 40
17 F	Myron, M. Juliana, M. Emilia.	28	♂	2 46	5 26
18 S	Helena. Clare of Montef. Agapit.	29	♂	3 42	6 10

33. Sunday, 11. Sunday after Pentecost.
G. Jesus Cures a Deaf and Dumb Man. Mark 7.

S. R. 5 17 S. S. 6 51

19 S	Joachim. Louis of Toulouse, B. ☉	1	♂	4 43	6 50
20 M	Bernard, Ab. Samuel. Christopher.	2	♂	5 46	7 26
21 T	Jane Frances de Chantal. Ptolemy.	3	♂	6 50	8 1
22 W	Timothy. Hippolyt. Symphor., M.	4	♂	7 56	8 36
23 T	Philip Benizi. Claudius. Zachæus.	5	♂	9 2	9 10
24 F	Bartholomew, Ap. Aurea. George.	6	♂	10 9	9 45
25 S	Louis, King of France. Genesis, M.	7	♂	11 16	10 23

34. Sunday, 12. Sunday after Pentecost.
G. The Good Samaritan, Luke 10.

S. R. 5 23 S. S. 6 41

26 S	Most Pure H. of Mary. Zephyrin. ☉	8	♂	12 25	11 6
27 M	Joseph Calasanctius. Rufus, B. M.	9	♂	1 32	11 53
28 T	Augustin, B. D. Hermes, M. Pelagius.	10	♂	2 37	Midn.
29 W	Beheading of St. John Baptist.	11	♂	3 37	12 46
30 T	Rose of Lima. Felix. Adauctus.	12	♂	4 31	1 45
31 F	Raymond. Paulinus, B. Aristides.	13	♂	5 20	2 49

visit the infirm members of the Confraternity. (Clement VIII, *Ineffabilia*, Feb. 12, 1598.)

48. An indulgence of hundred days if they exhort the infirm to receive the sacraments. (Gregory XIII, *Cum sicut*, Jan. 3, 1579.)

XII. For Praying for the Souls of Departed Brethren.

49. A plenary indulgence for all who attend the services of the dead which are held in the public churches of the Friars and Sisters of St. Dominic on the four anniversary days (Feb. 4; July 12; Sept. 5; Nov. 10.) It is required that they receive the sacraments of Penance and Communion, and on any of these four days pray according to the intention of the Pope. (Pius VII, *Ad augendum*, Feb. 10, 1808.)

50. An indulgence of eight years if people attend the services of the dead and accompany the procession, which is held on the Saturdays, or once a month in the church-yard of the Dominicans. (Gregory XIII, *Desiderantes*, March 22, 1580.)

51. An indulgence of three years and as many quarantines as often as they accompany the bodies of defunct members to the church of the Confraternity. (Clement VIII, *Ineffabilia*, Feb. 12, 1598.)

52. An indulgence of hundred days for accompanying the body of a dead member to the grave with the banner of the Confraternity, or for attending the annual memorial service, and there pray according to the intention of the Pope. (Gregory XIII, *Cum sicut*, Jan. 3, 1579.)

XIII. For Doing a Work of Piety or Charity.

53. An indulgence of sixty days for any work of piety or charity. (Gregory XIII, *Gloriosi*, July 15, 1579.)

XIV. For the Dying.

54. A plenary indulgence which can be imparted by the priest in the usual manner outside of confession, if the person dying was accustomed to say the Rosary once a week. (Innocent VIII, Oct. 13, 1483; S. C. Indulg. Aug. 10, 1899.)



September, 1906.

		Moon's A. C.	Moon Rises Sets	
1 S	Giles, Ab. Anna, Pr. Constantine.	14	6 2	3 54
35. Sunday, 13. Sunday after Pentecost. G. The Ten Lepers, Luke 17.				
2 S	Stephen, K. of Hung. Nonnosus.	15	6 38	4 58
3 M	Serapia, V. Mansuetus, B. Phœbe.	16	7 11	6 2
4 T	Rose of Viterbo, V. Rosal. Moses.	17	7 43	7 3
5 W	Lawrence Justinian. Obdulia, V.	18	8 12	8 4
6 T	Zachary, Pr. Onisephorus. Eugene.	19	8 43	9 3
7 F	Regina, V. Clodoald. Pamphilus.	20	9 13	10 0
8 S	Nativity B.V. M. Hadrian. Nestor.	21	9 46	10 58
36. Sunday, 14. Sunday after Pentecost. G. No one can Serve Two Masters, Matth. 6.				
9 S	Holy Name of Mary. Peter Claver.	22	10 22	11 54
10 M	Nicolas of Tol. Theodard. Victor.	23	11 2	12 49
11 T	Protus. Hyacinthus, M. Patiens, B.	24	11 45	1 42
12 W	Guido of Anderlecht. Autonomus.	25	Midn.	2 32
13 T	Amatus. Elogius. Ligorius. Amatus.	26	12 35	3 19
14 F	Exaltation of the Holy Cross.	27	1 30	4 3
15 S	Nicomedes, M. Aper, B. Porphyr.	28	2 29	4 44
37. Sunday, 15. Sunday after Pentecost. G. The Young Man at Nain, Luke 7.				
16 S	Seven Dolors B.V. M. Edith. Edgar.	29	3 30	5 22
17 M	Impr. Stigm. St. Francis. Lambert.	30	4 35	5 59
18 T	Joseph of Cupert. Sophia. Irene.	1	5 42	6 34
19 W	Ember day. Januarius, M. Elias.	2	6 49	7 8
20 T	Eustace. Philipa. Candida. Agapitus.	3	7 58	7 44
21 F	Ember day. Matthew. Ap. Evang.	4	9 7	8 22
22 S	Ember day. Thomas of Villanova.	5	10 16	9 4
38. Sunday, 16. Sunday after Pentecost. G. The Man with the Dropsy, Luke 14.				
23 S	Linus, P. M. Thecla. Constantius.	6	11 24	9 49
24 M	Our Lady of Mercy. Gerard, B. M.	7	12 31	10 41
25 T	Cleophas, M. Pacificus. Lupus, B.	8	1 33	11 39
26 W	Cyprian, M. Justina, V. M. Alban.	9	2 29	Midn.
27 T	Cosm. & Dam. Adolph. Hildetrude.	10	3 17	12 41
28 F	Wenceslaus, M. Eustochium, V.	11	4 0	1 44
29 S	Michael, Archangel. Fraternus, B.	12	4 38	2 48
39. Sunday, 17. Sunday after Pentecost. G. The Greatest Commandment, Matth. 22.				
30 S	Jerome, D. Sophia, W. Victor, M.	13	5 11	3 50

55. A plenary indulgence, if the persons dying hold in their hands a blessed candle of the Holy Rosary, provided they recited the whole Rosary at least once in their life. (Adrain VI, *Illius, qui*, Apr. 1, 1523.)

56. A plenary indulgence, if they receive the sacraments of Penance and Communion. (S. Pius V, *Consueverunt*, Sept. 17, 1569.)

57. A plenary indulgence if, with a contrite heart the dying person invoke the holy name of Jesus at least within his heart, if unable to pronounce it with his lips. (Leo XIII, *Rescr. S. C. Indulg.* Aug. 19, 1899.)

58. A plenary indulgence if after confessing and communicating, the person dying makes profession of the Roman Catholic faith and recites the Antiphon "Salve Regina," and commends himself to the Blessed Virgin. (Clement VIII, *Ineffabilia*, Feb. 12, 1598.)

Rem. The plenary indulgences here named may all be gained at the moment of death, nevertheless according to the tenor of the decrees of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences, only one can be gained at the moment of death, under any of the above conditions.

XV. For the Departed.

59. The altar of the Holy Rosary in the churches of the Dominicans is a privileged one for the souls of the departed members. (Gregory XIII, *Omnium salutis*, Sept. 1, 1582.)

60. In the churches of the Confraternity the altar of the Holy Rosary enjoys the "privilege" not only in favor of defunct members, but of any departed soul, even if there is another privileged altar within the church. Furthermore, if the church contains no other privileged altar but that of the Holy Rosary, the latter is privileged for any priest, though he be not a member of the Confraternity. This privilege may be exercised in favor of any departed soul. (S. C. Indulg. *Cameracen*, June 7, 1842; Pius IX, *Omnium salutis*, March 3, 1857.)





October, 1906.

		Moon's		Moon	
		A.	C.	Rises	Sets
1 M	Remigius, B. Bavo. Aretas, M.	14	☾	5 43	4 51
2 T	Holy Guardian Angels. Leodegar. ☼	15	☾	6 12	5 52
3 W	Cand., M. Gerard, A. Ewaldus, M.	16	☾	6 43	6 51
4 T	Francis of Assisi. Aurea. Petronius.	17	☾	7 13	7 50
5 F	☼ Placidus, M. Flaviana, V. Galla, W.	18	☾	7 44	8 48
6 S	Bruno. Magnus. Mart. of Treves.	19	☾	8 19	9 44

40. Sunday, 18. Sunday after Pentecost. S. R. 6 1 S. S. 5 36
G. The Man Sick of the Palsy, Matth. 9.

7 S	Holy Rosary B. V. M. Mark, P.	20	☾	8 56	10 40
8 M	Bridget, W. Nestor, M. Simeon, Pr.	21	☾	9 38	11 34
9 T	Denis. Abraham. Publia. Deusdedit.	22	☾	10 25	12 26
10 W	Louis Bertrand. Gereon. Victor. ☼	23	☾	11 16	1 13
11 T	Francis Borgia. Placidia. Germanus.	24	☾	Midn.	1 58
12 F	☼ Walfrid, B. Maxim., B. Seraphim.	25	☾	12 12	2 40
13 S	Edward, K. Chelidonia. Coloman.	26	☾	1 12	3 19

41. Sunday, 19. Sunday after Pentecost. S. R. 6 7 S. S. 5 25
G. The Wedding Garment, Matth. 22.

14 S	Maternity B. V. M. Callistus, P. M.	27	☾	2 16	3 54
15 M	Theresa, V. Severus, B. Aurelia, V.	28	☾	3 21	4 29
16 T	Gall, Ab. Gerard Majella. Lullus, B.	29	☾	4 28	5 3
17 W	Hedwigis, W. Marg. M. Alac., V. ☼	1	☾	5 37	5 38
18 T	Luke, Evangelist. Julian. Justus.	2	☾	6 48	6 16
19 F	☼ Peter of Alcantara. Aquilinus.	3	☾	8 0	6 57
20 S	John Cant. Wendelin. Caprasius.	4	☾	9 12	7 44

42. Sunday, 20. Sunday after Pentecost. S. R. 6 14 S. S. 5 15
G. The Ruler's Son, John 4.

21 S	Purity B. V. M. Ursula, V. Hilarion.	5	☾	10 22	8 35
22 M	Cordula, V. M. Mary Salome. Mark.	6	☾	11 27	9 31
23 T	Severin. Verus. Peter Paschasius.	7	☾	12 25	10 33
24 W	Raphael, Arch. Evergistus, B. M. ☼	8	☾	1 16	11 36
25 T	Chrysantus. Daria. Crispin. Protus.	9	☾	2 1	Midn.
26 F	☼ Evaristus, P. Rusticus. Gaudiosus.	10	☾	2 40	12 41
27 S	Florentius. Sabina, M. Elesbaan.	11	☾	3 14	1 43

43. Sunday, 21. Sunday after Pentecost. S. R. 6 22 S. S. 5 6
G. The Unforgiving Servant, Matth. 18.

28 S	Simon and Jude, Apost. Faro, B.	12	☾	3 45	2 44
29 M	Narcissus, B. Zenobius, M. Eusebia.	13	☾	4 14	3 44
30 T	Alphonsus Rodriguez. Eutropia.	14	☾	4 44	4 43
31 W	☼ Wolfgang, B. Ampliatius. Vigil. ☼	15	☾	5 14	5 41

Part II.

Indulgences in which all the Faithful as Well as the Members of the Confraternity May Share.

61. An indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines on condition of attending the Procession which is held on the first Sunday of the month. (Pius V, *Consueverunt*, Sept. 17, 1569.)

62. A plenary indulgence (*toties quoties*) as often as the faithful after receiving the sacraments of Penance and Communion on the feast of the Holy Rosary, that is, beginning with the first Vespers and ending at sundown of the feast. This celebration is in remembrance of the victory which the Christians obtained over the Turks at Lepanto with the help of the Queen of the Holy Rosary. It is required that they visit a chapel or an image of the Blessed Virgin that is exposed in a church and pray according to the intention of the Pope. (S. C. Ind. Jan. 25, 1866. St. Pius V, *Salvatoris*, March 5, 1572; S. C. Ind. Apr. 5, 1769; July 7, 1885.)

Rem. To gain the indulgence it is permissible to go to Confession on the Friday preceding the feast of the Holy Rosary. (Leo XIII, Rescr. S. C. Ind. Aug. 19, 1899.)

63. A plenary indulgence which may be gained on any day during the octave of the feast of the Holy Rosary, on condition that the sacraments be received and a chapel of the Holy Rosary or an image of the Blessed Virgin visited that is exposed in the church. Prayer according to the intention of the Pope is also enjoined. (Benedict XIII, *Pretiosus*, May 20, 1727; S. C. Ind. July 7, 1885.)

64. A plenary indulgence on the feast of Corpus Christi and on the patron feast of the church. The conditions are the same as for the feast of the Holy Rosary. (Gregory XIII, *Desiderantes*, March 22, 1580.)

65. All the indulgences named in this list may be applied to the souls of the faithful departed who passed out of this life united to God by the bonds of love. The indulgences, which may be gained



November, 1906.

			Moon's A. C.		Moon Rises Sets
11	All Saints.	Benignus. Gildebert.	16	♂	5 43 6 39
2 F	All Souls.	Justus. Tobias. Eudox.	17	♂	6 17 7 36
3 S		Hubert. B. Pirminius. Winefreda.	18	♂	6 54 8 32

44. Sunday, 22. Sunday after Pentecost. S. R. 6 29 S. S. 4 38
G. The Tribute to Caesar, Matth. 22.

4 S	Charles Borromeo, B. Vitalis, M.	19	♂	7 33 9 27
5 M	Zachary, Pr. Elizabeth. Philotheus.	20	♂	8 18 10 20
6 T	Leonard. Winoc. A. Atticus. Felix.	21	♂	9 7 11 10
7 W	Engelbert, B. M. Willibrord, B.	22	♂	10 1 11 55
8 T	Godfrey. Four Saints Crowned.	23	♂	10 58 12 36
9 F	Basilica of Savior. Theodore.	24	♂	11 58 1 15
10 S	Andrew, Av. Tryphon. Monitor.	25	♂	Midn. 1 51

45. Sunday, 23. Sunday after Pentecost. S. R. 6 37 S. S. 4 51
G. The Daughter of Jairus, Matth. 9.

11 S	Patronage, B.V.M. Martin. Mennas.	23	♂	1 0 2 25
12 M	Martin, P. Livinus. Cunibert. B.	27	♂	2 5 2 58
13 T	Stanislaus. Homobonus. Nicholas.	28	♂	3 13 3 33
14 W	Josaphat, B. Jucundus. Clementine.	29	♂	4 22 4 8
15 T	Gertrude. Leopold. Eugene. Felix.	30	♂	5 35 4 47
16 F	Didacus. Edmund. Othmar, Ab.	1	♂	6 48 5 31
17 S	Gregory the Wonderw. Anianus, B.	2	♂	8 1 6 21

46. Sunday, 24. Sunday after Pentecost. S. R. 6 45 S. S. 4 46
G. The Grain of Mustard Seed, Matth. 14.

18 S	Dedic. Basilic. of Sts. Peter & Paul.	3	♂	9 12 7 18
19 M	Elizabeth of Thuringia. Pontian.	4	♂	10 16 8 20
20 T	Felix of Valois. Edmund, K. M.	5	♂	11 12 9 25
21 W	Presentation B. V. M. Honorius.	6	♂	12 0 10 31
22 T	Cecilia, V. M. Pragmatius. Maurus.	7	♂	12 41 11 35
23 F	Clement, P. M. Felicitas. Trudo.	8	♂	1 17 Midn.
24 S	John of the Cross. Chrysogonus, M.	9	♂	1 49 12 38

47. Sunday. Last Sunday after Pentecost. S. R. 6 52 S. S. 4 42
G. The End of the World, Matth. 24.

25 S	Catherine, V. M. Mercury, S. M.	10	♂	2 19 1 38
26 M	Silvester. Pet. Alex. Leon. Conrad.	11	♂	2 48 2 37
27 T	Barlaam and Josaphat. Virgilius.	12	♂	3 17 3 35
28 W	Hortulanus. Sosthenes. Gregory.	13	♂	3 46 4 32
29 T	Saturninus. Illuminata. Demetrius.	14	♂	4 18 5 30
30 F	Andrew, Ap. Maura. Justina.	15	♂	4 53 6 26

at the moment of death are alone excepted. (Innocent XI, *Ad ea*, June 15, 1679.)

All former indulgences of the Confraternity of the Holy Rosary are by this decree revoked. (S. C. Ind. Aug. 29, 1899.)

Appendix.

A Summary of the Indulgences of the Most Holy Rosary, to be gained by all the Faithful.

1. A plenary indulgence once a year on any day, by those who use a Dominican rosary, and pray daily the third part (five decades) of the rosary and receive the holy Sacraments. (Raccolta, edition 1898, No. 194.)

2. An indulgence of 100 days for every Our Father and every Hail Mary by using a Dominican Rosary and praying the entire rosary (15 decades) or the third part (5 decades) of it. (Ibid.)

3. An indulgence of five years and five quarantines as often as they pray the third part of the rosary.

4. An indulgence of ten years and ten quarantines once a day by praying at least one third of the rosary in community with others at home, in church or in a public or private oratory. (Ibid.)

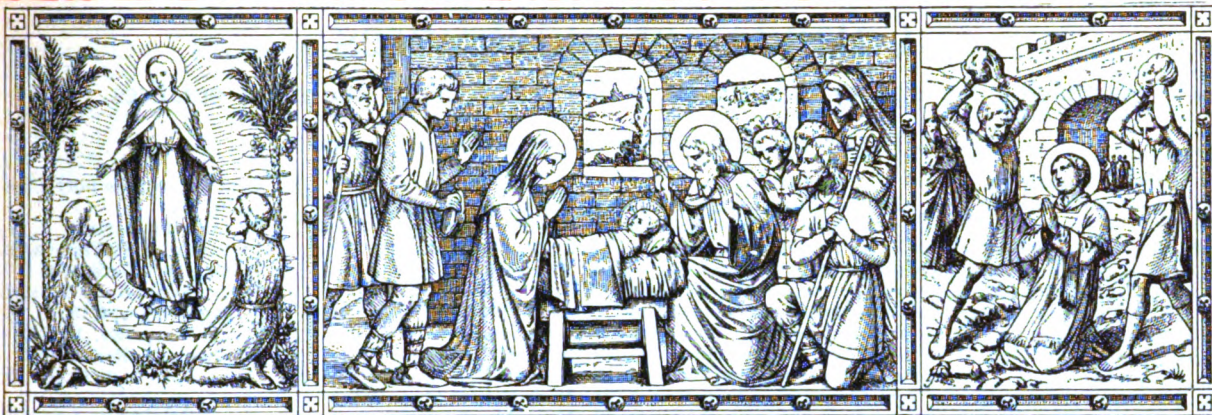
5. A plenary indulgence on the last Sunday of the month, by saying at least three times a week one third of the rosary at home, in church or in an oratory, in community with others and receiving the sacraments on the last Sunday of the month, visiting a church and praying for the intentions of the Pope. (Ibid.)

6. A plenary indulgence on one of fifteen consecutive Saturdays which may be chosen by the individual, if one on these Saturdays receives the holy Sacraments and prays the third part of the rosary or meditates devoutly on its mysteries. (Ibid. No. 197.)

Rem. If not able to do this on Saturdays, one may do so on Sundays and gain the indulgences. (Ibid.)

7. An indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines on any other of these fifteen Saturdays. (Ibid.)

8. A plenary indulgence by making at any time of the year a novena in honor of the Queen of the Most Holy Rosary



December, 1906.

1 S | Eligius, B. Nahura, Pr. Olymip., M. | Moon's A. C. | Moon Rises | Moon Sets | 16 II | 5 32 | 7 21

48. Sunday. 1. Sunday in Advent.
G. There shall be Signs, Luke 21.

S. R. 6 59 S. S. 4 39

2 S	Bibiana, V. M. Silvanus. Paulina.	17	II	6 14	8 16
3 M	Francis Xavier. Sophonias, Pr.	18	☉	7 2	9 6
4 T	Peter Chrysologus, B. D. Babara.	19	☉	7 54	9 52
5 W	Sabbas, Ab. Bassus. Pelinus, B. M.	20	☉	8 49	10 36
6 T	Nicholas, B. Dyonisia. Leontia.	21	☉	9 47	11 15
7 F	Ambrose, B. D. Polycarp. Urban.	22	☉	10 47	11 52
8 S	Immaculate Concept. B. V. M. ☉	23	☉	11 48	12 25

49. Sunday, 2. Sunday in Advent.
G. John in Prison, Matth. 11.

S. R. 7 6 S. S. 4 39

9 S	Leocadia. Gorgonia. Proculus, B.	24	☉	Midn.	12 57
10 M	Transl. H. House of Lor. Melchiad.	25	☉	12 52	1 29
11 T	Damasus. Daniel. Barsabas. Thraso.	26	☉	1 59	2 3
12 W	Our Lady of Guadalupe. Synesius.	27	☉	3 8	2 39
13 T	Lucy, V. Othilia. Orestes. Jodocus.	28	☉	4 19	3 18
14 F	Nicasius. Eutropia. Agnellus.	29	☉	5 33	4 5
15 S	Christiana, V. M. Valerian. Max. ☉	1	☉	6 46	4 53

50. Sunday, 3. Sunday in Advent.
G. John's Testimony, John 1.

S. R. 7 11 S. S. 4 40

16 S	Eusebius. Albina. Beanus. Ananias.	2	☉	7 56	5 59
17 M	Lazarus. Sturmibus. Olympias, W.	3	☉	8 58	7 5
18 T	Expectation B. V. M. Theotimus.	4	☉	9 52	8 12
19 W	Ember day. Nemesius. Adjutus.	5	☉	10 39	9 21
20 T	Eugene, M. Theophilus. Liberatus.	6	☉	11 18	10 23
21 F	Ember day. Thomas, Apostle.	7	☉	11 52	11 29
22 S	Ember day. Zeno, Honoratus. ☉	8	☉	12 23	Midn.

51. Sunday, 4. Sunday in Advent.
G. The Mission of John, Luke 3.

S. R. 7 15 S. S. 4 43

23 S	Victoria, V. M. Gelasius. Servulus.	9	☉	12 52	12 30
24 M	Adam and Eve. Tharsilla. Vigil.	10	☉	1 21	1 29
25 T	Christmas. Anastasia. Eugenia.	11	☉	1 49	2 26
26 W	Stephen, Protomartyr. Denis, P.	12	☉	2 21	3 23
27 T	John, Ap. Ev. Maximus. Theophanes.	13	☉	2 54	4 20
28 F	Holy Innocents. Theophila, V. M.	14	☉	3 32	5 15
29 S	Thomas of Canterbury, B. M. David.	15	☉	4 12	6 10

52. Sunday, Sunday after Christmas.
G. The Prophecy of Simeon, Luke 2.

S. R. 7 17 S. S. 4 47

30 S	Anysia, M. Sabinus, B. Rainer, B. ☉	16	☉	4 59	7 1
31 M	Silvester, P. Columba, V. M. Hermes.	17	☉	5 49	7 50

and saying such prayers as are approved by the Church and receiving the Sacraments and praying for the intention of the Pope either during the novena or within eight days after the same. (Ibid. No. 149.)

9. An indulgence of 300 days, on all other days of the novena, on which the above mentioned prayers are said. (Ibid.)

Indulgences to be gained during the Month of October for saying the third part of the Rosary.

Leo XIII on Sept. 1, 1883; Aug. 20, 1885; and July 23, 1898 granted the following indulgences to be forever.

10. A plenary indulgence if on the feast of the Holy Rosary or during the octave one receives the sacraments, visits a church and prays there for the intention of the Pope, providing he says one third of the rosary on the feast of the Holy Rosary and daily during the octave of this feast. This Rosary may be said privately or in public.

11. A plenary indulgence for those who, after the octave of the feast of the Rosary, during the month of October, say at least ten times one third of the rosary either in church or at home, and moreover on any day in October receive the sacraments, visit a church and pray there for the intentions of the Pope.

12. Seven years and seven quarantines for every day of October on which the faithful say one third of the Rosary either in church or at any other place.

13. All the indulgences mentioned in this Summary are applicable to the souls in purgatory. (Raccolta, ed. cit., p. XXII, no. 4.)

The Sacred Congregation of indulgences and holy Relics declared this Summary of Indulgences, granted to the faithful for the devotion of the Most Holy Rosary, to be authentic and it gave permission to print and publish the same.

Given at Rome, August 29, 1899.

Fr. Hieronymus M. Card. Gotti,
Praefectus.

L. † S.

† A. Sabatucci, Archiepisc. Antinoensis,
Secretarius.

Calendar of Indulgences.

Containing the plenary indulgences of 30 confraternities and pious practices.

I. Plenary Indulgences which can be gained once a Year.

General Conditions:

The good works usually prescribed for gaining a plenary indulgence are as follows:

1. *Confession.* (those, who go to confession every week, can gain all indulgences offered in the interval without going to confession again.)

2. *Holy Communion.*

3. *Visit to a church* (whether to the confraternity church or parish church or any church, every one has to look up his enrollment booklet.)

4. *Prayer for special intentions of the Sovereign Pontiff* (5 Our Fathers and 5 Hail Marys or any other prayer of about the same length are sufficient.)

Confraternities.

1. White Scapular.
2. Blue "
3. Brown "
4. Black "
5. Red "
6. Sodality of the Bl. Virgin.
7. Confraternity of the Holy Rosary.
8. Archconfraternity of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.
9. Archconfraternity of Mary Consolation.
10. Ingolstadt Mass Association.
11. Archconfraternity of the Immaculate Heart of Mary.
12. Archconfraternity of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.
13. Archconfratern. of the Precious Blood of Jesus Christ.
14. Apostleship of Prayer.
15. Archconfraternity for the Veneration of St. Joseph.
16. Bone mors Society or Soc. for a happy death.
17. Confraternity of Jesus, Mary and Joseph.
18. Society of the living Rosary.
19. Archconfraternity to help the Poor Souls.
20. Society for the propagation of the Faith. (Franc. Xavier.)
21. Association of St. Boniface.
22. Third Order of St. Francis of Assisi.
23. Association of St. Vincent.
24. Medal of St. Benedict.
25. Apostolic Indulgences.
26. Society of the Holy Family.
27. Archconfraternity of Perpetual Help.
28. Confraternity of Christian Mothers.
29. Holy Ghost - Mass - Association.
30. Archconfraternity of the Guard of Honor of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Remark.

In the following Calendar the day of the months or the feast is given first, then the No. (instead of the name as seen above) of each confraternity, by which on a certain feast a plenary indulg. can be gained; if one confraternity can gain more than one indulg., it may be seen from the number in parentheses; but in this case the members will have to comply with the respective conditions of the different indulgences.

When a person desires to gain 2, or more indulgences for each of which a visit and prayer for the intent. of the Sov. Pontiff is required, he must repeat the visit for each of these indulgences; it is necessary to leave the church at the end of each visit and enter again for the next.

January.

1. New Year's by 11, 13, 15, 18, 26.
6. Epiphany by 3, 8, 9, 12, 15, 16, 24, 25, 26, 28, 29.
23. Espousals B. V. M. Raym. Pennaf. by 7, 15, 26.
25. Conversion of St. Paul. 11.
28. Apparition of St. Agnes 1.

February.

2. Candlemas by 1, 2, 3, 7 (5), 8, 10, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, 18, 19, 24, 25, 26.
4. St. Andrew Corsini 3.
8. John of Matha 1.
11. Seven Founders of Serv. B. V. M. 4.
13. S. Catherine of Ricci 7.
14. John B. of the Concept. 1.
24. St. Mathias, Ap. 16, 25.

March.

7. Thomas of Aquin 7.
12. Gregory the Great 12.
17. Patrick Ap. of Ireland 9, 18.
18. Gabriel, Arch. 29.
19. Joseph spouse B. V. M. 2, 3, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, 18, 19, 22, 25, 26, 28.
21. Benedict 24.
24. Joseph Mar. Thom. 2, 10.
25. Annunciation B. V. M. 2, 3, 6, 7 (6), 8, 9 (3), 10, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, 18, 19, 20, 24, 25, 26.
28. Miracle of the Sacred Blood at Ferrara 13.

April.

5. Vincent Ferrer. 7.
12. Canonization of St. Cajetan 2.
20. Agnes of Orlitiano 7.
29. Peter of Verona 7.
30. Catherine of Siena 4, 7.

May.

1. Philip and James Ap. 16, 25.
3. Finding of the Holy Cross 2, 10, 13, 20.
4. Monica 9 (2), 28.
5. Pius V. 3, 7, 12.
8. Apparition of St. Michael Arch. 10.
10. Antonin 7.
16. Simon Stock 3.
24. Mary Help of Christ. 13, 28.
29. Mary Magd. of Pazzis, 3.
31. Our Lady of the Sacred Heart 8.

June.

5. Boniface 21.
12. John of S. Facundus 9.
17. Paul Buralis 2, 10.
19. Juliana Falcon. 4.
- Sunday before June 24, Feast of Perpetual Help 27.
24. John Bapt. 2, 9, 10, 11, 13, 16, 25.
29. Peter and Paul Ap. 2, 9, 10, 12, 13, 16, 19, 25.

July.

- Feast of Precious Blood (1st Sunday of July) 13.
2. Visitation of Mary 3, 7 (4), 15, 18.
5. Michael of Santis 1.
9. John of Cologne 7.
16. Mary of Mount Carmel 3, 13.
19. Vincent of Paul 18, 23.
20. Margaret, Hieron. 3.
- 3rd Sunday of July (feast of the Most Holy Redeemer) 13.
25. James Ap. 16, 25.
26. St. Anne 28.

August.

2. Portiuncula Indulg. 2, 27.
4. Dominic 7.
7. Cajetan 2, 3, 10.
12. Clara. 22.
15. Assumption B. V. M. 2, 3, 4, 6, 7 (6), 9 (3), 10, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, 18, 19, 20, 24, 25, 26.
- Sunday after the feast of the Assumption 3, 9 (8) and Portiuncula ind.
16. Hyacinth 7.
23. Philip Beniti 4.
24. Bartholomew Ap. 16, 25.
25. Louis King of France 22.
27. Piercing of the heart of S. Theresa 3.
28. Augustine 2, 9 (3), 10.
30. Rosa of Lima 7.

September.

8. Nativity B. V. M. 1, 2, 3, 6, 7 (4), 8, 9 (2), and Port. Ind. 10, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, 18, 24, 25, 26.
10. Nicolas of Tolentino 9.
- Following Sun. 9 & Port. Ind.

14. Exaltation of the holy Cross 2, 10, 13.
15. Dominic in Soriano 1, 7.
17. Impr. stig. of St. Francis 22.
18. Thomas a Villanova 9.
- Seven Dolours B. V. M. (3rd Sunday of Sept.) 4, 13, 16, 18.
21. Matthew Ap. Ev. 16, 25.
28. B. Simon of Roxas 1.
29. Michael Arch. 2, 9, 10, 19.

October.

- H. Rosary (1. Sunday Oct.)
7. Portiuncula Indulg.
4. Francis of Assisi 10, 21, 22.
11. Louis Bertrand 7.
15. Theresa 2, 3.
28. Simon & Jude 16, 25.

November.

1. All Saints 2, 7, 12, 13, 16, 24, 25.
2. All Souls 12, 13, 19.
9. All saints of the order of St. Dominic 7.
10. Andrew Avellini 2, 10.
13. All Saints of the order of S. Augustine 9.
15. Gertrude 3.
19. Elisabeth of Hungary 22.
20. Felix of Valois 1.
21. Presentation B. V. M. 3, 7 (3), 13, 18.
30. Andrew, Ap. 16, 25.

December.

3. Francis Xavier 13, 18, 20.
6. Nicolas B. 13.
8. Immacul. Conc. B. V. M. 2, 3, 6, 7 (4), 8, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 18, 19, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 28.
13. John Mar. 2, 10.
16. & 24. The first & last day of the novena before Christmas 2, 10.
21. Thomas, Ap. 16, 25.
25. Christmas 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7 (2), 8, 10, 12, 13, 15, 16, 19, 22, 24, 25, 26.
27. John Ap. Ev. 11, 12, 16, 25.

On the movable Feasts.

- Sunday before Septuagesima 11.
- Ash Wednesday 1.
- Passion Sunday 2, 4, 10.
- Friday after Pass. Sund. 2, 4, 7, 10, 13.
- Wednesday in holy week 2, 9, 10.
- Holy Thursday 1, 2 (2), 3, 4, 7, 9 (2), 10.
- Good Friday 2, 9, 10.
- Easter Sunday 1, 2 (2), 3, 4 (2), 7 (3), 8, 9 (3), 10, 13, 16, 18, 22, 24, 25, 26, 29.
- 2nd Sunday after Easter 23.
- 3rd Sun. after Easter 3, 9, 15, 16, 19, 26.
- Ascension of Our Lord 1, 2 (2), 3, 6, 7 (3), 8, 9 (2), 10, 13, 15, 16, 18, 24, 25, 26.

CALENDAR OF INDULGENCES.

Pentecost Sunday 2, 7(2), 9(3), 10, 13, 15, 16, 18, 22, 24, 25.	Sacred Heart of Jesus 8, 12, 14, 22, 29, 30.	2. On any day selected by the Individual 2, 7, 10, 28.	7. On the 15 Tuesdays and Saturdays preceding the Feast of the Holy Rosary or preceding the Feast of St. Dominic 7.
Trinity Sunday 1, 2, 9, 10, 16, 18, 24, 25.	On special occasions during the year.	3. On every Sat. of the year 9.	
Corpus Christi 4, 7, 9, 13, 15, 16, 18, 19, 24, 25.	1. During the Forty Hours' devotion 2, 3, 4, 10.	4. Every Sat. of Lent 2, 9, 10.	
		5. On the 6 Sundays or Fridays preceding the Feast of the Sacred Heart 12.	7. Every Friday of March 13.

II. Plenary Indulgences which can be gained more than once a Year.

Every Month.	c. Plen. indulgences of the Holy Land. 2.	2. One plenary indulgence for everyone that has performed the heroic act of charity. Conditions: Communion and Prayer.	in purgatory to the divine Majesty, by anyone of the faithful of all works of satisfaction done by him in his life as well as of all the suffrages which shall be offered for him after death.
1. Every first Sunday of the month 2, 7(5), 10.	Every Week.	Every Day.	If you could feel, Christian soul what immense pains the Poor Souls have to suffer in the flames of purgatory, and how they long and desire for help from you, how they would be grateful to you and would by their intercession in your behalf aid you, you would not hesitate to perform this heroic act of charity or at least strive to gain as many of the above indulgences as possible for the poor souls. Ask the poor souls to implore for you the grace of perseverance and for the poor dying (about 100,000 daily) the grace to escape the dangers of Hell.
2. Every first Friday or Sunday 12, 30.	1. Monday: (Sunday if prevented on Monday), one plenary indulgence.	1. 1 plen. indulg by saying the beads (15 decades.)	
3. Every third Sunday of the month 18.	<i>Condition.</i> Hearing Mass, Holy Communion and Prayer (for the Poor Souls). By the heroic act of charity.	2. The many plenary and partial indulgences of the blue scapular whenever saying 6 Our Fathers 6 Hail Marys and Glory etc. in adoration of the Blessed Trinity and in honor of the Immaculate Conception for the intentions of the Holy Father.	
4. On any Wednesday chosen during the month 3.	2. Friday: Conditions: Meditation on our Lord's Passion, Communion and Prayer 5. If prevented on Friday, holy Communion may be received on Sunday.	3. The many plen. and partial indulgences of the stations.	
5. On any Friday chosen during the month 14.	On the day of H. Communion.	Remark.	
6. On any day chosen during the month 12, 13, 14, 19, 22, 23, 30.	1. 1 plen indulg. for saying: Look down upon me, good and gentle Jesus.... before an image of Christ crucified on the usual conditions: Communion Prayer (no visit required).	The heroic act of charity consists in a voluntary offering made in behalf of the souls	
7. On the day of monthly communion 14.			
8. On any two days chosen during the month.			
a. By 11.			
b. The plen. indulgences of the seven churches of the Stations in Rome after Holy Comm. and one visit to seven altars or seven visits to one altar of B. V. M. (one Our Father each visit) 2.			

Some Indulgences easily gained.

Rosary Ind. for all the Faithful. 100 days for every Our Father and every Hail Mary when using a Dominican Rosary. 5 years and 5 quarentines for saying 5 decades of the Rosary. 7 years and 7 quarentines on the first Sunday of the month for assisting at the procession. A plenary indulgence toties quoties, from first Vespers to sunset of the feast of the Holy Rosary. (This is gained each time the visit is made.)	the name of the Father 100 days if it is made with holy water.	To light and guard to rule and guide. Amen.	assist me in my last agony. "Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, may I breathe forth my soul in peace with you."
By ejaculations as often as they are made. 50 days every time. 1 The sign of the cross: In	2. "My God and my all." 3. "Praised be Jesus Christ, Forever, or Amen." 4. "Jesus, my God, I love Thee above all things." 5. "My sweetest Jesus, be not my Judge, but my Savior." 100 days every time. 6. "My Jesus, mercy!" 7. "Angel of God, my guardian dear, To whom His love commits me here, Ever this day be at my side,	300 days every time. 8. "O sweetest Heart of Jesus! I implore that I may love Thee more and more." 9. "Jesus, Mary!" 10. "Sweet Heart of Mary, be my salvation!" 11. "Blessed be the holy and Immaculate Conception of the most Blessed Virgin Mary Mother of God." 12. "Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, I give you my heart and my soul." "Jesus, Mary, and Joseph,	2835 days every time. 13. 7 years and 7 quarentines for the acts of Faith, Hope and Charity, any form of words may be used, provided it expresses the particular motive of each of these three virtues. By 8, 10, 13 can be gained one plenary indulgence on the usual conditions on any day of the month, if said every day of the month.

Remarks.

This Calendar of Indulgences took up so many confraternities solely for the following reason: Because in different places different confraternities are liked. As for the individual it is advisable to do: "Little but good" viz. to impose upon one's self few obligations only, but to fulfill those few well.

The main point is and always will be a truly Christian life, the avoiding of sin, especially mortal sin and the practice of virtue; it is that what will take us to Heaven.

The above mentioned indulgences are taken from authentic or at least approved works.

The indulgence — a remission of temporal punishments, which, of course, the forgiveness of sins must precede — is frequently found in years and days of the ancient church-penances. For instance one who gains an indulgence of 100 days, expiates a punishment, which was formerly expiated by a church-penance of 100 days.

The richest sources of indulgences are: The Stations, the Blue Scapular, the Confraternity of the Holy Rosary, also the above mentioned ejaculations, the three Divine Acts of Faith, Hope and Charity. If one often repeats the shortest and most richly indulgenced of these he can gain in a short time thousands of days of indulgence.

We should consider how with only a little trouble we can obtain consolation and succor for the poor souls. How ardently will those poor suffering souls in Purgatory lift up their hands in grateful supplication to the Throne of Mercy and intercede for their benefactors! If our dear Lord will not let a cup of water that is given in charity, go unrewarded, He will surely reward a thousand times, what we do for the poor forsaken souls in Purgatory. If anywhere then here especially the Words of our Lord shall be verified: "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy"

Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends; because the hand of the Lord hath touched me!

POSTAL INFORMATION.

DOMESTIC POSTAGE.

To all parts of the United States, including Hawaii, Porto Rico, and the Philippine Islands; also Canada, Mexico and Cuba.

FIRST CLASS MATTER: Letters or sealed matter, 2 cents an ounce or fraction thereof. Postal cards, 1 cent each; with paid reply, 2 cents each. Private Mailing Cards (Post Cards), 1 cent each.

SECOND CLASS MATTER: Newspapers and other periodical publications when sent by publishers or news-agents, 1 cent a pound or fraction thereof; when sent by others 1 cent for each four ounces or fractional part thereof.

THIRD CLASS MATTER: Books, Circulars, Pamphlets, Proof Sheets, or other printed matter, 1 cent for each two ounces or fractional part thereof sent to a single address.

FOURTH CLASS MATTER: All mailable matter not included in the first three classes, 1 cent for each ounce or fraction thereof sent to a single address.

REGISTERED MATTER: Eight (8) cents in addition to the regular postage.

SPECIAL DELIVERY: Ten (10) cents in addition to the regular postage of First Class Matter.

Second, Third, and Fourth Class Matter will not be remailed or returned except on prepayment of regular postage for the same.

Post Office Money Orders.

Including the United States, Canada, Cuba Hawaii, Porto Rico, the Philippines and the United States possessions in the Samoan Islands.

These orders are payable at any Money Order Post Office, and are issued at following rates:

For \$2.50 or less	3c	Over \$30.00 to \$40.00	15c
Over \$2.50 to \$5.00	5c	Over \$40.00 to \$50.00	18c
Over \$5.00 to \$10.00	8c	Over \$50.00 to \$60.00	20c
Over \$10.00 to \$20.00	10c	Over \$60.00 to \$75.00	25c
Over \$20.00 to \$30.00	12c	Over \$75.00 to \$100.00	30c

When more than \$100.00 is required, additional orders must be obtained.

If a Money Order is lost, a certificate should be obtained from the paying and the issuing postmaster that it has not been paid and will not be paid and the Department at Washington will issue another on application.

FOREIGN POSTAGE.

To all countries included in the Universal Postal Union, except Canada, Mexico, and Cuba.

FOR LETTERS, five (5) cents for each half-ounce or fraction of half-ounce.

FOR POST CARDS (official and private), two (2) c. each for single cards, and four (4) c. for double cards.

FOR NEWSPAPERS and other printed matter, one (1) cent for two ounces. Limit of weight of same, four pounds six ounces.

FOR COMMERCIAL PAPERS, five (5) cents for the first ten (10) ounces or less, and one (1) cent for each additional two (2) ounces or fraction of two (2) ounces.

SAMPLES OF MERCHANDISE (of no salable value) 2 cents for packages not in excess of 4 ounces, one cent for each 2 ounces or fraction thereof in excess of 4 ounces. Limit of weight of same, twelve (12) ounces.

REGISTRY FEE: Eight cents in addition to regular foreign postage.

Foreign Money Orders.

For \$10.00 or less	10c	Over \$50.00 to \$60.00	60c
Over \$10.00 to \$20.00	20c	Over \$60.00 to \$70.00	70c
Over \$20.00 to \$30.00	30c	Over \$70.00 to \$80.00	80c
Over \$30.00 to \$40.00	40c	Over \$80.00 to \$90.00	90c
Over \$40.00 to \$50.00	50c	Over \$90.00 to \$100.00	\$1.

To the following countries the rates for exchange is stated at each:

France, Belgium, Luxemburg and Switzerland, 5,15 Francs equal \$1.00.

German Empire and German possessions 1,00 Mark equals 24¢.

Italy, 5,15 Lires equal \$1.00.

Norway, Sweden and Denmark, 3,70 Kroners equal \$1.00.

Austria, 1 Krone equals 20¢.

Russia, 1 Silver Rouble equals 51¢.

The Netherlands, 2,439 Florins equal \$1.00.

England, Ireland, Scotland and Australia 1 Pound Sterling equals \$4.87.

EXPRESS COMPANY MONEY ORDERS.

Are issued by the ADAMS, AMERICAN, NATIONAL, UNITED STATES, WELLS FARGO & CO., DENVER & RIO GRANDE, GREAT NORTHERN, NORTHERN PACIFIC, PACIFIC and SOUTHERN Express Companies.

Not over \$2.50	3c	Not over \$40.00	15c
Not over \$5.00	5c	Not over \$50.00	18c
Not over \$10.00	8c	Not over \$60.00	20c
Not over \$20.00	10c	Not over \$75.00	25c
Not over \$30.00	12c	Not over \$100.00	30c

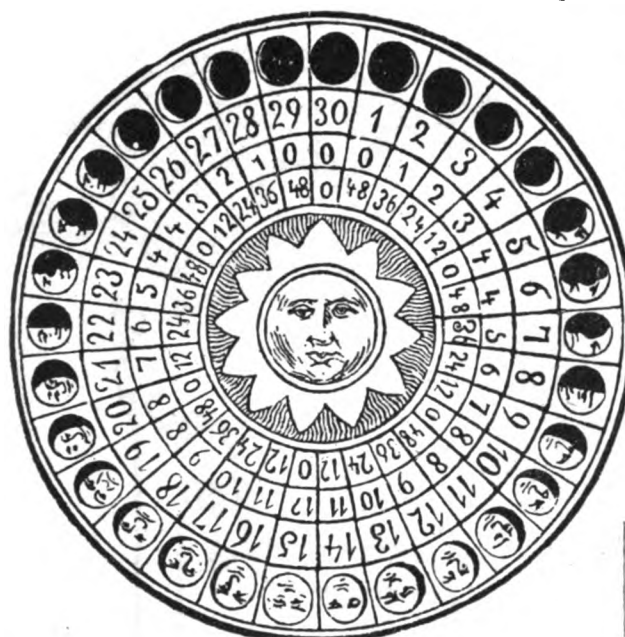
Over \$100.00 at above rates, according to amount.

The CANADIAN, DOMINION and WESTERN Express Companies issue Orders in Canada and the United States.

TRANSMITTING MAIL.

Approximate time required in transmitting mail from New York to some of the most important places of the world, with the distance in statute miles.

Name of Place.	via.	Days.	Statute Miles.
Alexandria (Egypt)	London	13	6,150
Algiers (Africa)	London	10	5,030
Amsterdam (Netherlands)	London	9	3,985
Arica (Peru)	Panama	27	4,835
Athens (Greece)	London	12	5,655
Basle (Switzerland)	London	9	4,420
Berlin (Germany)	London	9	4,385
Beirut (Syria)	London	15	6,475
Budapest (Hungary)	London	10	4,910
Buenos Ayres (Argentine Republic)		29	8,045
Cameroons (Africa)	London	31	8,805
Christiana (Norway)	London	10	4,650
Constantinople (Turkey)	London	11	5,810
Copenhagen (Denmark)	London	10	4,575
Hamburg (Germany)	Direct	9	4,820
Havana Cuba		3	1,413
Hong-Kong (China)	San Francisco	25	10,590
Iceland	London	18	5,350
Lisbon (Portugal)	London	10	5,335
Little Popo (Africa)	London	38	8,185
London (England)	Queenstown	8	3,740
Madrid (Spain)	London	9	4,925
Maracaibo (Venezuela)		11	2,280
Melbourne (Victoria, Australia)			
	San Francisco	32	12,265
Munich (Bavaria)	London	9	4,610
Paris (France)		8	4,020
Quebec (Canada)		2	555
Queenstown (Ireland)		7	3,250
Rio de Janeiro (Brazil)		23	6,204
Rome (Italy)	London	9	5,030
St. Petersburg (Russia)		10	5,370
Santiago (Chile)	Panama	38	6,010
Shanghai (China)	London	45	14,745
Shanghai (China)	San Francisco	25	9,920
Southampton (England)		8	3,680
Stockholm (Sweden)	London	10	4,975
Sydney (New South Wales)	San Francisco	31	11,570
Valparaiso (Chile)	Panama	37	5,910
Vienna (Austria)	London	10	4,740
Yokohama (Japan)	San Francisco	20	7,348
Zanzibar (Africa)	London	30	9,825

**MOON-DIAL.**

This dial indicates the length of time the moon shines before or after midnight, between 6 P. M. and 6 A. M.

EXPLANATION.—The first outer circle shows how the moon daily increases until full, and then gradually decreases. In the second circle, beginning at No. 1, count the number of days since the last new moon, until you reach the day in question, and there in the third and fourth circles you will find how many hours and minutes the moon will shine that night. For instance on the 8th day after new moon the moon shines 6 hours and 24 minutes before midnight. On the 22nd day the moon also shines 6 hours and 24 min., however after midnight.

THERMOMETERS COMPARED.

There are three kinds of thermometers, with varying scales, in general use throughout the world—the Fahrenheit, Reaumur and Centigrade. The freezing and boiling points on their scales compare as follows:

Thermometer.	Freezing Pt.	Boiling Pt.
Fahrenheit	32°	212°
Reaumur.	zero	80°
Centigrade	zero	100°

The degrees on one scale are reduced to their equivalents on another by these formulas:

Fahrenheit to Reaumur—Subtract 32, multiply by $\frac{4}{5}$.

Fahrenheit to Centigrade—Subtract 32, multiply by $\frac{5}{9}$.

Reaumur to Fahrenheit—Multiply by $\frac{9}{4}$ add 32.

Reaumur to Centigrade—Multiply by $\frac{5}{4}$.

Centigrade to Fahrenheit—Multiply by $\frac{9}{5}$ add 32.

Centigrade to Reaumur—Multiply by $\frac{4}{5}$.

COMPARAT. SCALES.

Reaumur	Centigrade	Fahrenheit	
80°	100°	212°	
76	95	203	Water boils at Sea Level.
72	90	194	
68	85	185	
63.1	78.9	174	
60	75	167	Alcohol boils.
56	70	158	
52	65	149	
48	60	140	
44	55	131	Tallow melts.
42.2	62.8	127	
40	50	122	
36	45	113	
33.8	42.2	108	Blood heat.
32	40	104	
29.3	36.7	98	
28	35	95	
25.8	32.2	90	Temperate.
24	30	86	
21.3	26.7	80	
20	25	77	
16	20	68	Water freezes.
12.4	15.5	60	
10.2	12.8	55	
8	10	50	
5.8	7.2	45	Zero Fahrenheit.
4	5	41	
1.3	1.7	35	
0	0	32	
-0.9	-1.1	30	
-4	-5	23	
-5.3	-6.7	20	
-8	-10	11	
-9.8	-12.2	10	
-12	-15	5	
-14.2	-17.8	0	
-16	-20	-4	
-20	-25	-13	
-24	-30	-22	
-28	-35	-31	
-32	-40	-40	

FREEZING, FUSING, AND BOILING POINTS.

Substances	Reaumur	Centigrade	Fahrenheit
Bromine freezes at . . .	— 17.6	— 22	7.6
Olive oil freezes at . . .	8	10	50
Quicksilver freezes at . .	— 31.5	— 39.4	— 39
Water freezes at	0	0	32
Bi muth metal fuses at .	211	264	507
Copper fuses at	963	1,204	2,200
Gold fuses at	1,105	1,300	2,518
Iron fuses at	1,230	1,538	2,800
Lead fuses at	260	325	617
Potassium fuses at . . .	50	62.5	144.5
Silver fuses at	800	1,000	1,832
Sodium fuses at	76.5	95.6	204
Sulphur fuses at	92	115	239
Tin fuses at	182	228	442
Zinc fuses at	329.6	412	773
Alcohol boils at	63	74.4	167
Bromine boils at	50	63	145
Ether boils at	28.4	35.5	96
Iodine boils at	140	175	347
Water boils at	80	100	212

METRIC SYSTEM.

The metric system is compulsory in twenty countries, representing more than 300,000,000 inhabitants—Germany, Austria-Hungary, Belgium, Spain, France, Greece, Italy, Netherlands, Portugal, Roumania, Servia, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, Argentine Republic, Brazil, Chile, Mexico, Peru, and Venezuela.

WEIGHTS.

Milligram (.001 gram)	—	.0154 grain.
Centigram (.01 gram)	—	.1543 grain.
Decigram (.1 gram)	—	1.5432 grains.
Gram	—	15.432 grains.
Decagram (10 grams)	—	.3527 ounce.
Hectogram (100 grams)	—	3.5274 ounces.
Kilogram (1,000)	—	2.2046 pounds.
Myriagram (10,000 grams)	—	22.046 pounds.
Quintal (100,000 grams)	—	220.46 pounds.
Millier or tonne—ton (1,000,000 grams)	—	2,204.6 lbs.

DRY.

Milliliter (.001 liter)	—	.061 cubic inch.
Centiliter (.01 liter)	—	.6102 cubic inch.
Deciliter (.1 liter)	—	6.1022 cubic inches.
Liter	—	.908 quart.
Decaliter (10 liters)	—	9.08 quarts.
Hectoliter (100 liters)	—	2.838 bushels.
Kiloliter (1,000 liters)	—	1.308 cubic yards.

LIQUID.

Milliliter (.001 liter)	—	.0388 fluid ounce.
Centiliter (.01 liter)	—	.338 fluid ounce.
Deciliter (.1 liter)	—	.845 gill.
Liter	—	1.0567 quarts.
Decaliter (10 liters)	—	2.6418 gallons.
Hectoliter (100 liters)	—	26.417 gallons.
Kiloliter (1,000 liters)	—	264.18 gallons.

LENGTH.

Millimeter (.001 meter)	—	.0394 inch.
Centimeter (.01 meter)	—	.9337 inch.
Decimeter (.1 meter)	—	3.937 inches.
Meter	—	39.37 inches.
Decameter (10 meters)	—	39.37 inches.
Hectometer (100 meters)	—	328 feet 1 inch.
Kilometer (1,000 meters)	—	.63127 mile (3,280 ft. [10 inches:])
Myriameter (10,000 meters)	—	6.2137 miles.

SURFACE.

Centare (1 square meter)	—	1.550 sq. inches.
Are (100 square meters)	—	119.6 sq. yards.
Hectare (10,000 sq. meters)	—	1.471 acres.



Family Record

Thoughts for



New Year's Day.

I saw ETERNITY the other night,
Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
All calm, as it was bright: —
And round beneath it, TIME, in hours, days, years,
Driven by the spheres,
Like a vast shadow moved in which the World
And all her train were hurled.

H. VAUGHAN.

WHAT a solemn thought, dear Reader, reflecting, as it does, a truth of which we should never lose sight. Every day, every hour, every minute, what are they but degrees of the everlengthening shadow, that shows how much nearer we have come to Eternity. A truth, indeed, whose solemn warning no man can ignore, especially at a time when the Old Year is about to close, and a new one to begin. Quickly and irresistibly the Old Year has buried its days in the bosom of Eternity. The New Year 1906 is about to rise and bear us company through the living present, at last to disappear with the years that have gone before. Who then could lightly pass the boundary that separates two years, all unmindful of the fleeting nature of time, oblivious of past and future, careless about the end of all things?

The young and thoughtless may possibly enter with giddy haste upon the enjoyment of a new and promising period of life. But he that finds himself, as Dante says:

"Midway upon the journey of his life"

And who now realizes that he must tread a downward path, surely he cannot but hail the New Year's Day with a serious, thoughtful spirit. His heart must needs be heavy and sad. Regrets for the past, disquieting anticipations for the future, neglected opportunities for good, duties unfulfilled, commandments broken, all, all now rise before his mind like a darkened cloud.

And then the anxious thought: are there still years in store for me, or only months and days? And will these years, or months or days offer me good or evil, joy or sorrow, success or failure? Thus the New Year's Day is not only

a milestone along the pathway of life, telling how far we have journeyed onward, but also an earnest preacher, reminding us most powerfully of the vanity of earthly things:

"Earth to earth and dust to dust!
Here the evil and the just,
Here the youthful and the old,
Here the fearful and the bold,
Here the matron and the maid
In one silent bed are laid.
Death shall keep his sullen trust —
Earth to earth and dust to dust!"

G. CROLY.

And as we learn to realize earth's vanity, we are encouraged to look upwards to the things that are imperishable, heavenly and eternal. New Year's Day then shows itself as an inexorable Judge of our past deeds and omissions, but no less as a prophetic messenger of our doom in Eternity. For pointing to the last day of the year just elapsed, it reminds us of the last of all days.

"The day of wrath; that fearful day,
When all the world shall melt away,
As David and the Sibyl say."

Thus beginning and end, heaven and earth time and eternity are brought in contact; and well for us, if, at the beginning, we do not forget the end.

In order to help you, dear Reader, to realize this most important idea, St. Michael's Almanac wishes to use, not only words, but also the beautiful pictures you see before you: "The Last Judgment" and "The Heavenly Jerusalem;" both by the celebrated painter August von Wörndle, and originally designed for the so-called Votive Church in Vienna. Our reproduction gives a fair idea of the great artist's intentions. Study them earnestly, dear Reader, let their powerful lessons penetrate your soul, so that your heart may be filled with the thoughts, desires and resolutions, with which a Christian should enter upon the New Year.

Taking for his subject the words of our Lord: "And there shall be signs in the sun and in the

moon, and in the stars: and upon the earth distress of nations, by reason of the confusion of the roaring of the sea, and of the waves. Men withering away for fear, and expectation of what shall come upon the whole world." Luke 21, 25. the great artist shows us in his first picture the awful truth of the last Judgment of the world. Upon the clouds of heaven, behold the Judge of the living and the dead, coming with great power and majesty. Beneath his extended arms you see the nations of the earth whom the angels' trumpet has called from the four corners of the earth. Behind the Judge looms up the Cross, once the sign of our salvation, now the sign of the impending great reckoning. Under His feet are grouped the Symbols of the four Evangelists, who have announced to us the divine truths in general, and that of the great Judgment in particular. In the upper corners the angels of God are represented as pouring out the last drops from the vials of wrath, the last plagues upon all flesh. The powers of heaven have been moved. The signs in the sun and in the moon and in the stars have been fulfilled. The sun is darkened, the moon refuses her light, the stars are falling from the firmament. All generations of the earth are mourning in view of the things that are occurring, but still more in anticipation of those, that are soon to come. Behold the Judge in his awful majesty; the accusers, the accused and the witnesses, all are assembled on this day of eternal doom.

But, as yet, the Judgment has not been held: the sentence has not been pronounced. For in the clouds you see the ministers of the Judgment, one carrying a mill-stone, the other a sickle, both ready to execute the sentence of their Lord, as soon as it shall have been spoken; one to sink the trembling wretches with the dreadful weight of unrepented guilt, in the bottomless pit; the other to cut down the cockle that sprung up among the wheat, and to cast it into eternal fire.

The seven seas of the book of life are still unopened, and the flaming sword of the Cherub of Justice is yet held back. A certain preliminary Judgment, however, has already been made by the assembled multitude itself. Conscience has assigned to the one a place on the right hand, to the other, on the left hand of the all-seeing Judge; and all, the good as well as the wicked, are trembling with fear and expectation of the things that are to come. For all are conscious of being in the very Presence of the all knowing God, whose eye takes in at a glance heaven and earth and the farthest recesses of hell, of God, who knows all the devious ways of men, who searches the heart and the reins, and who knows their most secret thoughts and desires. All are conscious too, that this all knowing God is no less a God of infinite justice, who now gives full sway to His retributive power,

singling out the guilty with strict and unflinching might, and repaying everyone according to his deserts; crushing the sinners with the full weight of His offended Majesty. Could they but fly; could they but hide themselves! But no; trembling with fear and anguish, they must stay and receive their awful doom.

"O day of wrath, o fearful day!" when even the just are found to tremble: for they, too, are in fear and expectation. Yet fearing they do not despair, trembling they are full of hope: And so they lift up their hands to Him, who is about to judge, but not to condemn them.

But oh, what a terrible sight, those crouching forms of despair at the left hand of the heavenly Judge! Their larger number would tell us plainly that in life they did not follow the narrow and thorny path, which leads to salvation. As we study their terrible disappointment, the anguish and despair and wild hatred depicted in their every feature and movement, it becomes still plainer, that they walked the broad and rose-embowered path of vice, which led them into darkest night and nameless misery.

Surrounded by his miserable dupes, behold the liar from the beginning, the false prophet, the seducer with the outcasts whom he seduced. In their blinding anguish some of his victims still cling to him; whilst others, whose eyes have been opened by the shock of their ruin, turn away, (but too late, alas,) from him, whom once they regarded as the idol of their life.

At antichrist's feet behold the miserable servants of lust: the seduced woman hiding her face with shame on the bosom of her seducer!

Next to this unhappy pair the glutton still presses the goblet of sensual pleasure and intemperance to his breast, whilst his clenched right hand is uplifted in impotent wrath, as if threatening the Almighty Judge.

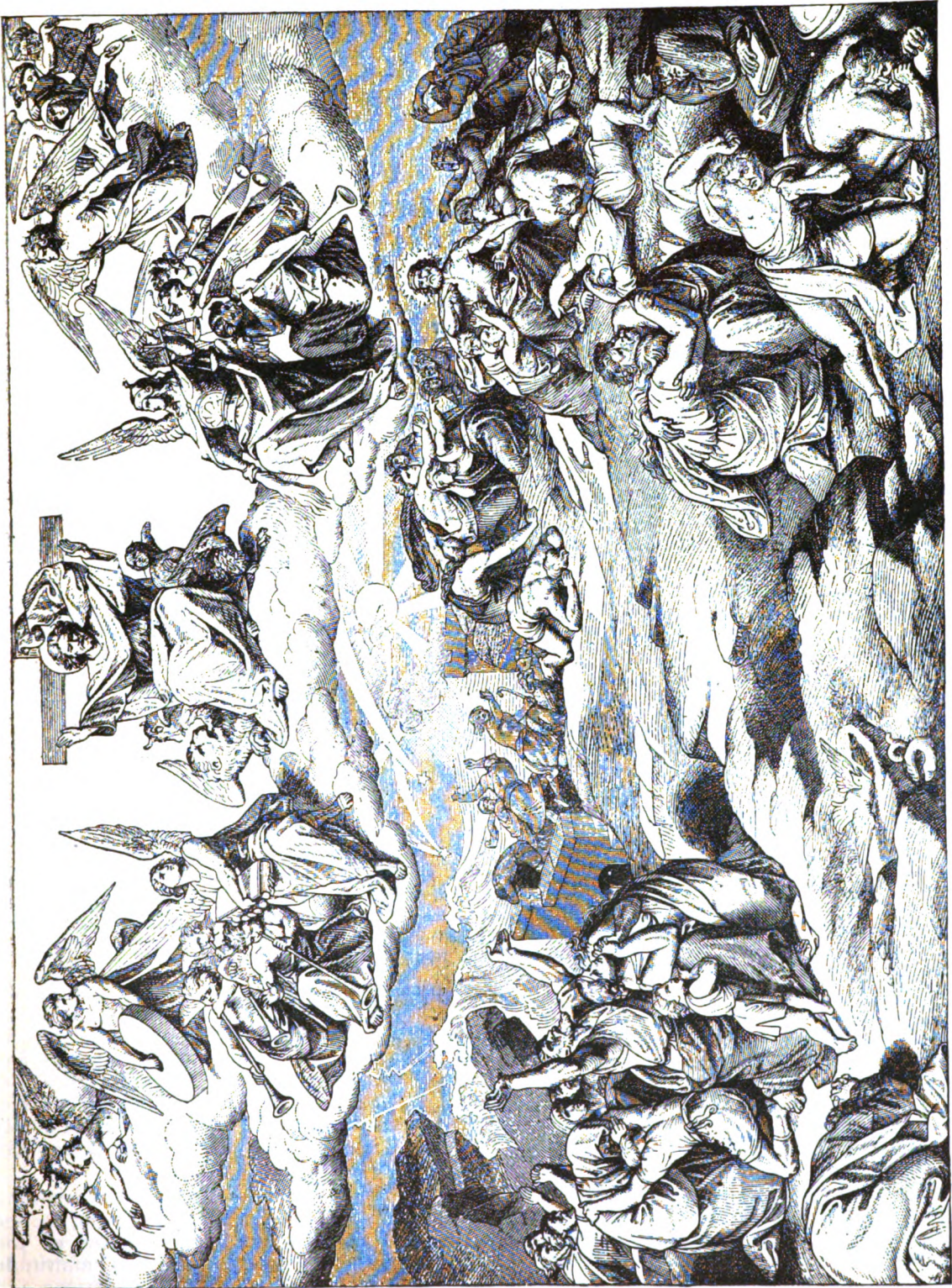
Near the glutton lies grovelling the form of a miser, almost buried in that earth, whose transitory possession has robbed him of his eternal inheritance.

Just behind him the image of pride in the person of a man of learning meets our eye. It is one who for the sake of the fragments of science neglected true wisdom; and failing to see the traces of the Creator in the works of creation, foolishly and presumptuously denied the existence of Him, who is now his Judge.

Truly a most apt and moving illustration of that immortal hymn of the Church, the "Dies Irae," depicting the fearful day on which

"The spheres in heat shall melt away,
And terror stricken stares each eye
To meet the Judge's ruting —"

But let us turn to the bright and happy vision of Paradise. In our second picture the artist opens to our gaze the beauty and loveliness of the Heavenly Jerusalem, of which the



THE LAST JUDGMENT. After A. von Würndle.

Book of Revelation says: that the city built by God is "prepared as a bride adorned for her husband" (Rev. 21, 2.) And again: "it hath a wall great and high, and twelve gates And there shall not enter into it anything defiled, or that worketh abomination, or maketh a lie; but they that are written in the book of life of the lamb." (Rev. 21, 27.) High above the walls the palm trees lift their waving branches, in token, that here is the true home of ancient peace, where the Lord Himself, after having led His own to victory, now crowns them with glory and honor for ever. There is no temple here: "For the Lord God Almighty is the temple thereof and the Lamb. And the city hath no need of the sun, nor of the moon to shine in it. For the glory of God hath enlightened it, and the Lamb is the lamp thereof. And the nations shall walk in the light of it; and the kings of the earth shall bring their glory and honor into it." (Rev. 21, 22—24.)

This grand pen-picture of the inspired writer is brought before our eyes by our deeply religious artist. For in the center of his picture we see Christ the Redeemer of the World, enthroned beneath the tree of life. His countenance is a mirror of joy, peace and beatitude, the reflection of all the blessings which His uplifted hand has dispersed among His own; according to His word: "Behold I come quickly, and my reward is with me, to render to every man according to his works." (Rev. 22, 12.)

Hovering above the throne of the Savior we behold the Eternal Spirit in the form of a dove, descending from the bosom of the Father, to confirm and crown the work of Eternal Love.

And now accompany me, dear Reader, on my brief visit to the mightiest and holiest of those who have gone before, and are now enjoying the delights of the Heavenly Jerusalem, the perennial fruit of the tree of life.

First and foremost among the blessed we greet thee, O Virgin Mother of God, our Immaculate Queen, whose life was a continual way of sorrow, whose every thought and desire was an aspiration to God: O thou beautiful mother of love, all hail to thee!

On the opposite side you see John the Baptist, "the greatest of those born of woman," who is even now exercising his office of pointing to Jesus, the Lamb of God; and next to him kneels St. Joseph, the foster-father of Jesus, bearing the lily of purity in his hand.

Consider now the apostles of the Lord. The instruments of martyrdom in their hands would tell us, that all have drunk of their Master's chalice of suffering. And the wish, once expressed by the sons of Zebedee, James and John, behold it is now fulfilled: for they all are ranged around the throne of their Master in glory.

Long since the "happy fault," the "felix culpa" as the Church calls it, of our first parents

has been abundantly atoned for by "such and so great a Savior" as the Son of God; still it would seem, a certain depressing consciousness of their past guilt is expressed in the bowed forms of Adam and his consort Eve.

Then the patriarchs of the Old Law, Noah, with a representation of the ark and the dove in his hands; Abraham with the knife of sacrifice, Isaac with the ram, and Jacob bearing in his arms the representation of the ladder he saw extending to heaven: and closing this group, the great law-giver, Moses.

The next group is formed by the four great prophets, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezechiel and Daniel. Just below them the royal prophet David is striking the harp in praise of Christ, who according to the flesh is descended from him.

Zachary in his sacerdotal robes, Elizabeth the mother of St. John, and St. Anna, the mother of the Blessed Virgin, conclude the historic representation of the Old Law.

On the opposite side of the picture the New Law is represented by the great saints of the Christian Church. The dear little group of children carrying palm branches represents the holy innocents of Bethlehem who suffered glorious death for Christ's sake. Just beside them we greet the two great martyr-deacons of the infant Church, equally renowned for their heroic faith and glowing charity; St. Stephen and St. Lawrence.

Two youthful knightly forms, St. Sebastian and St. George, with St. Pantaleon below, and Pope Fabian and another martyr-bishop, complete the group of noble martyrs of the third century.

Then the holy hermits St. Paul of Thebes and St. Anthony with the raven, and the great fathers of the Church, the patriarchs of the New Law, S.S. Ambrose, Augustine, Jerome and Gregory the Great, men whose greatness of mind, depth of knowledge and holiness of life made them the defenders of God's Church against internal enemies, just as the martyrs had been her champions against external foes.

In the foreground we meet some holy monks among them St. Bernard, St. Francis, lover of poverty, St. Dominic, the fiery preacher, St. Francis Xavier, the apostle of the far east: and across the pathway, the holy virgins, Agnes, Cecilia and Catherine, St. Bridget with the angel guardian, St. Elizabeth with her roses, and finally the holy kings St. Leopold of Austria and St. Wenceslaus of Bohemia.

Whilst then the saints here represented are as it were the elite of all the redeemed, we see others streaming in through the gates of the Heavenly City, the members of that "multitude which no man could number; of all nations and tribes, and peoples and tongues, . . . clothed with white robes and palms in their hands."



THE HEAVENLY JERUSALEM. (After A. von Würndle.)

This is the Heavenly Jerusalem. If the first picture was sublime and tragical in the extreme, this second one is no less grand and consoling.

The hopes and desires of the patriarchs and prophets are realized, gone are all the pains and torments of the martyrs, gone too the sorrows and persecutions of the holy confessors of the faith, no longer felt the mortifications and afflictions of the holy monks and hermits: concluded the battle with the flesh and the world and the

devil which so sorely tried them on earth. The crown of eternity is won. Alleluja!

May you then, dear Reader, impress these solemn truths upon the tablets of your heart! And whatever may betide you in the coming year, whether joyful or sad, let it be but another link that binds you to your true home, the Heavenly Jerusalem: this is the heartfelt New Year's wish of St. Michael's Almanac.

Legend of St. Swithin.

The little children know his name,
Saint Swithin of the mist and rain—
From far-off days descends his fame—
The days when unto Britain came
The fierce marauding Dane.

Then Alfred reigned—the good and great
In Saxon tongue his braises ring—
Who, ere he dreamed of kingly fate
At Swithin's feet as scholar sate
When Ethelwolf, his sire, was king.

Mitre and cope St. Swithin wore—
Winchester's honored Bishop, he—
Who, on preferment set small store,
Loving not pomp, but more and more,
The joys of sweet humility.

Saint of the mist! As tiny girl,
I traced his name on vapored pane,
And fancied midst the swish and swirl—
Thro' glancing shafts of shivered pearl—
The gusty shower and level rain—

Was rustle of his garment heard,
And gleaming of his mitre seen,
Who chose as weapon of his word,
The rain's unsullied, silver sword,
Wielded in graveyard green.

For, ere the good Saint Swithin died,
He prayed of brethren he must leave
They bury him, his poor beside—
Neath tread of feet that churchward hied
And drippings from Cathedral eave.

Tw'as done! but years that multiplied,
Broadened the scope of Swithin's fame,
And Mother Church, with tender pride
By Alban's and Augustine's side
Inscribed his chosen name.

His loyal monks to "chapter" come,
Deemed that more fitting sepulchre
Beneath the city's stateliest dome,
Was due to him—approved of Rome,
In honoring whom, they honored Her.

So, named the great translation day—
And thro' the length of Alfred's land,
There ran resolve, that grave and gay,—
Lowly and grand—all men should pay
The tribute Swithin's self had bann'd.

That ban was still: nor palm nor crown
Had swerved the gentle Bishop's will;
Amid his poor he laid him down—
There, in his good Cathedral town
He chose to rest him still.

No angel stood with sword of flame
(As once at Eden's gate) to guard,
But day by day, sullen and same,
The drifting rain insistent came
To fence the hallowed sward.

And so it was for Scriptural space
Of forty days, until men heard
A voice from out the sodden ways—
From evening mist and morning haze,
That echoed Swithin's word.

The holy Bishop hath his will;
As best he loved earth's lowly ones,
So, in their midst, he resteth still—
A choice the world may mock as ill—
Such choice as were the Eternal Son's!

Saint of the mist! shall boy and girl,
Harkening the simple tale again,
Recall him thro' the swish and swirl,
And glancing shafts of shivered pearl—
Saint Swithin of the rain!

MARGARET M. HALVEY.

† IN † HOC † SIGNO † VINCES †

A Heroine of the Catacombs.

An Episode of Early Christian Rome.

Adapted by B. Bachur.

Chapter I.

FROM the glowing East a beautiful morning arose above the hills which gird immortal Rome. Darkness gave way to light in the city that Nero's artistic taste had made the fairest upon earth.

The hours of slumber were passed and gaily dressed groups could be seen pouring into the wider streets and public squares from hundreds of narrow lanes and byways, swelling by their numbers the mighty multitude that like a steady mountain stream increased marvelously in volume, until it emptied into the triumphal square not far from the Vatican Hill. This was the square long celebrated in the annals of Rome, for its records were flattering indeed to the pride of the patriotic citizen. It had been frequently the theater of humiliation for the enemies of the empire: today it was to be the scene of a triumphal spectacle such as had never been witnessed before even in Rome. Titus, the son of Vespasian, conqueror of Jerusalem and Judea was to appear at the head of a triumphal procession which the Roman Senate had solemnly decreed in his honor and the volatile populace, ever eager for spectacular display, hurried ahead of the victor hero who should exhibit for their admiration the captives he brought from far off Judea and the priceless booty he had wrenched from the God of the Hebrews. This was the God, they whispered, who jealously commanded that He alone must be adored and now behold! the very treasures that had graced His temple, Titus would offer as a thanksgiving sacrifice to Jupiter Capitolinus!

Legions of Roman soldiers, dressed in silken garments and wearing wreaths of laurel, were drawn up in line at the city gates; the banquet proffered to Titus and Vespasian, the heroes of the day, under the shadows of the triumphal arch was finished and each had offered up a beast in sacrifice to gain the grace and favor of the gods. Now the hour of the great procession was arrived and the gorgeous spectacle set in motion before the gaze of applauding thousands, composed of all the nations of the earth. In the center of this pompous parade walked Simon the son of Giordio once general-in-chief of the Jews during the siege of Jerusalem, now a captive following the trophies of that victory which had robbed his people of a temple and a country. He was clad entirely

in black and laden with heavy chains. After thus contributing his unwilling quota to the triumph of the victor he was doomed according to the custom of centuries to suffer death. To him the triumphal procession of Titus was but a lengthened march to the tomb!

Statues of the goddess of victory, fashioned of ivory and gold, were carried ahead of the chariots, the first of which was occupied by Vespasian, the second by Titus. The latter wore the dress of Jupiter, the god of earth, and carried too the mantle, so called, of the King of heaven woven of purple and fine gold; his arms were adorned with jewelled bracelets and a laurel wreath crowned his haughty head. Four snowy white horses of noblest race drew his chariot of bronze and gold, itself adorned with costly gems; four magistrates clad in white and wearing olive wreaths walked beside the steeds guiding them with golden reins.

On a seat behind the victor stood a slave, whose duty it was to repeat continually in the ear of Titus: "Emperor! remember that thou art a mortal." Apparently, Titus did not need this serious reminder, for in the midst of the intoxicating joy of his triumphs, his brow was grave, his expression modest and reflective and he seemed still to feel that in this wonderful achievement whereof Rome was so proud—the destruction of Jerusalem and annihilation of the Jewish people -- he had only served as an instrument of Divine Justice.

At his side, mounted upon a Numidian horse, rode his brother Domitian. The whole army followed with clamorous shouts of joy, never ceasing until the victor's chariot halted at the Capitol; here however, reigned the greatest quiet; here all eyes were directed to the prince of the Jews for Simon's last hour had come. The lictors seized him, dragged him from the crowd and struck him with rods until he was covered with blood — then threw him into the Mamertine prison, where the executioner awaited his victim. When the unfortunate man had breathed his last amid untold tortures, a rope was thrown around his neck and the dead body roughly dragged through the Forum to be cast into the Tiber. One of the lictors approached Titus with the words; "Actum est, (it is done,)" meaning, "we have killed Simon as you commanded." At these

words the whole crowd broke forth with a cry of unholy joy and Titus stepped into the sanctuary of the temple, where in a loud voice, he offered up the following prayer:—

"Best and greatest Jupiter! Juno! queen of the immortals; and all you gods and goddesses, dwellers and protectors of this temple, I render thanks to you with a joyful heart that you have unto this hour preserved the Roman Empire and enlarged it through my efforts. Deign to continue your guardianship now and forever."

Then he approached the statue of Jupiter and laid at its feet a laurel branch from his own wreath which he dedicated to the god; of the beasts of sacrifice that were led in for choice, Titus offered an ox.

The day ended by a sumptuous banquet which the victor caused to be prepared upon the Capitol Hill for the senate and their friends; the crowd then slowly dispersed, disappearing once more in the numerous streets and lanes whence they had issued with the opening day.

Amongst the last to leave the Forum was a magnificent chariot drawn by four black horses, in front of which to clear its passage, strode twelve lictors with their bundles of switches. This chariot attracted the attention of everyone and was greeted respectfully by all, for within it sat five maidens in robes of white with faces closely veiled. The people knew and revered them as Vestals, priestesses of the goddess Vesta, who tended for her the perpetual fire and thus kept watch and ward over the continuance of the empire. They, too, were returning to their temple.

Arrived there the youngest priestess, Marcia Sulpitia, of the ancient race of Sulpitius ordered her slaves to free her from the burdensome weight of costly robes and jewels and seated herself at an open window to breathe long draughts of the balmy air of that Italian night. Her thoughts were busy rehearsing the spectacle of the day and a happy smile played over her features.

Although the hour was late, yet Marcia did not watch alone, for her faithful old servant Leah remained beside, after the other slaves withdrew. Leah was full of years and merits: numerous winters had whitened her hair: As a young slave she entered the house of Sulpitius and always remained devoted to the family: when the high priest came to elect Marcia as priestess of Vesta, an honor which could only be conferred upon the noblest and first families of Rome, Leah followed her young mistress into the temple and remained with her in tireless service.

Now the fair priestess raised her eyes and said:

"Was it not a fine sight Leah, the finest probably that the Forum has ever seen? you too saw the triumphal procession, Leah?"

"Yes" replied the slave whilst she shook her white head as if to aid her memory. "Yes I

saw also the triumphal procession of Germanicus who conquered the barbarians of the North: shortly afterward he withdrew to the East and there he died. He brought back to Rome that eagle of war which Varus once left in the hands of Arminius and I saw the procession of Cajus Caligula who wished to triumph over enemies he had not conquered. I also remember Nero's triumph! He was neither victor over the Gauls nor over the old Germans but he was victorious in the Olympian games, as they cried out in the streets. And it too, was a grand spectacle."

"But Titus did carry off the victory!" remarked the young maiden proudly. "Did not the best of the Jewish race march in chains to-day, behind his triumphal car? Nevertheless, this glorious show which should enrapture the heart of every noble Roman has left me cold and indifferent. I even feel sympathy for the poor conquered ones! alas! I fear, that in me, my father's blood has degenerated!"

"Thank heaven, my daughter that to you has been given meekness, that most lovely pearl of women."

"And this nation" continued the young priestess "this conquered nation once so renowned will vanish from the earth!"

"It may be so and yet" said Leah thoughtfully, "the dominion of the world was promised to this nation."

What do you say? the dominion was promised to the descendants of Romulus — to the Romans."

"My daughter, then you do not know the remarkable prophecies of the gods of your kingdom."

"I know not what you mean!"

"Listen then; the Emperor Augustus, anxious for the fate of his empire, seeing about him and even in his own family only vice and crime, went to the Oracle of Apollo to inquire who was to be his successor. Apollo made answer thus:— "A Hebrew Child — God Himself, and Lord of all creatures who compels me to leave this place and return to hell."

Later, Augustus saw Heaven open and upon an altar a Virgin of great beauty, who bore in her arms a Child; a voice said to him: "This is the altar of the Son of God."

Augustus prostrated himself upon the ground and adored this Divine Child; then he caused an altar to be erected upon the Capitol with the inscription "Altar of the first-born God."

"And this Divine Child who is to rule over the world — has He been born? Does He live amongst mortals or is futurity to be gladdened by His presence?"

"He has been born."

"What then has become of Him?"

"He lived, announced a heavenly doctrine, and died, condemned by wicked men to the ignominious death of the cross!"

"Crucifixion! that is the death of slaves! The kingdom which was promised Him was only a chimera?"

"He, reigns still — He will reign forever by His word and His law."

"Who teaches this?"

"In the reign of Claudius, there came a stranger to Rome; he was poor and old, knew not the sciences nor aught of human eloquence. In his youth he had gained a living by fishing in the Sea of Galilee, beside which was his home. This poor fisherman came to proud and mighty Rome, there to proclaim the law of a God who had died between two malefactors upon a cross. He taught a doctrine which appeared to be foolish, for it condemned all the vices and pleasures to which man in this great city paid homage. Poor, ignorant, unknown, he asserted that this doctrine would bring into subjection, not only Rome, but the whole universe. What would Caesar's courtiers — what would Augustus have said, if this man had unfolded this doctrine to them!"

"O Leah the mighty Romans would have laughed."

"And yet this man carried out and accomplished all that he desired. He preached the doctrine of his Divine Master and found listeners, he preached brotherly love, humility, self-denial and chastity: he found disciples. He is dead but his word lives; it influences men's hearts and will transform the world."

"This strange fisherman of Galilee is dead?"

"Yes! Lady Marcia, he and his companion — one named Paul, who preached a crucified God to the philosophers of Athens and Corinth. That persecutor of the human race, the cruel Nero, had them both put to death. Peter the fisherman was crucified upon the Janiculum. Paul died by the sword of the executioner; other martyrs there were who confessed the self same faith. You do not remember the awful spectacles of Nero's reign?"

"Under Nero awful sights were of everyday happening. When he set fire to Rome thereby incurring the hatred of the people, he wished later to propitiate that hatred. The disciples of Peter and Paul were accused of the incendiary act. He ascribed to them the awful calamity that laid Rome in ashes, even though he himself had stood upon the roof of his palace and gloried in the spectacle of his own devilish devising. These innocent men were seized and tortured to death, Nero giving his own garden for this spectacle. Some were put into the skins of animals and thus offered as quarry to infuriated dogs. Others were nailed to the cross like their Divine Master; others again were smeared with wax, tar and oil and with their clothing fired, set upon poles to serve as torches of the night. In the glare of these living torches one could see Nero dressed as a coachman, driving his wagon amongst his people and those who joyfully gave their

lives for their faith were Christians, my daughter!"

"And you, too, are a Christian, Leah!" exclaimed the young priestess in affright.

The slave bowed her head and with her finger pointing towards heaven she said: "May the dawn of truth and light soon break for you too, my daughter, if I could but live to see that day then I would gladly lay down my tired head to rest."

The following morning Marcia was aroused by a slave from her profound thoughts which were still occupied by the wondrous Child of whom she had heard, by the Jews, by Peter the fisherman and Paul his companion."

She was told that a relative of hers named Praxedes wished to see her and speak with her. Marcia, glad of the distraction, hastened immediately into the garden where Praxedes awaited her; she walked through a path bordered with olive trees and saw her visitor in the distance seated under the shade of a group of plantains which guarded a clear spring. Praxedes seized the hand of the young priestess in greeting and sat beside her on a marble bench at the water edge, preserving a strange silence and appearing to be sorrowful. At last however, she began with difficulty: "Tell me, dear Marcia, have you no news from your brother Severus?"

"None" — it is quite a long while since he came to the temple; but why do you look at me so sorrowfully: has any misfortune befallen him?"

"I have come to console you my sweet Marcia; steel your heart; your brother whom you so dearly love is accused of conspiracy against the emperor and tomorrow the Senate will decide his fate!"

Marcia turned pale, trembled in every limb and fell fainting into the arms of Praxedes who sought to calm her.

"My brother" she murmured "my brother! the one object of my love here upon earth, you too, are to be torn away from me. Alas! alas tell me, Praxedes, may I not hope for grace from Vespasian?"

"No! no grace! Remember Sabinus and his noble spouse! Old Rome would have placed them in the circle of gods! Vespasian let them die by the executioner's axe."

"My brother!" cried Marcia "you are still so young so handsome, so loveable!"

"Ah! I will implore the emperor, I will throw myself at his feet. He will not deprive me of my only protector."

"My father and my brothers, Novatus and Timotheus have interceded for Severus with the Senators, with their parents and friends but unfortunately they fear to displease the emperor. The remembrance of Nero is too recent with everyone!"

"What have I left? What have I not to fear?" said the unhappy priestess.

"To whom shall I have recourse?"

"To us" replied Praxedes, whilst she folded Marcia in her arms "my God is the God of the oppressed; turn to Him and you will find that He dries all tears, relieves all suffering. Marcia, lift your heart to the God of the Christians!"

Chapter II.

NEXT morning Marcia knelt alone in the temple of Vesta and poured forth her sighs and lamentations. Her brother was no more; condemned to death by the Senate, he had not waited for the executioner to carry out the sentence, but had opened his own veins in the bath and was found thus by his servant. His sister wept bitterly for him, now calling his name with unutterable sadness, now complaining to the gods because they had so early cut the thread of that young life; betimes, in a timid doubtful voice, she appealed to the unknown God, who, as she had been told, softened all earthly sorrow. She watched diligently over the sacred fire, the light blue flames of which illuminated the famous temple. It was almost dawn; the fading moon threw her departing rays through the high window of the temple. Marcia, exhausted by her tears and agitation leaned against the altar, when suddenly, a light quick footstep approached her. She raised her eyes, heavy and weary with tears as a tall slim man drew near. Then close to the altar, he let fall the military cloak with which he had shielded his face. She trembled and cried out:

"Shade! spirit of Severus! what do you want of me?"

"Sister" said the young man in a low voice, whilst with outstretched arms he sought to embrace her; "Sister do not tremble so, it is I, your brother Severus!"

"You live, you are restored to me! Vespasian has left you in peace! O my beloved brother!" and she pressed him to her bosom with compassionate love.

"I live" he said "but only for you; I did not beseech Vespasian's favor for there was nothing to expect from him, but I would not accept his sentence. A young slave with opened veins, who had died that morning, was laid in my bath to personate me and at this moment the waves of the Tiber are carrying his corpse toward Ostia. Dead to all, I live only for you and a faithful and devoted slave. I shall leave Rome and seek other lands where I can live, my life in peace."

"Whither will you go? the Roman power extends everywhere!"

"I shall disguise myself and flee indeed to the ends of the earth, if needs be. All countries are one to me. I am still young! I would live. Without difficulty I have forsaken the palaces and wealth of our forefathers but I will not die because a tyrant so wills it! I will live on!"



Marcia wept that she had again to lose her brother and because she foresaw too, how many dangers this beloved one was exposed to.

"Sister" he continued "I wanted to see you once more and bid you a last farewell; the hour has come; it is time I must depart. Everything is ready: intercede for me with your gods as you believe in them; I, for my part, will draw wisdom from the source in the East whence come light and the sciences. Adieu my dear sweet sister! adieu! May you live happily and contented. Farewell, Marcia!"

She clung to him and accompanied him with tears and heartbreaking moans as far as the door; there Severus pressed her once more to his breast and departed with quickened step through the quiet of the early dawn. Marcia returned within the temple; all was dark; not a single ray of light illumined the altar. The sacred fire was extinguished: frightened and despairing the unhappy priestess fell prostrate on the marble steps where a long fainting spell deprived her of feeling further suffering.

* * *

Three days after this occurrence, the college of the high-priests was assembled in one of the great rooms of the temple: the priestesses



MARCIA THE VESTAL, BURIED ALIVE.

of Vesta sat behind the priests, veiled and enveloped in their white mantles. Silently and sadly they directed their troubled looks to one, who this time sat not in their ranks, to Marcia, who as the accused one had to appear before the terrible tribunal. She no longer wore her white dress edged with purple nor the flowing veil and sash of a Vestal but covered with a single black mantle as in a shroud, she stood there in the midst of the grave assembly. Her long beautiful hair covered her shoulders; her feet were bare as those of a slave. Thus did she wait with a quiet and resigned demeanor the questioning of the high-priest.

Finally the latter spoke and said seriously:

"As ambassador of the most high priest the Emperor Flavius Vespasian, I accuse you, Marcia Sulpitia, of violation of your vow, and demand for you the punishment with which our ancient law punishes such crime."

The high priest continued excitedly: "Can you Marcia Sulpitia deny that three days ago at the moment when your brother's death should have filled you with sorrow, you reclined in a man's arms at the door of the temple and tenderly caressed him? At that very moment the fire upon the altar was extinguished, as a sign that the goddess in her anger would punish you, her faithless one? What have you to say in answer to this?"

"Unfortunately nothing!" sighed the accused in an undertone.

So great was the silence which reigned in the room that this low-toned reply was heard by all. The priests looked more grave; the Vestals sighed for their sister's peril.

"You do not deny then what I accuse you of?"

At these final words, the high priestess with a loud cry stretched out her arms toward Marcia, whom she had received as a child from the hands of her family and exclaimed: "O my daughter have you nothing to say?"



"Nothing" replied Marcia, directing to the ground her troubled eyes in which a maidenly firmness was observable that one would not have expected at this trying moment. She spoke not again, fearing that an inconsiderate word might betray to the judges her brother's existence and that the fate which hovered over her head might be diverted from her and jeopardize a life that was to her more precious than her own. She would far sooner die than divulge the secret of her brother.

The priests took council together and after a brief consultation one of them pronounced the fatal sentence.

"Marcia" said he "your judges pronounce through me, the irrevocable sentence. We will spare you the tortures and agonies ordained for those who allow the sacred fire to die out; as a faithless vestal you must however endure the death penalty decreed. You have broken your vows and thereby endangered the empire; before another hour has passed you shall have closed your faithless life. Executioner, carry out the death penalty!"

Marcia paled; a cold sweat of agony stood on her youthful brow; she threw herself at the feet of the high priestess who so tenderly sympathized with her. At a signal from the high priest however, the executioner liberated their sacrifice from the weak arms of the superioress who could not defend or save her. Marcia vanished for ever from the sight of her friends.

The whole city at the news of her condemnation hastened to the Salarian gate and awaited there with curiosity and impatience, with pity and horror, the funeral train of the condemned vestal. People conversed in low tones of the sad occurrence. They pitied the young priestess whom they had but yesterday admired during the festivities, for her youth, beauty and highbred air. The near approach of the procession put an end to all conversation. None could express in words their horror and compassion. A funeral procession accompanying a corpse to its last resting place was a natural occurrence and thus regarded, but that a delicate budding maiden full of life and hope should be buried alive — this filled all hearts with sorrow and an overwhelming pity. The condemned was enclosed in a chest-like receptacle, whence neither her cries nor her prayers could reach the ears of the beholder; the executioner and his assistants strode before and beside the wagon. No relative, no friend might accompany the unhappy Marcia to the scene of her final tortures. As the procession reached the place of execution the chest was opened and Marcia, pale as marble, stepped out; her gaze, which nowhere encountered a familiar face sunk to the earth.

In the middle of the square could be seen a large opening into which one descended by means of a ladder: it was her last dwelling-place, her open grave. One of the priests led her to the brink and bade her descend, which she did unresistingly. When the executioner wished to help her, she repelled him with dignity drew a ring from her finger — the last remnant of her former splendor — and gave it to him, with the words: "Do not touch me."

Then, without a tremor she descended the ladder, not casting even a look of farewell toward the brilliant horizon of azure sky and fleecy clouds which seemed but fit to bound a world of life and promise.

As soon as she gained the floor of her tomb, the ladder was withdrawn, the aperture leading to the outer air was filled in again and made to resemble the ground; for of a condemned vestal virgin no trace must be left, neither amongst the living or the dead. The unfortunate vestal vanished for evermore from mortal gaze.

A superhuman strength which Marcia owed to her noble pride and her innocence had sustained her up to this moment, but when she saw herself imprisoned in her awful dungeon, without hope of ever being able to quit it — when

all the noise above had ceased and she knew herself abandoned to her fate, then an inexpressible fear took possession of her. She went to the end of her grave and cast a troubled and horrified look about her; against the wall a small pallet was arranged, and nearby there burnt a death lamp; upon a stone table was placed a vessel with water, another with milk and a measure of oil, beside which lay some bread, provision enough for one day, which was always allowed the unhappy prisoner. Her glance rested on these sorrowful objects whilst her thoughts were occupied with the terrible fate awaiting her. She covered her face with her hands and fell exhausted upon her pallet, her weeping, her sighs resounded from the damp walls of her prison; an awful despair seized upon the unhappy priestess until a heavy sleep closed her eyes and frightful dreams and images surrounded her.

Marcia slumbered long; at the hour when the rosy dawn should rise above the seven hills of the city, the fever left her; she dropped into a sweet sleep of which nothing can deprive the innocent, and delightful images took the place of the former dreadful ones. A being a thousand times more lovely than the goddess, whose statue Phidias had hewn from flawless marble, hovered lightly under the roof of her prison and threw benevolent glances toward her.

"Be not afraid" the vision murmured softly "you are under my protection; from your cradle you were confided to me and I will not forsake you! Hope and believe!"

This smiling and lovely visitant vanished but other beauteous forms appeared and peopled the dreary prison where Marcia slept so sweetly. They were young maidens whose happy countenances breathed only kindness and love; garments as white as the snows of the Appenines fell to their feet; in their right hands they bore palms and lilies and in their left a sword or axe or some other instrument of death. The first one bent above the sleeper and said "I am Thecla! I pray for thee; hope and believe!"

The second said with an indescribable smile: "I am Prisca; fear nothing; hope and believe."

Thereupon they all disappeared. Marcia stretched forth her arms to retain them and at that moment awoke. She looked around but could see no one; they had vanished; then she arose from her poor couch, sank upon her knees, folded her trembling hands and raising them to heaven, said:

"O Thou unknown God of whom Leah and Praxedes spoke; if Thou dost exist if—Thou wilt cast a gracious look upon unfortunate humanity, have pity upon me a dying orphan! My life nears its end; already the mysteries of death surround me. O Thou powerful God, save my brother and protect me!"

The lamp flickered and died; Marcia remained upon her knees until by degrees a great weakness took possession of her and she fell unconscious upon the damp ground.

When she opened her eyes again, she imagined that her dream continued, for she heard singing in the distance and above her were bending forms which, the better to console her, had assumed the beloved features of Leah and Praxedes. The poor condemned maiden closed her weary eyelids again and murmured softly: "It is a dream; I still live then!"

"Dear friend," said a gentle voice "it is no dream! you live and you will continue long to live. Look around you!"

"My sweet Marcia, look at me," said the voice of Leah. "Did you think that I had forsaken you?"

Marcia raised herself and gazed around, bewildered. She lay upon a soft pillow; Praxedes and Leah were upon their knees before her, supporting her in their arms. She saw that they were at the end of a low gallery which was illumined by a single lamp, so that it appeared similar to the tomb wherein she had expected to die. That she no longer dreamed was proven by the echo of a voice which she heard say:

"Jesus Christ is risen from the dead; death is swallowed up in his victory! Christ is risen! Alleluja!"

"Merciful heavens, where am I?" asked Marcia.

"Amongst Christians, dear sister" replied Praxedes -- "and Jesus, who rose from the dead has also rescued you from the hands of the ungodly. Do not speak any more now; you are weak and ill; we will carry you to my father's home and there secure from all prying eyes, you can live with Leah and Prudentia and with me -- with all of us who receive and love you as a sister."

Marcia could not answer: she pressed the hands of her protectresses and suffered them to wrap her in a long dark mantle; then an old man whose features proclaimed his benevolence took her in his arms and bore his gentle burden up the steps which led to the catacombs. Praxedes' litter was concealed not far from here in a vineyard. Marcia was laid upon it and carried in the stillness of night to the palace of Pudens. In one of its remotest rooms she was laid still sleeping, upon a couch. The patient Leah with Praxedes and Prudentia kept anxious watch at her side for the maiden's sleep was troubled and uneasy. For a long while the young priestess who had been snatched from the jaws of death by a miracle of friendship, was in imminent danger of collapse and it was many weeks before she was restored to health again; day and night they besought the assistance of the Mother of God and many a lamp was lighted by Leah's pious hand at the tombs of the martyrs,

in order that these powerful friends of God would intercede for her with Him who raised Lazarus from the dead and was touched by the tears of the widow of Naim

And the Lord graciously heard their devout supplications. Marcia gradually regained her perfect health: soon she could take a few steps in and about her chamber -- then, supported by the arm of one of her friends, she betook herself to the solitary garden and walked under the shade of the plantains and citrons. One day seizing the hand of her friend Praxedes she pressed it to her bosom and said in a voice of profound emotion whilst a slight blush overspread her pale cheeks: "I owe my life to you, I know it; condemned to certain death I was bound to have expired miserably if you had not rescued me, this existence however, which you have restored to me would be valueless to me if I could not clear myself of a crime of which I was accused. Leah, Praxedes and Prudentia, my dear sisters! I was innocent of the crime for which my life was forfeit; my hands were clean and my heart innocent. Listen to me, for to you who are the rescuers of my life, I can confide a secret which is dearer a thousand times to me than my life."

And then she related in a few words her meeting with her brother Severus. Her friends wept and embraced her and united their prayers for brother and sister who, both condemned to die, were each saved from an apparently certain doom by the omnipotent hand of God.

"Now, dear sisters," continued Marcia with a smile which had never been seen before upon her lips, "now tell me by what mysterious means you came to my rescue. Which of the gods hastened to my assistance? Was it Orpheus who entranced the lord of the lower regions for me? Or was it the young Perseus who snatched me from so cruel a fate? O speak! what means did your friendship make use of to liberate me?"

"Forget such foolishness" retorted Praxedes with unutterable gentleness "and know that the omnipotent God rescued you by the hands of His servants. It was the God of the Christians, the only true God."

Leah and Prudentia bowed their heads at the name of the Almighty in reverence: Marcia listened attentively. Praxedes continued: -- "When your faithful Leah whom they had separated from you, came and told us of the cruel fate to which you were condemned, one thought only absorbed our minds, the thought of your deliverance. A plan was conceived which we succeeded in carrying out. You must know that since the cruel Nero persecuted our faith we have retreated into the bowels of the earth, there to worship our God with freedom in the catacombs, whence Rome has obtained her magnificent monuments. There we offer up by the hands of our priests the Holy Sacrifice; there we are fortified

by prayer and exhortations — there we bury our dead; there we await their blessed resurrection in the Lord. One of these catacombs belonging to our family extends as far as the Salarian street and adjoins the place where you would have been buried alive. We had made our preparations and had notified an old servant of our family, one of the faithful, the good Sextus, whose charge it is to dig the graves in the catacombs. He dug in the direction of your tomb and his attempt was crowned with the greatest success. Following him, we found you lying unconscious upon the ground, beside your extinguished lamp."

Marcia trembled from head to foot and laid her head upon her friend's shoulder.

"You know the rest," continued Praxedes, "now, beloved sister you are in safety, for the Christians who know your secret will not betray you. You shall live here with us — work, reading and prayer occupy our time. Who knows if you may not one day pray with us — whether our God may not also be yours?"

Marcia raised her eyes meditatively and said to Praxedes: "You shall tell me about this mighty God — how you learned to know Him; your words will find an attentive and docile listener.

"I promise to be your earliest teacher" replied Praxedes with emotion.

Chapter III.

PRAXEDES kept her word faithfully; little by little during her conversations, she lifted the veil which enveloped the soul of the youthful pagan.

She explained to her the truths of Christianity in their pure and sublime light; she opposed the simple doctrine of the Son of God, to the fables of paganism; she explained to her the mystery of the Savior's life, His poverty-stricken birth, His works and sufferings. Marcia seemed to hang upon her friend's words; tears coursed down her cheeks when she hearkened the story of the passion and death of the Redeemer and she cried out suddenly like the pagan centurion: "Verily, this was the Son of God!" They both sank upon their knees and prayed together, the one to her beloved Jesus, her spouse and Lord whom she had known since childhood, — the other to the Eternal Wisdom which was beginning to illumine her spirit, repeating in her heart: "(O God of truth! make me to know Thee, to love Thee."

The following day Marcia hurriedly approached Praxedes and said with tears in her eyes: "I know not what has happened to me; at the name of Jesus which you utter with so much love and veneration, my heart trembles and beats; a love which I have never known possesses me — I love Him whose love embraced all men alike, who desired only good to all, and who reaped such base ingratitude; I love that wisdom whose simplicity is greater than the philo-



sophy of Socrates and the eloquence of Plato; I love the just One who was so great in His sufferings and persecutions. If He when facing certain death, answered the judge: "I am Christ — the Son of the living God" then I humble myself to pray to Him, I believe in Him."

"O my sister, my real sister," cried Praxedes "you love and believe in Him: you are a Christian! Listen then to what you may hope from Him, for your God is risen from the dead and preceded you into heaven there to prepare a dwelling for you if you faithfully observe His commandments."

"What must I do to obtain the happiness you picture to me?" said Marcia interrupting Praxedes in her description of Heaven and its bliss.

"You must believe and be baptized!"

"I would implore that upon my knees," declared the young convert. "But who instructed you in these heavenly mysteries? Was it that Paul whose eloquent words you have been reading aloud to me?"

"No" replied Praxedes "my happy and privileged family received the gospel from the lips of the Prince of the Apostles himself, from the lips of him to whom Jesus Christ confided the keys of the kingdom of heaven. You see this place — these gardens. They served as a refuge

for Simon Peter; here, for the first time in this city where all vices reigned supreme, the only true God in three Persons was proclaimed to a few devout souls; here for the first time was that mystical Bread broken; here the first and supreme Bishop of Rome, before his persecution and martyrdom, consecrated with his venerable hands priests, who for evermore were to continue the priesthood of Melchisedech; this is and I say it with a certain pride, the Mother-house of Christianity, where for three generations God has been worshipped and adored."

"But Praxedes, are you not afraid of persecution and possible death for Christ?"

"What a question to come from your lips dear Marcia, you, who courageously looked an awful death in the face for love of a brother: ought I not be able to do the same for love of my God? I am only a weak woman fearful of death and its pains. I can do nothing of myself but I can do all things in Him who strengthens me and if the grace of God support me, then I fear neither the fangs of the lions nor the axe of the executioner."

"You think that the persecution may break out again?"

"Yes, I think so; for God wills that His Church should be persecuted, and for a long time yet the bark of St. Peter shall be buffeted by raging storms. We are probably destined for martyrdom and if so, would you withdraw?"

"Your God will strengthen me" said Marcia with humble confidence. "Jesus that Divine Hero will support me and the virgins Thecla and Prisca, whom I saw in my dream — will they not pray for me?"

"They have prayed! They pray and prepare for you now the white robe of Baptism and who knows — perhaps the purple one of martyrdom."

Marcia was accepted into the ranks of the catechumens and from that time forth, initiated in a new life which she had not known, in the life of the Christians, who in concealment practised those virtues, of which until then she had no idea. In Rome itself nothing was changed, neither pleasures nor vices, nor occupations, and yet a strange element penetrated into pagan society. The Christians were soon everywhere, mingling amongst all classes from the emperor's family circle down to that of the slaves; they led lives like others but kept apart from those scenes where they ran the risk of sinning. They were soldiers, judges, senators, physicians, literary men and ordinary laborers and conquered by their silent retired lives or their bloody martyrdoms Rome, the autocrat of the whole world.

Marcia did not leave the palace of Pudens but she beheld there assembled the entire Christian community; her love of Jesus Christ grew and her faith took deeper root, so that after a while she was selected to receive Holy Baptism. Immediately after Baptism, the new Christian re-

ceived Confirmation; then she was admitted to the Lord's supper and nourished with the Bread of angels. What a happiness, what a holy celestial joy pervaded her heart, when for the first time, she was able to receive Him who was so long unknown to her and whom she had learned to know only through a miracle of His love and grace!

After this day of holiest joy, in which Marcia prayed also for her brother Severus that he might be made partaker of this happiness, to know, love and adore Jesus, there followed for the Christians a time of bitter persecution. From the hour when Domitian ascended the throne in place of his brother Titus, who during his two years' reign, had left the Christians in peace, the latter found themselves menaced and the faithful all over the empire prepared themselves for serious combat. The danger lay in the emperor's own character of which everything was to be feared, nor did the storm keep them long in suspense; the edict of persecution was published broadcast through the empire, the judges had the noble commission of spying upon the innocent and condemning them; tribunals were erected in all directions; countless executioners were engaged and in the public circus of the state, one might hear the growling of wild beasts which had been obtained solely for the annihilation of the Christians. The overwrought populace cried incessantly: "The Christians to the lions!"

Marcia had spent the years which had passed since her baptism in retirement and solitude; prayer, labor and good works, the holy friendship of her sisters had sanctified these days and endeared them to her; now, when persecution and storm arose against the Church, she too was prepared and composed for whatever might happen. She undertook with her sisters the arduous duties which the latter voluntarily imposed upon themselves, these frail and timid maidens were courageous and undaunted when it was a question of burying and concealing the remains of their dear friends, who from love of their Savior, suffered the most cruel martyrdom with unutterable joy. As soon as night descended they, with Marcia, left their quiet abode and followed by a few servants hastened to the great battle-field where every day was waged battle for the Lord: they went to the public places, to the circus, the market — everywhere in fact, where heathen barbarity had found invincible souls in mortal bodies. Here they were obliged to snatch the forsaken dead from ravening dogs; there they would gather up from the ground the blood of the holy martyrs; the corpses were placed upon a cart and then taken to the palace of Pudens, where they were interred by the priest in the catacombs.

One night, the two sisters left the palace with their inseparable friend and directed their

hurried steps in the direction of the market place where that morning a great slaughter had taken place. The night was still and peaceful save for the city sounds of revelry and dissipation, for it happened to be a pagan festival. The maidens hurried past the palaces and when they met in the street, persons returning from the festivities which were being held in almost every house, they withdrew into the shadow and only resumed their way when the revellers passed on. Finally they reached the market place which was quite deserted; the moon threw a bright light around and permitted the young girls to perceive two lifeless objects.

"See there lie holy martyrs" said Prudentiana in a low, reverent voice. They approached them; two bodies were stretched upon the ground, two female bodies bathed in their blood which still flowed from countless wounds, Praxedes knelt reverently and gathered up the precious liquid, whilst Marcia and Prudentia lifted the sacred corpses and laid them into a large shroud. They saw now that both martyrs were young girls who had barely reached the springtime of life and both were beautiful; there was no trace of suffering on their peaceful brows; their bodies however were horribly torn and gave evidence of the frightful struggle which they had endured.

"Who were they?" asked Marcia in a low voice.

"They were sisters named Bibiana and Demetria; they belonged to the family of Domitian but they were Christians and this morning the blood of princes flowed in streams under the iron lash of the executioner."

Marcia at this moment unfolded Bibiana's closed hands, raised them, cold and pallid as they were, to her lips and kissed them reverently. Then the holy martyrs were placed upon the cart and taken to the Catacombs of St. Priscilla where they were interred by the priests with the usual ceremonies. Marcia prayed from the bottom of her heart to her Divine Master and Heavenly Spouse that He would grant her the grace also to die for Him. But her hour had not yet come. The persecutions grew daily more awful. Names which were most dear to the young Church were entered hourly in the bloody registry of the martyrs. A few days later, Praxedes said to Marcia: "Behold we have received permission, or rather purchased it, to visit the dungeons where our unfortunate brethren were imprisoned; will you accompany me there tomorrow, Marcia?"

"Yes" replied the latter "I will go with you!"

At break of day both the Christian maidens stood at the door of the Marmintine prison; other women waited with them to enter. The latter were the wives, daughters and near relatives of the Christians, entombed in this awful dungeon. At last the doors were opened and the devout women were admitted by the prison attendants

whereupon Marcia shivered from head to foot when she beheld this gruesome place. In a large room, whence air and light were excluded, they found men, women and maidens herded together people who could be accused of no worse crime than their blameless faith.

All of them were in chains some riveted to the wall by great heavy iron clasps, others by rings to the floor. Some of them had already been tortured and had no other resting place for their torn and broken limbs than the cold damp ground; it was a sad and painful sight and yet all the victims displayed a holy joy and cheerfulness. The prisoners had just finished their hymn of praise when the strangers were admitted; the wives, daughters and sisters immediately sought out amongst the throng the objects of their love and solicitude. Whilst Praxedes bathed the wounds of a confessor who through the enormous quantity of blood which he had lost lay almost exhausted upon the ground, Marcia wished to perform the same service of love for a prisoner whose feet were entirely covered with wounds; she bent down and washed the feet with gentle touch, then put balsam upon the wounds—Whilst thus occupied, her veil became disarranged and at the moment the prisoner cried aloud: "Marcia, is it you?"

She lifted her eyes and cast herself without saying a word upon the Christian's neck, whilst her tears fell fast.

"My brother" she sobbed at last. "My dear brother who was lost and is found again! Is it really you, you here? Are you a Christian?"

"Yes, I am Severus, an unworthy servant of Jesus Christ, and you too? Has the grace of God illumined you also?"

"Yes" she said "we have the same faith, but you are happier than I, for you have the glory of having publicly confessed our God. O brave soldier of Jesus Christ! Let me kiss again your glorious chains!"

"Sister" he continued, "pray for me, for in an hour I shall be led before the judge, pray for me that God's grace may support me."

"My brother" she said weeping "the prayers of the entire Church are at this moment ascending to heaven for you!"

"Listen now dear sister, how God called me. After leaving you I embarked in a ship that was to take me to Syria; we had already passed the island of Cyprus and we saw in the distance the eternal snows of Lebanon, when a terrific storm arose and our ship was dashed to pieces upon the rocks of Mount Carmel. I reached the shore by swimming, but my strength was exhausted. I was dashed against the rocks and in consequence was severely bruised and laid unconscious upon the sea-shore. Some hermits, who dwell in the caves of Carmel, hastened to my assistance: for thirty days and nights they kept watch by my sick couch as only the most tender father



could have done. I admired their virtues—finally they told me that they were Christians. One of their number, a venerable old man made known to me his Master's doctrine and I soon understood that I had found that wisdom which I had started out to seek. When I left Carmel I was already admitted to the ranks of the catechumens. The holy old man said to me at parting whilst he embraced me:

"Remain faithful, and do not lose the crown which is prepared for you. Happy youth! in Rome itself, you will confess Jesus Christ."

According to his advice I retired into a pleasant valley of Lebanon; a few Christian families lived nearby; they were poor Jews from Jerusalem who, converted by the Apostle himself, had followed the counsel of their Divine Master when the terrible devastation of the holy city occurred. I lived as they did by manual labor and when I received holy baptism, then I felt happy. Years elapsed: I had long forgotten Rome and my past, forgotten everything except you, dear sister, for whom I always prayed, when

at length persecution reached us too. We were seized and brought to Rome."

Marica and Praxedes wept at his story and begged God to continue His work and grant His confessor the grace of victory in the final hour of combat. Even then it approached. The prisoners prepared themselves by prayer and confession which they made to a priest, who was one of their number; a holy solemn stillness pervaded the room until the door opened and the executioners appeared. The Christians were liberated from their chains and led before the judge, Marcia and Praxedes following Severus.

A large crowd, craving to be entertained by the tortures and sufferings of the Christians hurried by. Severus was the first to appear before the judge.

"Your name?" said the official.

"I am a Christian

and called Severus."

"So you know the edict?"

"Yes, I know it."

"Obey the emperor then; offer up a few grains of incense to the gods of Rome and you shall be free."

"Never."

"Consider well, you are young; youth loves life and its pleasures; offer up sacrifice, and honors and wealth shall be lavished upon you."

"Never," Severus repeated in a ringing voice.

"The rack will soon make you reasonable."

At a given signal two guards divested the young man of his clothing and bound him hand and foot to the rack and as the body was stretched out, they gave the wheel a sharp turn which twisted the confessor's limbs—the agony was fearful, the pains indescribable; a sudden redness spread over the entire body but Severus preserved a profound silence.

"Will you obey?" cried the judge.

"No!" replied the martyr.



"Use the burning torches upon his breast and open his sides with iron hooks."

The executioner obeyed the cruel order. Severus was silent; Marcia who had pressed her way near to him prayed for him with unutterable anxiety. The blood flowed in streams from the martyr's sides and his breast was one raw wound.

"How do you feel, blessed one?" cried the judge sarcastically.

"Very happy indeed, for I love my God and defy all tyrants."

"Ah! then you have not had enough. Turn the rack once more; open his sides and pierce them with red hot irons."

The executioner obeyed; the burning iron sank deeply into the martyr's body: he moaned and sighed.

"My brother!" said Marcia "in another moment you will hasten from the rack into heaven! Behold the angels who are bringing you the palms and crown of victory."

"I die, but dying is my gain," said Severus "Here Lord am I, for Thou hast called me."

He breathed forth his soul, and his sister gathered in her veil the last drops of his blood. The judge trembled with rage. "Who is this mad girl?" he cried out; "who dares to defy me at my tribunal?"

"I am the sister of this martyr," replied Marcia, "and confess the same faith."

"And you shall follow him before the world is another hour older. Are you all Christians?" screamed the tyrant turning to the confessors.

"All" they cried with joyous rapture.

"In that case take them away to the theatre of Flavius. Their death struggle shall entertain the people of Rome."

That same evening, Praxedes, who had not yet been included by the judge in the list of the persecuted, went to render to that day's martyrs the last services of love upon earth. With Prudentia and Novatus she entered the Coliseum which was abandoned, solitary and still. The corpses and some mutilated remains of the holy martyrs lay strewn upon the ground. Gaudentius was recognized by the ring which he wore upon his finger, around him lay the poor

Christians from Syria, martyred exiles whose names were known only to God and their guardian angels. Praxedes and Prudentia sought their dear and well beloved Marcia. At last they found her, not far from the place where the vestal virgins had assisted at the bloody spectacle; there Marcia had fallen under the claws of a ferocious panther while she chanted in a celestial voice a song of praise, which was only interrupted by death. She was not disfigured; her life had fled in consequence of a single wound: wrapped in a mantle she lay there with a placid countenance, her beautiful eyes softly closed and she seemed to sleep.

Her friends wept over her virginal body tears of compassion and love and bore her to the catacomb of Priscilla, where the young martyr was laid to rest beside her brother.

To this day one may read an inscription with these words:

"HERE LIES MARCIA

in the Sleep of Peace.

Interred April 12th"

Praxedes and Prudentia soon followed their friend: they were decapitated after having rendered priceless services to the Church.

"Holy Martyrs, pray for us!"

—❖❖ DOMESTIC PEACE. ❖❖—

FATHER N. had just finished writing his sermon for the coming Sunday. Weary with much labor, he was about to seek a little rest in his reclining chair, when a timid knock at the door was heard and as he called "Come in" an excited looking woman, wife of a nearby farmer, entered.

"Well, Mrs. Kean, what can I do for you?" asked the priest.

"Father, I have been a long time wishing to come to see you, yet could not make up my mind. But today I resolved to come and tell you all, no matter how hard it may be."

"You make me curious, Mrs. Kean! Has anything unpleasant happened?"

"Yes! something very unpleasant! I shall not delay the story which is this— I can no longer live with my husband."

"Indeed, I am surprised to hear this, for Conrad was the best boy of the parish before his marriage. What complaint have you against him, Mrs. Kean?"

"Father, if I were to tell you all, I should have to take until tomorrow morning. He is as rough to me as a wood chopper; he scarcely looks at me, does not trouble about his children or his farm, but is in the saloon all day drinking and gambling."

"These are serious charges which you make against your husband and if matters are as you state, then I cannot understand how Conrad can have changed so sadly in so short a time. Are you not yourself partly at fault, Mrs. Kean?"

"I, father! If you but knew how I have tried to bring him back to the right path! I have spoken kindly to him—I have scolded him in turn—I have made a novena for him but it was all of no use; instead of getting better he grows

worse. This morning"—here Mrs. Kean started to weep—"This morning he—"

"Out with it!"

"This morning he struck me."

"Well, well! are things gone so far as this! Did you give him any occasion for this action?"

"No, father! Last evening he came home late as usual from the saloon and his card parties and grumbled because his supper had not been kept waiting for him. 'I shall not cook for any such loafers as you,' I said 'you do not earn your salt.' Then he commenced again to call me all sorts of names and went away. When it was he came back I do not know. But this morning he lay in bed when everybody was at work. So I went to his room and said: 'You are a fine sort of man! Are you determined to set bad example to your children even at the morning hours? Get up and look after your men! A little more of this and we shall lose farm and home.' Well, he got up and mumbled about bad treatment. I continued to scold and he grew so angry at last, that he struck me."

"Did all this happen before the children and the laborers?"

"Yes, indeed it did!"

"That is too bad! But it is as I imagined, my dear woman. You yourself are the cause of it all!"

"I, father? you are jesting!"

"Not at all! I am deeply in earnest. When did you speak the last kind word to your husband?"

"O, not for a long time now. He was unkind to me, so I paid him back in the same coin."

"And yet you expect Conrad to be gentle with you? When did you give your husband the last friendly smile?"

"That, too, is a long time ago. How could one smile on such a fault finder?"

"Mrs. Kean, your charges will not stand. How can you expect Conrad to be different? Why should he take delight in his home and children when you defy his authority before those children and his own servants? You must begin to treat your husband altogether different. I, too, would in his place, prefer the saloon and card table to such a home and wife as you have just described."

"Father, you are cruel with me; what is it, I must do?"

"You must be amiable toward your husband as you were when you married him and as is proper for a Christian wife to be. You must meet his ill temper with friendliness and the more he stays away from home, the more you must endeavor to fulfill his wishes."

"This is asking too much of me, father! I cannot do it; my disposition will not permit me."

"You mean your self-will, in which case you should not have consulted me. I am your pastor and only counsel you to do what is for your own good. Promise me at least to follow my advice for one month? Will you do that?"

"I know, father, you mean well and therefore I promise, that, hard as it is, I shall try."

When Mrs. Kean arrived home after this conversation, her husband was carrying boards into the barn, whilst the oldest son sat on a log and looked on.

"George," she called out, "how can you be so lazy? hurry and help your father!"

The boy obeyed and Conrad silently wondered at the solicitude of his wife; he was still more surprised when dinner hour came and he saw his favorite dish on the table, a thing which rarely happened. He soon noticed also that his wife mended and cleaned his clothing, a thing he had formerly been obliged to do for himself as well as he could.

Thus every day brought new sunshine into the home and soon cards and saloon were neglected, as Conrad found his occupation and pleasure at home. One day before the month was over, the couple met their pastor unexpectedly.

"Well how are you getting along?" he called to both. "Has the spilt salt returned to the box?"

The woman blushed.

"Thank the Lord! father, your advice was good! We get along all right now."

"That is well," replied the priest, clasping a hand of each. "Take good care now that happiness shall always remain with you! Conjugal peace is like a mirror, which is sullied by the softest breath; only true Christian love keeps it bright and beautiful."

A PRESCRIPTION.

IN Buchin lived a gardener who suffered a great deal from thirst; in order to quench it, he emptied too many bottles of wine and as a consequence his head was dizzy and his stomach in such a condition that he became frightened and consulted a doctor, who wrote a prescription and told the gardener to bring the same to the neighboring drugstore and to take all the medicine in one dose. On his way to the pharmacy the gardener opened the prescription to see what the doctor had ordered for him; for he had attended high school in his younger days and had studied Latin.

When he read "*fiant pilulae septem*" (which means the mass shall be divided into seven pills) he thought he knew some Latin yet and translated *pilulae* the same as *pulli*; which means young hens or ducks. He therefore turned his back to the drugstore, ran home and told his wife what he had read in the prescription.

Why shall we buy for dear money in the drugstore what we have at home and you surely can cook as well as the druggist? Take seven of your spring chickens: fill them well, boil four of them and roast the balance.

The wife was satisfied with the arrangement, especially since her husband had assured her that she was as good a cook as the druggist. She accordingly prepared the chickens.

The next day the doctor who was in the neighborhood called on his patient to find out how the heroic remedy had worked. To his surprise he found the patient well and hearty and asked somewhat timidly how the medicine worked.

"O yes, very well indeed, doctor. Only you prescribed too much for me. So far I could manage but half of it."

"How so?" asked the doctor.

"Well," replied the gardener, "I took three boiled ones and two fried ones, but could not eat the balance." Then the gardener explained how he had read the prescription and remembering from his Latin that "*pilulae*" meant young chickens he thought his wife might as well compound the prescription.

The doctor laughed heartily and told the gardener to take the balance of the medicine and he would fully recover.

ST. ANNE, THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

SWEET mother of our Mother blest,
And modest grandame of her Child!
Today, our eyes, in spirit, rest
Upon thy visage pure and mild.

Thou gentle mate of Joachim!
(The aged spouse to thee God-given),
We come to hail thee, close to him
Beside thy Daughter's throne in heaven



St. Anne and Child Mary.

For on thy breast, a lily white,
The little sinless Queen once lay;
She nestled in thine arms by night,
And crept about thy feet by day.

Her tender eyes were trusting raised,
To read thy tranquil motherface;

And, when her God she prostrate praised,
'Twas at thy knee she found her place.

O tree, whence that rare bud hath sprung,
Whose fruit was Jesus, God and Man!
What pen can trace, what happy tongue
Can sing thy glory, sweet St. Anne!

What artist-brush dare paint thy bloom,
Thy chaste, maternal loveliness,
Who bore within thy blessed womb
The MAID whom men and angels bless?

'Twas thine to fold the robes of snow
About her tiny, fragile form;
On velvet cheek and virgin brow,
To rain thy kisses, soft and warm.

'Twas thine to clasp those dimpled hands,
From whose pure palms God's blessings flow;
All ranks and ages, climes and lands,
Those hands of power and mercy know.

Ah! when with grief, in Temple old,
Thine infant charge thou didst resign;
No martyr brave, confessor bold,
Could match that bitter pain of thine.

For (all the afterdays grown dim,
Missing thy darling meek and fair)
Thy life, thenceforth, with Joachim,
Was one long sacrifice and prayer.

O mother of our Mother blest!
We gladly gather round thy feet,
As favorite children, fondly pressed
With Mary, to thy bosom sweet.

The while we watch that face which sheds
Around us heaven's light serene!
And feel that hand upon our heads
Which tended once its peerless Queen—

Our woes, our wants, we breathe to thee,
Cast on thy heart each weight of care!
Thine ear is open to our plea—
To hear is but to grant our prayer.

Ah! be in life the children's friend,
Dear grandame of the Son of man!
And guide us safely at the end
To God and Mary, good St. Anne!

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

Honor thy Father and thy Mother.

THERE is a touching story told of the famous Dr. Samuel Johnson, which has had influence on many a boy who has heard it. Samuel's father, Michael Johnson, was a poor bookseller in Litchfield, England. On market days he used to carry a package of books to the village of Ottoxeter, and sell them from a stall in the market-place. One day the bookseller was

sick, and asked the son to go and sell the books in his place. Samuel, from a silly pride, refused to obey. Fifty years afterward Johnson became the celebrated author, the compiler of the "English Dictionary," and one of the most distinguished scholars in England; but he never forgot his act of unkindness to his poor, hard-toiling father; so when he visited Ottoxeter he determined to

show his sorrow and repentance. He went into the market-place at the time of business, uncovered his head, and stood there for an hour in the pouring rain, on the very spot where the book-stall used to stand.

"This," he says, "was an act of contrition for my disobedience to my kind father."

The spectacle of the great Doctor Johnson standing bareheaded in the storm to atone for the wrong done by him fifty years before, is a



grand and touching one. There is a representation of it in marble on the doctor's monument.

Many a man in after-life has felt something harder and heavier than a storm of rain beating upon his heart when he remembered his act of unkindness to a good father or mother, now in their graves.

Dr. John Todd, of Pittsfield, the eminent writer, never forgot how, when his old father was very sick, and sent him away for medicine, he, a little lad, had been unwilling to go, and made up a lie, that "the druggist had not got any such medicine."

The old man was just dying when little Johnny came in, and he said to him, "My boy, your father suffers great pain for want of that medicine."

Johnny started in great distress for the medicine, but it was too late. The father on his return was almost gone. He could only say to the weeping boy, "Love God, and always speak the truth, for the eye of God is always upon you. Now kiss me once more, and farewell."

Through all his after-life Doctor Todd often had a heartache over that act of falsehood and disobedience to his dying father. It takes

more than a shower to wash away the memory of such sins. Doctor Todd repented of that sin a thousand times.

The words, "Honor thy father and thy mother," mean four things. Always do what they bid you, always tell them the truth, always treat them lovingly and take care of them when they are sick and grown old. I never yet knew a boy who trampled on the wishes of his parents that turned out well. God never blesses a willful boy.

When Washington was sixteen years old he determined to leave home and become a midshipman in the colonial navy. After he had sent off his trunk, he went to bid his mother good-by. She wept so bitterly because he was going away that he said to his negro servant "Bring back my trunk. I am not going to make my mother suffer so by leaving her."

He remained at home to please his mother. This decision led to his becoming a surveyor and afterward a soldier. His whole glorious career in life turned on that simple act of trying to make his mother happy; and happy, too, will be the child who never has occasion to shed bitter tears for any act of unkindness to his parents. Let us not forget that God has said, "Honor thy father and thy mother."

Consequences of Suspicion.

By Dr. A. Jarisch.

On a farm near Friedberg, Rosine, the daughter of poor but honorable parents, had found employment as housemaid.

She was strong, healthy, vigorous and untiring in her duties, but no less pious, godfearing and honest.

Mrs. Bachmaier, her mistress, was the object of the envy of many a neighbor on account of the girl. Ever merry and serene, quick at her tasks and obedient, it was a pleasure to observe her at work. Mrs. Bachmaier, however, held sway with a firm hand, ruling not only over the servants and estate, but over her husband as well. As she stood about the house and yard, giving orders and superintending the work, or scolding the hired servants, even the weather vane turned about, the dog crawled into his kennel, and everyone trembled. "She has a ready tongue," some neighbor would say. "She must be in league with a little black imp," said the servants.

One Sunday morning there was an extraordinary uproar at the Bachmaier farm, as though the seven evil spirits were at large. The mistress was so boisterous, her voice could be heard for a mile. All shook and trembled with fear, not without reason this time. What could be the trouble?—Something serious, indeed. Mrs. Bachmaier's necklace of solid gold, valued at

70 ducats, was gone. She had intended to wear it to church that morning.

All the servants implored her with uplifted hands to send at once for constables to search their belongings and the entire premises, so that no suspicion might rest on them, which was done. From cellar to garret the house was turned upside down, not a nook or crevice escaped inspection, but the necklace was not found. All the wise men in the vicinity were consulted, from one fortune-teller to another went the mistress, other superstitious practices were resorted to — the mystery remained unsolved.

Finally Mrs. Bachmaier reasoned all by herself thus: "Rosine is a poor girl, she expects to be married to Waldfriedl, he is poor also. Rosine enjoyed my full confidence and had access to all my belongings. The glittering gold must have blinded her, and no one else could have taken it."

She communicated her suspicions to her husband, who on this occasion, however, decidedly differed with her, saying: "Listen, my dear; for justice sake, do not destroy the poor girl's happiness. She is the soul of honesty and utterly incapable of doing anything like this. For heaven's sake, mention it to no one."

Mrs. Bachmaier admitted that his view was correct. She maintained silence, but the devil

of suspicion had possessed her, and henceforth she took exception to the poor maid's every act, with the result, that within a fortnight Rosine lost her place.

That caused a stir.

The unfortunate girl wailed and wept, it was pitiful to behold; not that she feared about finding another situation—ten she might have had instead of one—but her good name was at stake. Notwithstanding Mrs. Bachmaier's assertion that she entertained no suspicion of the girl, folks would gossip, and Rosine well knew that she would be looked upon as the thief.

Well, who had the jewelry, anyway? Who can tell? It remains to be seen

Poor Rosine set about to find another place and soon succeeded. She was gladly received and gave entire satisfaction. But the rumor that she had stolen the necklace spread like wildfire throughout the neighborhood.

Even Waldfriedl, her fiance, curtailed his visits from week to week, which hurt the poor girl deeply. "But then," she reflected in her common-sense way, "if he harbors such a bad opinion of me, his love is not pure, and better no husband at all, than such a one."

However, the gossiping about the poor girl spread more and more and eventually reached the ears of her second mistress. This honest woman, though, positively refused to entertain such a belief. To her the maid appeared too honest.

But, alas, for fate's decree! Her employer began to miss some flax from time to time, and Rosine would about the same time purchase some articles of wearing apparel, which, however, were paid for out of her honestly earned wages.

The suspicion grew from day to day, and in three months' time Rosine lost her position. Now she was done for. Nowhere could she obtain employment, not even would she be trusted with yarn for spinning.

Now there was wailing and misery. Rosine without work of any kind, could no longer as-

sist her poor parents, whose support she had been. Her mental agony caused her health to fail.

The poor old parents suffered from hunger and cold, the unhappy daughter lay sick abed, and was further aggrieved by insinuating remarks of sympathizing neighbors, who occasionally would bring them the necessities of life, but seemed to blame Rosine for all the troubles which had overtaken her parents.

Rosine gradually sank, when—one day—who should enter the hut of misery but Mrs. Bachmaier, tears in her eyes, exclaiming amid sobs: "O my poor Rosine, for God's sake, forgive me. I am the cause of your and your old parents' misfortune. What a terrible result of my suspicion! The necklace is recovered. It had slipped down behind the cash box in the large drawer, and only yesterday, after two years, I found it. I have robbed you of your good name, your honor, your bread, and perhaps your life! Doctor," turning to the gentleman accompanying her, "help, kindly help, so that the poor girl may recover."

A few days later appeared Rosine's last mistress, also in tears, and added her solicitations to those of Mrs. Bachmaier, exclaiming, "Do help, doctor! I, too, have contributed my share to her misery. Today I have caught the flax thief. Forgive me, poor Rosine, you are innocent."

"We will do everything within our power," said both women, "to restore your good name."

But the pity, it was too late. Four weeks later the poor sufferer passed away, a victim of false suspicion, dying of a broken heart. Hundreds of people attended her funeral and wept bitterly. One remained at her grave long after the other mourners had returned homeward; it was Waldfriedl, weeping in great grief and exclaiming: "O, why did I not defend your honor, you honest soul! I knew you. O forgive! forgive!"

Many times thereafter he was seen kneeling at her grave.

Now everyone turned to relieve the old folks, but their sorrow over the death of their only daughter bowed them down and they soon followed her to the grave.

A SHATTERED IDOL.

By Aug. P. Wallner.



COLLMAN was what some call a brilliant young man. He had entered the business world with a set resolution on his face, determined to make his mark, no matter what the cost. In his boyhood he had been plumed the victor repeatedly in classroom and athletic contests. He had secretly gloried in his successes, and proud of his abilities he had departed from the school, eager and impatient for his life's work. He was modest and

unassuming, besides being gifted with a delicacy of nature that distinguished him above his fellow playmates, and won him a host of friends. He offended no one, was tactful and sympathetic in all his intercourse, and possessed an equipoise of character which won the respect of his comrades. They looked to him as a leader in all things, and their confidence was justified. When he emerged from the precinct of the study hall, fitted for the fray and burning for the strife

that was to come, the consensus of opinion was that his prospects were indeed propitious. Collman, however, had not deluded himself. He knew beforehand that the path was not strewn with roses, and he prepared himself to laugh every obstacle out of his way; through indefatigable energy to master every difficulty.

He secured a position with the wholesale jobbing firm of Camp & Co. and forthwith commenced the battle to fulfill his ambition. Correct, alert, intelligent and courteous, he immediately adopted a course that made a favorable impression. In the beginning he was forced to under-



The Young Hunter.

go many rebuffs, was stung by many a harsh, inconsiderate word: but Collman, undismayed, persisted in faithfully serving his employers, and in a hundred and one ways gave evidence of his latent powers. Before long he was promoted to a higher place. He made some mistakes, but more than counterbalanced these by the improvements that he introduced. He devoted his days and nights to the interests of the concern. He lost himself, buried himself, in the vast and complicated machine of that huge business where such a tremendous amount of work was so systematically performed. No detail was too trivial for him to inquire into or to learn. He wished to perfect himself in the whole mechani-

cal construction of that great organization that enthralled his heart and soul. The objects that once interested him seemed now vapid, contemptible. He gazed abstractedly into the newspaper and his thoughts reverted again to the business. Everything was foolish except the columns of trade and finance. Seven years passed thus. Camp & Co. were doing a prosperous business, sharing fully in the wave of prosperity which reigned in the commercial community. To use the trade vernacular, "they were rushed to death." Collman spent his nights in the formation of schemes which were executed by day.

It was one ceaseless "grind." He had no time to look around, to breathe, to rest. He arose in the morning, dressed, took breakfast and hurried to work, not returning until seven o'clock. Then he would again plunge into work until ten o'clock, or, as it often happened, he remained down-town, hastily gulping down a bite, and not returning home until late at night. He denied himself every suggestion of pleasure or diversion. He literally did the work of a Hercules. His exertions were marvelous. Through it all he was conscious of the voice singing in his ear: "Keep on, you are rising, you are winning your way." Mr. Roche, secretary and manager of the firm, had a long interview with him one day and Collman came out of the office with new responsibilities on his shoulders. None was able to cope with him. He outstripped them all. He passed through every department of the business: through the sales, the shipping, the bookkeeping, the cashier's, the buying, the credit departments. He had made an understanding with Mr. Roche to perfect himself in every branch of the business, and was readily given the opportunities to carry out this design. Eventually he graduated into the assistant secretaryship. He filled this position with his usual ability, and Mr. Roche, desirous of recuperating from his arduous life, resigned the office of secretary, strongly recommending the appointment of Collman.

Mr. Roche was a Spartan in business ethics, rigid and uncompromisingly severe, yet on this occasion he gave the most unqualified indorsement of Collman. This man, flushed with success, was forthwith installed in his new capacity. He earned a lucrative salary by this time. He did not have the time to spend any money, and his bank account showed a handsome balance. He neglected his religious duties totally, his social obligations to his friends were not met, and he was gradually developing into a sordid untiring automaton, who had relinquished every right to freedom, who had become a slave to a false ambition. At times a pang would awaken his conscience but he would immediately stifle it.

Some of his coworkers were viewing his ascent invidiously, some had once been his superiors, and regarded him now with mingled respect and jealousy. Thanks to his hard and un-

remitting labor, he was now infinitely better off than to mingle with the weak crowd below, he argued with himself. How could his genius be expected to descend to puny things, to content itself with an insignificant role? His one object was to become rich, important, influential. Thus he added fresh fuel to the fire and redoubled his efforts. Weighty requirements were involved in his new office which could be intrusted only to him, and which, in consequence of the exacting rules that he had instituted, he was compelled to fulfill. Seated at his desk all day long, consulting his subordinates, dictating policy, disposing of the correspondence, adjusting, reviewing rec-

tifying and actively directing and superintending everything, he passed five more years of his life, a complete sacrifice of himself, body and soul, for the benefit of Camp & Co. Camp & Co. was what he lived for; Camp & Co. was his world, his god. He was approaching the end of another fiscal year and the books of Camp & Co. had to be closed. The huge amount of work in connection with this event made Collman more sleepless than before; in fact, he was already a victim to insomnia. The period of enervating time over, however, found Collman deeply gratified to learn the amazingly good results of the statements. Camp & Co. had never before experienced



The Broken Pitcher.

such splendid prosperity, and Collman was profusely congratulated upon his unexampled administration. The next morning found him starting for the office, early as usual, but there was something lacking of the wonted snap that had before been the predominant factor in stimulating his activities. He plunged into work for about two thirds of the day, with an aversion, however, that was unknown to him. He was weary of it all. His mind, crammed, fatigued, pleaded for relief. His face had become thin, his eyes were red, and he felt weak, exhausted, miserable. He longed for rest, for absolute quiet. An inner voice, which had been awakened recently, haunted him continuously: "You are ruining yourself. You are

killing yourself," it said. He had been reproached before this by that same voice, but had never given it heed. But now it came home to him with overpowering force, and he yielded.

He closed his desk abruptly, gave some instructions to Lyman, his chief clerk, and fled from the office. There was no aim to his walk, no plan in his mind. He only yearned to dispel the torturing tyrant that had usurped his whole being, that maddened his brain. He drifted along resolved to forget, for the time, everything that recalled the odious nightmare, business, business, business. For the first time he truly breathed. For the first time he did not rush along hurriedly. It was as if he had been

brought back from a dream, or, he questioned himself, was he dreaming? He heard a youngster singing merrily, and he envied him. It seemed as if he had merely existed for a long period. The twelve, long years of his business career loomed up before him, a blank, cold, cruelly void vision. He banished it instantly with a shudder, and vaguely realized that he had made a mistake. He felt sick and sorry. He wanted sympathy, he needed love. He had been groping in stygian blackness, but was at last perceiving the ray of truth. Wending his way through a maze of streets, he espied the church of former days, wherein he had so often prayed in boyhood. He felt his heart warming, and impelled by mingled curiosity and nonchalance, he crossed the portals and took a seat in a pew adjacent to the Blessed Virgin's altar.

It was toward evening; the church was still and hushed. A few stray streaks of soft color penetrated the high, arched windows.

Skeptic and scoffer that Collman had grown to be, the brooding quiet and hallowed peace inspired him with reverence and awe. He sat there, impassive, thinking of nothing, only alive to a sense of satisfying exaltation. It happened that the boy choir, to which he had once belonged, assembled that evening for rehearsal.

Collman heard the faint strain of a violin from the choir gallery, and the next moment a flood of angelic song rippled the sleeping air into a vibrating symphony. It thrilled him to the heart. He listened enchanted, completely enraptured. It was as if a balsamed zephyr had spread over his spirit the heavenly harmony of a seraphic chorus. It touched his soul. It kindled the dormant fire. He learned from those innocent children's hearts what all his business experience had failed to teach, what all his successes had failed to supply. Responsive to the grace of God, he bowed his head in prayer, and a tear trickled down his cheek. He looked up and saw the statue of the Blessed Virgin, her hands outstretched, the refuge of sinners. Her kind pitying face seemed to welcome him in its spiritual beauty. He sought for happiness in fame, honor, wealth, position, and he found it in truth, love, piety. He saw himself as he had been in the past and the picture affrighted him.

He wondered how he could have been so utterly selfish, how he could have stooped to such folly. He had sacrificed everything in pursuit

of a phantasm. He confessed himself destitute after all his accomplishments. He had well nigh immolated himself on the altar of gold, had almost become a misguided, an unfeeling enormity. Not one really disinterested action could he summon to assuage his remorse. He had stifled his conscience, steeled his heart and bartered every good impulse or lovable quality which he once possessed, for ambition and pride. But now a revelation had been effected, and when Collman emerged from the church, there gleamed a new light in his eyes, there was a new vigor to his step. He had made a resolution that he admitted would mark a turning point in his life, and, with his iron will, he knew that he would persevere.

The next day Mr. Roche was surprised when Collman asked him for a private interview. He was speechless when he learned the gist of it. Collman told him briefly that he wished to resign his position, giving his declining health as the principal reason for the drastic action. Roche was far from content with this explanation, and pressed for the true cause. Collman hesitated, then burst forth; "Mr. Roche, I cannot tell you, because you would not understand. There is something higher than your cold dividend, than your crushing machine. You are a minion to that merciless gormand, and I, your disciple, have wearied of the bondage.

"You, calculating, hardened, look at me with askance or a sneer. You have meant well with me, and I am deeply thankful for your kindness. You have paid me well, but I have also been compelled to renounce everything for you. It is true that you are not to blame, for I wanted it to be so. I shouldered abnormal work, as you know, and have almost wrecked my mind and body for your pecuniary interests. It is not worth the while, and I have unalterably decided to sever my connection with your firm."

Collman took a long vacation and several months later engaged in the humble position of salesman with another reliable concern. Though not nearly so lucrative, his position entailed but natural and comparatively pleasant duties, and at last he had gained happiness. He made regular visitations to church now, and many a prayer was wafted in honor of the sweet and welcoming Mother, as he knelt before her statue and gave thanks for his spiritual resurrection.

—❖—❖—❖— Saying Their Night Prayers. —❖—❖—❖—

On the Missouri Pacific train out of Kansas City some time ago was a mother and four children — three girls and one boy. They had left Chicago the day before and were on their way to Leadville, where the husband and father had a claim, which was to be their new home. The

eldest girl appeared to be about fourteen, and from that age they ranged down to the only boy, a little fellow of about five. They had not been reared in the midst of luxury, but withal they were model children and scrupulously clean. The mother was thin, her face haggard from the

worry of the long trip and the care of her precious little flock, for there were seven or eight long hours yet before the journey's end. It was after bedtime when the train left Kansas City and the children were yawning and scarcely able to stay awake. In fact, the boy, the pet of the family, had closed his eyes and was fast approaching "shut-eye town," while the next older tugged at him as she looked appealingly to her mother with an expression that was pitiful. He mustn't go to sleep yet, the others began whispering among themselves, and then to the mother, as if something exciting had happened, or would happen soon, all of which attracted the attention of the other passengers, who sat in wonderment as they tried to divine the cause of so much whispering and such strenuous efforts to keep

the least one awake. They occupied seats in the rear end of the car, holding a long seat which runs along the smoking partition.

Presently the cause of all this excitement was made plain — it was bedtime and they had not said their prayers. Quietly, modestly without ostentation or display, yes, even timidly, the mother and her children knelt together at the long seat. They made the sign of the cross, said their evening prayers, just for a few minutes, and then they arose, the children were made comfortable for the night, and soon all but the mother were asleep, while the traveling men with their grips, the business man with his worries, and the other passengers paid a silent but mighty tribute to the religion of all ages — the Catholic religion.

✧ The Dream of a Kempis. ✧

HE venerable author of the "Imitation of Christ" (considered the most heaven-inspired of all books save those of Sacred Scripture), is familiarly known as Thomas a Kempis; but his real name was Thomas Haemmerchen or Haemmerlein (a little hammer). His surname *a Kempis*, was derived from his native place, '*Kempen*' a little village in the diocese of Cologne, where he was born about the year 1380.

At the age of nineteen, he was received into St. Agnes' Monastery of the Canons Regular of St. Augustine, near Zuoll or Zwooll, a branch of the congregation of Windisheim, of which his eldest brother was prior, and which was afterward famed for its holy and learned men.

From his infancy, Thomas a Kempis had been particularly devoted to the Blessed Virgin.

He had imposed upon himself a certain daily tribute of prayers to Mary, which he recited with regularity and edifying fervor.

But, whilst prosecuting his studies, his devotion began to grow cold. At first, he omitted his pious exercises for a week — a month — till, alas! he ended by omitting them altogether.

But if he forgot Mary, Mary did not forget her erring son.

One night, he had a mysterious and startling dream. He believed himself to be with his teachers and companions in the large recitation hall of the college, when suddenly, a throne of clouds was let down in their midst, and on it sat the Queen of heaven and earth. Her face and robes were dazzlingly beautiful to behold.

Rising from her seat, he saw her go from one monk to another (the college preceptors) and speak to them lovingly and graciously, thanking each for his labors and solicitude for his charge

— the young souls redeemed by the precious blood of her divine Son.

Thomas beheld these evidences of Mary's motherly tenderness for the good Augustinians with hungry eyes and heart. Would she not at least think of him?

He bent upon her a burning, wistful glance. "Patience!" he said to himself; "when she is through with all the rest, *my* turn will doubtless come. True, I have been careless of late, but—"

Trembling from head to foot, he found that the Blessed Mother had reached the spot where he stood.

He lifted his gaze to her beautiful face. It wore a grave, severe look, and lightning seemed to flash upon him from her glorious eyes.

Her voice pierced him like a sword, as she said coldly: "In vain do *you* expect any mark of tenderness from me. Through a hateful sloth, and the suggestions of a perfidious counselor, you have ceased to pay me your former tribute of loving homage. Where are now all your early exercises of piety — your fervent Rosary—your holy Office, recited daily with ardent sighs and tears? Your love for me has grown cold — your devotion has fled, and yet you presumptuously expect from me some token of tender affection. O, ungrateful child! fear rather the effects of my anger!"

He strove to speak, to cry out pleadingly for forgiveness, but (as in a nightmare) he saw her turn away from him in displeasure, saying, with a gesture of rejection that almost broke his heart:

"Depart from me! You are unworthy to be my child, since you neglect to offer me those sacrifices, those pious exercises which once proved your tender love for me!"

In an instant, the strange vision had disappeared.

Full of remorse and contrition, the young a Kempis arose from his bed, and humbly acknowledging his fault, promised immediate amendment.

He resumed his devout exercises from that night with such fervor and constancy that, up to the hour of his death, he never again omitted them a single day.

He had a particular devotion to the *Hail Mary* which he frequently recited with the liveliest transports. With head bowed down and hands uplifted, he thus extolled the Angelical Salutation: "The heavens exult with joy, and the whole earth should be struck with admiration when I repeat *Hail Mary!* The devil flies away and hell trembles to its center when I repeat *Hail Mary!* Sadness and sorrows cease, and a sweet joy fills my soul when I repeat *Hail Mary!* My languishing faith is reanimated, and my soul replenished with strength, when I repeat *Hail Mary!* My devotion is increased, I feel greater compunction for my

sins, my hope is fortified, and I experience new consolation in saying *Hail Mary!* Such is the charm of that salutation that there is no term capable of expressing it. It is too deeply graven in our hearts for words to express it. Again, then, O most holy Virgin! I prostrate myself before thee to repeat: *Hail Mary, full of grace!* Who will enable me, satisfy my longing desire to honor thee with all the powers of my soul? Oh! that every member of my body were changed into tongues, to salute thee with a thousand different names! Oh! that all my words were words of fire to glorify thee without ceasing! O Holy Mother of God! prostrate before thee, penetrated with a sincere and heartfelt devotion, and filled with the ineffable delights of thy holy name, I offer to thee the joys thou didst experience at the salutation offered thee by the archangel Gabriel. Oh! that I could repeat with a mouth as pure as gold and with a burning affection: *Hail Mary, full of grace!*"

E. C. DONNELLY.

✦ HER GUARDIAN ANGEL. ✦

Adapted by Rev. L. A. Reudter.

IN a small village there lived about thirty years ago an ideal family. The father was but a day laborer who supported his five children honestly, wherein his good wife assisted him. They were simple God-fearing Christians. No Sunday passed, it mattered not whether the weather was good or bad — that one could not find the whole family in church, not only at Mass but also at vespers. Morning prayers were said in common, also the night prayers, and grace at meal was recited by one of the children in clear devout voice, even when company was present. In the evening after supper, the mother was generally busy mending, and one of the children would read out of a good book or from a Catholic paper. Of course, this was thirty years ago, when people were more simple than they are now, yet, strange to say, the family I am writing of, though only that of a day laborer, was respected by all the people in the village. This had not always been so. A few years previous theirs was not a happy home. Then they did not think of God nor of His commandments. You could not find any good books — much less a Catholic paper — in that house, and the priest of the village knew the family by their absence from church, from the sacraments and by the nonappearance of the husband's name in all church collections.

Now I shall tell you how this family became so religious. From the conditions just described you would of course surmise that husband and wife should have their difference now and then — Well, frequently on evenings the husband came

home with steps somewhat unsteady. The wife was then accustomed to this and did, as so many other women, the very thing, calculated to quicken quarrels — she scolded! Strange to say, the husband usually kept quiet without answering a word to her taunts. Now comes supper and behold the man who, drunk as he was, kept quiet when his wife stormed, breaks out in an uncontrollable fit of anger because the meal does not suit him. — The wife answers that anything is good enough for a drunkard like him, and he, crazy with anger raises his hand and strikes the mother of his children. The wife sinks into a chair speechless at last with rage and despair. The poor children are crying for fear, not knowing what to make of this; their father had never before struck the mother. They steal to bed never more willingly than at this time.

Next morning the breakfast is served at the usual time, but the mother takes hers in the kitchen. No words are exchanged between husband and wife. They had intended to dig potatoes today, but this is out of the question now. He stays at home while she goes into the woods. He does not interfere, thinking his wife is out gathering beechnuts. The wife having arrived in the woods, sits down lonely and despondent. After a while she commences to collect the nuts from the ground. Toward noon she rests and again allows the happenings of last evening to prey on her mind, till she cries out from sorrow and frenzy and begins to talk aloud — "That one has to be treated thus! I took good care of him and the children! This

is no longer endurable. He beats me like an animal! Now he shall repent — He shall find out what I have been to him!" With those words the woman rises — takes a rope to the next tree and endeavors to sling its end above a branch. Just as she is about to tie the noose around her neck, she hears a child's voice calling: "Mama! Mama!" She desists and looks in the direction, whence the voice has come. — A small boy about ten years of age comes in sight and says, "Mama! I have hunted for you quite a while. I have been all over the woods. It is good that I have found you."

"You foolish boy," replied his mother, "you should have stayed at home."

"Mother, do not be angry any more. Papa has forgotten all and has cooked dinner for you. Come and eat it! it is what you like. But mother, there hangs a rope on the tree! What is that for?"

Now the woman, too, looks upward and her diabolical purpose stands before her in its true colors. She can scarcely speak, for it is as if she saw satan himself.

"Come, Henry," she quickly replies, "untie the rope and then we shall go home."

She gathered the beechnuts into her basket and went with the boy who looked in surprise into her countenance as though he could not understand her action.

At home, her husband who was very sorry

for his faults of the night before, received his wife most kindly. She was, however, too excited to say much, but went to church and made a humble confession of her misdeeds, sincerely promising amendment. That evening, after the children had retired, the husband asked his wife's pardon for his rough treatment of her, and the wife recounted her evil designs in the woods and how their son came just at the moment when she was about to give her soul to satan. Had the boy tarried a few minutes later, she would have been beyond redemption. God had forgiven her sins this morning, through the word of the priest, and now her husband should also forgive! She further stated that she had with God's help made a firm resolution to lead from this time on a true Christian life and to try hard to avoid all quarreling at home.

Deeply touched, the husband promised the same.

"My dear wife," he said, "God has preserved you and now let us both serve Him! I, too, acknowledge that I have acted wrongly and in future I shall leave alone the drink which has been the cause of so many feuds in our family."

Both husband and wife have kept their promise and peace has since been their portion. And this couple enjoy, now that they are old and God has blessed them with good children, the happiness which contentment and piety bring to old age.

THE PUBLIC AUCTION SALE.

ADAPTED BY REV. L. A. REUDTER.

THE young painter Julius K. lived at B., not exactly in the aristocratic quarter of the city, yet in a very respectable street. On a sunny spring morning he stood, palette and brush in hand, in his modest studio before an unfinished picture. He was then placing a few shadow lines on the forehead of an old musician whom he had sketched on canvas. He soon erased them, mixed other colors and made some changes. He stepped back now, looked at his work from a distance, and painted three or four well blended tints on the unsatisfactory spots.

"No good! he said after examining the correction: "it must be erased." He worked again for about ten minutes then throwing aside palette and brush, he called out in despair: "Mother, I cannot paint today" and lighting a cigarette, he strolled out of his studio.

"There are occasional days" he sighed, in which one can do nothing but these are coming too thick. Here is Thursday and nothing accomplished this week. I don't know what is

wrong with me; it almost looks as though I were bewitched."

Entering an adjoining room he took coat and hat and silently held out his hand to an elderly lady sitting near the window. The lady was his widowed mother.

"Are you going out Julius?" the mother asked.

"Yes, mother dear; there is no use attempting to work. I shall therefore take a walk; perhaps I may come across a good subject for my painting. There is not a greater child of ill luck than myself. The professors were unanimous in their declaration that I have talent for painting. You praise my conduct and no one finds fault with me. But what in the name of heaven shall I do to get work? And you know mother how I have prayed for something to do. There are no orders coming in and the vacuum in my purse is growing to alarming dimensions. I have not earned a penny these three months. I am becoming so nervous that I cannot make a straight stroke with the brush. It is therefore

no wonder that I feel somewhat downhearted and seek the fresh air."

"Do not lose courage Julius! This day is not over and may yet bring much good to you."

"Much good? I shall be satisfied if it does not bring new disappointments."

"You must not speak thus, Julius" replied his mother.

"Good-by mother! I am going."

"Good-by Julius. O dear Lord" sighed the

woman "how long is this to last? With all his industry and talent the boy does not accomplish anything. He will lose courage if it lasts much longer. I prayed so fervently this morning that he might receive an order and felt certain that the Blessed Mother would help us, but I have still confidence; the day is not over yet."

The mother folded her hands in silent prayer.

Meanwhile Julius strolled haphazard and dejectedly through the streets. He had no eyes for passers-by, not even for some interesting groups which would have made fair subjects for a picture, but walked on dreamily until he reached one of the suburbs known as the habitation of the poor. He had not walked far when his sympathy for the inhabitants of the street was aroused. He took a long look at the dilapidated houses and came to the conclusion that they might furnish good material for a small painting. He noticed how at the end of the street a promiscuous crowd pressed on each other. The next moment he heard a shrill voice cry

"Two lres! three lres!"

Anxious to find out what was going on, Julius joined the crowd and was soon witness of a drama such as happens only too often in the poorer quarters of large cities.

A heap of old furniture, consisting mostly of what would be called necessities, lay pell-

mell in the street. Near it sat an old woman weeping, while the auctioneer offered piece after piece to the highest bidder. Not many seemed anxious to buy; they were merely looking on, one man bought in nearly every article for almost nothing. He looked around forbiddingly all the time as if to see who would dare to bid against him. But few of those present, who seemed to have come from another street, heeded his threatening looks. The quality of the furni-

ture was not very apt to induce bystanders to bid, and thus the man secured the best pieces for a nominal sum.

This buyer was of medium height and robust frame with an expression in his face that betokened hard-heartedness and avarice. Julius was deeply moved by the scene he saw enacted.

"What a contrast!" he whispered, "there the man of wealth with a heavy gold chain across his best coat, with diamonds on his hand and wearing fine clothing. Here the old woman but scantily dressed, who must look on as her furniture is being sold, nay practically given away."

Julius should have been heartless indeed did he remain untouched. But instead he felt very much for the poor woman and instant-

ly connected the rich man with her misfortune. "Who is that man?" he quietly asked of a bystander.

"It is poor Martha's landlord, was the reply "Mr. Watson, a rich speculator in houses. He owns nearly all the houses around here and draws almost ten thousand lres in annual rents from them. The man is a millionaire. But because Martha on account of sickness, has not been able to pay the last three months' rent, he is having her furniture auctioned off to get his money. It is the first time in ten years that the poor woman has been in arrears, but Mr. Watson has no patience nor mercy. She is being sold out



First Lessons in Art.

now, and what is worse, he is buying in everything himself. Since all of us are living in his houses we are in his power and dare not bid against him. He sent word to us last evening that he would raise the rent on us if we dared to bid against him. Now the old miser enriches himself at the cost of the poor widow."

Julius awoke as from a dream, and a yearning arose within his heart to step across the miser's path. But what could he do? He had four or five lires in his pocket and not much more at home. He was therefore not able to pay more for the furniture than Watson. Meanwhile his eyes fell on a small painting, blackened with smoke. He took it in his hands and examined it carefully. He had received the first prize at the academy for his skill in discovering the worth of old paintings. Perhaps this might be of value. Removing the dust and grime with his fingers, his interest in the painting increased and he became more and more convinced that he had found a masterpiece.

Watson had noticed the stranger and was keeping his sinister eye on him.

"Who is that fellow?" Watson inquired somewhat uneasily. "He seems to be an artist judging from his clothing and general appearance. What business has he here?"

"He may have his reasons for coming" some one whispered to Watson. "An artist does not stray into our part of the city without a purpose. Just look Mr. Watson, with what interest he is examining that painting!"

Then a thought struck Watson and he determined that the picture should be his at any cost. Famous paintings have often been lost and after long disappearance, come accidentally to light. This artist no doubt, had recognized the value of the painting and would run the price up on him but to bid him off — well he would see. Nor did he have long to wait. The picture was the very next article that came up for sale. Julius had also determined on buying it. Though he had not much money to spare, he trusted in being able to sell the picture again at a good profit.

"Mother has not taken refuge in the Madonna in vain" came to his mind.

"Here is an old painting" now shouted the auctioneer, holding the picture high up for view. "Who bids?"

"One lire" says Julius.

"Two lires — no five! — ten! — one hundred lires!" cried Watson in one breath in order to scare away the stranger.

Julius became dejected indeed. Should his good fortune even desert him here.

"That miser sees that the picture is of value and I must bid a while yet if I wish it" says Julius to himself. "Two hundred lires" he cried.

"Five hundred" replied Watson.

"One thousand" says Julius. Now the game was on in earnest. Watson's blood was up and he began to realize that this was a fight for a prize.

"Two thousand lires" he shouted.

Thus it went on for a while; higher and higher rose the bids till poor Martha wiped her tears and began to smile because the old picture brought such a fabulous sum. Watson had the last bid and it was five thousand lires. Julius stopped. So much money made him hesitate. If he should keep on bidding and the painting should after all be only a copy, which was not impossible, what was he to do then? He might after all be mistaken! It was to him as though



Her Pet.

he heard a voice warning him to desist and he did. The landlord got the picture at five thousand lires. Trembling for excitement Watson took the frame in his hands as though there was danger of losing it again.

Of course this ended the sale as the amount of the back rent was not the one hundredth part of what the picture brought.

"Come along Martha" cried Watson "I shall pay you the amount due you at once."

In a half hour Martha had become a well-to-do woman. Beside herself with joy and amidst the congratulations of the bystanders, she cried —

"Dear blessed Mother! Then I did not in vain implore thy aid. But it is too much what shall I do with all the money!"

Julius who had been present at the settlement between Watson and Martha, advised her to bring the money to a bank. Martha however preferred to see the attorney who had in better days been her adviser. Julius concurred with this view and the widow hastened to her attorney. The young painter turned homeward, sore at heart.

"So near to fortune and yet so far! I am a regular Jonah! But I have one consolation; through my intervention, the old lady will be able to spend the remainder of her days free from care."

On his way home, the noise of the auction was ever in his ears. Imagination recalled the various groups, the different characters and the sharp contrast of light and shadow. To Julius came the thought—

"Here is your material for a grand painting—the whole of this auction must go on canvas."

Having reached home, Julius saluted his mother and set to work at once.

He drew different sketches and brought out a well executed picture "The Public Auction Sale."

Julius had never yet worked with greater zeal and better results than now.

"Do you see, Julius" said the mother to him that evening, "my prayers have been heard after all. To be able to work as you did today is far more meritorious than to gain a thousand lires by buying and selling."

Watson lost no time in presenting his picture to the directors of the royal art academy for sale. One of the directors subjected the painting to a sharp scrutiny and handed it back to the owner with the words:

"If you get thirty lires for the picture Mr. Watson, you will get a big price; I would not pay a lire for it."

"The director's opinion was a hard blow to Watson, who in his excitement ran into a large mirror, which he broke into pieces and for which he

had to pay five hundred lires damages. He hastened home in a fury and consulted his lawyer forthwith, who advised him to let the matter rest there. But Watson insisted that he had been victimized and the case was entered on the dockets of the civil court.

Fourteen days later Watson stood in the court-room as the accuser of the widow Martha and the painter Julius, whom he charged with fraud. The auctioneer, his clerk, and a few of the bystanders during the auction of widow Martha's effects, had been summoned as witnesses.

The accused were given a hearing. Their innocence became evident at once, while the hearing brought out the fact, that the speculator Watson had induced Martha's husband to run great risks in speculation, and he had so lost his whole fortune amounting to over three thousand lires. The court quashed the indictment against the accused and condemned Watson to pay all costs; moreover, he received a crushing lecture from the judge and was told that he should be satisfied if he were not prosecuted for the revelations which had come to light in the court-room.

"It is a crime" continued the judge "that cries to heaven for vengeance being a millionaire, to plunder a poor widow on account of twenty lires arrears."

Martha was told that she was the rightful owner of the five thousand lires. Julius left the court room a well satisfied man. He worked zealously at his painting which was finished in a few months and sent to the exhibition. The whole city was delighted with "The Public Auction Sale by Julius K". Nor was it long until it sold for five thousand lires. The picture made a name for Julius. He had no longer need to complain of orders not coming in, and he and his mother were exceedingly grateful and happy.

"Do you see, Julius," Madame K.... would occasionally say "we did not pray in vain."

ROSARY HOUR.

BY A. H. DRYDEN.

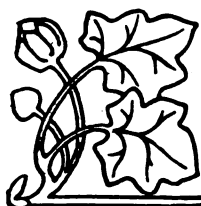
Twilight shadows softly gather,
Dying day to night gives birth,
While the starlight's silver lustre
Lends a radiance to earth.
Sweet chimes from the lofty tower.
Tell us 'tis the Rosary Hour!

'Round the taper-lighted altars,
Faithful ones with fervent love,
Lowly murmur priceless *Aves*

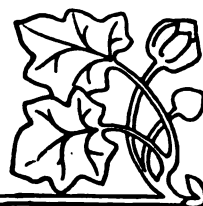


To the Star of Night above;
Pleading for the heavenly dower,
At the quiet Rosary hour!

Bending angels bear these *Aves*
Upward, onward, to the Throne,
Lay them at the feet of Mary,
Virgin Mother of the Son!
LADY OF GOOD COUNSEL shower
Blessings on the Rosary Hour!



Grannie's Norah.



: : BY SHIELA MAHON. : :

SHAMROCKS! fresh Shamrocks! a penny a bunch." She stood at a street corner in the heart of the city, her basket of shamrocks tucked under her arm; and invited the passers-by to purchase.

Scarcely one of the busy crowd of mammon worshippers passing to and fro noticed her. And yet, she was one of the Divine Sculptor's masterpieces, a beautiful child—beautiful despite her shabby frock, and tiny mudspattered feet, destitute of shoes. Her red cloak, picturesque, even in its raggedness, made a vivid patch of color, midst the chromo greys of a March afternoon. From the shadowy brim of her battered hat, a pair of Irish eyes looked at you, of that indescribable blue, resembling the reflection of sky in a dark mountain tarn, the curling lashes resting on a spiritual face, cameo-like, in its perfect outline. A wealth of dusky hair framed it, with which the wind played mischievously, ever and anon flinging the long strands into her eyes, and almost blinding her.

With childish impatience she tossed back her refractory locks; rubbed her eyes, until they shone with a brilliancy, that vied with the most expensive cosmetique; but alas! left smutty spots on her pretty nose; and added to her generally forlorn appearance. She had been out since early morning, and had only sold a few sprays. Sturdier children had jostled her aside, when a purchaser appeared; and the mite felt herself unable to cope with them. Wearily she walked toward a large aristocratic house, her eyes full of tears; and sat down on the lowest ledge of the spotless white steps, leading to the entrance. A stray kitten, with a blue ribbon tied daintily round its turry neck, came and rubbed itself gently against the folds of her ragged frock: purring softly. Like sunshine after an April shower, her eyes sparkled as she lifted the tiny thing, and held it lovingly against her cheek, to the detriment of the shamrocks, for the basket tumbled, and its contents lay scattered on the snowy steps. Heedless of everything in the pleasure of her new possession, she hugged it with childish abandon; and forgot all her sorrows. Alas! joy is short-lived.

"Hallo! kid where did ye neuk the cat from?" shouted a butcher's boy, with a fierce looking bulldog at his heels.

The child looked at him with frightened eyes, and clasped her treasure closer, whilst the little animal trembling with fear, crept into the shelter

of the red cloak, until only the tip of its tail was visible.

"Let it go young 'un, a cat hunt is a rare sport. The swells must have a hare, but give me a cat if its a game 'un."

"I won't," cried the child, setting her teeth together. "Go away you bad boy."

"You won't," echoed the boy, a wicked light coming into his eyes as he advanced nearer, his hand upraised threateningly.

The child looked wildly for help—she felt trapped. On either side iron railings environed her; and in front the boy barred the way with the dog, its glistening fang, and lolling tongue eager for the fray.

Desperation and fear sharpened her faculties. Like lightening she darted up the steps toward the door, and putting her hand on the electric knob she turned and faced her tormentor. "If you touch pussy," she screamed, "I'll ring the bell."

This unexpected manoeuvre, completely routed the enemy, visions of an irate owner flashed through his mind; with a muttered threat of future vengeance, he turned sulkily away, only to find himself confronted by a gentleman who had been an unobserved spectator of the whole scene.

"You young vagabond," he cried "what do you mean?" and he plied his cane freely on the shrinking shoulder of the cowardly lad.

"It was only a joke," muttered the boy. "I didn't mean to hurt her," he added as he recognized one of his master's best customers.

"I will report you to your employer," said the gentleman sternly.

The lad quailed "Oh, sir, don't," he cried in an abject tone, "Indeed I didn't mean to hurt her, I'm the only support of my poor mother."

"She has reared a nice specimen of a son," was the unpromising reply.

The child joined in the plea for mercy, her eyes shining with gratitude.

"Sure, an' you won't report me!" whimpered the boy.

"No," said the gentleman shortly; "but take that;" and he bestowed a last parting kick.

"I hope you are not hurt, little one. But what have you got under your cloak?" he asked as he perceived the convulsive struggling of the kitten, mad with terror.

"A pussy," she said simply. "I found it sir, and he wanted to let the dog at it."

"The brute," murmured the gentleman, "I am, sorry I let him off so easily."



"If you touch pussy," she screamed, "I'll ring the bell."

"Would you like a Shamrock, sir?" said the child timidly, her lovely eyes humid with emotion.

An expression of delight swept his countenance as he met her gaze, and noted the beauty of her face. "Eureka!" he cried with a boyish exclamation of pleasure. "I have found it."

"Did you lose anything?" she asked innocently, as trembling with eagerness she sought for the freshest spray and presented it shyly.

"Well, not exactly," he answered, smiling.

"Yet I have found it, rather a conundrum, too puzzling for your pretty head; but don't mind me I am only joking," he added, as he fastened the shamrocks carefully in his button hole.

"I have a pin," she said with quick perception, noticing his awkward endeavors to keep them in place.

"That's right, little woman, you know your business," and his hand involuntarily sought his pocket.

"No, No," cried the child, the sensitive red flaming into her face, and she put up her small hands in protest.

"Not the usual type," was his inward comment as he asked the little one her name.

"Grannie's Norah," she said smiling. And in answer to a quick interrogative—"Where is your home?" "I live with my Grannie Sullivan in Smith's Alley, on the top story of the tenement houses."

The gentleman shuddered, he knew the place well, one of the plague spots of a great city.

"Have you been long there?" he inquired briefly, as he hastily jotted down her address.

"Oh, a long time," said the child vaguely. "We used to live in the country. But when Grannie's prodigal took ill; we came to the city."

"Grannie's prodigal" echoed the gentleman his curiosity aroused at the quaintness of the answer.

Before the little one could reply the door of the mansion opened and a richly attired lady came down the steps.

"Run home child," said the gentleman, "I'll see you tomorrow." He nodded pleasantly, as Norah bobbing a courtesy, gathered her shamrocks and placed them quickly in her basket; and with her kitten, clasped tightly in her arms, flew toward Smith's Alley.

"Well, I declare, Raymond," ejaculated the lady as she gazed after the retreating figure of Norah through richly mounted lorgnettes, "is that your latest protegee? I hope she won't turn out like the last, who kindly walked off with my Queen Anne spoons."

"Mercie Mon Amie," said the young man laughing. "Come now Mary" he added boyishly. "You needn't pitch into a fellow at such a rate. I want your help."

The lady smiled, "Proceed with the story—the usual thing, you have found a diamond"—

"Of the first water," added the young man eagerly, "Did you not notice the beauty of the child's face?"

"I saw a bundle of rags and shamrocks." was the teasing reply.

Without noticing this sarcasm—he continued: A lucky chance threw her in my way today. Such a face! I have seen it in my dreams, her very attitude gave me an inspiration. It will be my masterpiece. "Grannie's Norah," he murmured tenderly, "the name itself frames it." And the successful Artist, Raymond Hennessey R. A., lost in a day-dream forgot his surroundings, to which he was quickly recalled by an energetic tap from his companion's lorgnettes.

"Raymond?"

"Yes, Mary," he answered absently.



A NEW PICTURE BOOK.

"Do you expect me to stay here all day and I have so many visits to pay?"

"No, no," said the Royal Academician "I only want you to see the child tomorrow and bring her to my studio; here is her address."

"Smith's Alley!" screamed the lady, "you surely do not expect me to go there?"

"It is not so often, Mary, I ask a favor that you should make such a mountain of it." There was the slightest suspicion of annoyance in his pleasant voice. "Of course I'll go with you."

"What a boy you are Raymond, for jumping at conclusions. Did I say I would not go?"

"What a brick you are Mary, and I thinking you wanted to shirk it, but, you were always a bit of a tease."

"Remember if this turns out badly never appeal to me again."

"Just what I shall do, cousin mine. You are the best port in a storm."

She smiled, well pleased at the encomium. "Au revoir," she said lightly, "Be ready at twelve tomorrow, to accompany me to that highly respectable quarter called Smith's Alley."

"To the minute," he answered cheerfully, as he opened the door with the latch key and proceeded to his study, to dream over his coming picture.

In the meantime, Grannie's Norah hastened toward her squalid home. The child's heart was heavy, she had very little money for poor sick Grannie. She regretted the impulse that forced her to refuse the kind gentleman's money. He might have given me sixpence, was her thought; and what would I not have bought with six whole pennies! I should have remembered Grannie — Grannie who never forgot her, from that awful night ten years back, when she had found her outside her cottage door, a poor little waif packed in a hamper; her clothing of daintier quality than those usually worn by country bred babes of Grannie's lowly station. Round her neck, was a tiny rosary of blue stones. On the cross of it the initials E. M. intertwined. How the old woman, despite all opposition, had insisted on adopting her, herself, almost as poor as the proverbial church mouse; and had treasured the rosary as a precious thing, that might one day lead to her identity. These were the child's first memories; for Grannie deeming it wise had imprinted the story on her young mind, that if anything should happen to herself, the little one would know all.

Norah thought of the white cottage standing by the roadside, with its background of mountain on which the heather grew in such a purple harmony as to bewitch the eye. The pond where the ducks used to swim, and the imperious strut of Grannie's black hen with her brood of little ones, clacking loudly for her supper like many a scolding housewife. Seen through the

golden haze of a child's imagination life was perfect. Then, with one fell swoop the news came that plunged the little household into a turmoil of misery. A letter from Grannie's prodigal son. — Alas! God help us, are not our prodigals always the dearest? — saying that he was dying in the big city, and praying her to come, that he might feel her dear arms round him in that last dread struggle. Grannie had not an extra penny in the world; but mother-love overcame every obstacle. She called a meeting of the neighbors, and announced her intention of selling her few household chattels. Pride forbade her mention her dire necessity. With a stoic calm she watched them change owners and it was only when her china teapot was put up that her composure gave way; and she turned her head to the window lest the neighbors might see her tears. That teapot was Grannie's idol, for forty long years she had revelled in its grandeur, its coloring was so gorgeous, the flowers on it so natural, and there was never a crack in it since the day it came from the emporium in all its shining newness. Many a time it was shown as an example to careless young housekeepers. Little Norah used to look at it with awe, but always at a respectful distance: for Grannie would not let her handle it, and now alas! alas! it was bought by an envious neighbor who had long coveted it. On counting over the small store made by the sale she found she had sufficient for the journey, and with a murmured, "God will provide for the future," she started with Norah for the city. She arrived in time to soothe his last moments, and with a sigh of love and repentance, the prodigal passed away. The Parish provided his funeral; and it was then, only then, Grannie realized her position. Stranded in the big city, amid the filth and squalor of a tenement house, surrounded by sights and sounds obnoxious to her countrybred instincts; far away from her loved Slieve Donard; she found life unbearable. Besides, her money was lessening rapidly and that bugbear of the poor, the workhouse, beckoned to her with talon fingers like a bird of evil omen. She grew sick with fear. At night her dreams were frightful: and Norah would waken from her healthy child sleep with the old woman shrieking, "Not there, O God! not there."

It was at this time that Norah proved a veritable sunbeam, and did all in her small way to brighten their sordid existence. Alas! three months of Smith's Alley had greatly changed the little maid.

On her arrival the children had looked at her as black crows look at a white pigeon, she was so dainty; in her cleanliness, her clothes were no better than theirs; but every little garment bore the stamp of care. She had the indescribable freshness of the country clinging to her like the scent of a June rose. When asked

her name by these little outcasts, she innocently answered, "Grannie's Norah." The title stuck to her, and she was soon known through the alley by the quaint sobriquet. When the old woman fell ill, Grannie's Norah was neglected, and it was not long until one could hardly discern the difference between the denisons of Smith's Alley, and the dainty little maid from Slieve Donard.

This was an added pang to Grannie as she lay on her sick bed and watched the gradual metamorphosis. It was pathetic to see her weak endeavors to make the little one understand the necessity of keeping herself clean. With the heedlessness of childhood, Norah rather liked the freedom from restraint, and the glorious fun of making mud pies with Teddy Morgan the widow's son, who lived on the same flat. Grannie would groan with bitterness of spirit as she saw the pretty face and little bare feet grimy with mud. Her sickness took a worse form. The charity which passeth all understanding is found growing with tropical luxuriance amongst God's poor. It is the warm sun, shining through the black winter of life, which melts the ice of human misery, and saves many a soul from utter stagnation. One of these Angel messengers came to Grannie and lighted her fire. She was Teddy Morgan's mother, a poor seamstress, to whom every moment meant so much out of her earnings. A gaunt specimen of motherhood, prematurely old, with the ceaseless effort to keep body and soul together. The one star on her horizon, Teddy with the eyes of blue and the fat little, limbs on whom verily her starvation fed. To feed him she sacrificed half her own pitiful share of food.

And Teddy grew to manhood, and forgot it all, or perhaps, did not realize the sublimity of her sacrifice, and smote the hand that bore him.

The tears of anguish shed by many a poor mother will assuredly recoil in rivers of misery on the ungrateful child, for God's patience, only lasts a certain time, and woe to the unhappy one who neglects that sweet injunction, "Honor thy father and mother." But thank Heaven, there are Teddy's and Teddy's, life is not all hardness: and some of the greatest men are those who have never forgotten that divine command.

* * *

"Mrs. Morgan," said the sick woman, "What is keeping Norah, I am anxious about her?"

Mrs. Morgan smiled reassuringly, as she proceeded to tuck the pillows with grimy hands on which traces of ashes clung. Grannie shivered as she noted it, but said nothing, fearing to wound her sensitiveness.

"Troth, and ye neednt, niver fear but she's all right. I sent her along with the rest of the childer to sell the shamrocks they gathered yes-

terday; and the cartures went off as frolicsome as young lambs.

Grannie groaned. "Last Patrick's day I was sitting in my own little cabin at the foot of Slieve Donard; an' the neighbors came in from the chapel to rest and have a shanack (achat). They called it the half way-house, for it was the only wan between the village and the church. I'll niversee it again" she said sadly.

"Who knows what luck is in store for you. There's gold behind the clouds," said Mrs. Morgan brightly, as she noted the quivering, suffering face of the old woman.

"Here is Norah," she added, as the child entered, and wearily threw down her basket, still clasping the kitten in her arm.

"What is it Alanna. Tell yer Grannie?" said the sick woman in a tone of ineffable tenderness, as she noted the clouded face.

"I have sold only a few bunches," sobbed the child.

"Isn't that gran" said the invalid, appealingly to Mrs. Morgan, an electric flash of sympathy flying between the two women.

"Gran's no name for it," echoed Mrs. Morgan heartily. "If my Teddy does as well next year I'll be a happy woman."

Norah's face brightened.

"Grannie, are ye spakin' truth?" she asked earnestly.

"I thought to sell the whole basket, but look what I found. Did you ever see such a lovely kitten?"

Both women eyed the little animal ruefully; each thought of the milk necessary to keep it alive, but kept their thoughts untold, and Norah proceeded to relate with eyes ablaze with excitement, her adventure. "He was such a grand gentleman, Grannie, she concluded, an' he tould me he was coming here tomorrow."

"Who knows but its the turn of the tide," said Mrs. Morgan, oracularly.

"Hiven grant it" said the old woman earnestly.

CHAPTER II.

Next day all was excitement in Smith's Alley, for somehow, the news had gone forth about a gentleman coming to visit Grannie's Norah. An indescribable air of expectancy, not visible to an outsider, pervaded the Alley. When anyone with a semblance of respectability appeared in its narrow purliens, a close observer might have noticed the flight of sundry semi-clad children, into the tenement houses, then faces appearing at the broken rag stuffed windows; and a loud whispered altercation between the denisons of first and second story.

"I tell ye its himself."

"I bet its not, he is just a dacint working man that, an' no gentleman."

When the individual alluded to, disappeared without even looking at the house where Grannie's Norah lodged, a fierce war of words raged, which nearly ended in a quarrel, the usual termination in Smith's Alley. Then one of the children was despatched for porter the panacea of the wretched, to assuage their disappointment, whilst the rest resumed their watch.

Toward mid-day, a smart carriage with two

footmen drove up; in it were seated the celebrated R. A. and Mrs. Armitage. The inhabitants had never seen such an equipage in the locality. It was generally either the fever car, or an ominous black coach drove that way.

"My, but she's a gran 'un that," said the flaunting women standing at the corner in their gaudy shawls and poor gowns. Mrs. Armitage assisted by her cousin alighted, and lifting her



A Rare Banquet.

lorgnettes started half compassionately, half disgustedly, at the troop of wild unkept looking children gathered round the carriage.

"Is it Grannie's Norah yer wanting?" cried one boldier than the rest, pointing a grimy finger toward the cleanest looking of the houses. "She lives there."

"Yes, she lives in there," echoed a whole crowd of voices.

"This is an ovation in earnest," said the R. A. lightly, as they ascended the creaking stair leading to Grannie's room.

On the different landings faces of every type stared at them; from the innocent babe, to the sin-steeped sinner, who, scowled as they passed, yet offered no further discourtesy, for, Grannie during her stay amongst them had involuntarily commanded their respect; and these poor hardened ones felt glad that any good fortune was in store for her.

On arriving at Grannie's door, Mrs. Armitage knocked lightly. A weak voice bade her enter. This was what she saw: A room destitute of the commonest articles of comfort with the exception of a poor fire glimmering feebly in

the grate. In the corner a straw palliase on which lay Grannie, her white cap with colored handkerchief, swathed carefully round her head; the whole surmounting the sweetest old face in the world. Sorrow had imprinted its mark on the wrinkled brow, and in the innumerable network of lines round the patient mouth; but the eyes were still bright in their soft luminance. It was the face of a woman who had passed scatheless on life's sinful march; and had ever stooped to help less fortunate companions.

Woman of the world though she was, Mrs. Armitage instinctively recognized this; and sank down on her knees beside the wretched pallet. "My poor woman," she murmured, "what has brought you to this? Have you no friends or children?"

"I had nine, and the prodigal," said the weak voice, "but all are dead. I have only Norah now, and she is no kin."

Then in a few pathetic sentences she told her sad story.

"Och but its he that had the good heart." 'Why did they call him the prodigal? you ask.' "Well, I'll just tell ye. Childer are fond of stories, an' the one he never tired listening to was the prodigal son. 'Mother' he would say when I was scolding him for miching from school. He was only a gosson then, with eyes blue as the say, an' hair like thistle-down; with such a roguish glint in them.

'I'm your prodigal,' and he would put his arms round my neck an' smother me with kisses, an' what could a poor woman do but forgive him, he was so loveable, maybe I should have had a tighter hand over him being fatherless (I was left a widow at forty) but it was he who had the masterful way with him. When he grew up nothing would do him, but go an' make a fortune for his old mother. He went to Ameriky, it nearly broke my heart; then letters came, first full of brightness, an' hope, an' always sending me the few shillings for rent, then, black silence. For long enough I thought God had tuck him, then I heard news of his landin' in Ireland; but no word from him to me. They told me stories about him, but I wouldn't believe them, we are all wake, an' tis in human nature to fall. He was disappointed like most of us poor creatures, and ashamed to tell his poor mother.

When the letter did come, I flew to him, he died in this very room.

Mrs. Armitage was effected beyond word by



"What's your name, child?" she abruptly asked the little one.

the simple story, and turned from the sick woman to conceal her emotion. "What's your name, child", she said abruptly to the little one who was slowly turning the contents of an iron skillet.

"Grannie's Norah", said the child, looking at her frankly, her beautiful face flushed with excitement.

Mrs. Armitage started as if she had been shot.

"My God" she murmured 'how like', and through the midst of years she saw the facsimile of the child before her, only clad in the costly raiments of the rich, flitting round the home of her youth; the sunshine of her existence the last gift of her dead mother.

How she had loved the little one. As in a dream she saw the years fly on; and memory's curtain lighted on a wedding scene; and again the same face looked at her, only this time orange blossoms decked the sunny brow, and happiness unspeakable shone in the lustrous eyes. Then a longer interval filled in with song of birds mingled with the scent of June roses and happy voices. Then the curtain lifted suddenly on a

scene so terrible that even now Mrs. Armitage writhed at recollection. A room fitted out with every luxury. A fair young mother with her babe clasped to her breast; a dark browed woman bending over her, asking to take the child out for an airing. With many a parting injunction, the mother gave her treasure into the nurse's arms.

The woman never returned and three days afterward her body was found floating in the river, no trace of the child only a tiny pair of shoes grasped in the woman's arms, and a scrawl of writing on which could be traced the manical words: "I am God's instrumnet."

The agony of the mother, the wild distress of the father, of those dreadful days, though the poor mother never gave up the hope unshared by others that her child lived but as the years flew on she drooped and died from hope, deferred in other words, of a broken heart.

Mrs. Armitage stood staring at the child like one who sees a ghost. Norah was half frightened, wholly fascinated by her gaze.

"Mrs. Sullivan" she said in a hoarse voice almost unrecognizable from its former tones, "did you say this child is not related to you?"

"Not a drop's blood" said the old woman "but she is the light of my heart. Would you like to hear her story? If you read it, out of a book you would hardly believe it."

Mrs. Armitage listened with ill concealed agitation as the old woman proceeded with the story. When she came to the part about the rosary, she startled visibly.

"Have you got it?" she asked excitedly.

"Yes," said Grannie serenely, "I would never part with it. "Norah, show the lady your treasure."

Grannie's Norah took from her neck the rosary and held it toward Mrs. Armitage.

At a glance she recognized it, for it was her own gift; and with a shriek of joy heard outside on the landing by Raymond Gilbert who came hurriedly in, not knowing what was the matter, she clasped the astonished child in her arms, and sobbed and cried over her as if her heart would break.

Grannie eyed these proceedings in bewilderment; but her quick instincts soon told her that Norah had found her lawful guardians. It was pitiful to watch her face with its mingled look of joy and sorrow. "My little ewe lamb" she murmured, "am I going to lose you?"

"No, Grannie, no," screamed Norah, "I will never leave you."

"But my darling," sobbed Mrs. Armitage, "we shall not ask you Grannie must come too."

It was affecting to watch the old woman and child, the glance of love flashing from eye to eye.

"Shall we go back to Slieve Donard?" demanded Norah when all was explained to her.

"Yes, my own," murmured Mrs. Armitage ready to grant anything to the imperious little maid.

"Will you get Grannie back her china teapot?" was the next startling question.

Mrs. Armitage looked bewildered, but answered hastily "Yes, yes."

"Then Grannie we'll go," said the child decisively, "but I must bid good-by to Teddy Morgan." Like a flash of lightning she was gone; and they could hear her impetuous young voice calling "Teddy, Teddy!"

"I think I had better go too," said the R. A. smiling.

"Would you be able for the journey?" said Mrs. Armitage anxiously when they were alone. A faint flush stained the soft old face.

"I feel better already," she said simply. "The dark night has gone the morning is dawning," she added reverently.

Mrs. Armitage assisted her to dress. With her own hands she tied her bonnet and yielding to an uncontrollable impulse stooped and kissed her. "What would have befallen my poor little niece if you had not taken her in?" she said brokenly. "I tremble to think of it."

"I was only God's instrument," said the old woman solemnly "but what noise is that?" she asked as aloud huzzaing fell on their ears.

"Oh, Grannie," cried Norah bursting into the room like a small whirl wind followed by the R. A., "I told the neighbors we were going back to Slieve Donard, an' that the kind lady was my Aunt, and they are all waiting at the door to see us off."

True enough, a crowd of the unwashed but kindly inhabitants had assembled round the carriage, and when Grannie appeared, between Mrs. Armitage and Norah, the huzzas became simply deafening and blessings and good wishes filled the air.

Grannie, the tears rolling down her face, bade them good-by, and with a last look toward the window of the room where her prodigal had died, her lips moving as if in prayer, she entered the carriage, and the united group were driven rapidly away.

The mystery of Norah's miraculous escape from death was never solved; nor did they seek it.

Mrs. Armitage fulfilled her promises nobly. She bought a beautiful mansion at the foot of Slieve Donard to which was attached a comfortable porter's lodge, in which Grannie was installed, and where Norah could fly in and out at her own sweet will. Occupying the place of honor in an important looking glass case, was the famous china teapot surrounded by a whole set of the loveliest teacups in the world (so Grannie affirms). nor were the poor denisons of Smith's Alley forgotten, the Widow Morgan in particular, each and every one had reason to bless the day when providence flashed midst the darkness of their lives, a ray of sunshine in the form of Grannie's Norah.



Most Rev. William H. Elder.

A Sketch by Rev. E. Prunte.



IN a letter to the diocesan clergy, dated November 1, 1904, Most Rev. Henry Moeller, until then Coadjutor-Archbishop of Cincinnati said: "It is my sad duty to announce the death of our saintly and beloved Archbishop. He died at Seton Hospital last night at 10 minutes to 12."

The sad intelligence rapidly spread through the city of Cincinnati and flashed over the wires to all parts of the United States. Everywhere it was received with profound and sincere regret. The many noble and charming traits of his character had endeared the deceased prelate to all who had ever met him, and in the long career of his active life he had traveled almost to every part of the country. Telegrams from prelates and priests and individual expressions from prominent laymen during his three days' illness and after his demise gave ample evidence of high respect and deep-felt sympathy.

Archbishop Elder departed this life in his 86th year, the 59th of his priesthood and the 48th of his episcopate, 25 of which would, on the 30th day of January 1905 have been spent in the See of Cincinnati.

With his death closed a varied and eventful life, full of years and merits. Born in Baltimore on March 22, 1819 he was the ninth of ten children in a family known for longevity. His six brothers all lived past 80 years, one of them dying in his 93rd year. His ancestors belonged to the earliest Catholic settlers of Maryland. His father was Basil Spalding Elder who died 36 years ago at the age of 97 years. Spalding was the name of his grand mother, a member of that famous family which gave to the Church in America the great Archbishop Martin Spalding of Baltimore and the present Bishop of Peoria, besides several distinguished priests.

William Henry Elder received his elementary education in a private school at Baltimore, and in his twelfth year entered Mt. Mary's College at Emmitsburg. Modesty and kindness, sincere piety and great love of study eminently fitted him for the clerical state which was the object of his desires in early youth. After finish-

ing the classical course he entered the Seminary of the same name which was then under the presidency of Dr. J. B. Purcell; John McCloskey, afterward Archbishop of New York and Cardinal, was at the time prefect at the Institution.

As a deacon Elder entered the Urban College of the Roman Propaganda, where he was ordained priest on Passion Sunday March 29, 1846, by Mgr. Brunelli. After having obtained the doctorate in theology, he returned to his native country. Archbishop Samuel Eccleston of Baltimore appointed him professor of Dogmatic Theology at Mt. St. Mary's and subsequently rector of the Seminary. For the 7th Provincial Council of Baltimore Rt. Rev. M. Spalding, then Bishop of Louisville, chose him as his theologian. In the responsible positions as professor and rector of Seminarians, he acquired in union with his excellent natural qualities those executive abilities so conducive to successful diocesan administration. Hence there was nobody surprised but himself when it became known that he had been selected to the episcopal dignity. In 1852 the see of Natchez embracing the entire State of Mississippi, became vacant by the death of its second bishop Rt. Rev. Van de Velde, and the able and genial rector of Mt. St. Mary's was appointed to preside over it. He was consecrated at the Cathedral of Baltimore on May 3, 1857 by Archbishop Francis Kenrick assisted by Bishop McGill of Richmond and Coadjutor Bishop Wood. Thereupon he repaired to his diocese where he found nine priests in charge of eleven churches and stations. At the time, he was the youngest bishop in the United States. His first care was to organize and to upbuild financially and spiritually his poor mission diocese and to discharge with unremitting zeal and under trying circumstances the ordinary official duties.

Soon, however, the civil war broke out. New and extraordinary responsibilities confronted the bishop. His diocese situated in the midst of the military engagements, had to suffer severely. With utmost exertion he endeavored to protect and assist his diocesans and others in their trials. Once when visiting a hospital and observing

grievous neglect of the sick and wounded, he obtained redress by an energetic protest to the respective authorities. His duties brought him in contact with General Grant and other chieftains, and in extended epistolary communication with President Lincoln, Secretary Stanton and others, all of which revealed the confession-like spirit of the Apostolic Bishop. His political views inclined to the cause of the South, but in his public actions he remained neutral, aiding the suffering soldiers of both parties to the best of his ability. For a long while he and his clergy encountered no molestations on the part of the military officers until Farrar, the Union commander at Natchez, on June 28, 1864, issued an order that prayers be said in all the churches for President Lincoln and the United States. Bishop Elder appealed to the Secretary of War for protection, and in words equally polite and decided, expressed his refusal to comply with the unjustifiable demand. His refusal cost him a brief imprisonment at Vidalia in Louisiana whither he was sent on July 22, 1864 by command of General Brayman.

Here he was visited and honored by Catholics, but likewise by members of other creeds who admired and praised him for his dutiful and manly conduct. Meanwhile the Provost-marshal took possession of the Cathedral and all the churches in which the prayers for President Lincoln were not said. Bishop Elder's position was sustained at Washington.

Immediately upon his release and his return to Natchez, he resumed his arduous labors. With unceasing devotion he endeavored to gather the scattered sheep of his flock and to repair the ruins of the war. New Congregations were established, others reorganized. After many years of incessant and successful efforts, another severe visitation came upon him and his diocese. In the year of 1878, the yellow fever broke out in epidemic form and devastated the episcopal city. The bishop was urged to go to the North like so many other inhabitants, but he steadfastly refused and stayed at his post. Hearing that the awful plague was depopulating the city of Vicksburg, he hurried thither to bring relief also to that afflicted portion of his flock. As another St. Charles Borromeo he attended the spiritual and corporal needs of his people. Utterly regardless of self, he walked in the midst of the dread disease. Day and night he labored personally among the stricken and even buried the dead. On one occasion, those seeking the good Samaritan, found him splitting wood for a stricken woman and her sick children in order to prepare food. Before that he had washed the children and arranged their beds. Finally he was himself laid down with the fever. He hovered between life and death. Yet God was with his faithful servant and contrary to expectation, the patient recovered.

In the spring of the year 1879, Bishop Elder was tendered the appointment of Coadjutor with the right of succession to the Most Rev. Archbishop Sadoc Alemany of San Francisco. But he declined it, giving as his reason that he could not leave his fever-stricken people of Natchez.

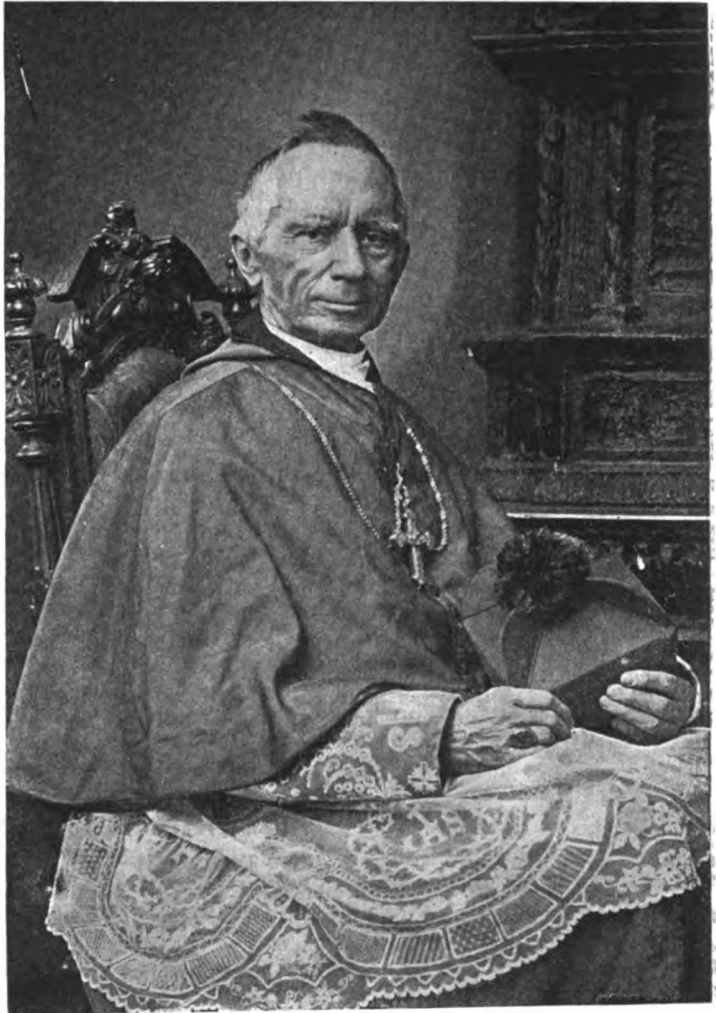
On January 30, 1880, however, Pope Leo XIII appointed him Coadjutor to the Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell of Cincinnati with the right of succession and the title of Bishop of Avara, and enjoined upon him to at once proceed to that at the time financially heavily burdened Archdiocese. Several bishops to whom the acceptance of this difficult position had been proposed, had respectfully declined. Bishop Elder made the sacrifice, probably not without regard for his former Superior at Emmitsburg. Retaining the administration at Natchez, he confidently took up and bore the cross of Cincinnati.

On Sunday morning April 18, the Patron feast of St. Joseph, a small slender gentleman, to all appearances a traveler, carrying a satchel in his hand, wended his way to the episcopal residence at Cincinnati, rang the bell and patiently waited for the opening of the door. The Cathedral clergy were greatly astonished at learning that Bishop Elder had entered quite unexpectedly, whilst they had made extensive preparation for a becoming reception. On the same day, the Coadjutor Archbishop preached at Highmass and thus began his official activity in Cincinnati which lasted nearly 25 years. On the death of Archbishop Purcell on July 4, 1883, he succeeded to that great metropolitan See. Although difficulties innumerable beset his archiepiscopate, a never failing Divine Providence stood by him, he soon overcame them, and restored order and prosperity in the great diocese that had met with adversity. In this he was assisted by a body of learned and prudent advisors, prominent among whom was for many years his successor, Archbishop H. Moeller. A zealous and faithful clergy gladly seconded the good efforts of their beloved Ordinary.

Archbishop Elder's constant motto was: "In all things charity." Gentle in manners, he was resolute in deed and tolerated no deviation from established order. His habits were simple and studious; his life quiet and modest. He was easy to approach, deeply interested in all current questions of the day, and most bountiful in his charities. He was a man of prayer and piety, an ardent lover of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament and a tender child of Mary, the Immaculate Mother of God. As a zealous member of the Priests' Eucharistic League, he failed not to participate in all its gatherings, and it was soon after returning from the great Eucharistic Congress at New York that he was suddenly taken ill. His last audible words were the prayers of petition concluding the "Hail Mary."

A supreme resignation to the will of God marked the last days of the eminent Prelate. No complaint, no remonstrance passed over his lips. The same lovable disposition and gentle consideration which shone throughout his long and active career still cast their halo about his person. 'He is the same loving saint dying as he lived,' remarked his secretary Rev. John Gallagher, as he walked from the sickroom on the Vigil of all Saints.

Nothing could have been more appropriate than that his noble career should end almost at the advent of that feast-day when the Church honors all the Saints who have passed into the world beyond. His simplicity and apostolic spirit astonishingly manifested themselves in his last will. It contained these words, "I desire to be buried in a plain coffin, with neither silver trimmings nor satin or silk trappings." After Archbishop Moeller had read this portion of the last will in the presence of the assembled Diocesan Consultors, there was a silence fraught with the deepest emotion. Men who thought they knew every characteristic of the dead, paused the marvel at the humility carried even beyond the pale of life. Archbishop Moeller looked at his confreres and asked whether this should be done. It was decided that the last desire of the deceased prelate would be respected. Thus when the late Metropolitan of the Cincinnati Province was placed in state upon the high catafalque in the Cathedral, the plainest of caskets held the remains, dressed in the richly embroidered raiments of the exalted office.



Most Rev. Wm. Henry Elder.

His funeral took place from the Cathedral Tuesday morning, Nov. 8, 1904 to the cathedral portion of the new St. Joseph's Cemetery on Price Hill.

The following tribute from Archbishop Moeller was given out immediately after the death of Archbishop Elder:

"For nearly a quarter of a century have I been associated with Archbishop Elder, and as the days of that period passed, the beauty and harmony of his character more and more unfolded itself to me. How evident that he was a true minister in Christ. His deeds of charity, his kindness toward the fallen, his genuine humility, his unselfish spirit, his total detachment from all earthly goods, his untiring labors to promote God's glory and the salvation of souls plainly show that he strove to fashion his life after that of the Master.

"He was a man of strong faith in God, and, like a simple child, relied on the assistance of his Creator. This faith and reliance on God we

see in his fidelity to prayer. He was ever mindful of the words of Christ: 'Without me you can do nothing.' He taught this truth by words and exemplified it in his daily life. He was not known to begin a work of importance without prayer, nor decide any question without first having sought light and strength from God. This spirit of prayer did not leave him during his last illness. Consumed by a burning fever when his strength had almost left him, the movements of his lips showed that he was still in communion with his Creator. Any prayer suggested to him he would recite with a fervor and an unction which edified those who had the happiness of being near his bedside.

"The purest motive always actuated him. He would not intentionally wrong any one. If he feared he had made a mistake he would at any cost rectify it. He never harbored any ill will toward any one, nor would he brook those near him even an uncharitable suspicion of their

fellow men. How often during these twenty-five years has his heart been bruised, and instead of harboring any unkind feelings toward the offenders he always sought to imitate the sublime charity of our Savior, saying with Him 'Father, forgive them.' As a citizen what fault could be found with him? He took a deep interest in all that concerned the welfare of our country. "His life is the strongest refutation of those who assert 'that a Catholic cannot be a good citizen.'

"His last hours were in harmony with the life he had lived. When those who stood by his bedside saw the calm with which he met

death, they felt that it was a foreshadowing of his eternal and blissful repose. They realized that a saint was going from among them and rejoiced in the thought that they had known him. May God grant that clergy and laity may imitate the example and virtues of Archbishop Elder; and may he pray for him on whom his mantle has fallen and obtain for him strength and grace to labor as zealously and unselfish for God and souls as he did. Surely it is not in vain that we say: 'May thy rest be in peace and thy habitation in Holy Zion.'

✠ To the Holy Spirit. ✠

: : By Rev. John E. Rothensteiner. : :

Holy Spirit, Living Light,
Hovering o'er the darksome night,
Come, my trembling fears allay;
Drive the mocking shades away:
Let my soul resplendent shine
With that beauteous Light of Thine.

Spirit of eternal Love,
Sovereign of the realms above,
God of gentleness and might
Fill my heart with love's delight.
Make it gentle, kind and still,
Make it strong to do Thy will.



Spirit, fount of Holiness,
Come in tongues of fire to bless,
Rousing cold and languid hearts,
Kindling them with lambent darts:
Come in glory and inspire
All with zeal and rapt desire.

Holy Spirit, bless and cheer
Weary wandering children here,
Still allaying hate and strife,
Lead us to the fount of Life.
Grant us Peace, Thou gentle Dove,
Sovereign Grace of Light and Love.

✠ Churches of Salt. ✠

The Most Wonderful Salt Mines in the World.

THE city of Wieliczka, Polish Austria, has been appropriately termed a city of salt, for there are the most wonderful salt mines in the world. As long ago as 1044 the mines were first worked, and for the last 860 years salt has been excavated, until at the present day the mines cover a vast area, in which are to be found underground streets and squares, with restaurants, ballrooms, chapels, and a railway station and over thirty miles of trains and train lines.

The artificial illumination for this underground city is supplied by electric light, and when the rooms are illuminated the result is dazzling in its brilliancy. Turning out one of the main passages, however, the gayety and splendor are left behind, and in its place quietude and prayer reign supreme, for here is situated what might justly be named the most remarkable place of worship in the world. The room which is known as St. Anthony's Chapel is a marvelous and lasting testimony to the patient work and ingenuity of a miner.

In 1698 this unknown miner, unaided and persevering, commenced his self imposed task of hewing out the chapel, every part of which is made from the solid salt.

Several times each year the priests of the district hold services in this underground chapel

and one service in particular is annually celebrated on July 3d with considerable pomp and earnest devotion. The priests, attired in full robes, descend the mines in state, and are accompanied by hundreds of pious people, who journey for miles from all parts of the country in order to take part in the service. A crowd of sightseers, too, attracted by ceremonies so unique in their surroundings, come especially on this day to view the mines and reverently listen. The chants of the priests and the sweet voices of the singers reverberate through the empty rooms and passages in a manner which is both solemn and impressive.

The queen's chapel, the second important one, also possesses a magnificent "altar," which has been carved with expert skill in solid salt. On the side of the chapel, too, has been carved with almost incredible art a view of Bethlehem.

It is rather a curious testimony to the strong religious feeling of the people of olden times to find to the present day the majority of the rooms and corridors are still named after the saints and martyrs who have figured in the history of religion, and even today the religious fervor of centuries ago still seems to retain an influence over the inhabitants of this unique city of salt.

A PAGE FROM THE HISTORY OF MODERN JAPAN.



A BAPTISM WITH HINDRANCES.

..... BY REV. J. F. MEIFUSS.



Les Missions catholiques (no. 1849) published a letter from Father Boehrer of the Diocese of Nagasaki, Japan, to his friend, Father Mannas. The letter reads: Peter Joshiyasu is the first-born son of an ancient Samurai, a Samurai whose character would fit better into the times of Ieyasu than in this XX century of Japanese civilisation.

Although Peter had studied for several months the Christian Doctrine and faithfully said his daily prayers and devoutly assisted at Mass on Sundays, he had not yet dared to declare himself openly a Christian. He trembled at the thought of his father whose wild rage he knew and who was apt to draw his old swords from their scabbards where they had rested for more than 39 years.

In vain had he tortured his mind to find some means whereby to placate his terrible father.

Had God not come to his rescue he might not have found a single one apt to smooth his way to the cherished object, baptism.

On the last day of June I had left for Nagasaki and having arrived there in the evening at the Bishop's house, I hoped to enjoy the company of some of my brethren who were assembled there; but a telegram called me home: "Little daughter of Ioshiyasu baptized and dead. Father wants Catholic funeral."

I saw at once the consequences of this public profession of Christianity. It meant open war between Peter Ioshiyasu and his old father. The ground of Nagasaki burnt under my feet. I entered the first train leaving Nagasaki and arrived during the same night at Fukuoka.

Indeed, the fight between Ioshiyasu against all of his kindred had been very hot the whole day.

All the same, his resolution remained unshaken. His child had been baptized and hence he refused any Buddhistic ceremony.

"She died a Catholic", he answered to those that argued with him, "she will be buried a Catholic."

And from his voice and the expression of his face it was easy to see, that as a worthy son

of a Samurai, he would not give in but rather face the sword of his father. Some asked him whether he intended to become a Christian himself.

"You will see after the burial," he answered calmly.

In short, his obstinacy was such that even some of his relations were of opinion that he was a Christian.

"Since that stupidity of the child's baptism is an accomplished fact, they said "we can but close our eyes at the funeral but must take measures that thereafter all connection of Ioshiyasu with the missionary be prevented."

But the old father would not listen to such a proposal. He was so violent in his opposition to a Christian funeral that my catechist and myself asked ourselves whether the service would not be interrupted by some violence.

* * *

At the stated hour I went to the house to accompany the body to church. I found near Peter his father and brothers who seemed to form the guard of the corpse.

Whilst their lips remained unmovable, their eyes spoke so much the louder. I was received with the looks typical in the pictured eyes of old Japanese warriors. Dressed in surplice and stole I began at once to sing "Sit nomen Domini benedictum" and the psalm "Laudate pueri." The electric looks that seemed to brighten the pages of my ritual never quit until I finished the psalm. I thought that when the corpse was to be taken out, was the moment when their fury would explode. I announced that we would now take the body to the church. Lightning-like looks were exchanged, when suddenly an old relation pretending to make some grave communication to the old Samurai took him apart to an adjoining room. Before he had reappeared we had made our exit. On the road our Christians recited loud the Rosary in the streets of the city.

Thus suddenly deprived of their leader and seeing also a great number of pagans accompany the funeral cortege, the brothers of Peter lost gradually their warlike aspect put themselves in line and even entered the Catholic church and cemetery.

* * *



A SECRET.

The following day, at the customary funeral meal, all the relations of Peter Ioshiyasu were present. He expected one of the most violent attacks. Toward evening Peter asked my catechist to be present. As he hesitated to accept: "Go" I said, "your presence can be but useful there. And don't forget to let me know as soon as possible how all passed off."

I waited a long time for his return. At midnight he had not yet come back and I went to bed.

* * *

Toward four o'clock I was suddenly roused from sleep by hard knocks at the door. Opening the door, I faced Peter, his wife, and his little son.

"Father, baptize us," said they, omitting the long salutation ceremony, "yes, baptize us this morning."

"Come in," said I, and tell me the cause of your excitement."

Having seated themselves they said:

"The family meal passed off perfectly quiet but that calm was only the forerunner of the storm, Saki was drunk very moderately, and only to comply with the form

At last, as if at a given order, the brothers of Peter put away the dishes themselves and when the mattings were free, in a general silence, the old Samurai adjured solemnly his son to renounce the Christian religion.

"Despite the deep respect I feel for you," answered Peter, "it is impossible for me to comply with your wish. In fact, neither myself, nor my wife, nor my son are as yet Christians, but I intend to ask the mission-

ary to baptize me when the moment has arrived."

At these words, the old man, wiping away a tear of rage, cried out: "You dishonor your ancestors, I shall kill you." And jumping at him beat him. He had not expected such a resistance, for if he had he would have brought with him his swords. Lacking them he cried aloud into the kitchen for a butcher-knife, but nobody brought it quick enough for him. So he went himself to look for one. At that moment the catechist took hold of Peter, threw him on the street, lisping in his ear, "Run to the neighbor".

Meanwhile the brothers of Peter had not been inactive. One had taken hold of his wife and beat her unmercifully. The other had run out to find his little son.

Whilst the old man upset everything in the kitchen to find a butcher-knife, the catechist was lucky enough to liberate Peter's wife from her aggressor. He took her up more dead than alive and ran with her into the garden, letting her down on the other side of the fence. Then he came back in all haste to find the child but did see it nowhere. Then all fell over him and attacked him rudely. Yet he succeeded to escape their hands by jumping the same fence in

the garden. At the neighbor's he was safe. Peter and his wife were already there.

Now they had to find the child. The little fellow who had found the meal too protracted, had gone off to the bathhouse. There he was found by one of Peter's friends who brought him on by-ways to his parents.

For a long time Peter could hear the old man raging at his brothers for having let them escape and at last he even heard how a meeting at the father's house was agreed upon by all. Sleep had finally overcome them, and Peter profited of this moment to hasten to the priest's house to ask him for baptism.



Funeral in a Pagan Country.

"I may expect anything, even being killed together with my wife and child. Yet we would not like to die without the sanctifying grace of baptism."

"It shall be done." I said more shaken than I wished to appear. The stripes you have received yesterday evening shall replace the examination in catechism."

I commenced therefore at once the explanation of the ceremonies of baptism and of the act of contrition and added:

"May your fervor replace the festive dress which you have not been able to put on for this joyful occasion."

The door of my house was solidly barricaded, for at every moment spies made their appearance looking out for our fugitives. It was our intention to have everything pass off in the greatest calm. At 10 o'clock the baptismal service began and was followed by a Mass for the conversion of the parents of these valiant confessors.

Peter returned home with his soul in peace. The happiness he felt made him almost forget that the family council which had been in session since morning had looked out for the culprit incessantly. No sooner had they learned that he was home again, one of his brothers was sent to him with the command to appear before them.

"Yesterday evening," he answered, "I declared before father and you that as yet I was no Christian. That was the truth. But this morning at daybreak, I went to ask the missionary to be baptized and he granted my wish. Thus I am baptized. As I have nothing else to tell the assembled parentage, you may tell them this from me; and in my quality as firstborn, I require you do so.

The bewildered brother hastened to bring that "sad" news to the family. Some insisted upon his immediate appearance, others proposed to torture him until he had renounced his faith. The father commanded them to be silent and declared that since his son, despite of all re-

monstrances and stripes of the evening before, had asked for baptism at daybreak, nothing would change him. After the example of the ancient Christians he would rather be killed than abjure his religion. Hence all that could be done was to deny him and cast him out of the family.

That sentence was approved unanimously, and it was resolved to execute it at once.

But their came up a legal difficulty.

Before the law Peter was the chief of the family, he held the seal, since his father had declared himself In Kyok i. e. retired. But to wrest the seal from Peter, a public sentence was required, that would not be given except for crime or some infamous vice. The old father saw that the Japan of today was no longer the Japan of Ieyasu. The son whom he had picked out to represent the family before the tribunals backed out, since they would have dishonored the whole family, but agreed to settle the matter in another fashion. He, dressed as a Samurai, suspended the two swords and presented himself to his eldest brother.

"Having learned of your baptism," he said, "the united family has declared you ousted of your titles and qualities as chief of the house and has named me in your place. Yet I do not like to accept. I would rather recognize you as my eldest brother. I understand, if you are a Christian now, it is the result of your protracted conversation with the missionary. He is the real culprit. I shall cut his head off, thus he is punished as he deserves. And once rid of all that attaches you to the mission, you will reassume the old life and the family will be satisfied. When I have killed the strange priest I shall cut my bowels before the door of his church and the honor of our family is safe."

Proud of this program, worthy of another age, he started to execute it. But Peter kept him back for a moment.

"So," he said, "you think to punish the Father by cutting his head. You cannot procure him a greater joy, nor more honor nor a more beautiful reward. You will make him a martyr. What better can he wish for? The Church of the whole world will glorify him as such. He will go straight up to Heaven, to the Lord of Heaven and earth and there enjoy eternal bliss. I myself will honor him more than anybody else, for it is for my sake that his blood is shed and I shall give myself, body and soul, to the missionary that will replace him. By becoming a Christian, you ought to know, I have not given up my duties as Samurai. Take your swords home and tell the family that by Monday noon I will show you what I will do to draw you all out of this embarrassment."

The brother of Peter, at heart little inclined to procure me the joys and glory of martyrdom, put back his swords and reported to the family the new message.

* * *

But the family, fatigued by an endless session, was glad to take some rest. Meanwhile the old man went brooding over the words of his son.

"By becoming a Christian, he has not abdicated his duties as Samurai. He will come the day after tomorrow, at noon, to tell us and show us what he will do. In the mouth of a Samurai these words have but one meaning. He will come to perform the "harakiri (i. e. open his bowels) before me and the whole family. Thus, according to our old warrior traditions, he will dishonor me and the family and he himself will be the hero."

These reflexions made him shiver and turned his head. At midnight he could stand it no longer but ran to his son and told him:

"It is useless that the family be united again on the day you have indicated. Since you stick to it so much, I will allow you to be a Christian. I ask but one thing from you, that you respect our ancestors."

The following day, a Sunday, Peter came to me before Mass, telling me that the tragedy was ended and that henceforth he was allowed to practice the religion he had so bravely embraced. The Mass of this Sunday was one of thanksgiving. For four days we had lived as at the time of Ieyasu.

As an epilogue I might add, that, aided by your prayer, I hope to be able to announce in short he conversion of the father and brothers of Ioshiyasu.

* * *

This is a beautiful story, showing that in Japan where European civilisation has progressed more in fifty years than elsewhere in two hundred, the spirit of the old Christians is not yet dead and, if many Peter Ioshiyasu's are found there, a glorious future is in store for the nation.

But this story puts to shame many of our own Christians that for one flimsy reason or another do not want to have their dead buried by the Catholic priest but have them buried on Protestant or heathen burial grounds or even dispose of them by cremation, a mode of burial that repeatedly has been condemned by the Church.





The Peace of God.

By Mary J. O'Brien.



EXCITEMENT at its keenest height reigned in the village of Beau-Sejours. The badly-defined crooked little streets, usually so lifeless through the long drowsy day were filled with noisy clusters of women and children, and quieter groups of men. All were awaiting and discussing the great event—for it was a great event in the lives of these simple people,—the coming of the new Cure. But a few short weeks before, with aching hearts and tear filled eyes, and words that spoke everlasting remembrance, they had seen the mortal remains of their faithful old pastor borne away from the little depot. And now they watched the same depot for the stranger who was to take his place. "They say he is the son of a Count, and gave up everything to become a Cure," said one. "And I have heard" exclaimed another, "that he was a great orator in his younger days. I know not how true it may be. Madame Grenier told me." "Yes, but now he is old and worn-out, and no longer fit for the mighty cathedrals of Paris, so they send him here. But anything is good enough for Beau-Sejours!"

"For shame, Marie! Thou hast ever the bad word. How else could it be? Beau-Sejours with a Master Cure, and a handful of sous to keep him on? Bah! hold thy peace, foolish girl!"

A quiet matron who had not joined to any extent in the conversation here ventured to depart from the all-absorbing subject:

"I have not seen Little Madame today, and she was not in her garden as I passed. It can not be that she is ill."

"Ah, Madame cares not, and will never care again. If the whole of Paris were to come to Beau-Sejours, she would still sit in her little dim parlor, and tell her rosary before the great covered easel in the corner. I wonder she does not burn that picture. If I were she, I would fear the curse of it, Lord ever keep us!"

"God help half the poor mothers of the world!" spoke a tottering old dame, with a low quavering voice. "The cradle of their child is their altar of worship, and though in time the idol may

fall from an angel to a demon, the mothers shut their eyes, and blindly worship still."

"Ay! that is so Mathilde! Thou hast ever the wise word. And so said our good old Cure, that thy tongue had the knack of proverbs. But hush! here he comes!"

In a moment silence had fallen over the chattering groups. The sound of approaching wheels, the quick beat of horses' hooves, the momentary passing of the quaint village hack, and a cry of "Vive le Cure! Vive notre bon Cure!" and the great event was over. The crowds of women and men and crying children turned their thoughts and steps homeward. Little Madame heard them as they passed her window.

"The new Cure" she said wearily to herself. "It matters little, new or old. Nothing matters, now, except....except...." and her eyes wandered weakly around the room till they rested on what seemed to be a black curtain, concealing a large easel. Little Madame was old, but she looked older than her years as she sat with that helpless look of misery on her face, a look that seemed not in keeping with her surroundings. For her little parlor showed signs of taste and refinement, with its snow white curtains and comfortable old time furnishings. Up over the wall was hung a panel in blue and gold working bearing the words; "God is Peace." Madame's restless eyes paused on it for a moment, and she spoke again aloud:

"Ay, 'God is Peace;' but to have God, we must forget all else and I cannot, for the cruelty of the world is eating at the core of my heart, at the core of my heart. God, will it ever cease!"

* * *

Months had passed. Beau Sejours slumbered at peace in the sun. The Cure was no longer new. He is allowed to pass down the streets without undue attention except for the reverent greetings given him everywhere. Only the children stare at him still with round, wondering eyes, and take refuge behind their mothers. But their mothers as the tall form passes, murmur: "God bless him." He walks slowly on, dignified and stately yet, despite his seventy winters, past the smithy where old Jean the blacksmith hails him;

on further by the neat gardens and cottages till he comes to the dwelling of Little Madame, nestling in the heart of a wilderness of trees and vines."



Influence of Good Reading.

"A beautiful harbor for unhappiness!" thinks the priest as he knocks. No one comes in answer to his knock, so he enters and Madame meets him in the hall. Her eyes brighten and her hands are held out in welcome. "Monsieur le Cure! Thrice welcome!" she exclaims, and her face is suffused with smiles, but her visitor wonders if this is a momentary mask. He thinks so, for his keen eyes take in at a glance the faded cheeks, and silvered hair, and the haunting flitting shadow on her brow, which Madame can not hide. She shows him into her parlor, and draws the big easy chair to position, with its back to the black curtained easel in the corner. The Priest's sharp eyes have wandered around and seen it though, but he seats himself and says nothing. Madame talks and smiles, and the Cure speaks of his travels, of the wonders of Paris, and of interesting incidents in his long experiences. Then all at once he turns to her.

"Madame, where are your boys?" he asks.

"My boys?" she answers smiling. "Why, Henri is at the mill, and Etienne is in the garden. Henri is my oldest, just twenty two, and like his poor dead father is Henri. Etienne is just a lad of fifteen, a good lad too, quiet and helpful."

"You just have your two boys, is that all?" asks the priest, but it is not a simple question. His black eyes are piercing and earnest, and Little Madame shrinks from their gaze and evades him.

"Would you like to see my Etienne sir? I shall call him if you wish." The priest bows his head, and she leaves the room a few minutes to return with her son. The clay covers the lad's rough shoes and sticks to his clothes and hands, but he is happily unconscious of it. His face is dark and handsome, and his eyes have an honest direct look that appeals to Monsieur le Cure. "Did you ever go to school, boy?" he asks after a little.

"To the village school, sir, until I could learn no more there," answered the boy quietly.

Then the priest turns to the mother.

"You have a noble son," he tells her.

"Would you not like him to go to college, to become a gentleman, a scholar, and a thinker instead of wasting his life here. Beau-Sejours is too small for him.—Paris not too large."

But the priest pauses here from sheer amazement. A change has come over Little Madame. Her face is white as death, her eyes are blazing and strong and resolute, her bent form is upright,



Influence of Bad Reading.

She sits for a full minute thus, then she speaks in a suppressed voice, trembling with vehemence.

"While I have life to forbid it and pray God, after the grave closes over me, no child of mine



PIETA. A Marble Group on Campo Santo at Siena. (After Giovanni Dupré.)

shall dwell in Paris, the city of sin, and no child of mine shall change his peace of mind for learning, the ruin of souls."

"A strange prohibition Madame! But doubtless you have your reasons."

Madame is silent but her gaze rests unconsciously for a moment on the easel in the corner. Then the fire dies out of her eyes, her lips relax and tremble, her form bends over and a look of utmost misery steals over her face. She bows her head on her hands. The boy has left the room, and the priest, his sharp eyes soft and pitying, speaks to her:

"It is the way of thorns child, that comes to every life. The Christ of Sorrows trod it first Himself."

Little Madame raises her head then. Her face is softer and more patient.

"Henri and Etienne are my sons" she says, "but Joan was my dear daughter." Monsieur le Cure, bows his head and Madame continues:

"She was our first-born, and Michael, my husband worshipped the ground she walked on. She was beautiful, but so strange and quiet, and so aloof from the common people of the village. They called her cold and proud, but I, her mother, knew that her heart was deep and her soul without guile. She grew up so lovely, that passers on the street would turn to look after her, but she heeded none.

"Michael thought the village too small and meagre for our child, so he sent her to the city of Paris, to a Lady's Seminary. We were not wealthy, but Joan lacked nothing that the finest lady of the land could require, for her father would work his old fingers to the bone, ay! and he did it many a long day," and here Madame's voice sank to a whisper, hoarse and trembling, "it was to the ruin of my child, my little girl."

She stopped a moment overpowered, and then continued:

"The blow came to us when Joan had come home for her second leave. She was stranger and quieter than ever, even to me and pleading fatigue from her journey, she retired early. I could not rest that night. Perhaps you do not understand, sir what a mother feels, but midnight found me still awake, and unable to bear it longer, I arose and went to her room, meaning only to see if she rested easily. But to my surprise, when I reached her door, the light shone from underneath it. I entered, and there sat Joan, fully dressed as usual, except that her hair fell about her like a mantle. She was reading, and was so deeply interested that she was unaware of my entrance, till I placed my hands on her shoulder.

"Joan child," said I, "what are you doing at this hour?"

"Reading Mother!" she answered quietly.

"Put it away dear, and go to bed," but some sudden impulse prompted me to take the book

from her hand. I read the title and then terrified and stricken, I let it fall to the ground. It was a complete volume of the works of Voltaire. Joan stood before me white and speechless, then seeing my anguish, she came and placed her hands on my shoulders.

"Mother, mother," she cried, "don't look so. It is nothing. I will go to bed at once."

"Give me the book first, dear," I entreated.

"But she shook her head silently, and snatched the book from the dresser. I fell on my knees, for the sword had entered my heart, which has never left it since.

"Joan, Joan," I implored, "What have you done! There is a God, a just God, who will punish you. Have you no fear?"

"Mother," she answered, "the book is a gift, look!"

"And she turned to the fly leaf. There in handwriting was inscribed:

'To Joan Fontaine from Emile Bordeaux.'

"Comte Bordeaux the infidel! the fiend, who is ruining half of Paris!" I shrieked.

"Nay, but Comte Bordeaux whom I love, and who loves me," answered Joan calmly.

"Her words burned and seared my brain, and I fell to the floor unconscious. For weeks I lay, bereft of reason, under the terrible blow my poor cruel child had dealt me. She stayed by my bedside through it all. Her father knew nothing, and wondered at my sudden illness. Joan was kindness itself; ah! she had a good and gentle heart, had my Joan, and perhaps the Great God may pity her still. I recovered, and Joan absented herself from the Seminary to care for me. I began to think all would be well, but one fatal morning, I awoke to find her gone. On her bed lay a scrap of paper:

"Mother, my poor mother you must never think of me again. I am Joan Fontaine no longer, but Joan la Comtesse Bordeaux. I dare not ask you to forgive me."

Little Madame paused here, and there was a long silence. Then with the slow tears of age in her eyes, she spoke more to herself than to her listener.

"Her heart was pure, my Joan, and perhaps a mother's ceaseless prayer may open the gates of Heaven for her."

And crossing over the room, Madame took away the dark curtain, and Monsieur le Cure started back with a low cry of surprise and incredulity. He recovered himself however, and the cry passed unnoticed.

"A lovely face!" said he. "God help her!"

* * *

The little village streets were invisible now. The cottages were vague white ghosts; the trees tall dark giants, giants with mysterious whispers and strange stories of things that are not. For it was midnight, and Beau-Sejours was wrapped

in slumber. Only the silent stars kept watch, and the calm orb of the moon. But no! Another light beams out from a high window. It is the humble presbytery where the Cure dwells. In his cozy little room, he sits reading. He has forgotten weariness and age, and the rules of health, for the pastime of the scholar holds him thrall. Arising at last, he looks at the clock, and wonders at the lateness, and yawns. Then he goes to the window and looks out. The silent quieting spell of night falls on him for the moment, and he rests his gray head on the casement.

"There is a God," he murmurs with strange hushed wonder. "Not hidden and invisible, not unapproachable and avenging. I see Him in this beautiful night, in the myriad stars, and in the quiet sleeping earth. He is all calmness and peace and love." He pauses and wonders again. Then with something like scorn flashing in his eyes, and with clenched fists he speaks more loudly:

"And Man, the Creation of God, dares to deny his Creator; dares to say there is no God; dares to believe that every good and pure impulse of the human heart, every patient bearing of the daily cross, every kindness done in Christ-like charity, shall with the thoughts and deeds of the cold, base, and selfish perish alike in oblivion. God help us! Humanity, too narrow to comprehend, believes not, and is lost. God help us all!"

He turns from the window then, and paces the floor.

"God help her! poor Joan, la Comtesse Bordeaux, the Atheist—Queen of Paris!"

* * *

Months have glided into years. Calmly these years have lived and died, carrying in their course laughter and tears, happiness and misery, life and death. It matters little to them, the grand silent years, what time brings. They await Eternity. And Eternity has dawned for many in Beau-Sejours, and they whisper in the village that it will soon begin for Little Madame. She still sits in her low chair, and tells her rosary; but her form is more bent, the hair is thinner and whiter, the eyes are duller and,—the shadow has deepened on her face. She speaks to herself as of old, and the voice is peevish and wailing like a fretful child's:

"There is no peace. I cannot find it. I cannot seek it. But perhaps in the grave I shall rest. Ay! but only perhaps. Even there I would think of her, hear her if she passed my way, and God! the joys of heaven could not drown a prayer if it came from her lips. Le Cure says, it will come, but I know not. Perhaps! Perhaps."

So Little Madame lives on from day to day her failing life. Only hope remains to her, and that a racking doubting hope. But the end is

near,—nearer than her heart ever dreams. The beginning of the end comes one day when Monsieur le Cure opens her little gate and comes into her parlor. He is a frequent visitor so Madame is not startled at his coming. But he is not like himself today. Even his greeting is different.

"Madame, you are praying. That is well. God is the hope of the stricken and sorrowful."

"I am praying for her sir; not for myself," answered Madame.

"Then pray still child," said the priest.

"She is dead, and,—Christ is merciful."

With a terrible foreboding at her heart, Madame raises her eyes to his face. Their mute appeal voices what her tongue refuses to utter. "Nothing is known of her end," says le Cure, "but," he repeats—"Christ is merciful."

He dares not tell her of the death notice, published in glaring print, which stated that Joan, la Comtesse Bordeaux, the brilliant scholar, and well-known infidel and free-thinker had died as she had lived, giving no sign of retraction or penitence.

"La Comtesse," it recorded, "died two o'clock this morning. There were present her husband, le Comte Bordeaux, the nurse who had attended her during her illness, and Madame de Vane, who has been her constant companion. As her last moments sped away, she gave no sign except to whisper to her husband a few words of farewell near the end. The deceased Comtesse was in her forty-seventh year, and was a noted free-thinker and infidel." No gleam of hope came from the cold printed page. Monsieur le Cure had read it with anxious heart, and had immediately departed for Madame's cottage. It would have taken cruel lips to utterly extinguish hope in the soul of this worn old mother. And the priest knew that hopeful doubt was better than despairing certainty.

"She is dead," repeats Madame, not mournfully, but dully and calmly as if the words were a new lesson she must learn. And then with terrible life and vigor she raises her hands:

"Merciful God! how!"

* * *

After that day, Madame changed. She no longer moved around the house, but her chamber was hushed, and on her bed she lay, never to rise from it again. Her eyes were bright and restless and burning as if they mirrored the poor soul that had never found peace. The sands are nearly run. The clock on the dresser ticks and ticks, but it seems far, far away. The windows are like dull squares of blurred light. All is silent and strange. The very air seems waiting, waiting. Henri watches by the bed in silence. His mother sleeps, or has been sleeping, for suddenly she raises herself. "Where is Etienne?" she asks, "He is coming Mother dear. I hear him

now." The door opens, and not Etienne, but a strange gentleman enters. He pauses and glances around the room. Then he advances further. Madame looks at him without interest or curiosity.

"Ah, Madame Fontaine, I presume," says he, bowing low. "I am sorry to meet you in illness and affliction Madame. I am Emile Bordeaux."

Madame's eyes change from indifference to puzzled bewilderment. She is trying to

remember, to realize. Then her brow clears, and she asks dully:

"Why have you come? Joan is dead."

"I bear a message from her to you. Trifling, it is true Madame," and here the Comte's lip curls, "but it was her dying wish. I loved her, and I fulfil it. It is only that she bade me tell you with her last breath — 'God is Peace.'"

And Little Madame knows at last that it is indeed so.



THE ECLIPSES OF 1906.



DURING the year 1906 there will be three partial eclipses of the sun and two total eclipses of the moon. One of each class will be visible in the United States.

The first is a total eclipse of the moon on February 8. It will occur at a very favorable hour in the evening and will be visi-

ble all over the United States. The accompanying diagram (*Fig. 1.*) will enable the reader to follow the progress of the eclipse in a very satisfactory manner. The largest circle represents the penumbra, and the next one the shadow, cast by the earth at the place where the moon crosses them. The lines N S and E W indicate the cardinal points. The diagram must be held in

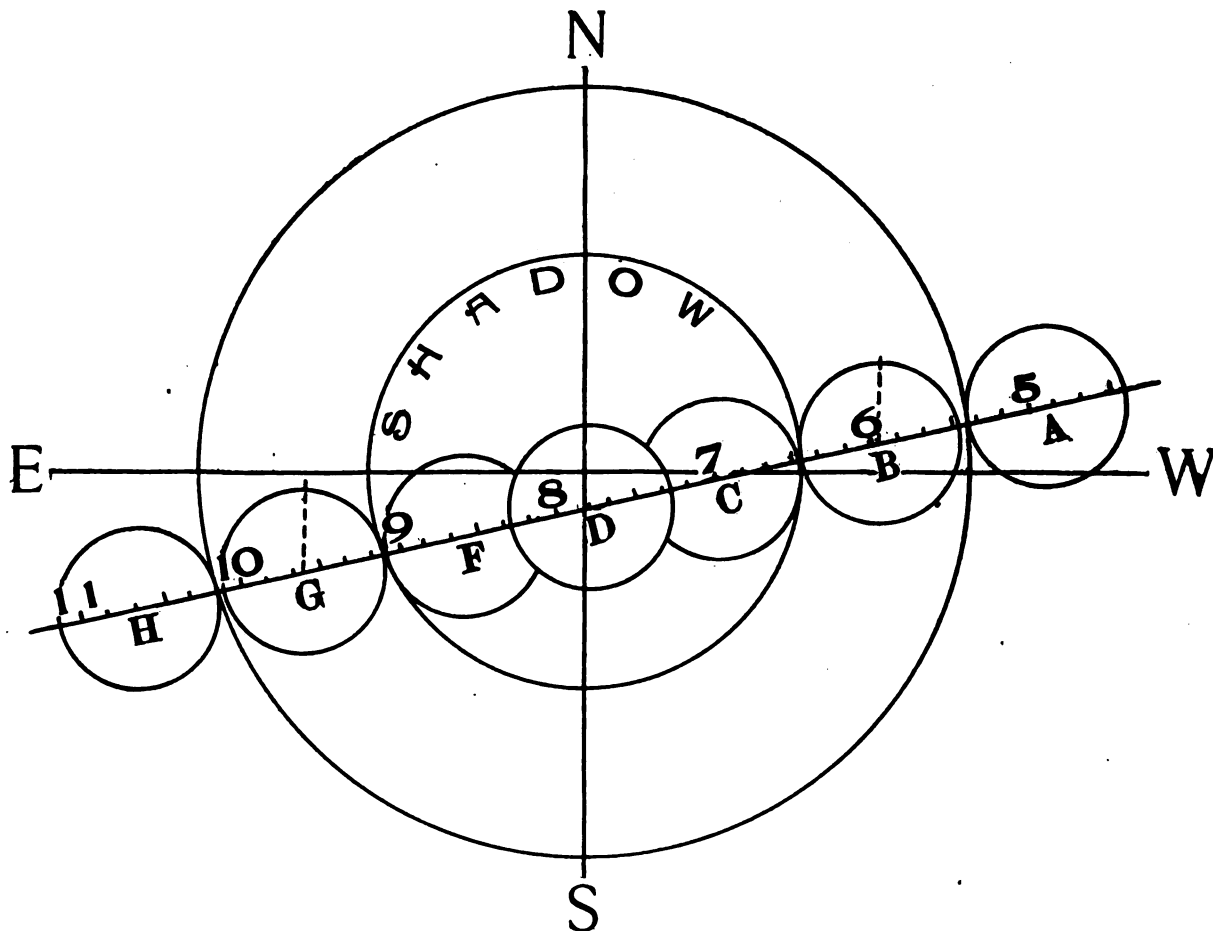


FIG. 1. Total Eclipse of the Moon, Feb. 8, 1906.

Moon enters Penumbra . . 4:54 P. M.
Moon enters Shadow . . . 5:57 P. M.

Total Eclipse begins . . 6:58 P. M.
Total Eclipse ends . . . 8:36 P. M.

Moon leaves Shadow . . 9:37 P. M.
Moon leaves Penumbra 10:40 P. M.

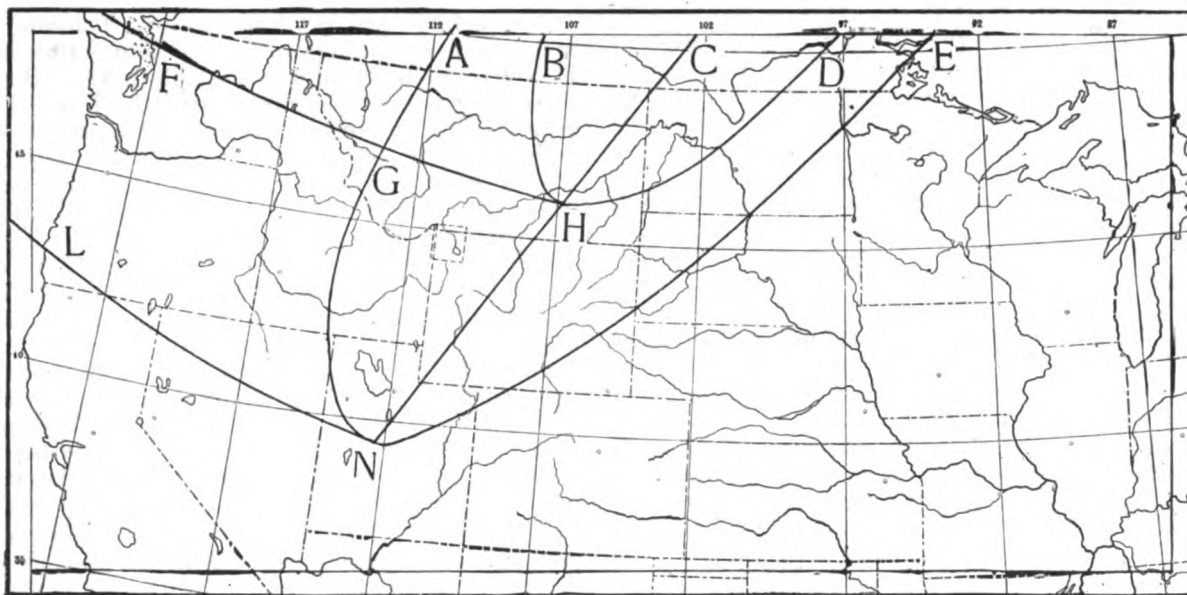


FIG. 11. Partial Eclipse of the Sun, August 19, 1906.

such a way that when transferred to the sky the line N S would point to the north star.

The line A B C D F G H is the moon's path through the penumbra and shadow, and the numbers 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, show the positions of the moon's centre at the full hours. The time indicated is Central time, so that if the reader is using Eastern time he must add one hour to the times given, but subtract one or two hours respectively for Mountain or Pacific times.

At 4:54 P. M. the moon's centre is at A and the Moon enters Penumbra. This moment cannot be observed because the loss of light is insignificant. As the moon enters more deeply into the penumbra, however, the side nearest the shadow will be noticeably darker. At 5:57 the Moon enters Shadow, its centre being then at B. This can be well observed. This first contact of the moon with the shadow will occur at a point on the moon's edge 96° east of the north point, so that if the reader is using a telescope and wishes to avoid the moon's glare, he can draw a line through the moon's centre in the direction of the pole star and then watch the point 96° away or almost exactly at right angles to this line.

At 6:58 the moon will be completely immersed in the shadow and the Total Eclipse begins. It will last one hour and 38 minutes. During this time the moon may disappear from view completely, so much so that even the telescope will have no other proof of the moon's actual existence than the blank circular space completely devoid of stars and their disappearances and reappearances that the moon's mo-

tion occasions. It is just as likely however, that the moon will remain visible, shining with a beautiful dull copper color. This light comes from the sun and passes through our atmosphere as through a lens and is thus refracted or bent into the earth's shadow. If we could transport ourselves to the moon at that time, we would see the sun totally eclipsed and the black earth surrounded by a brilliant roseate ring, its illuminated atmosphere, outside of which we would see parts of the sun's corona, a truly magnificent sight, inferior however to the one we can ourselves see on earth during a total eclipse of the sun. I say inferior, because to us on earth the moon appears to be of about the same size as the sun and thus while eclipsing the sun totally does not hide from view the sun's immediate neighborhood, that is, its superb corona, which we can thus see completely; where, as to the moon the earth appears to be of about four times the size of the sun, and thus while eclipsing the sun totally would also hide the corona from view. Almighty God has thus favored us in a most exceptional manner, because nowhere else in our whole solar system can the sun's corona be seen as it is by us on earth.

The visibility of the moon during a total eclipse cannot be predicted, because it depends upon the passage of the sun's rays through our atmosphere, where clouds may intercept it altogether. At 8:36 the Total Eclipse ends and the moon begins to emerge from the shadow, coming out of it completely at 9:37 and leaving the penumbra at 10:40.

The magnitude of the eclipse is said to be 1.63 time the moon's diameter, that is, the moon

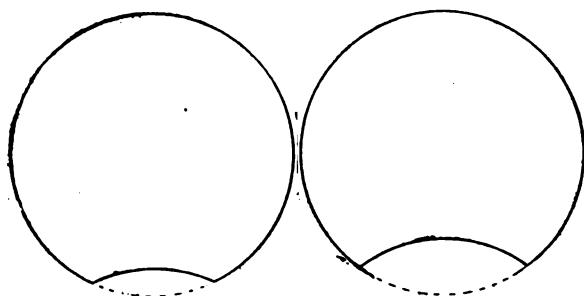


FIG. III. Showing the Sun one and two tenths eclipsed.

might have a diameter 63 per cent larger and still be totally eclipsed.

Let us hope that this eclipse will be accompanied by the same fine weather conditions that made the eclipse of Oct. 16, 1902 so very successful.

* * *

The second eclipse is a partial solar eclipse on August 19. It is a very unfavorable one, and will be visible only in the states in the extreme northwest part of the country and that too, near the time of sunset. *Fig. II* will tell us what to expect. South of the line L N and east of N E the eclipse will not be visible at all. Along the line N E the eclipse will begin at sunset, that is, will just not be visible. For places situated on the line N H C the middle

of the eclipse will occur at sunset, reaching a magnitude extending from zero along the line L N to one-tenth along the line F H and approaching two-tenths north of this line. The appearances of the sun when one and two tenths eclipsed, are shown in *Fig. III*. Along the line N A on *Fig. II*, the end of the eclipse will occur at sunset. All along the curve B H D the sun will set one-tenth eclipsed, on H D the eclipse will be increasing and on D H diminishing at that moment. Places west of A G N and north of L N will see the eclipse begin and end completely before sunset, but the magnitude even when a maximum will not much exceed one-tenth of the sun's diameter for places within the United States. The maximum obscuration visible anywhere on earth will only be 31 per cent of the sun's diameter: this will be visible in Baffin's Bay west of Greenland.

The point G on *Fig. II* is called the point of Last Contact: it is the very last place on earth to see this eclipse end.

Taken altogether this solar eclipse is a very insignificant one, but the total eclipse of the moon will more than make up for it. Let the reader keep up courage until June 8, 1918, when a total eclipse of the sun will be visible within the United States.

WM. F. RIGGE, S. J.

Creighton University Observatory,
Omaha, Neb.

The Indians under Spanish Rule.

By Rev. E. Pruente.

THE treatment of the Indians during the centuries of the Spanish occupation has long been a subject of gross misrepresentations on the part of writers unfriendly to the Catholic Church. These misrepresentations have also greatly influenced the views of many who entertain no anti-Catholic sentiments and even of Catholics themselves. Unfortunately the injudicious and exaggerating descriptions of Spanish atrocities contained in the writings of the famous "Protector of the Indians," Bartolome de Las Casas, have to a considerable extent, countenanced erroneous conceptions. The old story which finds little good and much evil in the conduct of the Spanish Crown toward the aborigines was told so often that Spanish cruelty became a stereotyped exclamation of profound indignation. The Church herself was saddled with the blame for the misdeeds of the Spanish government.

In later years, new and extensive researches have more clearly shown the old story to be, in the main, a conglomeration of falsehoods and exaggerations. Archbishop J. B. Salpointe in the preface to his valuable and interesting work,

"Soldiers of the Cross" says: "We have the Indian tribes still with us, and recognize, as the Spanish did, that the Indian does not take readily to civilized life. The treatment of the Indians adopted by the Spanish government was founded on Christian and humane methods, which were found by experience to lead to the gradual settlement and civilization of the Indians; while we, although we are at the end of the nineteenth century, formally recognize a system which ignores all religious influences and has for its avowed object the gradual extinction of the Indian race. Under the present system, during the half century since it came into operation, more lives have been sacrificed than during three centuries of Spanish rule. The only serious loss of life recorded in Spanish times is the slaughter of 4000 Apaches by a Huguenot Colony.

It is gratifying to note that Protestant historians of ability and learning are fair minded and impartial enough to give the lie to the old so oft rehearsed story and to acknowledge unreservedly the, on the whole, just and beneficial at-

itude of the Spanish government toward the aborigines of America.

The learned historian and explorer in Spanish-America, A. F. Bandelier, writes: "It is evident that in Spanish-America as well as anywhere else the strict decrees of the crown in behalf of the Indian were sometimes evaded or disregarded, and the native occasionally treated with cruelty. But these instances were only exceptions, and not the rule. Las Casas in his injudicious writings has completely misrepresented the facts in many cases. He was an honest, but utterly impractical enthusiast, who failed to understand both the Indians and the new issue placed before that Indian through the discovery of America, and who condemned everything and everybody from the moment that they did not agree with his theories and plans. The royal decrees in favor of the Indian were numerous, and the labor bestowed by the kings of Spain and their Council on the "Indian Question" was immense, so that it would require a special monograph of great extent in order to do justice to the subject . . . No reliance can be placed upon the numerical statements concerning the so called Spanish blood baths, particularly none upon those of the Bishop of Chiapa, Bartolome de Las Casas. The whole literature of that period should be read with the same reserves with which we receive the political campaign literature of the present."

Charles F. Lummis, a close student of American history, is a non-Catholic.

In the May number of his excellent magazine the "Out West," 1902, he laid down the following historic and impregnable facts which may exemplify the methods and results of the much decried Spanish rule. "Spain had converted about 100,000 of these Indians from savagery to Christianity; had built 21 costly and beautiful temples for them to worship in — and the best of those Indian churches could not be replaced today for \$100,000 — had given them schools and industrial schools, in far greater number than they have today, after 54 years of American rule; had taught them a religion and a language they have not yet forgotten and to which ninety nine percent of them are still de-

voted to the exclusion of anything we have been at pains to teach them; had taught them to build good houses, to be good carpenters, masons, plasterers, blacksmiths, soapmakers, tanners, shoemakers, cooks, brickmakers, spinners, weavers, saddlers, shepherds, cowboys, vineyardists, fruit-growers, millers, wagon-makers, and so on. In all the Spanish occupations of California, I cannot discover that it ever once happened that an Indian was driven off his land; under our regime it has seldom happened that an Indian has escaped being so driven off — and, in many cases, time after time till now the poor Indians are elbowed off practically all the lands that even "poor white trash" would take for a gift.

"If there is in human history any more pitiful chapter of oppression and cowardly wrong than the record of the successive steps by which the Mission Indians, who once owned all Southern California, have been crowded into the waste places, a student of more than 20 years has failed to find it, and hopes never to find it. I say "Cowardly" without reservation, because all the people who have made this unclean record for you and me to live under would not, if all together in one body, dare evict one wide awake American from lands he held by half the title these Indians had."

Following the example set by C. F. Lummis William Henry Johnson in his book "Pioneer Spaniards in America," metes out justice to the Spanish pioneers, and especially to the Crown of Spain in its treatment of the Indians. While condemning any wrong perpetrated upon the natives, he says (p.39) "Let us give Spain her due. In these sketches we have seen instances enough of savage cruelty. But there were the acts of individual Spaniards. The aim of the Spanish government was to treat the Indians kindly, and, in the main, it was faithfully carried out. The whole policy of Spain was directed to fitting the Indians to share in the national life, making them part of the people."

"This point of view," observes the N. Y. Evening Post, Dec. 16, 1903, "is far superior to that of sweeping vituperation characteristic of similar literature in former times."

The Authority of Parents.

By Rev. Henry Füssmann.

VERY frequently parents confess their inability to govern their children. As a reason or an excuse for this they adduce: that children of today are not as tractable or as reverent as were the children in years gone by. Hence the disobedience, the rebellion against parental authority.

To the careful observer of youth this statement seems to contain more than the proverbial grain of salt. It can not be denied, that there is a great tendency among the children of today, to rebel against restraint, not only that placed upon them by the will of the parent, but

against any restraint or limitation of what they consider their rights or liberty.

This fact has filled well minded people with great apprehensions for the future, and from many sides we hear the call of alarm. Not a few remedies are offered to bring about a cure. If it is a fact that children are not as much inclined to obedience and reverence as of yore, it might be well to try to find the cause for this.

One of these causes seems to us to be the exaggerated importance that is placed upon "personal liberty." With the great revolution of the eighteenth century there came ideas of liberty and equality, which, although valuable in principle, yet contained much that was not con-



Ready for a Walk.

ducive to the welfare of the people. Liberty with many meant but license or anarchy. The individual was extolled at the expense of the community. Together with this, man's dependence upon God was attacked; he became an end unto himself. With man's subjection to God, and his final supernatural destination denied, he was taught to consider his wellbeing in this world the highest aim after which he must strive. His success in worldly matters became supreme, because his happiness was measured by it.

With the growth of infidelity and materialism came the degradation of man, who from the position of a child of God was transformed into the descendant of an ape. These views necessarily affected education. It is not intended

to deny the great progress which has been made in matters of education, if we lay bare wrong principles which have crept in. It was but natural that with the proclamation of man's earthly destiny, all means should be adopted to fit him for the attainment of mundane happiness. Thus it came that the training of the mind received a onesided preference. The heart, the character were neglected. Material progress became the watchword. The survival of the fittest in the struggle for earthly possessions was and is, to a great extent, the belief of but too many.

As material progress became the ideal, and as the state is concerned with the material welfare of the people, the state took education in its own hands. The child is the future citizen. Unconsciously, perhaps the socialistic idea, of considering man only as a member of a materialistic community, gained ground. The state established schools, appointed teachers, prescribed the course of studies. Patriotism became the chief and greatest of all virtues. The child was above all impressed with the importance of being a future citizen and accumulator of wealth. This action of the state, whilst it lessened the burden of the parents in regard to the education of their children, deprived the parents also of part of their authority. With the constant iteration of the praise of patriotism, the extolling of liberty, came to the child the idea of its own great all absorbing importance. The child in many cases felt that the greater knowledge in the many "ologies" gave it a superiority over the parents. The facility with which reading matter is obtained, the press, the changed economical conditions, all these brought many temptations to which our forefathers were strangers.

The proper remedy against these evils would have been the strengthening of parental authority, increased vigilance of the parents over their children. These however, were on the decrease. The parents, whilst accepting the control of the state in regard to the school and education of the child, still, with some sort of jealousy, endeavored to retain their authority. This led to a conflict between themselves and the authority in the school,—the teacher.

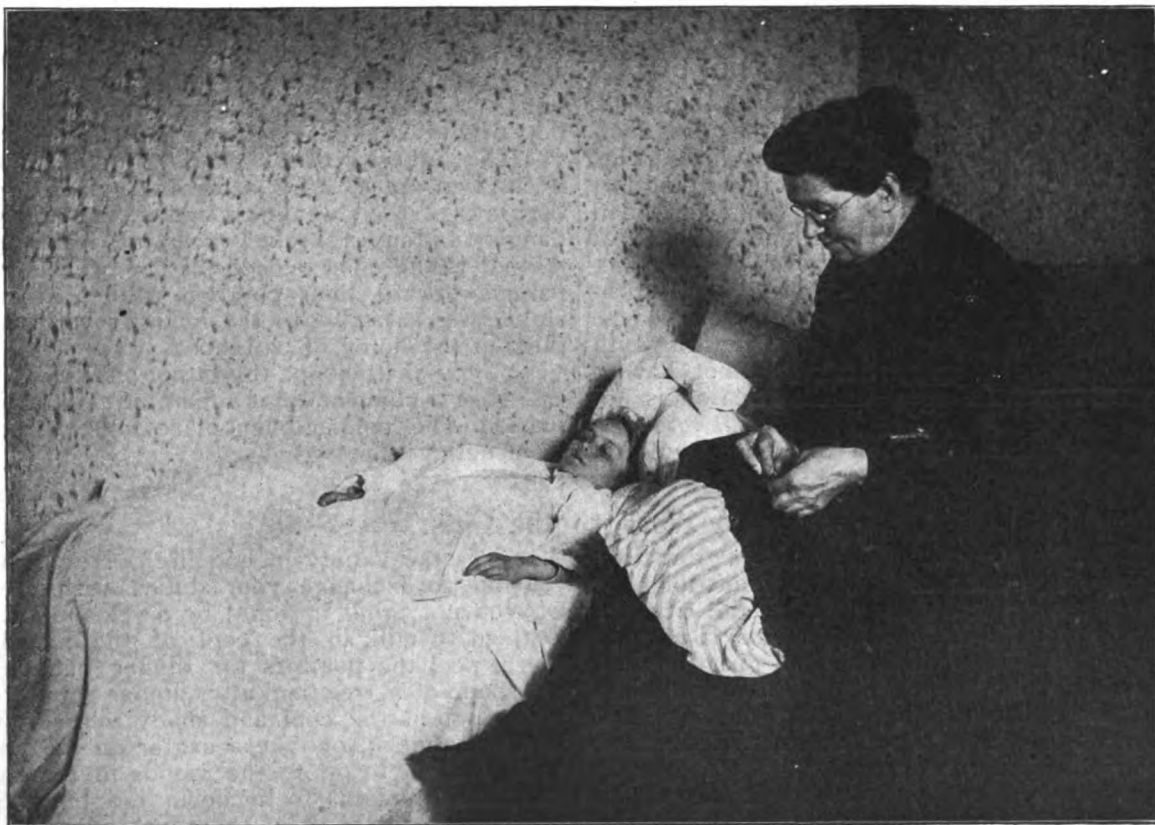
The latter but too frequently complains that his labor is brought to naught by the indifference, even hostility of the parents, who see in him one who exercises control over their children without their due sanction, as he is appointed by the state.

The result of this can only be detrimental to the child which, with the ingenuity that belongs to children, feels rather than sees the conflict of these powers. The consequence is the loss of respect for the parent as well as for the teacher. Parents and teachers, the home and school do not support each other, but are to a certain degree enemies. Their authority and reverence due to them have vanished. There has come into ex-

istence an infantile society that borders on anarchy. We read of revolts against teachers, even of strikes, in which the hopeful child is encouraged and assisted by the parents.

The new doctrine of man's great importance, his freedom from divine and consequently from all restraint, led also to different methods of education. Obedience, that is necessarily enforced, finds no longer a place in the training of children. Corporal punishment is tabooed, the advice of Holy Writ to the contrary notwithstanding.

It can not be reconciled with the progress of humanity and the great development of intellectuality. "My child is my friend" we hear very frequently from the mouth of parents, who think they have delivered themselves of a great and very wise saying. The child must be argued with, it must be convinced before it can consent to obey. If therefore the child cannot see the necessity of obedience, the latter must by no means be enforced by the brutality of corporal punishment.



At the Sickbed.

What is to be said in this case? The parent who sees in the child only a friend and not flesh of his flesh, blood of his blood, a heavenly gift, for which he shall have to render an account to the Almighty God, has neither the true perception of his relation to the child nor a clear understanding of his duties. A child is more than a friend of father or mother. The future of the child as regards time and eternity rests, to a great extent, with the parents. They have to mould the character of the child, as far as this is in their power, and fit it for the life upon which depends temporal and eternal happiness. And this is not optional with parents, but a sacred duty. Therefore also has God commanded the children to honor their parents

and has sanctioned their authority.

If now the child rebels against this authority, it behooves the parents to use the necessary force to command obedience. It shall not be denied, that, not all children should be treated alike; for who does not know that many of them can be ruled with words of kindness and advice, whilst others again cannot be brought to obey except by severe measures.

The education of the child must necessarily take regard to its temperament, but one thing must be demanded of all, and that is respect for the authority of the parents. And if in our times conditions of life and the surroundings of the child bring dangers of which our parents knew nothing, then it is the duty of the parents

to assert their authority all the more. It is an injustice to the child to deliver it to its enemies and abandon it to its fate. Parents must not forget that the child is entirely dependent upon them during the tender years of childhood, and that human nature is inclined to evil. Who if not the parent, shall curb the passions that early begin to show? Who shall care for the tender plant and remove and repress the weeds that grow in the garden of the heart, if not the parent? It is the work of a great love, the great and deep love of father and mother.

This love must not be blinded by sentimentality, not to say sensuality. Whilst it is tender and compassionate, it is ever guided by the light of faith, by the laws of duty. It sees forever in the child the immortal soul that is to be saved.

Under these circumstances all the weak ebullitions of modern educators have very little value, because they forget the great and important part of education, a solid foundation for a good and virtuous life. All these men and women, of whom many undoubtedly are moved by good motives, forget that mere success in life, mere earthly happiness is a reward much too small, to be held out in the fierce battle of passions in youth and after life. Mere persuasion cannot have a great effect with the child whose reason is not developed.

Love then must be in education, untiring

and patient love, but not the love that brings ruin of the child, because it would banish the severity which sometimes is so necessary. The term "brutal punishment" is often wrongly applied. Not all punishment is brutal. Who would call a father or mother brutal, who after other means fail, seek to bring about the correction that is so necessary, by corporal punishment? Brutal the punishment certainly should not be, but severe. If it is applied only when necessary, it will uphold the authority of the parents which is so much needed in educating the child.

The baneful consequences of the lack of this authority make themselves felt more and more every day. Perhaps the evils we see ripening will show to our parents and educators their full duty. It is a duty hard to perform, but it is a duty of whose sacredness there should be no doubt.

The authority of the parents must be upheld if children are to have a reliable guide during the days of their weakness and in the midst of dangers. Many a broken heart of father and mother is the consequence of the weakness in parents toward their children, whilst many a child owes salvation to the loving severity that ruled in the home of childhood days.

"Thou shalt honor thy father and thy mother." It is a command not a mere attempt at persuasion. The commandment places father or mother in authority.

— A Word to the Girls. —

GIRLS in the country sometimes grow tired of the quiet routine of farm work and long for the excitements and attractions of the city life, says a writer. But life in the city is not the public holiday it seems to the girls on their occasional visits to the town. Believe me when I tell you that working girls in the city have an indefinitely more monotonous existence than the country girl ever dreamed of. You get up early and work hard, it is true, but the picnics you attend in the summer and the sleigh-rides and parties that enliven your winter give you social recreation and change, while there is always the keenest enjoyment for those who know how to read Mother Nature's book.

Think of spending every working day in a dingy office, writing and figuring constantly, with but half-a-day's vacation in three years, as one girl I know has done! Think of spending all the hot, dusty days at a sewing machine in a factory with the ceaseless clatter of hundreds of other machines about you! Think of walking two miles to work, standing behind a counter all day, forced to smile and smile though you feel, like the villain ought to feel, and walking home again at night! All these things thousands of girls in the city do.

One girl I know stands and irons ready-made shirt-waists all day, week in and week out.

Where is the variety in her life? How would you like to exchange your duties with them? Do you not think it would be a welcome relief to them to milk in the cool of the morning, churn, peel the potatoes for dinner out under the shade of a tree, and after dinner when work is over, sit in the cool and shady yard, or rest in the hammock, or take a canter on the pony, or in the fall to go to the woods in search of nuts, and of nights to lie down and breathe in the sweet-scented air of the country instead of sewer smells and effluvia of dirty alleys?

How would you like to pay out of your scant earnings for every speckled apple or withered peach you ate? Why, if you lived in the city you would have to pay for fruit that you would not pick up from the ground now. How would you like the ever-present possibility of losing your place and having your income cut off for a time, with no money to pay the expenses that always accumulate so fast? Think of all these things before you give up the quiet and peaceful life of the country with the certainty of a comfortable home, even if you do not have ice cream and fried chicken every day. To make the best of what you have is better than to rush into evils that you know not of.

Christianity in the : : Designs of Providence.

— By Rev. John E. Rothensteiner. —



UNIVERSAL history is not a mere record of the deeds and fortunes of men. Beneath these visible facts, the wars and rebellions, the political changes and the gradual development of institutions the thoughtful student discovers invisible powers shaping the destinies of nations and individuals. The spirit of God, and the spirit of evil alternately influence the free will of man.

The grand theme of history, therefore, is the conflict between the spirit of light and the spirit of darkness; the conflict of faith with infidelity. This conflict is at the bottom of all the great questions that have ever moved the world.

Religion is an essential part of human life. True religion, the spirit of light, exalts and ennobles man; false religion, the spirit of darkness, degrades him. True religion is the cause of his beatitude; false religion is the fruitful source of misery and despair. I purpose to point out a few luminous traces of the workings of Divine Providence in the wide domain of universal history to show how the mightiest events of antiquity were but a preparation for the grand central event of all times, the redemption of mankind by the Son of God, and to prove that the spirit of light and true progress "reacheth from end to end mightily and ordereth all things sweetly."

I have asserted that to those who study the history of antiquity thoroughly and without prejudice the overruling hand of God is clearly visible disposing events, so that the several nations and peoples may be guided to the ends intended by Him. "Let the nations be glad and rejoice," exclaims the royal Psalmist, "for Thou judgest the people with justice, and directest the nations upon earth. Ps. 65,5."

Can we really recognize the hand of God's Providence in the history of nations, preparing the world for the coming Redeemer? If so, the divine nature of Christianity appears in noon-day splendor. I need not recall to your minds that the history of the Hebrews, from the days of Abraham to those of John the Baptist, is the record of an uninterrupted and consistent course

of education and training, predisposing this people for the reception of the Messiah. On every page of their Sacred writings we find prophecies concernig the birth, the life and the death, and the reign of the Prince of Peace. The thought of the future Redeemer was the Hebrew's joy and pride, his consolation in adversity. The title applied to Daniel, "homo desiderii, the man of desire," may be applied to the whole race.

The Jews of the present day are a convincing proof of this. They believe that their present condition is a state of preparation, of penance and tears, until they be purified and privileged to receive the Savior of the world.

But the history of pagan nations, also, is a preparation for the advent of Christianity; it is the execution of the grand plan of Divine Providence governing and conducting all events to the glorious end, Christianity. The incarnation is the great mystery that explains all things. Without Christ, the histories of nations are but a lot of unconnected fragments, an impenetrable tangle of conflicting voices, of unintelligible myths and fables. Permit me to cite the words of a great historian, Johannes von Mueller.

"When I had read the historians of all ages and countries, I noticed a most wonderful preparation for Christianity in all the political, military and moral changes of states in former centuries. Everything was in such admirable conformity with that, which the apostles declared to be the plan of God; everything not merely conspired with the cause of Christ, but was so wholly subservient to it, that I should have been wilfully blind if I had not recognized the finger of the Almighty in the planting and preservation of the Christian religion. I am no longer astonished at miracles. The greatest of all miracles is ever present with us: the concatenation of all human affairs for the foundation and conservation of Christianity."

This is the testimony of a great historian, of a man of deep learning and lofty genius. But even the clearest minds, of a Bossuet, of an Augustine, can discover only a few streamers of light, reflected and broken in the evervarying prism of history, even they cannot perfectly discern the

adorable ways of Providence; for it is granted to men on earth "to see in the dark as it were in a mirror." But the day shall come, when the whole course of the human race, with all its vicissitudes of all the nations of the earth shall be spread out before our astonished gaze. What a glorious vision will then burst upon our view, if the few luminous traces of God's Providence discovered by enlightened men, are so entrancing, that they appeared them as the strongest evidence of the divinity of the christian religion. And is it not indeed the most convincing proof of the eternal and divine character of Christianity, that heaven and earth, land and sea, the whole world, are set in motion to prepare a place for it. What a sublime spectacle to see Darius, Cyrus, Alexander the Great, the Romans, Pompey and Herod all working and toiling without being aware of it, for the glory of the gospel.

We pore over the pages of history and we see the nations using every exertion to build an edifice of their glory and power and behold, it becomes the temple of Christianity for thousands of years the nations exert all their energies to erect a "monumentum aere perennius, a monument more durable than brass," and lo! it becomes the triumphal arch through which Christianity enters the world; deep down in the earth they laid the foundation of their kingdoms and empires, but over these very foundations the Kingdom of Christ is raised. Is it not the great miracle of history that all events subserve the establishment of Christianity? Since the earliest days *three great barriers* to the friendly intercourse of nations had been in existence, and these would certainly have proved a serious obstruction to the triumphal march of the Christian religion. The human family had been divided into almost countless petty states, waging a continual war with one another. Then the multiplicity of languages, and the natural boundaries of impenetrable forests, of rugged mountain-chains and inhospitable deserts were obstacles which, although they could not have prevented the growth of Christ's Kingdom, nevertheless would have retarded its progress. And this three-fold barrier had fallen when Christ appeared in the world. The first barrier was cast down by Alexander the Great of Macedon, who founded upon its ruins Greek language the culture through Asia to the banks of the Indus. The Graeco-Macedonian empire united and harmonized the civilized nations of that day by a spiritual bond. The Greek language became the language in Asia, Africa and of all the nations bordering on the Mediterranean Sea. Greek colonies, were founded in barbarous countries. Alexandria, founded by Alexander. Antioch of Syria, founded by one of his generals, were the most flourishing cities next to Rome. The Greeks were a race of philosophers, endowed with every gift and grace of nature, but they were also desirous of novelty. Whilst therefore Israel was predestined

to be the depositary of revealed truth, that the stream of revelation might descend pure and unsullied to future generations, the Greek people were preordained to form, in the harmonious exercise of human powers, that noble language, the grandest, sweetest and purest of all, in which the last and highest revelations of God were to be embodied. For it is well known that all the books of the New Testament, with one exception, were written in Greek.

But the empire of Alexander is of short duration, the dominion of the world devolves upon the Romans. Rome is become the centre of the world, the cynosure of all eyes. All Europe except the frozen north, the better parts of Asia the northern coast of Africa are tributary to that one marvellous city.

But did it ever enter the mind of the Roman Emperor, as he moved up in triumphal procession to the Capitol, to the temple of Jupiter, with the princes of nations chained to his chariot, after he had conquered the world and brought it under his scepter, did it ever occur to his mind that he had fought and conquered in the cause of a higher power; that this very Rome the capital of his universal empire, was destined to become the centre of the last, the greatest, the never-ending Kingdom of the Church of God? For, as Dante the poet of Catholicism sings in his immortal Vision:

"Rome and Rome's empire wide were preordained
And founded for the holy place where thrones,
Who to great Peter's sacred chair succeeds."

Rome united the nations of the world under its rule and became their political centre: but its warriors and states-men never dreamed, that by the unification of all nations the grand unity of Christendom was foreshadowed and prepared. And now the second barrier was cast down.

As the Orient had received the Greek language from its Macedonian rulers; so the West received the language of Rome, the Latin. The conquered people of Gaul, of Spain, of Brittain, Illyria and Africa learned the language of the conquerors, that by the dispensation of divine Providence, they might understand the gospel preached to them by missionaries sent out from Rome. And then the third barrier was removed. In order to maintain their conquests, the Romans were obliged to build military roads from city to city, from one country to another, over mountains and through morasses, through the primeval forests to the very confines of the know world; and all these roads led to Rome.

Another mission had been fulfilled by this remarkable people: they had prepared the ways on which the apostles would go out into the furthest bounds of the earth to preach the gospel of Christ. The words of peace followed the standards of war and the eagles of prey.

Thus the world had been prepared by mighty efforts for the Redeemer, who was to restore the ancient nobility of man and establish the true grandeur of nations.

Long ages before, inspired men had foretold the coming of God as the Redeemer of men. "A virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and His name shall be called Emanuel, God with us," Thus prophets had spoken; and daily from millions of hopeful hearts the prayer ascended to heaven: "Rorate coeli desuper, et nubes pluant Justum, Drop down dew, ye heavens from above and let the clouds rain the Just One — let the earth be opened and bud forth a Savior," Is. 45,8. And behold the pure spotless lily springing

out of the root of Jesse in the holy seclusion of Nazareth. She grows and blossoms in the sunshine of God's grace; her white chalice is uplifted to heaven in fervent prayer; "Rorate coeli desuper et nubes pluant Justum." And a dew-drop falls from heaven; it falls in the pure white chalice of the lily of Israel; angels descend from on high, for in the manger of Bethlehem there lies Christ the Lord, the son of God in heaven, the smiling babe of the Virgin on earth. The fullness of time has come, the great mystery of the ages is accomplished, the "expected of the nations" is among His people, and from that hour on the history of the world is the history of the struggles and triumphs of the Christian religion.

THE PRICE OF A LIFE.

BY A CAPUCHIN FATHER.

THERE were reasons for my attachment to little Dan. When I arose on that winter morning and saw the storm raging without; unconsciously I muttered a prayer of thanks at not being exposed to its fury, muttered a prayer as I pitied those poor ones who were.

I read early mass and it was with that sensation of comfort that a warm room and a steaming cup of coffee invariably bring when the weather is blustrous that I sat down to breakfast. The tinkling sound of the door-bell that came floating to my ear could not dispel that comfort. But hardly a minute passed and it rang again: there was something petulant in its ring, a something, that would not brook delay. A sensation of fear crept over me as I listened and failed to hear a footstep responsive to that urgent summons; then I remembered that all were still gathered in the chapel and hurried to the door; hastily I threw it open and peering into the dark without enquired what was amiss.

"A sick-call, father" said a form muffled in fur so that only part of the face remained visible. "Urgent?" I said.

"Yes, father; it is a child and I fear we will hardly find it alive."

There was no choice: I must face the wind and snow and storm and when I returned a minute later wrapped in a mighty fur coat and with the little satchel whose appearance so often brought comfort to the dying ones it was after having made some acts that savored of the heroic.

A maddening drive in the face of the storm that lasted almost an hour and we drew rein before a stately house.

"How is the child?" was my first question after responding to that beautiful greeting: "Praised be Jesus Christ."

"Better, father," said a man whose anxious face told me only too plainly that it was the father. "We thought the child would die some hours ago, but now, thank God, he is resting nicely."

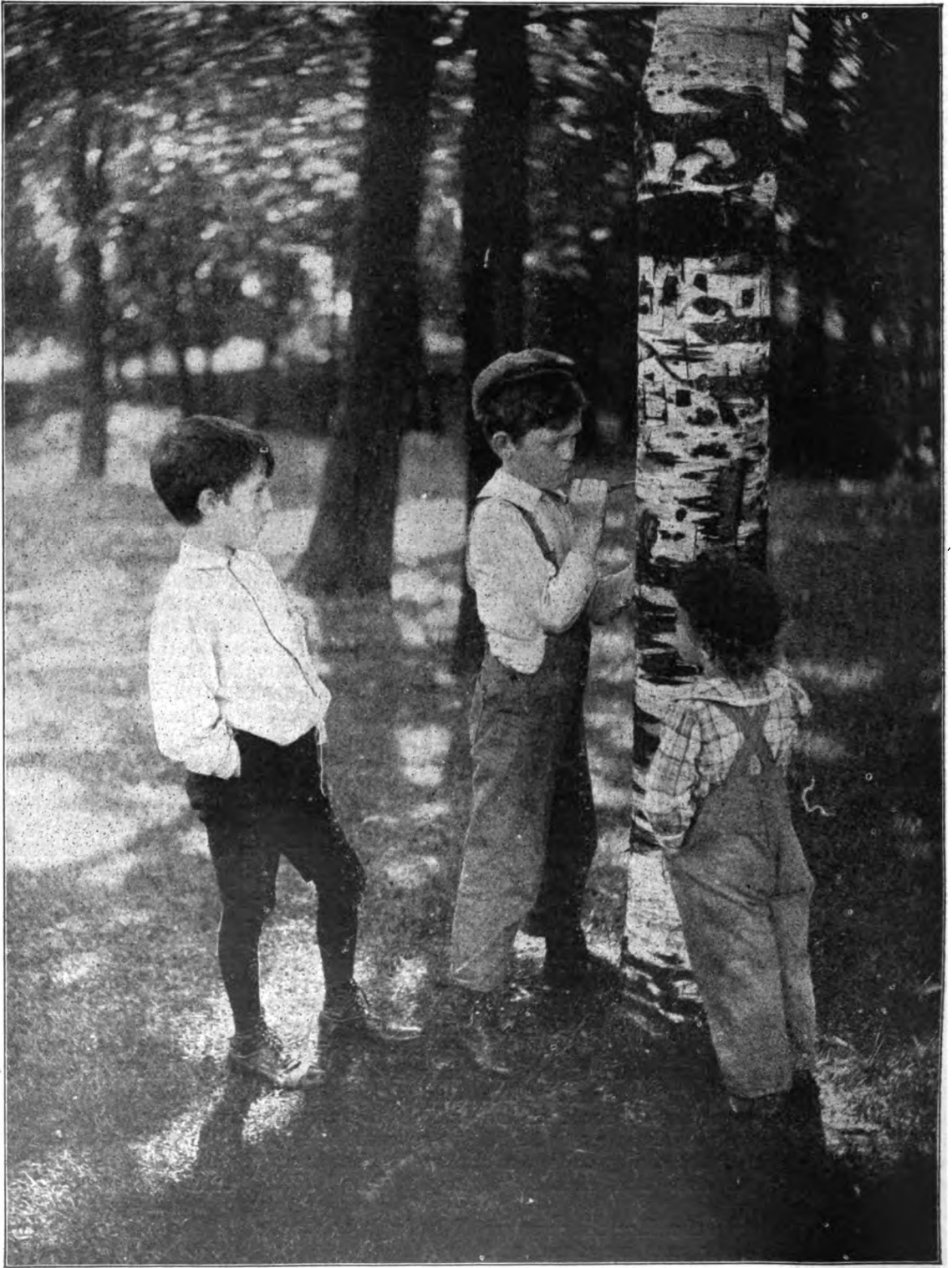
And well might the father grieve. That pallid face buried in the snowy pillow, that transparent little hand on the counterpane was touching even to a stranger.

A few moments and the little one had washed his soul in the blood of the Lamb, then all gathered as he received Extreme Unction, was fortified for the last vital conflict. — But God willed otherwise: a few weeks saw little Dan fully recovered.

* * *

Mr. Mortley rose with a presentiment of evil. It appeared stupid to give way to it and with an effort to shake it off he knelt to say his morning prayers. And then it was that the act of trust in God's providence he was wont to make, of submission to His holy will, of acceptance of death if His bidding seemed to have a peculiar significance. A retrospect assured him that he had received the Sacraments but three days before and that since nothing serious had intruded between him and his God,—an act of contrition and he rose from his knees, earnest indeed but calm. After he had left the house he returned once more, pretending to need some matches, but in reality to bid good-by once more to his dear little Dan and his mother.

The clouds that had thus gathered over Mr. Mortley's otherwise jovial spirit were soon dispelled when on reaching the depot he found his engine, beautiful in all its mighty proportions, panting as if eager to be set free. Years of daily intercourse had endeared the engine and it was with peculiar fondness he hastily



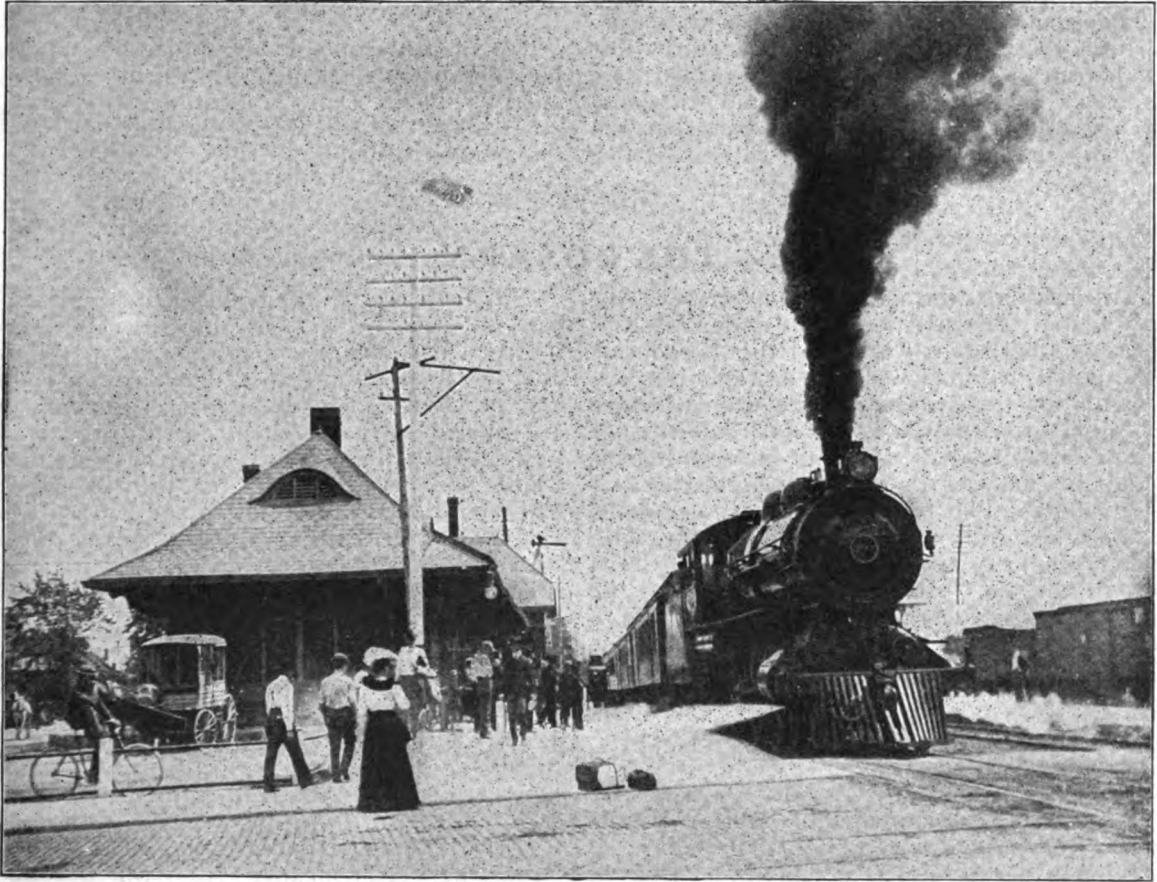
WOOD ENGRAVING.

scanned its every detail, and then mounted to his lofty cab, scanning with a keen, searching eye the seething multitude below.

With the calm however that succeeded on leaving the city far behind the uneasiness returned. It was futile that he attempted to banish the thoughts, vain that he reasoned with himself—no, they persisted and would not be set aside. Meanwhile the train sped on and as mile followed mile and bridge and tunnel passed, new arguments arose that he in vain tried to tinge hopeful.—There remained one bridge to

be crossed, a sharp curve in the road would bring it in sight presently, but not in time to check the train—his uneasiness grew—and the fog that hung low and dense over the landscape precluded the vision. Nothing to be seen—no—yes, the fog seemed denser there, black and curling upward—smoke,—yes it must be—no doubt remains: the bridge is on fire. Such were the thoughts of the engineer as he anxiously scanned the track ahead.

"A leap from the train and you are safe" the thought was immediately banished as a temp-



At the Station.

tation. "My life, Lord, for theirs" he said. With a mighty effort he put forward the throttle to its utmost, the panting engine leapt forward like to a noble steed at the touch of the spur while the passengers to their surprise were suddenly jostled as the cars responsive to the new impulse hurried on in pursuit of the engine

"A confounded business, this" said one, whose head had come into unpleasant contact with the window-frame, "must they butt one's brains out?"

"A healthy change," said another, whose protracted travel had made him grateful for any incident that would serve to break the monotony.

Meanwhile the engineer stood, his mighty right grasping the throttle, his gaze rivetted far ahead while an inexpressible calm had settled on his features.

"By all that's holy, the bridge is afire," exclaimed our indolent friend, leaping to his feet: the sight of the flames and the clouds of smoke that rolled against the windows had suddenly transformed his otherwise sluggish nature.

"God help us," said his cooler neighbor as he rose and cast a hasty glance around; he had experienced wrecks before and stood prepared to make the best of the situation. In fact, the cars, until now a scene of calm and quiet broken only by the low murmur of friendship or the merry chat of the casual acquaintance, was a scene of uproar and confusion. Some rushed to the doors, others stood paralyzed by fear, some clamorous, others mute.

There could be no doubt: it was the outline of the familiar tree that loomed into the engineer's vision. It marked the far end of the bridge, the train had passed unharmed through the flames, and with a prayer of thanks his statue-like form relaxed, the lines of his features lost their hardness, that far-off gaze returned; his left, which had meanwhile become entwined with his rosary, clutched the reverse bar; an effort and the bar swung back into place, a

check to the onrush of the iron monster. The powerful right once more closed over the throttle, but the iron steed as if unwilling to obey launched ahead, and, as if spurning the check in its newborn liberty, leapt far into space, leapt where the steep embankment led down to the river.

A sudden snap, that betokened the breaking of what joined the cars to the engine and the passengers were hurled on into safety. A frantic plunge, a deafening noise that liberated the confined steam and that noble, noble heart ceased to beat, that heroic soul appeared before its Maker.

* * *

If in the sequel I befriended the family, if I experienced a peculiar interest in the development of little Dan's character, what was it, but a silent tribute to the memory of one of the noblest of men?

—❖❖❖ THE ROSARY. ❖❖❖—

THE Rosary is the compendium of the Christian religion. The five joyful mysteries teach us the preparation, as it were, and the foundation of the great work of our redemption; the five sorrowful mysteries show us the way in which that mighty work was accomplished; and the five glorious mysteries tell us of its blessed results. It contains—besides the meditations on the several mysteries—two prayers, the most venerable and most beautiful of all the prayers, the "Our Father," taught to His disciples by Jesus, Christ Himself, and the "Hail Mary" made up of the words of the Archangel, of St. Elizabeth and of Holy Church.

The Rosary is the universal prayerbook. It can be used by all and always. The highest intellect finds worthy exercise in its meditations, and the poorest and most uneducated, comfort and peace in its spoken words. The young, who are unable to comprehend other prayers; the sick, in their long, dreary hours of pain; the old whose poor eyes, dim to the printed page; all Christians, in a word, find in the Rosary a help and a blessing, a strength and a means of grace, suited to all classes of society and to men of every grade.

—❖❖❖ The Martyr of the Credo. ❖❖❖—

How beautiful is the history of St. Peter the Dominican, surnamed the Martyr of the Credo.

It may be proposed to all those who in these times of weakness and of halfheartedness have not the courage to declare themselves Christians.

When Peter was returning home after having been at school, his uncle asked him what he had learned during the day.

"The Credo" answered the child, who was hardly seven years old, and then he recited it with great simplicity.

Now, his uncle belonged to the sect of the Manicheans. He was not content with believing in one sole God, but desired to have two, one good, the other evil. Moreover he was a bitter enemy of the Catholic Faith. This opportunity was a very good one for dealing a decisive

blow against the pure and righteous soul of the child.

"Do you quite understand," he said to him "what the Credo means?"

"Certainly I know," replied the boy, and with great delight he explained the Credo. The uncle in his turn wished to teach him his. But no matter in whatever way he put it, the child persisted in saying Credo in unum, I believe in one sole God.

"But your teachers are deceiving you. Do not believe them. What I tell you is the truth."

"Credo in unum," the child repeated with a sweet smile.

At last the uncle drove him away, and this little confessor carried his treasure with him in order to meditate upon it at his ease in the solitude of a convent. He became a Dominican,

and all his life was consecrated to the defense of the Credo.

Heretics were so greatly afraid of him that they determined to kill him.

One day when he was journeying from Courto to Milan, two villains attacked him, and struck him twice on the head with a hatchet. The saint fell on the ground, bathed in his blood.

"Credo," he exclaimed with his dying voice, whilst his lips murmured for the last time the words of the creed. Soon his strength and

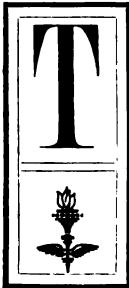
voice failed him. But faith continued to increase even more and more in his soul. Gathering together all that remained to him of energy, he dipped his fingers in the blood, which flowed from his wounds, and wrote on the ground.

Do you wish to know what it was he wrote? It was his Credo, his dear Credo.

His exasperated murderers killed him with their swords, and heaven opened to receive the holy martyr.

Happy those who die for the faith!

Two Souls Saved.



THE Baron of O. was a friend of humanity, nor was it in his line to perform deeds, which mostly figure in print only and bring honor to the promoter without working much good to mankind in general.

He lived a very plain life and chose to give his wealth in alms to the poor, whom he loved and after whose welfare he looked in person.

He had studied medicine and preferred the title of doctor to that of baron. Yet it was this man's misfortune to be a rank infidel.

The baron had an only daughter. Though he was a widower and loved his daughter intensely, he did not object, when she, in her 25th year insisted on becoming a Sister of Charity. He inquired of her teachers and assured himself that such was her vocation and thus it happened that the nobleman's only child became known as Sister Eudoxia of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

Sister Eudoxia had now been for a year in charge of the pharmacy in the hospital at Castress.

The baron spent many days and nights, while the cholera raged, at the bedside of the sick as did, too, the heroic priests in whose way, he never placed any difficulty.

"For" he would say, "it would not be well to take away from the common people their consoling illusions." But the self-sacrifice of the priests, which at least equalled his own, did not shake his unbelief in the least.

One morning in the month of January, the good baron was returning from the house of one of his poorest patients. It was very cold and so slippery that skates would have been needed to go through the streets of the city with any safety. Our baron-doctor slipped and as he was trying to regain a sure footing, wrenched his foot badly. It was very foggy and he lay a considerable time at one of the street corners with-

out being discovered. At length a milkwoman passed and noticed his plight.

"Well well, is that you, dear doctor?" she addressed the sufferer.

"How do you know me, my good woman?"

"Know you Sir Baron? Who in this whole district does not know you the Baron of O. But what has happened to you?"

The baron related his mishap. The milkwoman who was strong and muscular helped the nobleman to his feet and supported him, so that he could slowly make his way home. Arrived there he asked his kind companion:

"What can I do to show you my gratitude? I promise I shall refuse no favor which is not physically impossible."

"You are caught doctor" replied the milkwoman smilingly. What can you do out of gratitude? Well, to tell you honestly, I never thought that I should have an opportunity to tell you. You can ask a priest to come to see you, listen to him and become a good Christian. Believe me it is really scandalous, to see a man like you on the side of scoffers and libertines."

"You are Saint John Goldmouth, my good woman! But you have my word and I shall keep it. I shall ask a priest to come to see me. It must be his business to convince and convert me. But I now tell you in advance he shall have his own hard time."

"I know it will be sweet labor for the father," replied the woman, as she departed. "When an honest man like you is ready to hear the word of God, then he will not shut his ear and heart blindly to the truth; his submission will be a certainty and will be more honorable and meritorious than all his former victories."

* * *

"You see" said the baron to Father Anthony when they met the second time "it was a providential fall that I took on the icy street the other day, and it was the Lord's mercy, that

made me dependant on a milkwoman whom I could not refuse, after having promised her any favor she might ask. I should certainly have died in my obstinacy had this not happened. Why I was so obdurate I do not know myself."

Who can describe the joy of Sister Eudoxia, when she heard of her father's conversion! She could only write a letter of thanks to the poor woman, but it was one so full of gratitude and couched in such kind words that it was more welcome than gold.

The baron started life anew. He who had always practised works of mercy, came now to understand the spirit that should prompt such works. He acknowledged their heavenly origin and felt the balm which flows from a feeling heart and influences the moral nature of the bestower as the recipient of charity.

"I owe you everything," the baron would often say to the priest who had converted him "how can I ever repay you for it."

And the zealous priest would reply: "Is not the joy of having brought back to God a soul like yours, a rich reward?"

One morning the milkwoman came to the baron with a worried look. She held a letter in her hand.

"You may have an opportunity now, doctor, to show your gratitude toward me" the good woman said with tears. "Pray for my poor boy; he is a soldier in Algiers and he writes such heart-rending news; I fear he has lost his faith."

The baron promised to pray daily for her son.

Meanwhile Sister Eudoxia had been changed from Castress to the military hospital at Toulouse. The hospital was filled, for quite a number of invalid soldiers had arrived of late from Algiers.

Sister Eudoxia was in charge of these and did her best to make them comfortable. She noticed among others a young soldier who was emaciated from fever and very low spirited but yet scoffed unceasingly at all things religious.

A secret sorrow, however, seemed to gnaw his heart. With the fine tact of a religious, who knows so often how to take the place of a mother, Sister Eudoxia discovered that this silent grief of the invalid was a wound of the soul carefully hidden, and so becoming more dangerous with every passing day, while sympathy and confidence could no doubt heal its sting.

She redoubled her tender care for the young soldier and one day he, uninvited, poured out to her his whole heart. He related how he had been reared by a mother who was in truth a saint. When Sister Eudoxia heard his name and how he had lost faith, she renewed her efforts to bring back this soul. Here she had a splendid opportunity to show her gratitude for her father's conversion and to repay in part the pious milkwoman, the mother of this youth, for the share she had in the return of the Baron O. to the Church. A few days later, she spoke thus to the invalid.

"I know your mother, the good, charitable madame; she saved my father's life and also his soul. I would like so very much to thank her substantially for these favors. You alone can enable me to do so. Act as my father did. I do not ask you to submit blindly, only allow a priest to come to see you and converse with you concerning your soul."

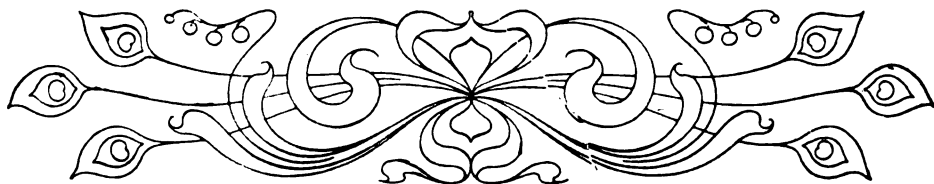
James, (that was the soldier's name) who until now had resisted all efforts of Sister Eudoxia, consented to listen to a priest.

When the chaplain had been at his sick bed but once, and had spoken of God and the necessity of religion in our lives, the soldier was moved by divine grace and was willing to make a good confession.

James was indeed a plain everyday boy whose head had been turned by the reading of bad books. Unfortunately such is the case only too often. As good Christians and Catholics we should have patience with such men, who are really weak rather than guilty; for often the fancy errs rather than the will.

When James had made his peace with God, his soul's content worked beneficially on the body and he recovered rapidly. The fever vanished and soon he received a long furlough to recoup his health and was allowed to return to his mother.

"Do you see, Baron" the young soldier said to our old friend, "women are worth more than we, after all! Who converted you, the benefactor of the whole district? A milkwoman! And who brought me to repentance? I, who was not afraid of Arabian bullets and yet was too cowardly to confess my treason to God and His Church? I was converted by a Sister of Charity."





The Wooer in a Trap.

A Humorous Tale : By S. R.



JACK Creighton of Craig Hill was in his own way and in his own limited circle a quite important person. To begin with, he was young and rather well favored; then he was owner of a large farm free of debt, which his father had transferred to him several years before this happening that I am about to relate. At this time he owned several broad meadows, numerous herds of cattle and a few thousand dollars as well, safely put away for the possible evil day. He was possessed, too, of what the old folks called, a good head and practical ideas for making and keeping a home: but our young friend had one fault, he was bashful, awkward, and timid to a pitiable extent.

It is true that when amongst his chums he seemed to be the liveliest and jolliest young fellow of them all, but in the presence of others, his tongue apparently clove to the roof of his mouth and his eyes remained confusedly cast down. If addressed by a stranger, his face became crimson; he stammered a few stupid replies and made awkward movements; not knowing evidently what to do with, or where to put his big hands and clumsy feet.

Now it had long been found necessary to have a neighboring farmer's wife on hand to oversee household matters at the Creighton farm and the elder Creighton urged his awkward son more and more emphatically to become serious at last and bring a suitable daughter-in-law into the home. Wherefore Jack for a long while stole admiring glances when occasion offered, at a pretty girl in the neighboring village, farmer Buckley's daughter Hattie, but the more he tried and the more he wished to become acquainted, the further his courage drifted from the desired point of acquaintance and proposal.

Then the old farmer, tired of his son's hesitancy, decided to have a word in private with his much esteemed neighbor Buckley, and if possible to prepare and smooth the way for his bashful Jack.

In Candlemas week therefore, the old man actually started to see his friend and paid a whole day's visit to the family. When he arrived home in the evening he appeared to be in high spirits. He called his son into the rather gloomy parlor and as soon as Jack entered the door, he cried: —

"Congratulations, Jack! There need be no more delay now; you and Hattie can stand at the altar on Candlemas day."

The youth retreated a step, stammering:—"I? I? on Candlemas day?"

"Yes, you and Hattie, I said!"

"Yes! if she would be willing — and the father — — —"

"Oh there will be no trouble there."

"But I have not said a word concerning such a thing."

"Then it is about time you do. Go now and broach the subject."

"But her people will be surprised to see me!"

"You're a regular milk-sop! Let them be surprised, it will not hurt any of them, I am sure: besides I have broken the ice for you a little. I was there today and you'll find there will be no difficulty in that quarter."

"What, father! you have spoken to them about it? Is Hattie willing then? Does she really like me?"

"I don't imagine she has anything against you, but that you will have to find out for yourself: it is you who are looking for a wife you know, not I."

"Will you come with me, Father?"

"The idea! Why, certainly not! I have done what I could do for you on my part: you will have to do the courting yourself."

"What must I do?"

"Put on your best clothes I should say and go over to Buckley and ask the old gentleman to let you have the girl."

"But what should I say?"

"You are certainly going back to the days of your babyhood and should perhaps be fed with a spoon. Think out for yourself what you should say on the way over there; speak nicely and be pleasant—these are the principal points in affairs of this kind."

Jack hung his head disconsolately and noting his discomfiture the father took pity upon him and said after a pause:—"See here! you don't need to be disconsolate about this matter; it is, I am sure, much easier than you think. When you get there, just give them the time of day and then one word will easily follow another and you'll find you shall make out all right."

"Give them the time of day" Jack repeated.

"Why, of course, you say 'Good day' or 'Good evening' according to the time you get

there; then when they see you so unexpectedly and in your Sunday clothes, they will suspect something at once and be only too glad to help out with the conversation."

Both were silent for a while. At length Jack asked: "Would it not be time enough if I got married about Easter?"

"No" said the old man angrily, right now before Lent; I insist upon it; tomorrow you shall go there and settle everything. That is my last word on the subject—and now, let us have supper."

* * *



The Room was Lighted and Jack Heard the Hum of Several Voices.

The evening of the next day was approaching: semi-darkness hovered over the valley. Our friend Jack was slowly nearing Buckley's farm. He was dressed in his best clothes, dark small clothes, a waistcoat of flowered brocade from a buttonhole of which dangled a stout silver chain; his coat was of a bluish tint and a brown hat, adorned with a gaily colored band, completed his costume.

Jack was quite stout of heart today; before leaving home his father had given him so many encouraging words that he felt certain of success in his wooing. Only the proposal speech caused him great anxiety and he thought it over very seriously as he went. He tried to recall his school days and to remember whether there was

not something which he might have heard or learned during those early years which had any reference to the wooing of a girl and which he might make use of now in his address to his intended or her parents. But he could not recollect anything from the reader or the Catechism or from the Spelling-book and least of all from the Arithmetic—Yet hold!—the Bible History of his childhood gave him the desired help. He recalled vividly, as if he had but conned it yesterday, the story of Isaac and Rebecca and that other of young Tobias who married Sarah. Surely something could be made out of these stories.

Jack pondered the subject deeply. The speech, he felt, ought to be fine and clever; then he promised himself Hattie would be astounded at such fine words and so too, would the older folks. The Buckleys senior, should realize early that the young suitor had a good head. He thought and thought as has been said—cut something out here, made an addition there, proceeding slowly but surely, until just before he reached the outskirts of the Buckley farm, he had the whole speech properly outlined and fully rehearsed. It was to be something like this:—

"Good evening to all! I come to announce to you a great joy of which you will partake this day. — I shall neither eat nor drink with you unless you grant my request to have Hattie your daughter become my bride!—Rebecca in the Old Testament watered Isaac's camels and Hattie in like manner may water my cattle. If I find favor in your eyes, she and I can go to the Pastor tomorrow and in three weeks be married according to the rites of the Church. For the first and the second and the third time I ask! and now you may speak: one word deserves another!"

Whilst the wooer was approaching the Buckley homestead he repeated to himself this clever speech several times, to make sure that he could not miss a single word of it. Fully occupied with his thoughts, he suddenly found himself at the threshold of his destination. The sitting room was lighted and he heard the hum of several voices. Now however, when the auspicious moment was at hand, every vestige of courage deserted our poor young suitor; he became pale with fear and anxiety; a cold perspiration was on his brow and his heart beat like a hammer against his quaking breast. A dozen times at least he caught hold of the door-knob, only to withdraw his hand each time as if he had touched a red hot wire. In his anxiety and helplessness he could find nothing better to do than to remove his heavy boots, so that his footsteps should not be heard inside the house. For a while he remained undecided in front of the door and had made up his mind to go away without trying to obtain his object, when the

angry face of his father rose up before his imagination and in his mental terror he accidentally turned the knob and the door opened.

The words of the Rosary recited aloud by the family fell upon his ear — that just suited him, so he closed the door quietly and cautiously and remained standing in the hall.

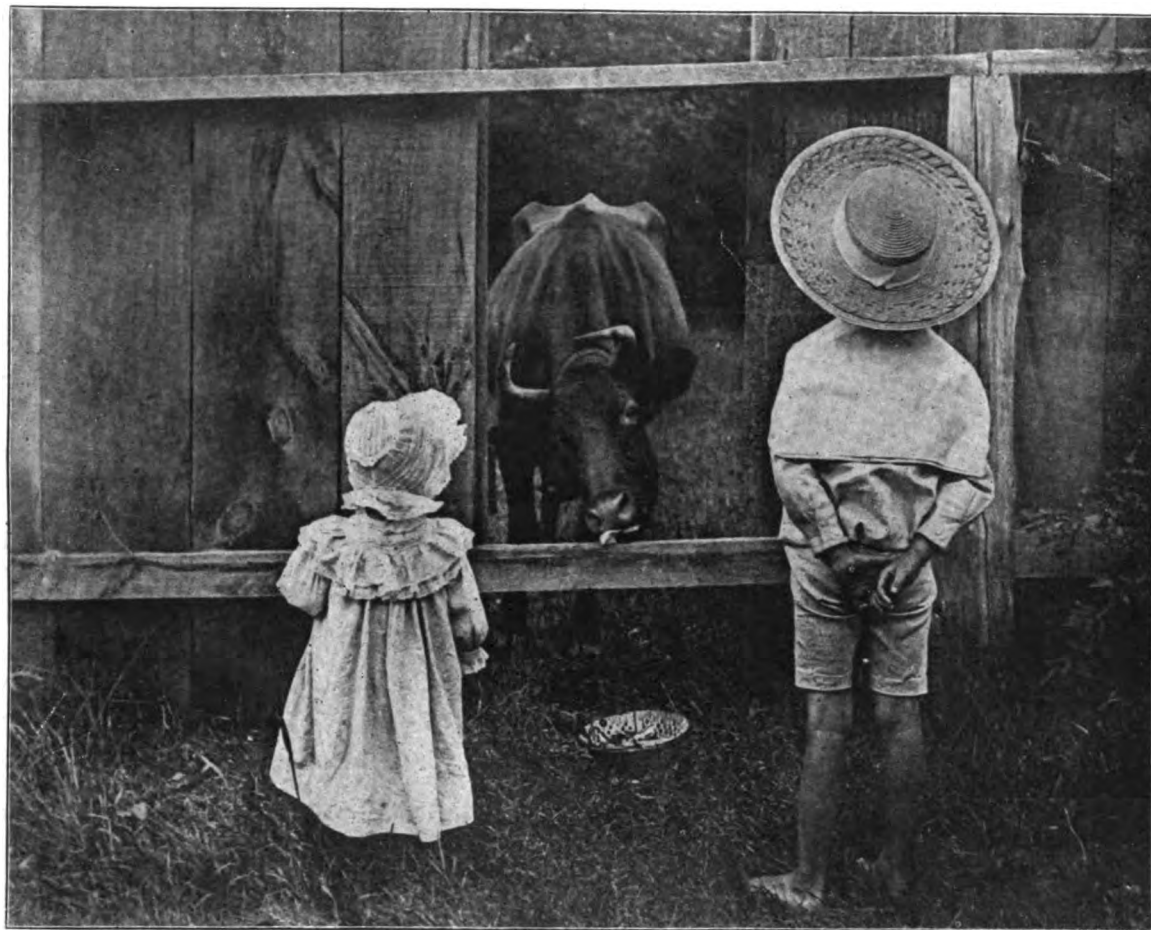
At any rate this gave him time to think and possibly gain some courage.

Suddenly, prayers were interrupted and some one gruffly exclaimed "Who was it who opened the front door?"

Then a fresh young voice made answer "No one, father; you only imagined it."

"I am certain I heard something, Hattie go and see what it is!"

Jack was in despair. On tiptoe he sneaked under the stairs and hid there in the darkest



A Scene of Country Life.

corner. The young girl came from the other room, light in hand, looked around carelessly and even went to the door and opened it.

"There is nobody here" she called out to the others.

"Lock and bar the door then" came the gruff command. "There are a lot of tramps in the neighborhood."

The girl did as she was told and returned at once to the room where the recitation of the Rosary was resumed.

Jack under the stairs did not feel at all comfortable. What should he do now? Should he appear suddenly in the sitting room when

prayers were finished and make his little speech? No! certainly not! Why, they would form strange ideas about him—even think perhaps that he was a thief or a burglar.—Couldn't he run away? No! in undoing the lock and opening the door he would most certainly make a noise and if he were caught in the act of running away it would be worst of all. He racked his brains but could find no way out of the difficulty. There was nothing left but to wait in his hiding place until the good people had gone to sleep and make his escape as noiselessly as possible. He sighed heavily once or twice and then settled himself, comfortably as he could, under the stairs.

The saying of the Rosary finished, the Buckley family seemed in no hurry to retire. They chatted, laughed and joked for over an hour which time seemed an eternity to poor Jack.

At last the girls retired to the upper rooms and after a while Buckley and his farm helpers extinguished their pipes and withdrew noisily to their sleeping quarters. For another full half-hour, Jack remained motionless in his corner, when, not having heard the least motion for quite a while about the house; he decided to beat a



Jack Rising from his Dough-Bed -- The Buckley Family in Excitement.

hasty retreat. He crawled to the door carefully and fumbled for the bolt but the blood seemed to stagnate in his veins for he found an old fashioned lock which could not be opened without a key — and there was no key!

Not being a smoker he carried no matches with him; how could he find the hidden key in this Egyptian darkness? With feverish anxiety he felt around the door and by the adjoining walls, but yet no key! A wild despair seized him until he could have screamed aloud.

Suddenly a bright idea occurred, — why not escape by way of the window? He felt his way into the room and gained the window, only to find it protected with heavy iron bars from the outside. In frantic haste he rushed to the other window, hoping better luck, but in doing so stumbled over something and in a moment found

himself lying helpless in the midst of a thick soft mass. At the same moment some heavy object fell upon the floor, making a startling noise. Even then poor Jack could not rise from his peculiar position, the sudden shock seeming to have paralyzed all his limbs. He soon perceived that he had fallen into a baking trough. The Buckley folks having arranged for their customary baking on the following day, had just filled their largest baking trough with dough and as usual, placed it near the stove to rise over night. And it was through this baking trough that Jack had found his "Waterloo."

He soon heard female voices overhead. What should he do? He was utterly helpless but concluded finally that the best and only thing to be done under the circumstances was to remain quietly and, awkward as the predicament was, wait patiently for what should happen.

He soon heard footsteps; the door opened and an old woman carrying a lighted candle in her hand entered, followed by Hattie, the daughter of the house. At the sight that presented itself to her astonished gaze the girl uttered a loud scream and the old woman managed to ejaculate: —

"For goodness' sake, what is this?"

Jack felt called upon to give some sort of explanation but could not utter an intelligible word. Suddenly, his father's advice recurred to him, "Give them the time of day and one word will lead to another!"

"But what time of the day shall I refer to? It must be midnight now!" thought our hero. He did not have much time to consider however, so he called out from his bed of dough: — "A happy New Year to all!"

"Holy St. Frederick!" ejaculated the astonished girl.

At this juncture old Buckley appeared with a butcher knife. Seeing an uninvited guest in his baking trough he grew very angry: "What are you doing in there you thief. I have a good mind to kill you!"

This threat brought Jack to his senses very quickly: he concluded that the best way to pacify the farmer would be to start with his little speech, but Buckley began to shout and swear anew: — "What is the meaning of all this uproar?"

"I have come to announce to you a great joy," commenced poor Jack.

"I don't think you are right in your head, young man" Buckley broke in upon him angrily "what on earth are you doing in there?"

"I want to get married!"

Buckley was by this time furious. "What! In there! Where is the girl?"

"There she stands — your daughter Hattie; if you have no objection and she is willing, I should like to lead her to the altar after Candlemas day!"

Upon hearing this the old man stood silent, with mouth and eyes wide open. "I don't really think you are in your senses: Who are you anyway and where do you come from?"

"What! you don't know me? I am your old friend Creighton's son from Craig Hill."

Whereupon the excited farmer opened his eyes still wider and Hattie clasped her hands together in surprise.

"Is it possible? Creighton's Jack! But what on earth are you doing here?"

"Looking for a bride! I want to know whether you would let me have Hattie. Shall I begin my speech all over again?"

"Never mind about your speech," laughed the old man appreciating at last the comical side of the situation "but tell us how did you get into the house?"

"By the door."

"And when?"

"When you were all saying the Rosary."

"And where did you go then?"



A Temptation.

"Under the stairs."

"And what did you do there?"

"Waited for a chance to get away again."

"Why didn't you come into the room?"

"I didn't have the courage."

"Ha! ha laughed old Buckley and in your fright and anxiety you fell into that mess! Ha, ha, ha! you had better come out now, you can't possibly stay there over night."

With considerable difficulty Jack began to work himself out of the sticky mess. When at last he was able to stand up, he was a sight to behold, resembling a gnome from other regions than ours.

Drapery of heavy dough encased his ample form, his shoes resembled small boats and when he moved, layers of the dough fell slowly upon the floor dropping from his chest and shoulders.

Old Buckley, the servant and Hattie laughed so heartily at his predicament that they were obliged to sit down.

"Please let me go; I want to go home" begged Jack, almost crying with the sense of discomfiture.

"No, indeed," laughed the old man, "we don't catch a bird like this every day."

"But what can I do here?"

"Arrange matters with Hattie as that was the business which brought you here; as long as you are caught in the trap of Matrimony you cannot get out of it so easily. — Hattie what do you say about it?"

"As he stands there before me," Hattie managed to say, "he has too thick a coat on to judge appearances; when he has been shorn, perhaps matters can be arranged."

"Jack, just come with me and put on some of my clothes," said the old man merrily. "And Hattie, you make some coffee!"

Jack was only too eager to retire with his host, and Hattie went laughing into the kitchen.

When the guest had freed himself of his clinging burden and put on Buckley's clothes,

he made after all a rather good looking suitor. All the farm hands had been awakened by the noise and arose from their beds and there was no end to the hilarity when they heard the story of Jack's wooing. In the early hours of dawn the engagement was celebrated and the announcement made.

On Candlemas-Day Hattie and Jack really were announced in church and three weeks later, Hattie took her place at the head of the Creighton farm as its young mistress.

Many good jokes and more poor ones were attempted. Jack, however, did not mind; he was happy with Hattie. But his eventful wooing earned for him ever after, the nickname of "Baker Jack."

Just for Fun.

Trying to Forget the Serious Side of Life.



Forgetfulness.

Professor: How fortunate that I did not forget my umbrella this time, or I would have been thoroughly soaked, while watering my flowers.

Exact Reply.

Master.—What do we see above us on a clear day?

Bright Scholar.—We see the blue sky.

Master.—Correct; and what do we see above us on a rainy day?

Bright Scholar.—We generally see an umbrella.

He Helped Himself.

"Well, Bobby, how do you like church?" asked his father, as they walked homeward from the sanctuary, to which Bobby had just paid his first visit.

"It's fine!" ejaculated the young man. "How much did you get, father?"

"How much did I get? Why, what do you mean? How much what?" asked the astonished parent at this evident irreverence.

"Why, don't you remember when the funny old man passed the money around? I only got ten cents."

Tommy Won.

Two brothers went to the same school. They were absent about a fortnight, and then one returned alone.

"Where is your brother Thomas?" asked the master.

"Please, sir, he's laid up with a sprained arm. We were trying to see which could lean out of the window farthest and Tommy won."

Advertisements.

Annual sale now on. Don't go elsewhere to be cheated. Come in here.

Wanted! An organist and a boy to play the same.

Wanted! A boy to be partly outside partly behind the counter.

Won't Believe.

Magistrate (sternly)—Didn't I tell you the last time you were here I never wanted you to come before me again?

Prisoner—Yes, sir; but I couldn't make the policeman believe it.

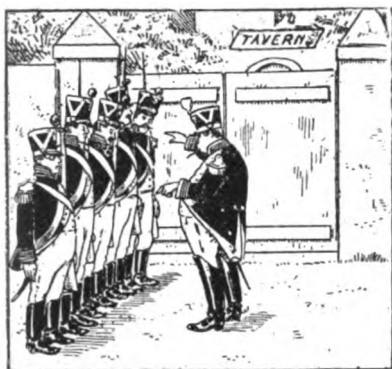


A Modern Servant.

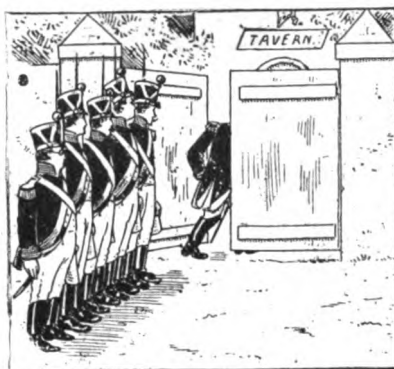
And why did you discharge the maid so suddenly?

O, just think of it! the girl was an habitual smoker and in her absent-mindedness put the cigarette instead of the milk bottle into my child's mouth. What is this world coming to!

When the Cat is away, The Mice start to play.



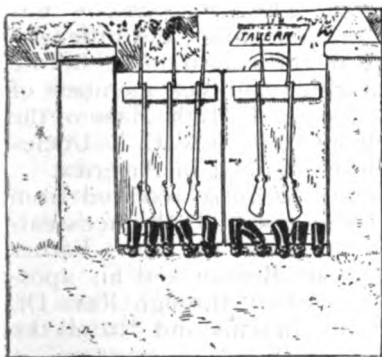
Captain: "Sergeant Roublard, I leave the men under your charge for a second. Continue the drill."



Sergeant (under his breath): "Au Revoir! We will have one also."



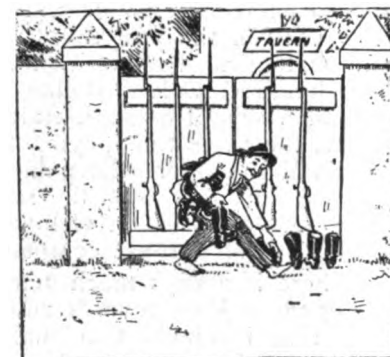
Sergeant (to his men): "The Captain is gone to take a drink without inviting us. Let us do the same at our quarters."



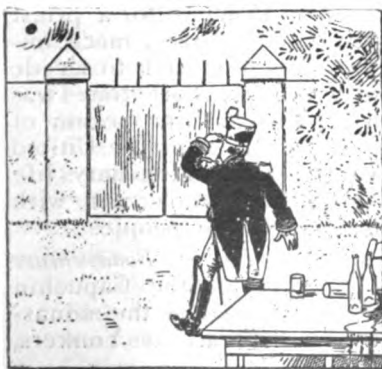
The trick invented by the Sergeant to avoid any suspicion of the Captain.



Captain. "Ah! The boys have an eye on me. Well, here is to their health".



A tramp found the occasion too tempting to let it pass. . . .



Captain. "Why, what does that mean?"



A Soldier: "Quick! Quick! all our boots are gone and the Captain is coming."



Captain: "Caramba, Sergeant, not less than ten days arrest for you."



From June 1904 to June 1905.

WHEN we turn each year to take up with Saint Michael's readers, the thread dropped on the threshold of the previous June, always first to hand we meet the crowding records of *Collegiate graduations and Academic Commencements*. Interesting and full of encouragement they are from a Catholic viewpoint for between the lines may be read a story of enterprise and educational progress that is nothing short of marvellous. One little paragraph from the annual report of the clerical Superintendent of parish schools in an eastern Archdiocese, best describes the situation:—"In the past twenty years" he writes "the Catholics of America have spent almost three hundred million dollars (\$300,000,000.00) for parish school education alone, Catholic parents at the same time paying their quota of the taxes which support the public schools. What body of citizens" asks the reverend writer "is giving an object lesson of loyalty to principles, of sincerity of purpose comparable to this?"

There is always much temptation to linger among these June records and dwell upon the interesting incidents that make such pleasant reading, as for instance the case of the *blind pupil* upon whom the President of Boston College (Rev. W. F. Gannon, S. J.) conferred the degree of Bachelor of Arts and who won the gold medal in the class of geology and honorable mention in psychology and natural theology and of the 15 year-old student of *Loyola College Baltimore* who passed a public examination on the twenty-four books of Homer's *Odyssey* in addition to the regular studies, in all of which he led a class of sixteen boys. And these are not exceptional but rather representative phases of Catholic educational development. In keeping with this is the rapid growth of such organizations as the *Knights of Columbus* whose National Council opened in Louisville, Ky. on June 7: a total membership of 114,000 was reported showing a gain of 8000 over 1903.

The fifteenth day of June (1904) witnessed one of those dreadful calamities which will live in our national history—this one under the name

of the *Slocum Steamboat* horror. Among the victims of that fatal morning in New York—and these numbered over one thousand souls—there were included few of our faith for the reason that the excursion was organized under the direction of a Lutheran congregation, the members of which were in great part passengers on the fated steamer. But in the outpouring of sympathy and proffers of aid to the stricken survivors, Catholics were not laggard and one of the voices lifted earliest in sorrow for the dead and appeal for the living was that of his Grace Abp. Farley.

In Baltimore Rev. Thos. B. Donovan was elected Superior of the Josephites, the order devoted to the welfare of the colored race. Before the June meeting at which eighteen members of the Order assisted, a solemn High Mass of the Holy Ghost was celebrated by Rev. C. R. Uncles the first colored priest ordained in America.

The Catholic Indian Missions received from Rome the good news of the Holy Father's earnest interest as expressed to Rev. Father Ketcham of the Missions Bureau and his apostolic benediction transmitted through Rev. Dr. Henry G. Ganss to the Indians and "to all the friends of the Indians."

An interesting item that because of its significance was widely circulated was that the Catholic Chinese of Montreal, numbering about 150, petitioned Archbishop Bruchesi for a priest speaking their language. His Grace, much impressed by their earnestness promised, to accede to their request and within a short time was able to supply such a pastor in the person of Rev. Father Hornsby, S. J. a native of the United States who during twelve years' missionary life in China became thoroughly conversant with the language and manners of the people.

The golden Jubilee of *Father Bonaventure Frey*, the venerable founder of the Capuchin Order in America was celebrated in the monastery Church of the Sacred Heart at Yonkers, N. Y.

On the death roll of this month are the honored names of Very Rev. Stephen Kealy, Provincial of the Passionist Order in the United

States who was stricken by heart disease as he concluded a Sunday morning sermon at the West Hoboken Monastery Church: *Archbishop Guidi*, Apostolic Delegate to the Philippines who died at Manila and a venerable Carmelite nun, *Mother St. John the Evangelist*, who went to her reward from the Baltimore House of her Order where she had been long resident.

An item of foreign news which attracted international attention was the report that reached us in July via Shanghai, China to the effect that at I-Chang, the furthest navigable point for trading vessels on the Yangtse-kiang and the place where the last Boxer rising had its origin, *a Catholic Bishop, a priest and two converts had been killed*—two other priests taken prisoner and three chapels burned by the natives. It was added that the French government which still exercises protectorate over the Missions of the East had immediately demanded the punishment of the murderers and the release of the hostages.

In Rome on July 20 *Solemn Anniversary Mass* was celebrated at St. Peter's for Pope Leo XIII: the Ambassadors, Ministers and Cardinals and over 5000 persons were present and all Vatican business was suspended for the day.

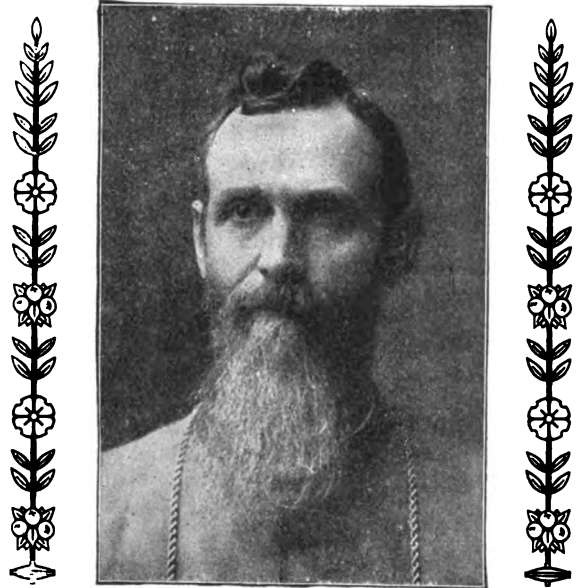
The eighth annual convention of the *Ladies' Catholic Benevolent Association* was held at St. Paul, Minn. on July 19, about 800 delegates being in attendance: Abp. Ireland delivered the sermon; Benediction was given by Bishop McQuaid of Rochester. A number of congratulatory telegrams were received, including one from President Roosevelt and in the evening welcoming speeches were made by Gov. Vasant for the State and by Mayor Smith for the City.

The third annual *Conference of Colleges, Schools and Seminaries* took place in St. Louis in the second week of July where Catholic educators gathered in force and important subjects were considered. Most Rev. Abp. Glennon welcomed the distinguished assemblage; federation of Alumni Associations was earnestly urged.

About this time, too, the discussion of State vs. Parochial schools occupied the attention of the *Assembly at Chatauqua, N. Y.* and Father A. P. Doyle of the Paulist Fathers who represented the Catholic view of the School question told the Assembly some plain truths concerning the result of non-religious education "which fosters a spirit of selfishness harmful to the political, industrial and family life of our days."

On July 25 *Mgr. L. J. Fox* was consecrated Bishop of Green Bay, Wis. Abp. Messmer of Milwaukee officiating: the new Bishop was born at Green Bay, his father being one of the early German settlers of the state. The crozier used at the consecration was presented by the clergy of the diocese.

At the corner stone laying of a new church at Mandan, N. D. *Bishop Shanley* quoted some remarkable statistics showing the phenomenal growth of Catholicism in North Dakota. To-day there are in the State 150 Catholic churches in actual use and these are supplemented by 70 outstations that are visited by priests at regular intervals once a month or twice a month. During the year 1903 the Catholics of North Dakota spent more than a quarter of a million dollars in church building and renovation—by the close of the year 1904 the Bishop added, the priests of the state would number over 90 and he predicted that before five years have passed, their number shall have increased to 300. No state of our great country can boast more creditable showing.



Rt. Rev. Jos. Fox, D. D. Bishop of Green Bay.

In August there was grieving among the veterans who are pensioners of the *Hotel des Invalides of Paris*, where since its foundation by Louis XIV the nursing has been done by nuns. These are now replaced by lay nurses and when the departing nuns some of whom have been there forty-five years (Sister Angelique had a record of sixty-five years' service) filed passed the veterans to say farewell, the scene was described as infinitely touching. Such is France to-day!

From Vienna came tidings of very different import. There in 1647 Emperor Ferdinand raised a magnificent memorial to *Mary Immaculate* and dedicated himself and his people to her under her title of the Immaculate Conception. 1904 being the Jubilee year of the Immaculate Conception, the present Emperor took

occasion to renew with solemnity the consecration of his predecessor. Throughout the whole world the joyous celebration of this Jubilee obtained, the spiritual exercises everywhere being modelled on the general program approved by the commission of Cardinals appointed by the Holy Father.

Ireland rejoiced in the presence of *Cardinal Vanutelli*, who during his Jubilee visit there officiated in the world famed Cathedral of Armagh dedicated to Ireland's beloved apostle Patrick.

The lamentable war in the East furnished its quota of Catholic record. The Russian press recorded with unbounded admiration, the edifying manner in which a Japanese Catholic officer met death. Condemned to be shot as spy, he insisted on leaving a roll of several thousand rubles to the Russian Red Cross for distribution among the wounded saying that he wanted in a small way to fulfill the commandment of his Master to love his enemies. Then as there was no Roman Catholic clergyman to be found, the brave soldier confessed to a priest of the Greek church and met death unflinchingly.

About this time many of our Catholic American Journals, republished from the columns of *Osservatore Romano*, the organ of the Vatican much of the correspondence which preceded the rupture of official relations between the *Vatican* and the *French Government*. This was eagerly read by Catholics who, whatever their nationality, cannot but be saddened by the present religious situation in France, while Americans were particularly gratified to read between the lines how signally the attempt to place the Holy See in a wrong position had been foiled by the wisdom and tact of Cardinal Merry del Val.

New Zealand papers of this month gave details of the dreadful massacre in New Britain of the *Sacred Heart Missionaries of Issoudun* at the mission station of Sts. Paul and Nacharmah. The 'Company' there consisted of 40 priests, 39 lay brothers, and 20 nuns and of these, nine were sacrificed by the cannibals. Most of the martyrs were of German extraction. Such happenings do not, however, check for an hour the onward march of the "Army of God."

We read on the same date that *Rev. P. A. McDermott* of the Order of the Holy Ghost who is remembered as an earnest worker in the Negro Missions of this country spent part of August in London, negotiating with the Government for aid in establishing an Agricultural Station in Africa where at Old Calabar (on the west coast) Fr. McDermott has been for some time located. Another mission item—this time of happy import, was the celebration on the Feast of the Assumption, of the Golden Jubilee of the *Good Shepherd Convent at Bangalore, India* where five nuns from Angers, France, first

arrived in 1854, after a six months' voyage around the Cape of Good Hope.

Two ecclesiastical appointments announced at home, were those of *Rt. Rev. John Bernard Delany* to succeed Bishop Bradley of Manchester, N. H. and of *Very Rev. Father Felix Ward* as Provincial of the Order of the Passionist Fathers in succession to the late Very Rev. Stephen Kealy.

Among the death notices of August may be recalled those of *Very Rev. Dr. Hill*, former President of Mount St. Mary's Seminary, Emmetsburg—*Brother Amator Leo* of the Christian Brothers in New York, who was known as the author of valuable text books, and *Mother M. Veronica Starr*, Foundress and Superior General of the Order of Divine Compassion who died at the mother house of her order—the Convent of Our Lady of Good Counsel, White Plains, N. Y. With these memoried names may well be listed that of one, who though not a member of our Church was ever its staunch friend, *Senator George Graham Vest* of Missouri, long known as a great statesman, a shining intellectual light and in the truest sense of the word, a typical American gentleman.

The year of 1904 being specially dedicated to the *Most Blessed Mother* it is not surprising to find September 8 chosen for various religious celebrations, literally too numerous to mention. One of them described as most imposing was the consecration in the Cathedral at *Manchester, N. H.* of *Rt. Rev. Dr. Delany*. Archbishop Falconio was the consecrating prelate and the sermon was preached by *Rev. Wm. F. Gannon*, S. J. president of Boston College. On the same day at *Sioux City, Ia.* 2 Archbishops, 9 Bishops, several Monsignores of the Church with more than 100 priests participated in the solemn dedication of the grand Cathedral of the Epiphany. Ten days later, a magnificent white marble Church of the Immaculate Conception, the handsomest edifice in the diocese of Baltimore next to its far-famed Cathedral, was consecrated by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons at *Towson, Md.* *Father O'Keeffe* the venerable pastor, to whose tireless efforts is credited much of the success of the undertaking, is the oldest priest in the diocese and the last surviving Brigade Chaplain of the Confederate Army, he having been chaplain of Mahone's Brigade of Northern Virginia and a close friend of General Lee and President Davis. This beautiful Church of the Immaculate Conception is a memorial to the late George W. Abell one of Baltimore's leading citizens, "whose generosity" said Cardinal Gibbons "was as unbounded as it was unostentatious."

In Chicago during August, *Bishop Muldoon* laid the corner stones of two *Italian Churches*, one to cost \$35,000.—the other \$50,000. And on the shore north of Chicago, at Lake Forest, the

Sisters of the Sacred Heart completed the building of a \$300,000 boarding school which is unique as having been erected under the personal supervision of a member of the community who daily inspected the work of masons, carpenters and builders. This Sister-builder is the daughter of a famous Belgian architect and before retiring from the world was interested in her father's work.

A general *Catholic Congress* where all classes were represented was held at Ratisbon in Germany, to which both the Pope and the German Emperor sent their good wishes. The third Eucharistic Congress of the United States took place in *St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York* on September 27, 28, 29 and at *St. Louis* on the same days *St. Vincent de Paul Society's Congress* was held, 500 delegates repre-

senting there almost every state in the Union and some foreign countries as well: Abp. Glennon made the address at the opening session and read a letter from Abp. Farley of New York.

A communication from the Holy Father was received by Cardinal Gibbons acknowledging the congratulatory message forwarded him in the name of the Prelates of the United States. From Rome also we heard of the appointment of the new Apostolic Delegate to the Philippines, *Father Ambrose Agius* who would, it was announced, arrive in this country about October. The new Delegate speaks all the principal European tongues with fluency English best of all. It was in September that one hundred young *Filipinos* chosen to be educated as an experiment at the Government's expense were distributed through various educational Institutions, selected by the War Department. Much comment was evoked by the fact that not a single Catholic College was on this list although the students, being Catholics, might reasonably be supposed to prefer such environment and there could be no difficulty in finding a Catholic Institution equal to the undertaking. That this at least is unquestioned was proven once again by the selection of two Jesuit Professors -- Fathers J. F. Quirk, S. J. Pres. of Loyola College, Baltimore and T. J. Shealy, S. J. of St. Francis Xavier's of New York as members of the Juries of the Higher Education at St. Louis.

The friends of Catholic literature were much grieved at the sudden seizure of one foremost in its ranks as poet, essayist and editor, *Rev. Albert Reinhart, O. P.* of the *Rosary Magazine*. Father Reinhart was stricken with paralysis



Rt. Rev. John B. Delaney, D. D.
Bishop of Manchester.



Most Rev. W. H. Elder,
the late Archbp. of Cincinnati.

while officiating at High Mass on September 18, his recovery being at first despaired of: at this writing, however, his numerous admirers have reason to hope that the places he adorned by his talents shall know him once more in the near future.

An official despatch from Washington told of the retirement of *Chaplain Edward J. Vattmann, U. S. A.* after fourteen years of service. Father Vattmann was advanced to the rank of Major in June of 1904 and retired in compliance with the law which limits the active duties of army officers to the age of 64. He was born in Prussia and is a graduate of the University of Paderborn, Westphalia.

At the dawn of September's latest day went forth the brave spirit of *George Frisbie Hoar*, senior Senator from Massachusetts and easily the most distinguished member of the United States Senate. Again, we must add "not a Catholic," but like Senator Vest who preceded him through the dark valley, a champion of right and a foe to bigotry and oppression. Of him the *Catholic Standard and Times of Philadelphia* said "During a long public career, not once were his garments tainted by a scandal. Never once were his friends or himself compelled to go to his defense against an allegation of wrongdoing. His integrity never was impeached nor his honor ever questioned or even suspected." Would that the same might be written of our own co-religionists who venture into the troubled political arena where the temptation of personal aggrandizement and many another such, arise to test men's mettle!

In October the Rector of the *New York Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary* issued the twenty-first annual report of the Missions: its purpose is the safeguarding of Irish immigrant girls and it appeals to a very large circle of readers in our country, who recalling the splendid work accomplished during its twenty years of existence, will, it is hoped, extend the helping hand that is as urgently needed as it is admirably deserved.

The appointment was announced of *Very Rev. Thos. F. Lillis* of Kansas City to be Bishop of Leavenworth in succession to the late Bp. Louis M. Fink; also of the election of *Very Rev. Dominic Reuter* of Trenton, N. J. to be General of the Minor Conventuals of St. Francis. Father Reuter will henceforward reside in Rome.

On October 25 a handsome monument was dedicated with inspiring exercises at Herington, Kansas, to the memory of America's first martyr, *Juan de Padilla*, one of the priests who accompanied the expedition of Coronado from Mexico three hundred and fifty years ago and who, remaining alone to do missionary work among the American Indians, met a violent death at their hands.

In Jentschoufu, China on October 30 *Mgr. Augustin Henninghaus, S. V. D.* was consecrated Bishop to succeed the late Bp. Von Anzer in the Apostolic Vicariate of South Schantung.

The last day of October saw the passing of the venerated Archbishop of Cincinnati, *Most Rev. William Henry Elder, D. D.* whose long life of 85 years was devoted to the performance of great and good works. Archbishop Elder was not only our country's oldest prelate in years, but also in tenure, he was dean of the American Catholic Hierarchy. He was born in Baltimore in 1819 and his ancestors helped to establish religious freedom in this new world. The funeral which took place on November 8 from St. Peter's Cathedral of Cincinnati was fitly enough one of the most imposing services ever held in the United States. Bp. Keane of Dubuque preached the sermon and the five absolutions were given by His Eminence Card. Gibbons, Archbishop Ryan and Bishops Maes, Heslin and Allen each attended by two chaplains.

A death occurring in early November at New York was that of *Father Benjamin F. De Costa* widely known as the former Episcopal clergyman, who coming to our Church late in life was ordained priest in his 73 year. Father De Costa was author of more than thirty works dealing with religious and historical subjects and at least one novel — "The Rector of Rocksburg."

Probably for the first time in its history America owns an altar-boy Mayor. *John A. Garrett* the youngest man ever to hold such an office in Maryland was elected Mayor of the town

of Glen Echo having just passed the legal age of voting. "Mayor Garrett is now" says an exchange "and has been for ten years, acolyte at Trinity Catholic Church, while for two years past he has been chairman of the Board of School Trustees and Deputy clerk of the County Commissioners."

In Philadelphia impetus was given to a truly Christian work by Abp. Ryan's action in issuing a call to his clergy and laity to organize for the preservation of the Faith in the crowded Italian quarter of the City where proselytizing sects are peculiarly active. The society formed for this noble purpose is now fully and permanently organized under the direction of *Rev. Father Drumgoole* whose interest in the movement knows no limit.

St. Peter's — the oldest German parish in *Cleveland, O.* celebrated its golden Jubilee in November.

In Paris *Very Rev. Julius J. Lebas*, Superior-General of the Society of St. Sulpice died an acknowledged victim to the anxiety and grief caused by the continued persecution of his Order.

On the list of deaths here at home are the names of *Bernard Bachur* of New York a well known contributor to St. Michael's Almanac who passed away in New York on the 8 of November; — *Mother Mary John* Superioress provincial of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Carondelet, Mo. who had been a member of the Order since 1865.

The second *Australian Congress* of the Catholic Church held at Melbourne, Australia was the great event of November's closing week. During the four years which had elapsed since the preceding Congress (of Sydney) Catholicity in this part of the world has made phenomenal progress — the total Catholic population of Australia now representing between one-fourth and one-fifth of the white people in the country and the mission for the natives having also achieved marvellous results. One of the attending prelates was Rt. Rev. Dr. De Boismenu of British New Guinea who is famed as having been raised to the Bishoprpic in his twenty-ninth year. He is now 34.

December of 1904 was pre-eminently a month of Marian celebrations as befitted the *Jubilee year of the Blessed Mother* in this land of ours, where 58 years ago "with ardent vows, applause and unanimous consent" as we read in the records of the Sixth Provincial Council of Baltimore held in 1846, she was selected Patroness for ever of these United States. The ceremonies of Dec. 8 in the Eternal City were magnificent, the Pontiff presiding over the unveiling of the statue of the Immaculate Conception bearing the splendid diamond crown gifted by the faithful of all nations. Amongst the many Americans present was Dr. Richard L. Burtzell of New York, one of the four surviving Ameri-



The Grotto of Lourdes in the Vatican Gardens.



Rt. Rev. Richard Phelan,
the late Bishop of Pittsburgh.

can priests who witnessed the original ceremony at Rome 50 years ago. The others are Mgr. Cannon of Lockport, Dr. McGovern of Chicago and Fr. L. J. L'Etourneau, C. S. C. of Notre Dame, Ind. The only living English speaking Bishop in the world who at that time wore a mitre is Most Rev. Daniel Murphy, Abp. of Hobart, Tasmania now in the ninetieth year of his age and the 58 of his episcopate. At *Notre Dame University* the Jubilee celebration was presided over by Abp. Agius Apostolic Delegate to the Phillippines. *Yonkers, N. Y.* owns the Church which was first in our country to be dedicated under the title of the Immaculate Conception.

From Rome came particulars of *canonization and beatification* — the former of Blessed Alessandro Sauli and Blessed Girardo Majello — the latter of Gaspare del Bufalo, founder of the Congregation of the Precious Blood. The missionary martyrs of the Jesuit Order in America including Father Isaac Jogues are soon to be canonized.

"*Church Progress*" of St. Louis issued in December a historical number in honor of the one hundred and thirtieth anniversary of the founding of the first Catholic Church in the diocese of St. Louis.

Foremost on the death roll of the month comes the name of *Rt. Rev. Richard Phelan Bp. of Pittsburgh* who died on the 23 of December in his 77 year. Of Bishop Phelan in his prime it was said, that he never realized what it was to rest. The small estate which remained to him at his death he left to his successor in trust for his beloved charities.

Rev. Edward Holker Welch, S. J. Professor at Georgetown University and 50 years ago a famous convert, died in his 83 year; *Lawrence Herman Bell* a well known editor of Louisville, Ky. and founder of the Catholic Knights of America died in his home city and *Very Rev. Thomas C. Moore*, Vicar-General of the Diocese of Leavenworth, Kansas, passed away at Las Vegas, N. M. whither he had gone in search of health. On the day preceding Father Moore's death, *Right Rev. T. F. Lillis* was consecrated Bishop of Leavenworth, succeeding the late Bishop Fink.

As a *souvenir of the great Jubilee of 1904* the Holy Father attached an indulgence of 300 days to the practice of saying morning and night, three Hail Marys in Honor of the Immaculate Mother, adding after each Hail Mary the invocation:—"Mary, by thy Immaculate Conception purify my body, and sanctify my soul." This practice should be taught to all Catholic children.

From *Indian Camp, La.* which is in charge of the heroic Sisters of Charity we heard most interesting details of the Lepers' Christmas, especially of the rejoicing over the huge Christmas box which the good people of New Orleans forward yearly to the afflicted ones.

In January 1905, owing to the strained relations between the Holy See and the French government, the Cardinals de Curia omitted for the first time sending *New Year's congratulations to the French President*. As an innovation, it was stated on good authority that an autograph letter of greeting from *Pope Pius* was forwarded to *President Roosevelt*, to whom about this time, too, *Rev. J. Daugherty, S. J.* President of Georgetown University presented the first reproduction of the famous German map of 1507 in which the word

America is first used to designate the New World. This map, for which search had long been made, was only discovered last summer in the library of a German Prince.

At the opening of the year a new Catholic Naval Chaplain, *Rev. J. M. McGinty* of New York City was appointed by the President.

A select Priests' Choir was formed in New York to encourage and promote the singing of the *Gregorian chant* throughout the Archdiocese.

On January 8 in St. Peters, Rome, took place the beatification of *Ven. John Baptist Mary Vian-*



Bl. John B. Vianney.

ney universally known and venerated as the *Curé d'Ars*. The ceremony was attended by members of the Italian Royal family. It was hoped that *Ven. Bishop Neumann* of Philadelphia would be included among the new "Beati" making him the first American citizen to be so dignified — but the process in his case has been unexpectedly delayed.

The notable Catholic deaths of January include *Card. Langenieux*, Abp. of Rheims a heavy loss to the distressed Church of France and *Mgr. George Hobart Doane* of Newark, N. J. one of America's most celebrated converts. *Mgr. Doane's* father was Protestant Episcopal Bishop

of New Jersey and the brother of the deceased who was chief mourner at the impressive funeral ceremonies of Jan. 25, is *Dr. Wm. C. Doane*, Episcopal Bishop of Albany. *Abbot Felix de Grasse* at the Benedictine Monastery Sacred Heart, Oklahoma (noted for his work among the Indians) died January 3.

The annual report of *Rev. William Ketcham* Director of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions while containing the welcome intelligence that the Holy See has just granted special Indulgences in favor of the Society for preserving Faith among Indian Children, also announced that the receipts of the Society for 1904 fell almost ten thousand dollars behind those of 1903: yet in a discussion of the Indian School question about this time the "Augusta Chronicle" says:—

"One Catholic school has really been worth a half-dozen so-called non-sectarian schools in uplifting the Indian and fitting him in a practical way for civilized life."

Many broadminded Protestants have already borne testimony to the splendid work that has been done by these consecrated Catholic missionaries among the Indians, and regard the withdrawal of government aid from these schools as a distinct backstep in the work of reclaiming the Red Man.

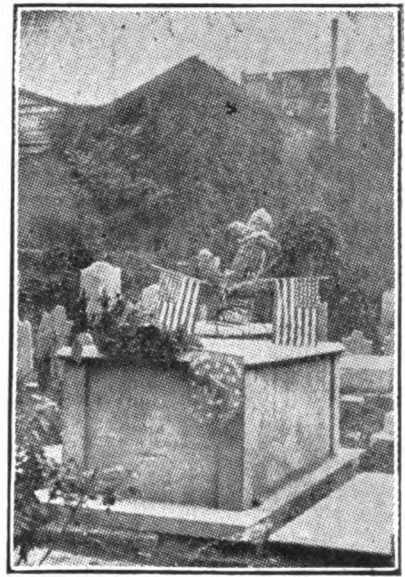
A notable religious ceremony was the investiture of *Most Rev. Abp. Moeller* with the pallium in St. Peter's Cathedral of Cincinnati on February 15: Cardinal Gibbons was preacher of the occasion and Bishop Hartley of Columbus, O. celebrant of the Solemn Pontifical Mass.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Horstmann of Cleveland, Ohio dedicated in that city a temporary Church for use of the Hungarian colony; the church is named in honor of St. Emeric, oldest son of the great St. Stephen, king of Hungary. It is the first of the name in America and is interesting because Emeric is "Amerigo" in Italian and the man for whom our big continent is called America received in baptism the name of this Hungarian Saint

In Rochester, N. Y. *Very Rev. Thomas F. Hickey, V. G.* a native-born son of that city was appointed Coadjutor to the Venerable Bishop McQuaid with right of succession.

At *St. John's Protectory of West Seneca, N. Y.* where at present 450 boys are receiving an industrial training, the Brothers of the Holy Infancy of Jesus, an order little known to the world celebrated the golden jubilee of their foundation fifty years ago by *Rt. Rev. John Timon* first Bishop of Buffalo.

Foreign notes chronicled the celebration in Notre Dame Paris, by *Cardinal Richard* Archbishop of the City, of the 60th anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood and the 33rd of his episcopal consecration.

**Monsignore Kennedy.****Rt. Rev. Felix de Grasse, O. S. B.**
the late Abbot of Sac. Heart Mission, Okla.**Commodore Barry's Grave.**

There was news, too, of gratifying progress in the cases for the canonization of *Irish Martyrs* for the Faith (under Henry VIII, Elizabeth and Cromwell of England) numbering in all 460 names

Among the recorded deaths of this month were *Mother Eleanore Lieber* of the Sacred Heart Order in New York, who was sister of the celebrated leader of the Catholic party in Germany, and *Sister Mary Regis* of the Visitation Convent of Georgetown, D. C. who as Miss Sarah Wagaman was once the gracious hostess of our American White House during the Presidential term of her uncle, President Tyler. A well known writer of our own day, *Miss Eugenie Ulrich*, secretary of the Guild of the Infant Savior, New York, and author of the life of Pope Pius X. died at Limoges, France. Another writer whose name, though he was not a Catholic, is a household word in our homes—*General Lew Wallace* author of *Ben Hur*, died at Crawfordville, Ind.

A lawsuit instituted by the French Government in an effort to confiscate the farfamed *Grotto of Lourdes* was decided in favor of the Church, the court of Pau ruling that the Grotto belongs to the Archdiocese of Tarbes.

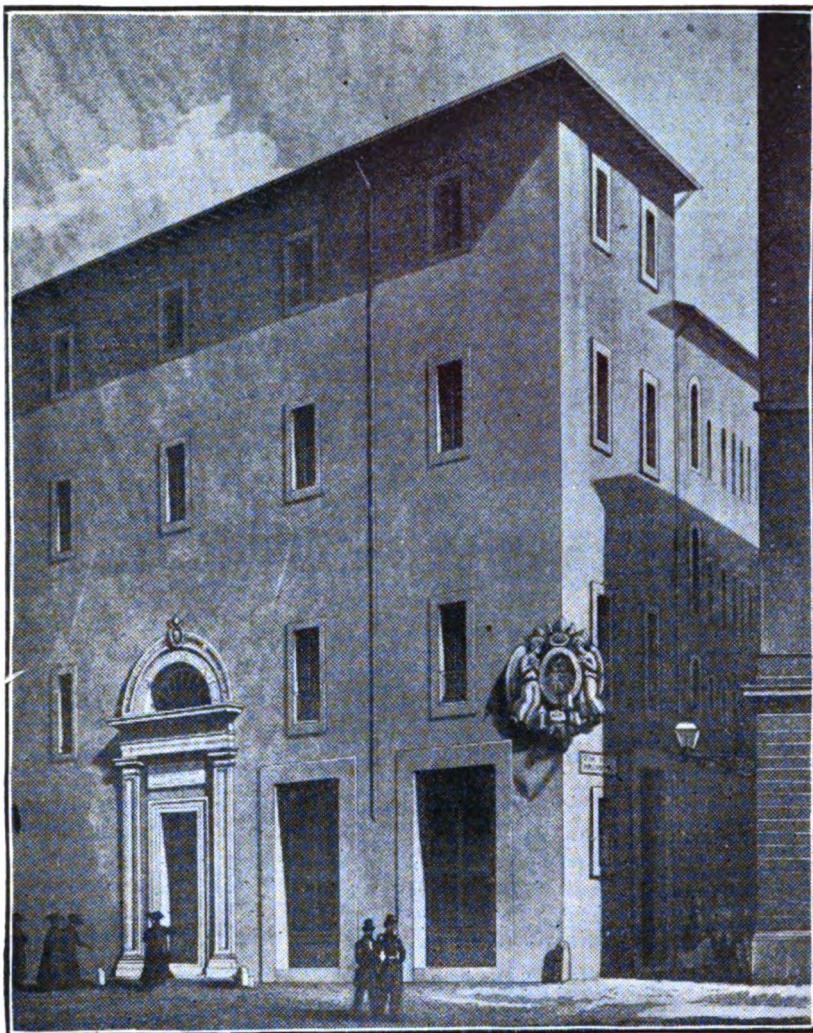
Mgr. Kennedy Rector of the American College in Rome was recipient of a letter from His Holiness eulogizing the zeal and devotedness shown by the rector in his conduct of the celebrated institution. Mgr. Kennedy recently presented one hundred and ten students in private audience to receive the Pope's congratulations on their successes in the Propaganda College.

In a message to Congress we find President Roosevelt recommending an appropriation for honoring the memory of two naval heroes, one of whom was a Catholic of Irish birth—*Commodore John Barry*, the Father of the American Navy. Many mementoes of Commodore Barry's home life are in the keeping of the American Historical Society of Philadelphia to which they were consigned by members of his family, resident of the city which also contains the tomb of Barry. — *Mother Mary Agnes* Superior-general and founder of the Congregation of St. Agnes died at Fond-du-Lac Wisconsin in March and on the 15, of the month, *Wm. Seton, L. L. D.* a well known author, the grandson of Mother Elizabeth Seton, Foundress of the American Sisters of Charity and brother of Archbishop Seton, passed away in New York.

In Washington on March 28, the funeral of *Senor Don Maurel de Aspiroz* late ambassador from Mexico to the United States took place from St. Matthew's Church with full military honors and was a most imposing spectacle.

A letter received early in April by Rev. Father J. J. Dunn head of the New York Bureau for Propagation of the Faith conveyed the sad news that *Brother Serapion Van Koop*—member of a noble Belgian family who went to take up the work begun by Father Damien—has been stricken with the dreadful disease of leprosy. Brother Van Koop is twenty-eight years old and will in all probability, the doctors say, succumb before his thirty-first birthday.

At a meeting of the clergy and laity in New York to devise means of raising funds for the erection of the Christian Brothers' Normal



American College in Rome.

College at Pocantico Hills, N. Y. the sum of \$12000.00 was subscribed in ten minutes—rather a practical proof of the high estimation in which Catholic education is held by Catholics.

"In a wee paragraph of the daily papers," remarks the Catholic Standard and Times,—"may be found the important item of intelligence that *Father Vatmann*, retired army Chaplain, has been appointed assistant to the superintendent in charge of Filipinos in the United States;" so the religious interests of these young people may be considered as safeguarded for the future, which is certainly as it should be.

Even in Republican America we read with interest of an Emperor's Easter and how in the stately 'Hofburg' at Vienna, the *Austrian Kaiser*, now seventy-five years old, on the Thursday of Holy Week in reverent imitation of his Master, washed the feet of twelve old men after having waited on them at the table and then sent them

to their homes in the imperial carriages laden with gifts.

The Catholic Converts' League, a most interesting Association held its annual public meeting in New York on April 25. Rev. Bertrand L. Conway, C. S. P. being speaker of the occasion. *The Association of Catholic Charities* also held its annual meeting in that City about this time nearly four hundred members and friends attending.

The April number of the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith* brought news of the ordination at *Hsien-hsien, China*, of five young native priests, Bishop Maquet, S. J. officiating—"All the relatives of martyrs,"—writes a spectator "even the youngest of them may one day celebrate the glorious feast of a father, a mother, a sister or a brother."

Two of our Sisterhoods made public acknowledgment of *municipal gifts* to the institutions under their charge one \$20,000.00 was donated to St. Francis' Hospital of Trenton, N. J. by Charles G. Koebling of that City and one of \$5000.00 from Mrs. Andrew Carnegie for the Baltimore House of the Good Shepherd for colored girls.

No fewer than three priests of the Buffalo diocese were honored by the Sovereign Pontiff; *Very Rev. M. P. Connery* and *Rev. Paul Hælscher* being appointed domestic prelates

with the title of Monsignore and *Rev. Patrick Cronin, L.L.D.* Editor of the *Catholic Union and Times* being given the degree of D. D.

A business man of Boston, *Thomas B. Fitzpatrick*, well known for his philanthropy was presented with the Laetare Medal of Notre Dame, annually conferred upon a conspicuous member of the American Laity.

On April 21 press dispatches from Montreal told us of a sad disaster in the village of *St. Genevieve* when a convent was burned to the ground and fourteen of its inmates—nine pupils of the academy four old ladies and one brave sister met death in the flames. The heroism of the sisters who freely ventured their own lives averted a holocaust.

Announcement was made of the appointment of *Mgr. Jarlin* to succeed the lamented Bishop Favier of Pekin, China. The late bishop during his administration erected twenty-five churches.

all but two of which were at one time or other destroyed by the Boxers. Bishop Favier was decorated for the heroism he displayed during the Boxer rising.

Among the Catholic deaths chronicled in April was that of *Rev. Lawrence C. P. Fox* of Tewkesbury, Mass. the venerable Oblate Missionary then in his 85th year, who was one of the few Quakers converts to the Catholic Church.

In St. Louis *Father Wm. Faerber* a well known writer and editor of the "Pastoralblatt" passed away in his sixty-third year.

Father Martin for twenty years past, superior-general of the Society of Mary died in his eighty-third year. *Rev. James A. Smith* the Catholic Chaplain of the "Tombs", New York's famous prison, passed away in that City, and at Cleveland, O. *Manly Tello*, a well known Catholic writer and former editor of the Catholic Universe.

The first week of May saw in Washington the Congress of the National Society of Trained Nurses and of Spanish-American War Nurses who unveiled a monument in Arlington Cemetery to the women who in 1898 lost their lives in army service. These included five Sisters of Charity from Emmetsburg and five others from New Orleans; of the secular nurses commemorated, all but one were Catholics. *Father Mc. Guigan* of St. Patrick's made the opening prayer at the ceremony.

In May the New diocese of Superior, Wis. was established, and *Rt. Rev. A. F. Schinner*, Vicar General of Milwaukee, appointed its first Bishop.

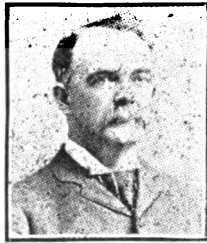
A Maryland Branch of the American Federation of Catholic Societies was founded in Baltimore.

We heard in America of the *German Emperor's* bestowal of the Gold Medal for Art and Science on *Father Fock*, S. J. of Shanghai in recognition of the *Father's* typhoon Studies.

Very Rev. P. H. McHale, C. M. of Brooklyn was appointed by the Pope, Visitor Extraordinary of all Institutions in the Phillippine Islands an honor never before conferred on an American.

On May 13, *Most Rev. Abp. Ryan* of Philadelphia sailed for Rome to pay his official visit to the Holy Father, taking with him the Peter's Pence Offering of the Archdiocese amounting to \$30,000.00.

For the second time in its history the Cathedral of St. Louis witnessed the investiture of



T. B. Fitzpatrick

the head of the diocese, *Most Rev. John J. Glennon* receiving the Pallium from the hands of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons on May 14. Archbishop Glennon was celebrant of the high mass and Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul preached the sermon of the occasion.

On May 15, a great light that has long illumined the world of Catholic literature was lost to earth when the Angel of Award spake the final summons bidding *John, Canon O'Hanlon*, (of Dublin Ireland) to enter the goodly company of those whose blessed example he by his marvellous labors, has perpetuated for future generations. It were idle to attempt here a tribute to his memory: we can but say a word of sympathy for the legions of friends the world over, who mourn his departure hence, and for the bereaved flock "by whom" says one who was recently of their number "he was literally, in a human sense, adored."

In May also two farfamed religious both of Irelands' leading families from whom the ranks of the Church have been ever recruited passed to their reward *Mother Mary Ignatius Croke*, sister of the late Archbishop of Cashel who died at Bathurst, Australia, and *Mother Mary Xavier White* died in Derry, Ireland, sister of Right Rev. (Mitred) Abbot Stanislaus White of the Trappist Monastery at Senninito, Italy and of *Mesdames Julia and Charlotte White* of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart.

One brother of this distinguished family, *Richard P. White*, early in life settled in America where besides taking foremost rank among the Catholic citizens of Philadelphia, he became also a recognized leader of the Bar of that city. By a sad coincidence his death in his 78th year is chronicled in the records of this same month, he having passed to his reward on May 23.

More than ever encouraging to Catholics are the copious religious statistics for 1904-5 just published. It has been customary to quote from such sources in this annual letter but this year having already overstepped our limit bound of space, we insert instead, the comment of the "American Friend" on this subject:—

"The figures can give at best but a feeble idea of the state of religion in our country. They will impress every one, however, with the fact that Roman Catholicism is a very mighty force, rapidly expanding. A Church of 10,000,000 believers is impressive."

"No other church in the United States is so impressive numerically, or, of course otherwise."

May it be our pride as it is our manifest duty to uphold our Mother Church in her high position as Exemplar and Preservator of the doctrines of Cl. :

MARGARET M. HALVEY.





Greetings from the Home of St. Michael's Almanac.

EVERY year St. Michael's Almanac goes forth on its tour to meet warm welcome in many a Catholic home from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the far north to the extreme south of this, its native land. Even beyond these boundaries—in Europe—in far off Australia—wherever the English language is spoken, there is greeting from old friends and pleasant words of commendation from new acquaintances. For all of which St. Michael's Publishers wish to express their thanks, feeling indeed honored by this confidence.

The knowledge that the Almanac has been of benefit to its readers elevating, instructing and diverting as its varied departments aim to be, is ample reward to them for whatever thought and labor have entered into its preparation.

We want most particularly to thank the many friends who show practical appreciation by their subscriptions: to each of these the quarter dollar representing a single subscription may appear small, but as many drops make a large pool, so, many such donations represent in the aggregate the sustenance of our growing institution St. Joseph's Technical School.

Special gratitude is due to those who by soliciting subscriptions extend the field of our effort and so help on the good cause of which St. Michael's Almanac is the organ and support.

Last but by no means least on the roll of honor come the writers who, by their literary contributions, help the Editor to attain his ideal of a book useful and entertaining, the worthy guest of the Catholic home circle.

All who have in these various ways promoted the success of St. Michael's Almanac are justly considered the benefactors of St. Joseph's of Shermerville (where the annual is published) they are the honored friends of its scholars who through this beneficence are enabled to obtain an education fitting them for the duties of life.

Fortunate boys in truth they are! these pupils of St. Joseph's who in life's happy springtime are placed under the guidance of the fathers and brothers of the Society of the Divine Word.

And without doubt the readers of St. Michael's Almanac, to whom collectively and individ-

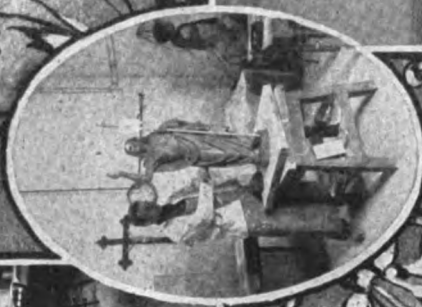
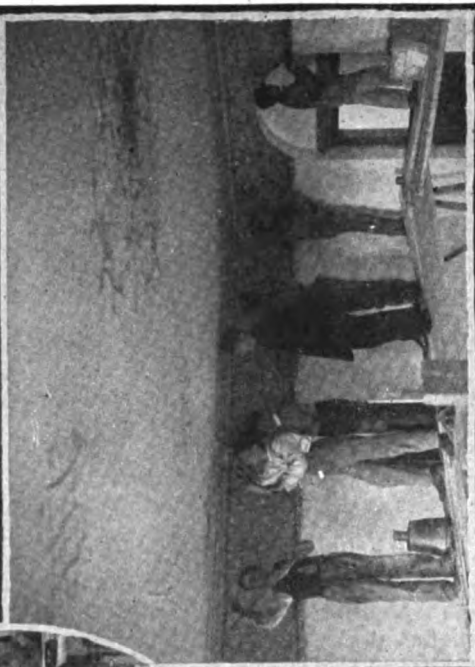
ually, the boys are indebted for their opportunities, would like to know just how this education is conducted—how time is apportioned between classroom and workroom—how they are taught the practice of their holy religion so that in years of maturity they may prove the staff of their parents and the model for their younger brothers and companions. The little folks, too, will be interested to learn of their amusements and in what manner free time is spent at St. Joseph's. Let us describe to you then as well as we can, within circumscribed limits, the routine of one school day within these spacious walls.

Were you dear reader the guest of a day (and you should indeed be a welcome one) you would in the early morning meet all the boys assembled in the chapel, raising their young hearts to God and offering to Him at the foot of the altar all the actions of the opening day.—Holy Mass is heard and morning prayers are said in common, because the primal thought is always the grounding of the boy, now at the most susceptible time of his life in these Christian principles and practices which are sure to bring down blessings on his future career.

Therefore instructions in Christian doctrine,—Spiritual conferences—Sodality devotions offered in honor of the Mother of God and especially the monthly Holy Communion are inculcated and strictly observed.

The working hours are partly devoted to manual labor and partly to study. Boys who have completed their twelfth year spend the entire forenoon in the classroom and the afternoon in the "Shops" while the younger lads have class all day. The curriculum includes two courses—Grammar and High School—the Grammar course embracing all the usual branches, while the High School course besides the usual branches includes Commercial studies—as Book-keeping, Stenography, Typewriting, Telegraphy, Mechanical, Geometrical, and Freehand drawing.

Thus every student's talent and ambition are catered to: at the same time, if a boy who has creditably finished the grammar course should desire to give all his intention to his chosen trade he can do so, provided his Superiors consent.



The Young Artists.

Modelling a Statue.

Artistic House Decorating.

So it is that the visitor will find the boys who spent the morning in the chapel and class, working in the afternoon in the shops, wearing overalls or other suits befitting their varied occupations.

The trades pursued at present are:—Farming, gardening, (which includes tending to the greenhouse), shoemaking and tailoring, carpenter work, painting and glazing, artistic house decoration, modelling and carving, typesetting, stereotyping, electrotyping, printing and book-binding: also the management of steam engines and electrical machines, plumbing, horseshoeing, locksmithing, tinsmithing, and butchering.

The accompanying pictures give you some idea of a few of the shops. But let us enter some of the working departments.—A visit at the shoe and tailorshops will show you a number of boys busy with awl and needle. They have to provide the necessary footwear and clothing for all the inmates of the school.

A glance at the young artists shows them eagerly striving with brush and pen to produce their ideas; further on you see their classmates coloring statues, repairing broken windows, or painting new pieces of furniture.

The young typesetters stand by their cases glancing at the manuscript before them, their right hand flits with lightning speed from one case to the other, setting the types in the typeholder or placing "stick" where the types are forming words and sentences. A whole page thus composed and corrected goes to the electrotypers who cast the plates and pass them to the printers. In the pressroom a number of boys feed the presses from which issue pages of books and magazines—leaflets, billheads, mourning cards etc. From the printing shop these pages go to the bookbinders who fold them either by hand or machine, then stitch the folded sheets and bind them in book, pamphlet, or magazine form as required.

From this same printing department St. Michael's Almanac has been issued. Here are printed our monthly magazines; "The Christian Family," and "Amerikanisches Missionsblatt," the former in English, the latter in German, both equally attractive and deserving of a place in every Catholic family. Their low subscription price (one dollar a year) is due to the fact that home labor has been largely employed in their production.

Now we come to the workshops of the tinsmiths and mechanics. Here is a boy making a sprinkling can, while another works on a kitchen utensil and yet another is shaping gutters for the roof. A young plumber is fitting pipes for a heating apparatus; his comrades are building a small steam engine. Nor is ornamental work neglected—as is evidenced by the pretty flower stands and artistic railing that you may see in process of construction. Here, too, are

made the neat beds used in the school dormitories. The boys of this department also learn to attend to the boilers and understand electrical machines. All the gas-water-and steam fitting of the institution is done by them under their instructors' supervision.

Next in line we find the carpentershop distinguishable by the buzz of saws and hum of wheels. The logs cut in the forest belonging to the school are brought here to this home saw-mill and the planks made from them are used for divers purposes: all the carpenter work for the institution has been, and is done in this department, from the heavy builders' supplies to the smallest article of furniture in use. A special department is devoted to carving and the manufacture of Church furniture.

Outdoors in the field and garden are boys busied according to the needs of the season, with digging, ploughing, sowing or harvesting, the planting or ingathering of flowers, fruits, and vegetables of all kinds, while other companies attend to the wants of the numerous cattle and fowl which people the farmyards not even forgetting the colonies of busy bees.

Pausing at the butcher's shop, the visitor may see in course of preparation the meats which a little later are placed for consumption before this healthy, happy multitude.

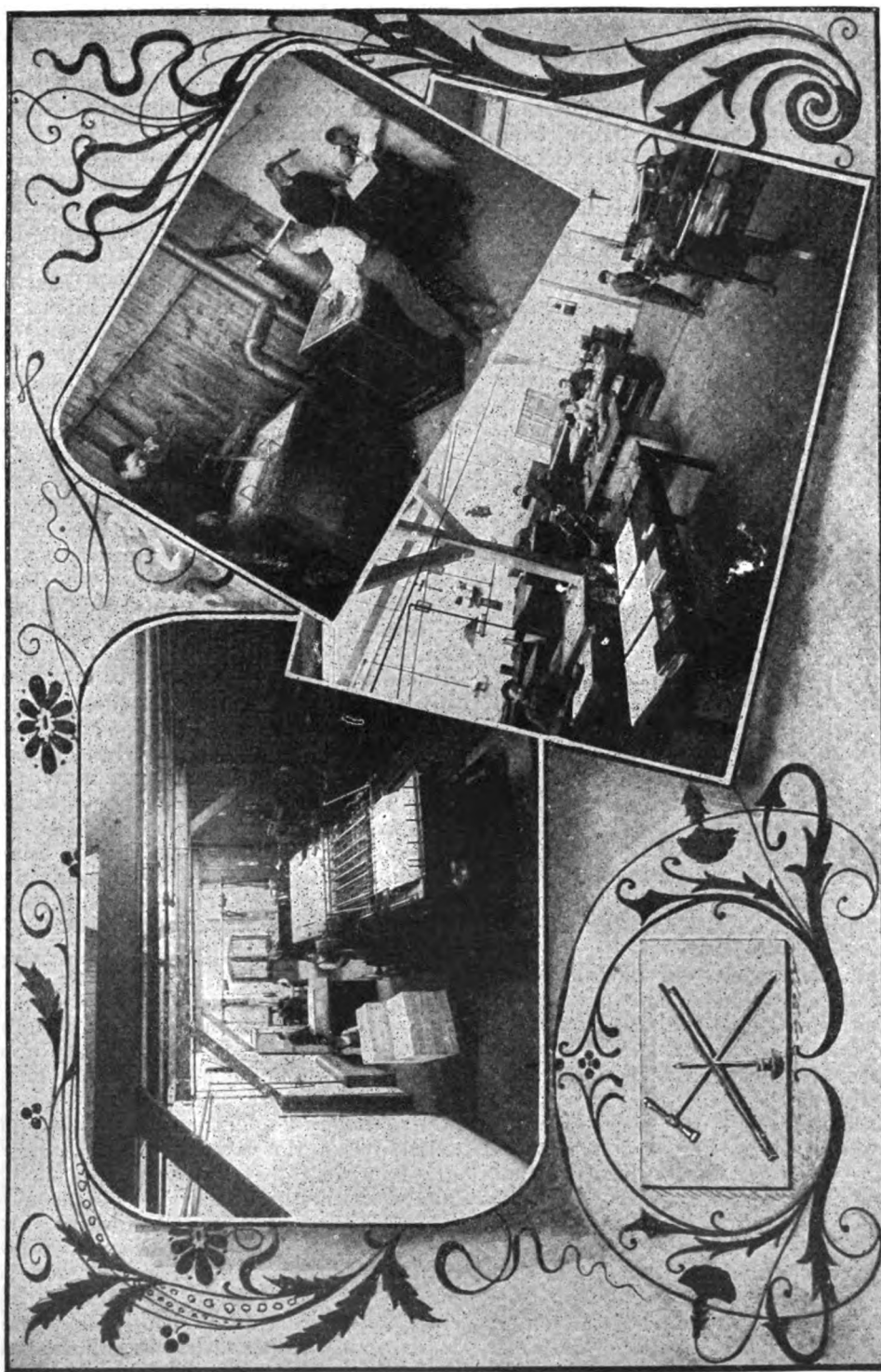
Thus far we have followed the boys through a day of study and manual labor that we saw open with that morning appeal to the Heavenly Father for His continued light and guidance. Now comes the natural query from our young friends—the boy and girl readers of St. Michael's:—"What of the recreation hours? Is there no free time at St. Joseph's?"

For answer we point to the great ball field, and the extensive play grounds equipped with numerous swings for the little ones and gymnastic apparatus for their older companions. These are the provisions for outdoor sport—indoors, the arrangements are even more elaborate, in addition to a library there are spacious play rooms—where such games as chess, checkers, dominoes, lotto etc. enliven the recreation hours.

There are always entertaining books and the boys have their own band, in which they take much pride and pleasure, playing at all the annual festivals and entertainments.

Several times a year, too, they produce plays, the rehearsing and staging of which occupy many free hours.

Everything possible is done to guard and promote the boys' health—regular bathing, open air exercises, good nutritious food, well ventilated classrooms, workshops and dormitories. The fathers and brothers of the Society of the Divine Word under whose charge the school is, do all in their power to make the boys feel at



Electrotyping Department.

The Presroom.

home, devoting their whole lives to the welfare of these, their charges.

Of the several festivals of the past year some deserve special mention.

On June 26, 1904, a red-letter day for the children as for their parents and teachers, the following boys received their first Holy Communion:— James Boyle, Chicago — Henry Cooper, Victor, Colo. — Edward Coyle, Chicago — Ralph Cronin, Superior, Wis. — George Hutchinson, Seattle, Wash. — Patrick King, Chicago — Francis Marshall, Chicago — Charles Mc Evilly, Springfield, Mo. — Charles Schabelka, Denver, Colo. — Joseph Walter, West Point, Neb. — Odilo Wolter, Milwaukee, Wis.

This date was also commencement Day when prizes were awarded to the pupils below mentioned:

For good conduct: — Edward Coyle, Chicago — George Victor Kearns, Winnetka, Ill. — John Seilheimer, Hillside, Ill. — Norbert Wolter, Milwaukee, Wis.

For study: — Edward Bickert, Pottsville, Pa. — Henry Cooper, Victor, Colo. — Edward Coyle, Chicago — Edmund Lane, Chicago — Charles Seifert, Quincy, Ill. — Antony Zeyen, Spokane, Wash. — Louis Aya, Eugene, Ore.

For neatness and order: — Gaspard Pare, Duluth, Minn. — James Boyle, Chicago.

On July 6, 1904 Most Rev. Archbishop Quigley of Chicago visited the school, showing a practical interest in the work done and expressing his approval and satisfaction.

Nov. 1, 1904. Service was held for the first time in the new chapel, to the great joy of all the inmates of the school. This chapel offers ample accommodation for a larger congregation than is now available.

Since its opening all services therein are conducted with much solemnity.

To the usual ceremonies of Thanksgiving day a new feature was added. The pupils who excelled in work, thanks to the Brothers' exertions and their own assiduity received awards of medals, books etc. The names of the boys so distinguished are:—

For good conduct: — James Davy, Chicago — Edward Coyle, Chicago — Antony Zeyen, Spokane, Wash. — George Victor Kearns, Winnetka, Ill. — Charles Schabelka, Denver, Colo.

For excellence in work: — Francis Kronk, Chicago — John Germershausen, Milwaukee, Wis. — Christian Dreiling, St. Peter, Kan. — Frederick Kronk, Chicago — Adolph Englert, St. Louis, Mo. — William Sack, Lebanon, Mo. — Joseph Banneyer, Chicago — Thomas Reynolds, Springfield, Mo. — Edward Knepprath, Port Washington, Wis. — Hugo Renk, Shermerville, Ill. — Patrick Wilson, Metamora, Ill. — Odilo Wolter, Milwaukee, Wis. — August Brun-

stein, Chicago, Ill.

December 8, 1904. On the beautiful Jubilee feast of Mary Immaculate some brothers took and several renewed their vows. First vows were taken by Bros. James and Joseph. — The third by Bros. Fabianus, Stanislaus and Amalbertus. — The perpetual vows by Bros. Simplicius and Liborius. — Rev. Father Superior Peil, S. V. D. officiated.

In the afternoon of the same day a sodality of the Blessed Virgin was established for the boys. The devoted children of Mary took evident pleasure in thus consecrating themselves to their heavenly Mother.

Christmas was as always, a feast of delight for the children. With the aid of our good friends we were able to give our boys a memorable celebration.

Feb. 2, 1905. The first Mass was celebrated on our new high altar which is a donation of the Young Ladies' Sodality of Shermerville.

Twice during February the boys produced Cardinal Wiseman's play "The Hidden Gem." Their rendition of the touching drama was pronounced excellent by all who saw it.

June 18, 1905. The following boys received their first Holy Communion: — Joseph Goll, St. Lawrence, Wis. — Louis Gunn, Cleveland, O. — John Friedman, Mishawaka, Ind. — George Gould, Cleveland, O. — John Germershausen, Milwaukee, Wis. — Norbert Wolter, Milwaukee, Wis. — Joseph Mueller, Milwaukee, Wis. — John Seilheimer, Hillside, Ill. — Michael Cooper, Victor, Colo. — William Hanseman, Antony Haas, Michael Stirn, Boniface Ram, Arthur Fischer, Charles Wolff, James Davy, Michael Schickel, William Delort from Chicago.

The result of the year's work as evidenced in the showing made by the pupils was full of encouragement for themselves and highly gratifying to their teachers who seek no other reward for effort.

Consider dear reader what opportunity a boy has in St. Joseph's to prepare for a position in life honorable to himself and helpful to his fellow-men. And will you not consider, too, how you can co-operate in the advancement and extension of this worthy cause.

The religious community is poor as you may well imagine. The boys come mostly from the working class and can offer little or no compensation. Many a worthy boy entirely penniless comes himself to ask for admission. Should we be deaf to his appeals? Should we close against him the door of shelter and security. Shall he who is fatherless, motherless, homeless, be left on the street to fall and perish? Surely you will not advise this! Instead, we know that you will extend to us the hand of help so that we may feel justified in accepting the deserving

youths who apply for place in our institution and ensure to them the blessed privilege of moral and mental education. The means of help are simple: one is by buying and helping to circulate our books — St. Michael's Almanac and our periodicals: "The Christian Family" and "Amerikanisches Missionsblatt." Again you can assist us by alms. Such almsgiving makes the donor not poorer by its amount but richer — for He in whose name the appeal is made and answered has promised to return one hundredfold and His promise may not fail! Another mode of help is the Free Scholarship which we have fully explained on the last page of this Almanac.

Choose for yourself the method of giving, but most earnestly we ask, that in your chosen way you will help us to save our boys! Their Father above who suffereth not a cup of cold water to pass unrewarded will remember for time and eternity what you may do for His helpless little ones.

Send your mite then at once, addressing all communications and inquiries to the SOCIETY OF THE DIVINE WORD, SHERMERVILLE, ILL.

And now dear readers the Almanac Editor says farewell in the hope of meeting you again next year and with heartfelt wishes that success and prosperity may crown all your undertakings.

St. Ann's Home at Shermerville, Ill.

This establishment which aims to be a Home in the true and honored sense of the word, was opened in 1903 and is conducted by the Sister Servants of the Holy Ghost. Here aged people find a period of rest after a life of toil — never unmixed with trouble which belongs to earth, and here they find a blessed opportunity to prepare fittingly for that last long journey to Eternity.

St. Ann's is beautifully situated, having nearby a grove and park, and the restful air of its surroundings is much commented on by visitors. Holy Mass is celebrated every morning at the Home and there are two Masses on Sunday. It is very evident to all observers that the old folks appreciate these varied advantages and feel happy under the good care of the Sisters. At present the house-hold numbers forty guests (men and women) and 33 Sisters, Sister Leonarda being the Superior in charge.

The sisters do also an immense amount of work for St. Joseph's Technical School, for kitchen, bakery and laundry of this institution are under their direction, they also attend to a part of sewing and mending for its inmates and the requirements of the sacristy.

Between St. Ann's Home and St. Joseph's School therefore, these 33 Sisters work and care for three hundred persons! Rather a surprising showing is it not? and from a merely human viewpoint it might easily be considered an impossible task.

Theirs is a work worthy of emulation and assistance — a work that must appeal in a peculiar manner to women — the home-makers and home-keepers of the world. It is to them that we would speed this little message from St. Ann's Home:

"If, from your abundance, dear Home-keeper! you feel that a portion will not be missed — or if — like the great majority, you can only spare a little from your domestic store, remember in either case, the urgency of St. Ann's necessities and the appealing nature of its aim. And rest assured, that be the gifting large or small, so long as the spirit is in unison with that of the Divine Giver, its reward in Eternity will be exceedingly great!"

JOSEPH SCHAEFER, Publisher. 9 Barclay Street, New York.

Importer of Religious Articles and Church Ornaments. Kneipp Articles a Specialty.

Write for complete catalogues and mention St. Michael's Almanac.



The Christian Mother and Die Christliche Mutter.

Women's monthly magazines devoted to the improvement of home education. Endorsed by His Grace, Archbishop Farley, and many Bishops and Priests. Official Organs of the Archconfraternity of Christian Mothers, comprising about five hundred societies.

English edition, 32 pages reading matter per month with illustrations. Subscription 1.00 a year.

German edition, 16 pages reading matter per month with illustrations. Subscription 50 cents a year.

Sample copies will be mailed free on application.

Wanted Local Agents with good references.

His Holiness Pope Pius X. Sends His Apostolic Benediction To "The Christian Mother" And Its Readers.

ROME, July 27, 1904.

To the Most Rev. John M. Farley, D. D., Archbishop of New York.

Most Reverend Archbishop:

It is a pleasure for me to communicate to your Grace the particular satisfaction with which the Holy Father has received from Mr. Joseph Schaefer a volume of the Magazine published by him in your archdiocese under the title of "The Christian Mother." It is, indeed, a source of consolation to His Holiness to know that the magazine is conducted on strictly Catholic principles, and that it has therefore met with the approval of the diocesan authorities. The Holy Father earnestly trusts that its patronage will constantly increase, and as a pledge of his good will in its behalf cordially imparts to its director and to all its devout readers the Apostolic Benediction.

In communicating this to your Grace, I beg to remain, with sentiments of the highest esteem, Most Rev. and Dear Sir,

Your servant in Christ,

R. CARD. MERRY DEL VAL



Free Scholarship in Honor of St. Patrick.



With all mention of the needs of the little children of our Faith and more especially their spiritual needs,

the memory of the good St. Patrick

is for ever associated. For we all remember that when the call came which took him from that native land of France he loved so well, it came as the voices of the little children crying aloud on the hilltops of Erin "because the knowledge of the true God had not come to them and their fathers." And in obedience to this call of the children, Patrick fared forth on the weary way of the missionary to commence his long apostolate of labor.

Something of the same need is voiced in this appeal of ours which we address to all who reverence the name and fame of the good Saint and would fain follow in his footsteps. In this new land of ours and in this twentieth century, too, there are

the souls of the children

to be considered—childish minds to be led onward and upward to the heights of true knowledge and virtue.

Here then is an opportunity offered in St. Patrick's name and under his patronage -- a free scholarship in St. Joseph's Technical School, at Shermerville, Ill.,

where besides the usual classroom education, a boy is trained in some useful trade and so fitted for a life of honorable exertion among his fellow men. There is no lack of worthy candidates for this training but the Community at St. Joseph's, sadly hampered by present obligations, are unable to undertake more, although they are willing and eager to contribute the care and instruction which are so important a factor of the scholarship.

It has been carefully computed that

a capital of two thousand dollars (\$2000.00)

will supply the necessary income to support one boy during the years needed for classroom and workroom course. The capital remaining intact makes the scholarship a perpetual monument to those who contribute toward its establishment.

Should it be the gift of one person it would perpetuate his or her name, unless otherwise desired. If the gift of many, as was the original expectation, the names of all contributors will be published in the next issue of St. Michael's Almanac.

A roll of honor indeed, to be preserved and recalled.

Best records of all will be the remembrance enshrined in the grateful hearts of the community and pupils of St. Joseph's and the daily prayers which shall ascend unflinching to the Throne of Grace before which, as we may not doubt, the powerful voice of Patrick the Apostle will plead for those, who hearkening as of old to the

cry of the children.

made speedy and practical response to their appeal!

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